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Preface

When I first started this project it was to mainly copy and make available to my family, the diary of my grandfather and the two volumes of letters between my grandparents. These two volumes were letters that Dr. Joe and Golda had written to each other between 1913 and 1920. These letters open a window for us - back in time into the past. I also had the hand-written diary of Dr. Joe that he had started in the late 1930s in which he had both related some of his stories about growing up, as well as observations about life, and the family, and its traits. I then decided it would be of benefit if I could incorporate his diary, to some degree at least, as introduction or comments on some of the sections of the various letters.

As I got underway and started gathering the information and started to try and combine some of it, I realised I also had other information about the family from other sources as well. The book *Czech Pioneers of the Southwest* had a history of Czech pioneering families that helped settle and develop Texas. Josephine Kopecky, Dr. Joe's mother, had one chapter devoted to her and Dr. Joe. Various other written accounts of times gone by written by Dr. Joe and other relatives were also available for incorporation. Between this and various photos that I had, and others that were sent to me by relatives, it became clear to me I had a lot of family history to try and put in some sort of order for the next number of generations to come.

As I started to read and type out the information, I came across references that didn't mean anything to me. They were things that I was unfamiliar with, or had come and gone in time. I then realised that as time does go on, a number of items that are either referred to, or influenced the times in which they lived, may also become less well known. For this reason, I have also added some background or explanation about some such items.

I have also tried to research and provide a summary on the history of the origin of Czechs from Moravia, our region of origin. From this I tried to show the flow of our past relatives from Czechoslovakia to the United States and on to Texas. They had to survive hardship and go through hard times. Without their efforts, we wouldn't be here today. We should know what those in our past contributed.

Dr. Joe expressed hope that we might learn from our previous mistakes and recognise some of our faults. In doing this we must talk of our failures and admit to our mistakes. By doing this maybe we will learn.

In telling the stories and reading about times that have gone by in the letters we have an opportunity to look at how those before us overcame obstacles. We can also see how they reacted to events and society around them. Not everything that was done is to be proud of. They were after all just people like you and me. Sometimes they laughed, sometimes it was sad; sometimes you can see the humour in it. It resembles life itself a lot.

I hope the efforts of all of those before us are not wasted. I hope we can all enjoy and learn something from this project. If so, then I think it was a project well worth having been done.

Forward

The volume of work that Sam has produced in such difficult circumstances - which would deter more able-bodied people - makes writing the forward to this book a daunting task, so to do justice to it, 'tis important for me to return to my cultural roots and write from my heart.

I first met Sam approximately two years ago and he was then already paralysed and confined to his bedroom with advanced terminal cancer, more often than not suffering from the on-going pain, nausea and other side effects of his illness. His gracious wife Pam, asked if I would like to read what Sam was writing about and I reluctantly agreed because I did not want to become involved in what was a family affair, but I did not want to offend her. I am so pleased that I did agree as I found it so interesting. Through his book, I got to know Sam so well, I feel I have known him all my life.

The reason I was so interested in writing the forward for this book is because, in reading his writing about his grandparents, and tracing the history of the Kopecky family from Moravia and into Texas, and the subsequent development of the Kopecky and Willis union, it made me realise that Sam was writing it and telling it the way we as Maori would tell it. Yesteryear, this year, and next year are all seamless. It is not for me to judge the academic value, or indeed the quality of Sam's work, but as a member of the Maori race I pay my respects to a man who would have been a great orator if he was Maori. His courage, his integrity, his discipline and perseverance need to be recognised and acknowledged. In knowing Sam through his writing I have no doubt in my mind Joe and Golda Kopecky knew that Sam, their grandson, was indeed a Kopecky.

I believe that indigenous people throughout the world, all practice what we call whakapapa (tracing one's genealogy), and the next step, which Joe and Golda certainly practised, was what we call whanaungatanga (what you would call family 'getogethers'). The next stage is what we call nga ritenga (that is, discovering our similarities and what we have in common). And for the Maori people we have another practice which we call nga rereketanga (which means recognising our differences, respecting them for what they are, and above all, realising that is what makes you unique). It is your uniqueness which will propel you into whatever the future holds for you. Know where you came from, know where you are, and you will know where you are going.

In all humility I thank his gracious wife for asking me to write the forward to Sam's work of love, and in agreeing to do so, in paying my respects to a man who by his sheer courage earned my unequivocal and ultimate respect, I knew I would have to do it from my heart and with my tears. Tena koutou, Tamihana Te Winitana.

Footnote: Tamihana Te Winitana is one of the New Zealand Maori people's most respected orators and scholars, who originally became involved with Sam and I, as a guest staying at our lodge, while working on the Hauraki Maori Treaty of Waitangi Claims. Since this time he has become a close friend, and he and I both read this story together, in instalments - "hot off the press" - as Sam wrote it. I believe his support and encouragement, and belief in the importance of this family history, has been a key factor in Sam's dedication to the completion of this project. Pam Kopecky.

Part I - History and Background of the Czech - Moravian People

From 750 B.C. until
The Kopeckys Went to Texas

Chapter 1 - Czechoslovakia

Moravia

As I have been working on the background and history of the family, I realise a lot of the reasons our ancestors left Europe are no longer apparent to many of us. That is, as time has gone by, our family has not considered the history or conditions that existed during the period before and when they left for Texas. For that reason I have included an overview that I hope will be helpful.

Moravia (muh-ray'-vee-uh) is a historic region and former province in the central part of Czechoslovakia (CzechMap1.) The region is now divided into two administrative districts: Jihomoravsky (South Moravia), where BRNO is the principal city; and Severomoravsky (North Moravia), with OSTRAVA as the main city. Moravia is bordered by the Carpathian Mountains in the east and the Sudeten Mountains in the north. The Oder River rises there and flows north, and the Morava River, from which the region takes its name, runs south through the central part. Halenkov (Kopecky's village) and Novy Hrozenkov (Malinak's village) are close to each other west of the Carpathian Mountains (CzechMap2). Moravia is a rich agricultural and horse-breeding area. Coal and iron are mined, and iron and steel are manufactured.

Map 1 CzechMap1



Moravia was first peopled by Celts, then by Germanic tribes, and finally by Slavs by the 6th century. In the 9th century Moravia was a large independent state; it was Christianised by the missionaries Cyril and Methodius. In the 10th century the Magyars overran the area, but they were forced back by the German king Otto I, and Moravia became a march (frontier area) of the Holy Roman Empire. In the 11th century it became attached to Bohemia. Although it largely shared Bohemia's history

thereafter, Moravia was quieter under Austrian Habsburg rule (from 1526) than Bohemia, which was more heavily Germanized. After World War I, Moravia became part of Czechoslovakia. In 1939, Germany, which had already annexed the Sudetenland, established a protectorate over Bohemia and Moravia. With the reconstitution of Czechoslovakia after World War II, most of Moravia's German-speaking population was expelled. ("Moravia" 1992: *The Software Toolworks Multimedia Encyclopedia*)

Map 2 CzechMap2



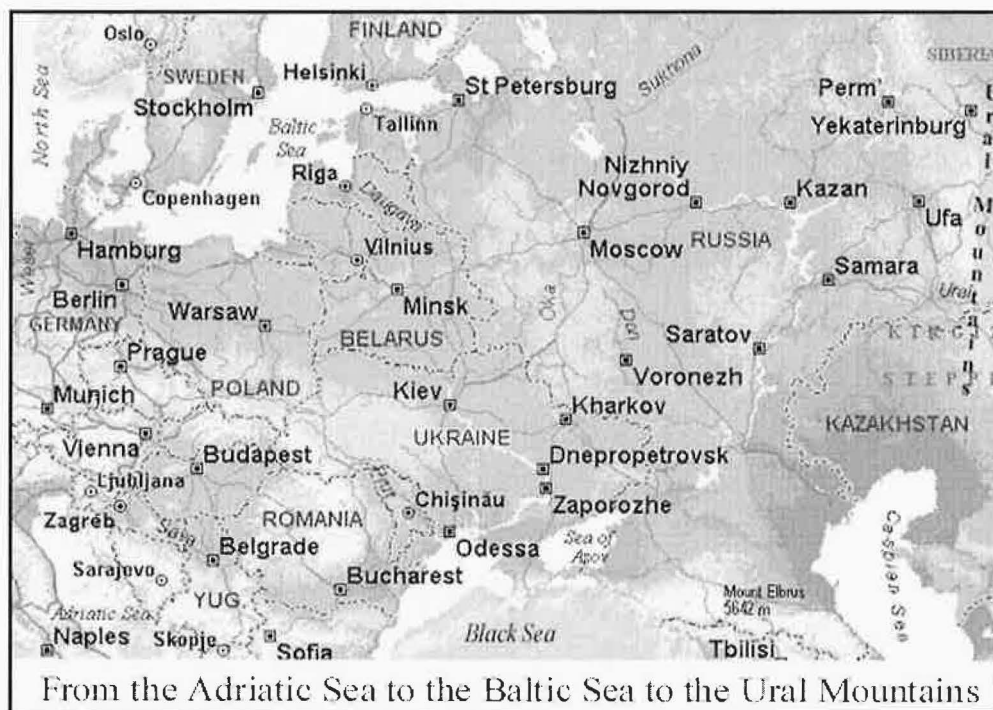
Slovakia (sloh-vah'-kee-uh) or the Slovak Republic forms the eastern 40% of Czechoslovakia. Industry developed in this area mainly after World War II. Wheat, vegetables, sugar, beets, corn, oats, potatoes, rye, and flax are grown in this area. Livestock raising, tourism, forestry and dairying complement the economy in this area.

Slovakia, was inhabited by Illyrian, Celtic, and Germanic tribes in the 1st century AD, and the region was a part of the Slavic empire of Great Moravia in the 9th century. In the 11th century Slovakia became a territory of Hungary and, with Hungary, it came under Habsburg rule in 1526. A Slovak national revival took place in the 19th century. In 1918 the Slovaks joined with the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia to form the independent state of Czechoslovakia, but many were unhappy within the Czech-dominated republic. During World War II the Slovaks sided with the Germans, and a pro-German Slovak puppet state existed from 1939 to 1944. After the war Czechoslovakia was reunited under Communist rule. When the Communist regime was overthrown in 1989, a freely elected government was organised by Public Against Violence, the Slovak counterpart of the Czech-Moravian Civic Forum, but Slovak separatist tendencies re-emerged to threaten Czechoslovak unity in the 1990s. (Norman 1992: "Slovakia")

750 B.C. to Habsburg Dynasty

Some historians believe that the descendants of a race of people that are today known as Bohemians and Moravians came from a group of people that about 750 B.C. inhabited a portion of the country Northeast of the Adriatic Sea, between the Baltic and the Black seas, and extending into Asia beyond the Ural mountains. Herodotus, the Greek historian, says of these people...."That stock-raising and tilling the soil were their main pursuits of life, that they introduced agriculture and bread among their German neighbours; that those residing on the shores of the Baltic were engaged in amber traffic with the Phoenicians and the Greeks; that they were industrious, economical, upright, kind-hearted and peaceable, but intrepid and quick in resenting injuries; that they were fond of amusements, and for the purpose would assemble in their forests; that they never resorted to arms except in the defence of their homes and their liberty, but, that when they were forced to take up arms, they fought to conquer or to die; that they were opposed to slavery, hence they never enslaved their prisoners of war; that their hospitality was one of their most prominent characteristics."

Map 3 CzechMap3



"Slav" as a broad term is used to describe the group of people, Russian, Croatians, Bosnians, Montenegrins, Slavonians, Malmations, Bulgarians, Slovaks, Serbs, Polanders, Bohemians and Moravians. When Slav is traced back to its "original" meaning - "people of the same race"- is where it comes from. The original Slav spoke a different language from which Russian, Polish, Slavonian, Serbian, and Bohemian are the principal offsprings. (Hudson 1934: 376-7)

The Bohemian language is spoken by both the Bohemians and Moravians and has been preserved down through the centuries. It is one of the oldest, (origin back to

Sanskrit), and is part of the western branch of the Slavic stem of the Indo-European family of languages. Up to the Fourth and Fifth Century it did not materially differ from the old Slavic language. (This is said to be why they could converse with St. Cyril and Saint Methodius of Constantinople in Central Europe A.D. 863 using their current tongue.) In Europe today there exist two language families distinguished from each other by the manner in which they express the number "100". The Latin and Germanic tongues have original "centum," and are designated accordingly. The Slavic and Baltic tongues' use for "100" expressions are similar to the old Persian satem and the Indian satem. Czech belongs to the family of the satem tongues. In the Czech language is the old heritage, (probably from the Babylonian-Phoenician alphabet), which was syllabic in that it had no vowels. It is also interesting to note the similarity between some of the North American Indian names and some of the Czech names - especially when you take under consideration the stories of origin of native indigenous peoples. (Hudson 1934:185-8)

The existence of a distinctive Slavic alphabet, the Glagolica, of which Cyril's alphabet was but a simplification, makes it certain that Cyril and Methodius drew from an older literary stock, composed in a language already in possession of the Czechs in Carolingian times. The Cyrillic alphabet has 41 characters, with few silent letters. In the Czech language there are indefinable characters and tones. The consonants are encountered frequently and are not pronounced explosively, but instead are smoothly passed over, thus giving softness. There are no silent letters, and there is no "W", but the letter "V" takes the sound of both. (Hudson 1934: 185-6)

Bohemian has nine parts of speech, seven moods and seven cases. The termination of its nouns, adjectives and verbs determines the number, gender, person and case. Its verbs are indefinite, simple, frequentative and perfect. Some of these verbs constitute complete sentences. The language has 60 sounds - the same as the number of sounds of a keyboard on a piano. It is said that anyone who understands this language has no trouble learning other languages. (Hudson 1934: 377)

Bohemia and Moravia are in Central Europe, adjoining each other. At one time they constituted an independent kingdom and were governed by their own people. They were the first people that attained a commanding position among the cultured peoples of Central Europe. It is estimated they came about the middle of the 5th Century. At the beginning of the Christian era the country was inhabited by the Boii, a Celtic race. From this race the country was called Bohemia. Boii were forced from there by the Marcoman, a powerful race that was led by Marobud, who established a kingdom, which lasted until Attila, when his horde overran Europe in A.D. 445.

About that time a branch of the Slavic race, headed by Cech, came into Bohemia, drove the Marcomanni away and settled there permanently. Moravia, deriving its name from the River Morava, was also the home of the Boii, and afterwards was inhabited by the Germanic Quadi, who were succeeded by the Heruli, then the Lombards and finally the Slavs. These newcomers into these countries much disturbed their German neighbours, and were at war with them almost constantly.

In AD 622, under the leader, Samo, they vanquished completely their enemies. Samo was then elected ruler with delegated powers, and laid the foundation for the

first Slavo-Bohemian dynasty, which he governed until his death in 658. For a time they governed themselves democratically. The management of their government was entrusted to their elders whom they selected from their midst because of their superior wisdom and knowledge of public matters. They believed in one supreme power, and regarded it as the Creator of light and the world. At the same time they worshipped good and evil spirits, and to them made their offerings. But with all this, they believed in the immortality of the soul, and eternal reward for good, and punishment for evil deeds. Some years later they elected Krok, a descendant of Samo, as ruler. He governed until his death. Having died without a male issue, he requested that his daughter Libusa be chosen to direct the government.

Libusa took charge, but the people became dissatisfied with her, claiming that it was not becoming for a woman to rule men, and they demanded that she have a husband whom they would entrust with their government. She was said to be a wise and just ruler, yet to satisfy the people she sent a deputation to Premysl, who was plowing his field with oxen, and requested him to come, that she would take him as her husband. He founded the second Slavo-Bohemian dynasty which became powerful, and was governed by his lineal descendants from 732 until 1306, during which time many bloody wars were carried on with the Germans and the Franks, in most of which the Bohemians were victorious.

Charlemagne invaded their country several times, but never subjugated them. Libusa founded Praha (Prague), the capital of Bohemia. Among the women she was popular - she defended their rights of equality with men. After she died the women of her court refused to be governed by Premysl. They took possession of a fortified castle from which they tried to subjugate the men. Vlasta, a daring maid, commanded them. She addressed them thus: "My Sisters! We have lost our mistress who never allowed men to mistreat us, nor that we should permit them to lord over us. Now, we are being mistreated, it behoves us then to resist the mistreatment or the men will enslave us. Stand by me, I shall assure you of our independence." In a battle, which followed, the women were conquered, but not subjugated.

Among the descendants of Premysl were several great rulers; they had a heart for the welfare of the people; they built many cities and promoted various material enterprises. In 1241 Vaclav I defended Europe successfully against a Mongolian invasion, routing the Mongols completely in battle in Moravia. Ottocar II extended his domains largely by conquest, and thus became a formidable rival to the German Emperor.

Up to the middle of the 9th Century, the Bohemians were pagans, but they readily embraced Christianity when it was preached to them in their own tongue by the two Slavonic Apostles, Cyril and Methodius, who came among them from the East at the request of Rastislav, a Duke of Moravia. Bohemia prospered, and doubtless on this account jealousy and dissensions prevailed in the ruling family, resulting in the assassination of Vaclav III, the last Premysl. This terminated the Premysl dynasty. The Germans, who were very anxious to govern Bohemia, took advantage of the dissensions and induced the Bohemians to elect and crown Rudolph of Hapsburg as their king. In 1310 he was forced to leave the kingdom as he proved himself incapable of performing his duties. John of Luxemburg (1310-46), a son of German Emperor Henry VII, having married a Bohemian, was elected king of

Bohemia. He was bad for his country, the revenues of which he squandered. He was a kind of a Knight-errant of the period. In 1336, while on a crusade against the heathen Lithuanians, he lost one of his eyes; this calamity was soon followed by total blindness. He went to assist his brother-in-law the king of France, and was killed at the battle of Crecy in 1346. His son Charles, called "the father of his country" who, by the electoral princes was placed upon the imperial throne of Germany and known as Charles IV. He was the best ruler that governed the Bohemians. In 1348 he founded the University of Praha, it being the first in Europe. It had over 5,000 students of different nationalities. (Hudson 1934:378-9)

This was a lustrous period; the glory of Bohemia was revived and it surpassed its former splendour. Bohemia then stood first in the world in power, wealth, progress, literature, science, art and liberty. King Charles IV died in 1378, age 62. His daughter Anne became the wife of Richard II, of England. Charles IV was succeeded by his son Wenceslaus IV (King Vaclav IV), (1378-1419). The Slavic race seemed never to have valued prosperity properly. The people invariably became profligate and dissentious, whenever they were prosperous. Such proved to be the case when King Vaclav IV took the reins of the Bohemian government. He was a drunken sot, who caused St. John Nepolmuk, now the patron saint of Bohemia, to be thrown into the Moldau. In addition to that, the Hussite reformation brought on a protracted war, lasting many years, producing at times, fratricide among the Bohemians and devastating the country. ("Bohemia", *The Harmsworth Encyclopaedia*:804)

Habsburg Dynasty to Present

The Habsburg, or Hapsburg, family, the ruling house of Austria, was one of the oldest and most distinguished royal and imperial dynasties of Europe. The family, which dated back to the 10th century with possessions in Switzerland and Alsace, first came into prominence when Count Rudolf was elected German king as Rudolf I in 1273. He defeated Ottakar II of Bohemia and acquired from him Austria, Syria, and Carniola for his family. These duchies, as well as the later-acquired Carinthia, became the hereditary lands and core of the Habsburg dominions.

Rudolf I's son Albert I was also elected (1298) German king. For more than a century thereafter the German princes avoided electing another member of the powerful family. In 1438, however, the Habsburg Albert II was elected king, and from then on, with only one interruption, in 1742-45, Habsburgs were always elected German kings and Holy Roman emperors.

It was just before this time period John Huss (Jan Hus) a Czech religious reformer was active and a large influence in Moravia. He studied theology at the University of Prague, and was ordained a priest and appointed (1402) preacher at Bethlehem chapel. Huss became the leader of the Czech reform movement. He made a scathing critique of the church's wealth and corruption. He gained popular support and became rector of the university in 1409.

Huss gradually lost the support of the clergy and archbishop of Prague because of his continued attacks on abuses in the church. He was also involved in the politics of the Great Schism, being forced to choose between rival claimants to the papacy. He

was forbidden to preach (1409), was excommunicated (1411), and was successively abandoned by archbishop, king, and university. After being driven from Prague in 1412, Huss produced his chief work, *De ecclesia* (1413). Assured safe conduct by Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund, he travelled (1414) to the council convened at Constance to heal the Great Schism and reform the church. He was arrested within a month and condemned for heresy; he was burned at the stake.

Huss proposed a restoration of apostolic simplicity in the life of the church and rejected the absolute authority of popes and councils, asserting the authority of Scripture over the church. After his execution, Huss's teachings and works became the rallying point for Czech national self-expression. Huss and his followers, the Hussites, anticipated the Protestant Reformation of the 16th century.

The Hussites were the 15th-century Czech religious reformers. They formed the nucleus of the national movement in Bohemia and Moravia after John Huss's death. His execution was regarded by the Czech people as a national affront. King Vaclav IV of Bohemia at first encouraged the movement, although he was not an adherent. (Nelson 1992:"John Huss")

The Hussites were divided into two major parties: the conservatives (Calixtines, or Ultraquists) and the radicals (Taborites and Horebites). The former wanted to retain the traditional hierarchical and liturgical order; the latter wanted the church to return to a primitive simplicity and poverty and conform its life to specific scriptural mandates. The Four Articles of Prague (1420) set forth a moderate position that called for freedom of preaching, serving both bread and wine to the laity in communion, limitation of property holdings by the church and clergy, and civil penalties for notorious sinners. The radical Taborites proposed open warfare to subdue God's enemies and the transgressors of church law. This group provided the main military force of the Hussites. The Hussite revolution, accompanied by seizure and destruction of church lands and property, swept Bohemia.

These factions soon became hostile, which resulted in a war between them. In July 1419, the Hussites assembled on Mount Tabor, numbering over 42,000 to consider their future course. King Vaclav, opposed to them, took steps to suppress the hostilities, but he failed. The people were too powerful; they were headed by an experienced warrior, John Zizka, who incited them to revolution, which broke out Sunday, July 30, 1419. They stormed the King's palace and threw seven officers out of windows to the enraged populace that tore them to pieces. King Vaclav died September 16, 1419, his half-brother Emperor Sigismund succeeded him and tried to stop the revolution. Failing to do so, he called to his assistance his German neighbours. They came with vast armies, and in 1420 besieged Praha, the seat of the revolution. It is said the army had over 300,000 men. (Hudson 1934:380-1)

Sigismund and Pope Martin V joined forces to expunge the heresy and install the new king. The pope called for a crusade against the Hussites. The Hussite Wars followed, in which crusading armies were repeatedly defeated by the Hussite army, first led by Jan Zizka and then by Procopius The Great. Under the former, the Hussites maintained a defensive stance, but the latter sought to force the Romanist-loyalist forces to sue for peace by a series of invasions.

When the Bohemians saw that they had to face their common enemy they consolidated and, under the leadership of Zizka, dispersed the enemy. Thereafter followed destructive operations, which were not confined to Bohemia alone, but extended into neighbouring countries, whereby the dominions of the kingdom were enlarged. Zizka, totally blind, continued to lead the Bohemians until October 11, 1424, when he died. Zizka introduced new tactics in warfare, which proved to be destructive to the enemy. He never lost a battle. The war continued until 1434 with the Bohemians gaining what they had been fighting for; the Emperor offered a treaty, permitting them the use of the cup in the Eucharist, which was the principal cause of the war. In addition they were granted amnesty and a confirmation of all their privileges. Sigismund was permitted to assume his throne, and the Utraquist demands were largely satisfied at the Council of Brazil in the "Bohemian Compactata" (1436).

This fully ratified the treaty. But it is a part of the Slavic nature to be contentious and therefore, bitter strife continued among the Bohemians, principally between the aristocracy and the general people. The aristocracy were trying to enslave the people as the Germans and Franks were doing, but the people resisted, claiming that it was repugnant to the Slavic customs and destructive to all personal liberties. For a time a great confusion prevailed, but when in 1452 George Padebrad was chosen ruler, and in 1458 crowned king of Bohemia which he governed until 1471 - order, good feeling and prosperity prevailed for years, even after his death. Pope Paul II however, regarded the new Utraquist king with the greatest abhorrence. Padebrad was engaged in continuous fighting with Matthias Corvinus, the vigorous king of Hungary, and succeeded in driving him completely out of Moravia. When he died of dropsy in 1471 he was succeeded by Ladislaus II, son of Casimir IV of Poland. In his reign the contending religious parties were reconciled by the peace of Kuttenberg (1485); but in 1487 the bondage of the peasants was finally established in Bohemia. Ladislaus was a weak man, and governed both Bohemia and Hungary, which were now temporarily united, in an inefficient manner. He died at Buda, the capital of Hungary, in 1516. His son Louis succeeded him. But at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century conditions changed with King Louis.

Prior to his death Ladislaus had negotiated two family marriages, which were destined to be of great historical importance. The Archduchess Mary, granddaughter of the Emperor Maximilian, was to marry Louis, and Louis's sister Anne was to marry the Archduke Ferdinand, grandson of the emperor. Louis was a young man of feeble constitution, and reigned only ten years, dying at the age of twenty. The great event of his reign is the invasion of Hungary by the Sultan Solyman. The Hungarians were outnumbered, and suffered a disastrous defeat 29 August 1526. The king was drowned in the marshes while trying to escape. After considerable discussion, the Bohemian Diet elected the Archduke Ferdinand to be their king, according to the Family Compact. ("Bohemia":*The Harmsworth Encyclopaedia*: 804)

The radical Taborites were isolated, and their military power was broken at the Battle of Lipany (May 30, 1434). Some Utraquists continued their reform efforts and participated in the Lutheran Reformation; others joined the Roman Catholic Church. The Taborites were gradually absorbed by the Unitas Fratrum (Unity of Brethren) movement, or Moravian Church. A number of humanistically oriented members of the Bohemian Brethren, (the religious order that evolved out of Huss's teachings), refined the language even further. Their main achievement, the Kralice Bible, dates from

1588 and occupies the same central position in Czech culture that the King James translation occupies in the English-speaking world.

Emperor Maximilian I married Mary of Burgundy in 1477 and thus acquired for his family the Burgundian inheritance in the low countries. His son became Philip I of Castille through his marriage to Joan The Mad, heiress of Ferdinand II of Aragon and Isabella I of Castille. Philip's eldest son, Emperor Charles V, thus inherited Spain, the Spanish overseas empire in America, Spanish Italy (Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia), the Netherlands, and the Habsburg German and Austrian possessions. Charles V's brother (later Emperor Ferdinand of Austria I) also succeeded (1526) through marriage and election, to the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary, which he then made virtually hereditary. Within two generations therefore, the Habsburgs had come to dominate most of Europe - all through marriage and inheritance. When Charles V abdicated in 1555-1556, he left Spain, the Netherlands, and Italy to his son Philip II, while the Habsburg possessions in central Europe passed to Charles's brother, Emperor Ferdinand I. The house was now divided, with the Austrian branch holding the imperial title.

Ferdinand was not often in Bohemia and in 1547 he proclaimed that he should be nominated hereditary, instead of elective ruler. In the same year certain of the leading men in Prague endeavoured to get back some of those ecclesiastical and political liberties which the king had stolen; but he was able to crush the movement and the ringleaders were executed. In 1556 he introduced the Jesuits who had a reactionary influence upon the country. He died in 1564 and was succeeded by his son Maximilian (Emperor Maximilian II), who had a short reign. He died in 1576 and his son Rudolph became emperor of Germany (Rudolph II), and king of Hungary. Rudolph II was ultimately compelled in 1609 by his subjects to grant the Letter of Majesty, which ensured religious toleration. But he was gradually driven from his dominions by his younger brother Matthias and compelled to abdicate in 1612.

Matthias confirmed the Letter of Majesty, but the quarrels between the Catholics and Protestants still continued. The emperor procured the election of his cousin Ferdinand (afterwards Emperor Ferdinand II or Ferdinand of Syria), as king of Bohemia (1618), and the latter confirmed and even enlarged the Letter of Majesty. At a Diet in 1615 Bohemia was proclaimed the official language of the country. During his reign he made an era in history and caused more bloodshed, ruin and devastation than any other ruler in modern history. More than two-thirds of his subjects were Protestants, yet many of them were ordered to leave his domains. The Protestants rejected him and selected a German prince palatine, Frederick V, as their king.

The acts of Ferdinand so outraged the people that they took Martietz and Slavata, Ferdinand's councillors, and threw them out of a window in the second storey of a castle in Praha. In the meantime Ferdinand was preparing his armies to invade Bohemia to exterminate the Hussite blood. He amassed a large army, invaded Bohemia, and on 8 November 1620 at White Mountain near Praha, a battle was fought, in which the overwhelming numbers of Ferdinand's army, after fighting a whole day, annihilated the Bohemians. King Frederick was feasting at Praha, but when he heard of the defeat of his subjects, he deserted his post of duty and fled to the Netherlands. The Bohemians were treated most unmercifully by Ferdinand, and twenty-seven of his first nobles were beheaded, their heads stuck on posts in the city,

and their property confiscated. Ferdinand ordered that no subject who would not conform to the Catholic faith would be permitted to remain within his domains. Thereupon 36,000 families, because they would not renounce the religion of their ancestors, were forced to leave their native land and seek homes in foreign countries. Many of them went to America, and settled in North Carolina and Pennsylvania, and were known as Moravian Brethren. A number of their descendants took an active part in the war of American independence. This was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, and the extinction of the Bohemian kingdom, which included Moravia, as both were parts of the Austrian empire, and are such today, of which empire the Roman Catholics are the principal inhabitants. (Hudson 1934:380-2)

For a number of years the Bohemians were hardly known because they were even robbed of their mother-tongue as Maria Theresa, the Empress of Austria, ordered that German be used and taught exclusively in all the schools. Emissaries were sent among the people to confiscate and destroy all Bohemian literature. Many Bohemians then thought that their mother tongue would become extinct - they were ashamed to use it. The peasants remained faithful and continued to speak the Bohemian language as well as a few patriotic spirits such as the monks of a Slavonic monastery of Sazova, who preserved the language in its purity. By the close of the Eighteenth Century appeared many able writers using and preserving the language.

The Emperor Ferdinand II died in 1637, and was succeeded by his son Ferdinand III. The political and religious liberties of Bohemia were now annihilated, and the national language began to decay. Religious freedom was restored by the Edict of Toleration in the reign of Joseph II. (1780-90).

In 1700 the Spanish branch of the family died out, and the Austrian Habsburgs clashed with the French house of Bourbon in a contest for the succession. The Austrians lost their claim to Spain but acquired most of Spain's other European dominions.

In 1740 the male Habsburg line died out with Emperor Charles VI, but the marriage of his daughter, Maria Theresa, to Francis of Lorraine (later Emperor Francis I) created the line of Habsburg-Lorraine. Maria Theresa's inheritance of the Habsburg territories was challenged by several European powers in the War of the Austrian Succession. As a result the Habsburgs lost Silesia. Later they acquired Galicia in the Partitions of Poland (1772-95). At the end of the 18th century the dynasty and its territories were engulfed in the French Revolutionary Wars and the Napoleonic Wars. From 1804, Holy Roman Emperor Francis II called himself Francis I, emperor of Austria. The Holy Roman Empire was totally dissolved in 1806.

Austria-Hungary was the name of the Habsburg Empire, from its reorganisation into the dual Monarchy in 1867, to its break-up. Its predecessor was known as the Austrian Empire, founded in 1804 during the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, in order to create a single centralised state from the dynasty's diverse provinces. After 1815 the major parts of Austria-Hungary were the Austrian crown lands of predominantly German population; the kingdom of Bohemia, inhabited by Czechs and Germans; Galicia, with a mixture of Poles and Ruthenians; the Italian provinces of Lombardy and Venetia; and the kingdom of Hungary, which had a ruling

class of Magyars and its own minorities -- mainly Slovaks, Croats, Serbs, and Romanians.

In 1849, in the midst of the Revolutions of 1848, Hungary declared its independence; but with Russian aid, Emperor Francis Joseph crushed the rebellion and obliterated the Hungarian State. Military defeats in 1859 and 1866, which cost Austria Lombardy and Venetia and its position of leadership in Germany, forced the regime to introduce reforms and deal with Magyar leaders, Ferenc Deak and Gyula Andrassy, as equals. In 1867 the latter agreed to the so-called Ausgleich, or Compromise, which established the Dual Monarchy.

The Compromise restored historic Hungary with all its non-Magyar peoples and confirmed its constitution of 1848, which allowed the Magyars to dominate. In Austria (the remainder of the empire), the Germans maintained a similar ascendancy over Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenes, and the few remaining Italians. Essentially the Compromise recognised two separate and equal states joined only by a common monarch, who was emperor of Austria and king of Hungary; a single army; common ministries of war, foreign affairs, and finance; and, when parliamentary approval was necessary, delegations speaking for the two parliaments. In all other respects Austria and Hungary functioned independently. In each, parliamentary government with a ministry responsible to an elective Lower House prevailed, but the electoral laws severely discriminated against the Slavic majority in the empire.

Authorities indicated the main emigration from Bohemia to the United States commenced about 1848 and did so every year except for during the Civil War. In 1862 was organised in Bohemia, the Sokol, - which means a falcon. It was an organisation composed of the best men, ostensibly for physical development, but primarily to unify the Bohemians. The organisation was to promote good citizenship and the national spirit in Bohemia. The organisation and similar organisations were formed in the United States for the same purpose and operated well into the 20th Century.

Many of the Bohemians went to large cities; New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, and St Louis. Some of the states include Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. By the 1930's Texas had about 80,000 Bohemians, of which 95% tilled the soil. About 75% came from Moravia and about 75% were Catholic, with the rest being Protestants, and some atheists. (Hudson 1934:383-4)

As a result of the Seven Weeks' War (June-August 1866), in which Prussia and Italy defeated Austria and several of the smaller German states, Prussia became the pre-eminent German state. Also known as the Austro-Prussian War, the conflict, instigated by Prussia's chief minister Otto Von Bismarck, was marked by a quick succession of Prussian victories culminating in the Battle of Koniggratz (Sadowa) on July 3, 1866. By the Treaty of Prague (August 23), Prussia annexed several north German states and replaced the German Confederation of 1815, dominated by Austria, with the Prussian-controlled North German Confederation, which excluded Austria. By the Peace of Vienna (October 3), Austria ceded Venetia to Italy.

Austrian Politics from 1867 to 1879 were dominated by German liberals, who introduced free compulsory education, enacted guarantees of free speech, press, and

assembly, emancipated the Jews, and put through anticlerical legislation. In 1879 conservatives and Roman Catholics of all nationalities overthrew the liberals and formed a ministry under Edward Graf Von Taaffe. Taaffe hoped to ameliorate the nationality problem by bringing the masses into politics, but in 1893 his bill for universal manhood suffrage failed, and his regime failed as a result.

In 1897 Kasimir, Graf Badeni (1846-1909), tried to put all local languages on a par with German, but violent resistance by the Germans in Bohemia ended his ministry. Meanwhile, tensions were increased by the rise of socialism, anti-Semitism, and the Young Czech movement, led by Thomas Masaryk and Edward Benes, who demanded ethnic rather than mere provincial autonomy. In 1907 universal manhood suffrage was finally introduced, intensifying class conflict without abating national rivalries. After 1900, parliamentary majorities became increasingly rare and rule by emergency decree, common.

In Hungary, Magyar control was more secure and resulted in strenuous efforts to Magyarize the population. A small independent party, inspired by the exiled hero Lajos Kossuth, demanded full independence, and the dominant Liberal party jealously guarded Hungary's rights under the Compromise. The use of German in the army, the economic disparity resulting from industrialisation in Austria, and the possibility of democratic suffrage, were the main sources of concern.

The cohesive forces in the Dual Monarchy were the army, the bureaucracy, the Catholic Church, and a genuine loyalty to Francis Joseph. After the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, the Yugoslav movement, which aimed at the union of all south Slavs under Serbia, led to the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in 1914. This precipitated the outbreak of World War I, which Austria-Hungary fought in alliance with Germany. In 1916, Charles I succeeded Francis Joseph. In 1919-20 the peace treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon -- negotiated at the Paris Peace Conference -- recognised the dissolution of the empire. In the succession states, however (Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia), the difficulties of the diverse nationalities continued. (Kraehe 1992: "Austria-Hungary")

Paul Von Hindenburg served as a German field marshal in World War I and subsequently as president of Germany. He was the son of a Prussian army officer. After a military career that began with service in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, he retired as a general in 1911.

In August 1914, at the beginning of World War I, Hindenburg was recalled to take command of the defence of East Prussia, which was being invaded by two Russian armies. The victories he and his chief of staff, Gen Erich Ludendorff, achieved within a month at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes, and their subsequent successes on the eastern front, led to their being entrusted with the supreme German command in 1916. Their attempt to break the stalemate on the western front by an unrestricted submarine blockade against Britain resulted in the sinking of American ships, the entry of the United States in the war in 1917, and the deployment of sufficient American troops by mid-1918 to stop the last great German offensive.

With no hope of victory and his armies at the breaking point, Hindenburg called for an armistice. By the time it went into effect, on Nov. 11, 1918, the German emperor, William II, had abdicated. Hindenburg remained in command until June 1919, but he held aloof from subsequent events, allowing Ludendorff's successor, Wilhelm Groener, to act for him in co-operating with the provisional republican regime, led by Friedrich Ebert. Groener supervised the withdrawal of German forces still on foreign soil and employed them, where necessary, to restore domestic order.

In 1925, on Ebert's death, Hindenburg was elected president as the candidate of the nationalists. Seven years later, in 1932, he was re-elected, defeating Adolf Hitler. By this time parliamentary government had broken down, and the aged president was under the influence of Gen. Kurt Von Schleicher. Nonetheless, when Schleicher asked for emergency powers, Hindenburg dismissed him and appointed Hitler in his place (January 1933). Although he detested Hitler, Hindenburg believed that he could be easily controlled. His mistake was soon apparent, but, increasingly senile, he acquiesced in Hitler's consolidation of power. By the time Hindenburg died, Hitler's control was so complete that he was able to usurp the authority of the presidency and abolish the office altogether. ("Hindenburg, Paul Von" 1992:*The Software Toolworks Multimedia Encyclopedia*)

Germany believed it had historical ties to parts of Czechoslovakia, as well as the fact a large neighbouring portion was inhabited by German-speaking people with old ties to Germany. This area as well as other territory through the region had been lost by Germany after World War I. Hitler wanted to annex these areas back and make them part of Germany once more. Some of the areas were sympathetic to Germany and wanted to be part of it again. Many of the areas were rich in agriculture or raw materials that Germany needed. Hitler was determined to take over Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, and Poland.

After World War I various alliances were made between England, France, Russia, Italy, Poland, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. None of the countries wanted another World War and with this in mind made agreements for mutual defence - in the event one was invaded, the others would come to their aid. This was hoped to be a deterrent, as well as by using countries such as Austria, Poland, and Czechoslovakia as a buffer between Germany and its neighbours, it was to keep any fighting out of their own country.

Although Germany was not to rebuild its armed forces, navy, or air force after World War I, it continued to do so under various programs to mask what it was up to. Most of the other countries did not want to take a chance of entering into a conflict with Germany and Hitler and thus proceeded to prefer to either ignore what he was doing or enter into secret agreements with Germany. He rebuilt his navy with virtually no opposition. He had an agreement to send "civilians" to Russia to be trained as pilots. He formed various groups and organisations for men, women, and children to join for both their physical and mental development and discipline in the German way.

As it became evident Hitler intended to take over areas such as Czechoslovakia, the countries that had agreements (Russia, France, and England) had to decide if they wanted to risk war by honouring their defence agreements or allow

Germany to annex Czechoslovakia. The main group of Czechs were ready to fight and started to mobilise a well-equipped army for its own defence. France was busy at home with domestic problems and was said to have made some verbal noise about aid but did not call any troops up. Russia sent a few bombers to an airfield in the Czech territory and claimed it had staged a number of troops along its border ready to help, although no outside verification has ever supported this claim. England sent Neville Chamberlain to negotiate with Hitler. He returned with an agreement that he called "Peace in our Time" that gave into Hitler. It allowed Hitler to send the Germany army in and take over the country and its army with virtually not a shot being fired (March 1939). It was hoped this would appease Germany and put an end to being on the brink of war and the desire for additional annexation. Germany not only obtained the additional land and raw materials it needed but it also obtained the armaments from a well-equipped army. This gave them a truly superior equipped fighting force over night.

Germany then knew from this point forward the agreements between the various countries for mutual defence were not as seriously committed to as previously believed. Russia's leader Stalin admired Hitler for how he handled the annexation but feared his future plans for Poland. They made a secret agreement that Russia would not come to the aid of Poland but instead would occupy the western half of the country. This was predetermined on a map showing the new boundaries and signed by Stalin and Germany's representative, prior to Poland's invasion by about a week. Russia and Germany could share the spoils and not worry about a war with each other.

Germany threatened to occupy Austria previously but Italy opposed this and started to move troops toward the border. Germany proceeded with its other plans. Mussolini wanting to be a power and bring Italy back to its previous glory decided to invade and take over Ethiopia (1935-36) as it lay between two of its African territories. This became a very expensive exercise for Italy both in money and resources. By the end of the conflict Italy was negotiating with Hitler to form an alliance. Mussolini did not want to be left out of territorial gains in Europe and also wanted to protect Italy's interest. Italy's armed forces were ill equipped and ill prepared for a conflict with any major power.

The civil war in Spain (1936-39) allowed the major powers to use it as a proving ground for their new weapons and tactics. Italy supplied 70,000 troops, Germany planes, artillery, and advisers, and Russia weapons and advisers. This civil war split the camps into anticommunist and antifascist. The collaboration between Italy and Germany lead to an understanding and agreement of 1936, for an alliance that allowed Germany to dictate Italy's foreign policy. In 1938 Germany took over Austria with no resistance and in April 1939 Italy invaded Albania.

In September 1939 Germany invaded Poland and in a matter of weeks occupied the country as previously agreed with Russia. This finally forced Britain, France and its allies to declare war. Germany continued its attacks on Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium and then on to France. Germany poised to attack by the spring of 1940 surprised the French and went around their Maginot defensive line. On 13 May 1940 the invasion began, a second thrust started on 5 June 1940 which put them in Paris on 14 June 1940, and a surrender in hand on 22 June 1940.

Mussolini had been trying to stay out of the actual conflict as long as he could since he was ill equipped, and was still trying to keep a foot in each side as best he could until now. On 10 June 1940 with the fall of France imminent, Italy declared war on the allies fearing it could wait no longer or be left out on the spoils. The United States condemned his declaration as a stab in the back. (The People's Century 1999: BBC Television)

World War II was now well underway and even with all of the secret deals, pacts, and selling out of countries such as Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Poland, the eventual conflict and war with Germany now engulfed all of Europe and those who had sold them out. After World War II, most of Moravia's German-speaking population was expelled and under Communist rule Czechoslovakia was reunited. The Communist regime was overthrown in 1989 and a freely elected government was organised by Public Against Violence - the Slovak counterpart of the Czech-Moravian Civic Forum.

In the 19th century the Habsburgs were pushed out of Italy (1859-66) and Germany (1866). Their remaining lands, reconstituted as the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary in 1867, became increasingly difficult to hold together because of the growing national aspirations of their subject peoples -- Czechs, Poles, Slovaks, Romanians, and South Slavs -- in opposition to the ruling Austrian Germans and Hungarian Magyars. These tensions were a major factor in sparking off World War I in 1914. With defeat in 1918 the Habsburg Empire broke up, and all its successor states declared themselves republics. The last Austrian emperor, Charles I, and other family members maintained their claims to their hereditary titles. After World War II and the new states, and even with communist control, many of the same problems existed. Even after the fall of communism in many of these countries the subjects still suffer from major conflicts over religion, ethnic background and history. So wars and ethnic cleansing still continue to this day.

Chapter 2 - Czechs head for America and Texas

From the European history we learned how Ferdinand amassed a large army, to invaded Bohemia, and on 8 November 1620 at White Mountain near Praha, a battle was fought, in which the overwhelming numbers of Ferdinand's army, after fighting a whole day, annihilated the Bohemians. King Frederick was feasting at Praha, but when he heard of the defeat of his subjects, he deserted his post of duty and fled to the Netherlands. The Bohemians were treated most unmercifully by Ferdinand, and twenty-seven of his first nobles were beheaded, their heads stuck on posts in the city, and their property confiscated. Ferdinand ordered that no subject who would not conform to the Catholic faith would be permitted to remain within his domains. Thereupon 36,000 families, because they would not renounce the religion of their ancestors, were forced to leave their native land and seek homes in foreign countries. Many of them went to America, and settled in North Carolina and Pennsylvania, and were known as Moravian Bretheren. A number of their descendants took an active part in the war of American independence. (William Paca of Maryland was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and was a Czech). This was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, and the extinction of the Bohemian kingdom, which included Moravia, as both were parts of the Austrian empire, and are such today, of which empire the Roman Catholics are the principal inhabitants.

Authorities indicated the main emigration from Bohemia to the United States commenced about 1848 and did so every year except during the Civil War. Many of the Bohemians went to large cities; New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, and St Louis. Some of the states include Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. By the 1930's Texas had about 80,000 Bohemians, of which 95% tilled the soil. About 75% came from Moravia and about 75% were Catholic, with the rest being Protestants, and some atheists. (Hudson 1934:384)

As a result of the Seven Weeks' War (June-August 1866), in which Prussia and Italy defeated Austria and several of the smaller German states, Prussia became the pre-eminent German state. Also known as the Austro-Prussian War, the conflict, instigated by Prussia's chief minister Otto Von Bismarck, was marked by a quick succession of Prussian victories culminating in the Battle of Koniggratz (Sadowa) on July 3, 1866. It was after this period that our ancestors left for America with the plan to head to Texas.

The wave of immigration to Texas was especially high during the years of 1848 - 1849, and during this time the main principal entrance by sea to Texas was through Galveston. As early as 1840 Czech immigrants arrived at Galveston and took an overland route into the state. The shipping lists of 1840 - 1860 were destroyed in the flooding of the 1900 hurricane and with it most of the immigration records for that time period. Early Czech settlers wrote back telling of the opportunities and freedoms, and how Texas offered better agricultural pursuits than other states in the union. In the Gulf Coast section crops matured earlier and with less labour. Thus many of the early immigrants came from the same areas on word of mouth from the early letters written back home.

The wilderness was still there to great them with all of its harshness. It needed to be cleared and beaten back. The droughts came, floods destroyed, and insects and

bugs would wipe out a whole crop leaving little or nothing to harvest. Hunger, sickness, and sometimes despair seemed all they had to hold on to. Many an early settler would arrive in the state broke, having spent every last cent to just get there so he and his family could have a chance in the new country. It was a hard and cruel life at times. One common thread was they all wanted a better life for themselves and their families - this is what drove them on and held them together.

To describe what Texas can be like at times, best comes from a poem that I heard years ago. The poem was like a story and went on for a considerable length. It was a negotiation between the Devil and God. The Devil wanted a place to make into hell for man. Several places were offered to the Devil but he turned them down as unsuitable. Finally God offered him a place that would be perfect. It had everything that could bite; snakes, spiders, mosquitoes, everything that could sting and make you sick; hornets, wasps, scorpions; every type of weather from extremely hot to freezing cold; and the unpredictability of all this mixed together. The Devil thought about it a minute, and then said to God, "No thanks, I'll take Hades. You can have that for Texas!" From some of the early pioneer stories, I'm sure some felt it was a story based on truth.

Early Texas

In 1684 Texas was claimed by right of discovery by Spain and the Spanish flag of King Charles II was raised. With the first colonization, when Robert de la Salle entered Matagorda Bay in January, 1685, he took possession in the name of his king, Louis XIV of France, planted the French flag, built a fort, a small church, and sowed a crop for the families and animals he had brought with him.

Two years later the Spanish governor of Coahuila came and found no trace of the French. Thus ended the first attempt at a European settlement, and the Spanish flag flew over the domain. (Among the legends it is told that an Indian Chief told General Sam Houston with regard to the name "Texas", that when the Spaniards overran Mexico, the Indians crossed the Rio Grande and travelled eastward through the salt-marshes until they reached the Colorado and found it a beautiful stream. Beyond the stream they saw a country dotted with trees whereupon the Indians in their joy cried out, "Tehas." "Tehas," according to the old chief, meant "paradise.") When the Spanish colonies in America threw off the yoke of Spain over a period of years, 1810-21, the Republic of Mexico was established.

Going back, Louisiana was ceded by France to Spain in 1762 and restored to the former power in 1800. In 1803 it was ceded by France to the United States. In none of these cessions were there any specifications of boundary. The territory was a vast undefined region east of the Mississippi; and with rare exception "untenanted by civilized inhabitants." It adjoined the Spanish domain of Mexico, but the dividing line could not be easily ascertained. As this became more of a matter of discussion between Spain and the United States with colonisation, it was finally settled in 1819 by treaty.

When the United States purchased Louisiana from France in 1803 the interest in colonising Texas grew. This was especially true after Napoleon's plans for world

conquest became more evident after 1808 when Napoleon by the cession of Bayonne, had gained complete ascendancy over Charles IV and King Ferdinand VII and secured from them title to the throne of Spain and the Indies under pretext of settling family dissension and establishing order in the domain. Napoleon sent emissaries to America to announce the change that his brother Joseph was King of Spain.

Texas was one of the most vital spots in the Spanish Dominion of America. It was during the year 1809 that instructions for closing the door to European immigration from foreign countries were given. It was feared that Napoleon would introduce emissaries in the guise of settlers. Again when the United States declared war on Great Britain in 1811, the Spaniards became alarmed and proceeded to guard zealously the Texas frontier.

New Orleans was prepared for defence. President Madison had sent a message to Congress dealing with the revolt of the Spanish-American provinces. The fall of Bahia and Bexar came in 1813. Texas was in deplorable condition. The fields were untilled and yielded not a "tortilla." (Hudson 1934:18-9)

In 1820 the State of Missouri, formed out of part of the Louisiana territory, was admitted into the Union as a slave state. To facilitate its admission, and to overcome the opposition of the Northern States to the incorporation into the Confederacy of another slave-holding state, the slave-holders proposed and effected the celebrated Missouri Compromise, a law declaring that in the future slavery should be prohibited north of 36 degree 30 minutes north latitude. It was this along with the treaty of 1819 that reduced within narrow limits the area from which slave states might thereafter be formed. With the exception of Florida, the territory south of Missouri compromise line was not sufficient for more than two states. This increased the attractiveness of Texas to slave-holding interest.

It was during these years, the 1820s, that Moses Austin, from Missouri, was to introduce settlers to this land from the United States. Land grants and settlements were to be made according to agreements made between M. Austin and the authorities of Mexico in 1821. Three hundred families were to settle in Texas. They were to have allegiance to Mexico and could not own land unless married to a Mexican. The faith of Mexico was Roman Catholic and you had to be same in order to have a recognised marriage. However, M. Austin died, and in 1823 his son Stephen F. Austin took over the grant and commenced a colony on the Brazos River with emigrants from Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

Texas and Independence

In 1826 a body of immigrants from the United States settled near what is now Nacogdoches, and there was a declaration of independence, but this was crushed by the Mexican forces. The first attempt at settlement had been at the same place in 1819 when James Long had come from Natchez, Mississippi, with about 75 people. The independence of Texas fluctuated from one point to another. A number of the immigrants from the United States could not accept the rights and freedoms in this foreign country were not the same as the United States they had just lived in. This

they wanted a change to, individual rights and freedoms as well as choice of religion without discrimination.

Hopes of acquiring the province by purchase were abandoned in the process of elimination of plans and measures. President Andrew Jackson had authorized the offer of 5 million dollars for the purchase of Texas in 1829. Rumours had previously been afloat that the province was to be placed under protection of Great Britain. About this time Sam Houston of Tennessee made known his intention of coming to Texas. He was at the time organizing an expedition with recruits from the United States and his plans had been communicated to President Jackson. It was his intention to work with, or if necessary without, Stephen F. Austin, to make changes in the settlement of Texas and how its citizens would live. (Hudson 1934:21-2)

In 1823 Santa Anna helped overthrow the government in Mexico. He became President of Mexico in 1833 and abrogated the Mexican constitution of 1824. Stephen F. Austin wanted to try and work with the Mexican authorities and have increased freedoms as well as changes to the settlement agreements. With the dictatorial nature of Santa Anna of Mexico this was not to be. As the people became treated more and more like peasants, the cry for independence grew. The first clash was at Gonzales, Texas in October 1835. Santa Anna decided to put down the rebellion himself and organized his army to march on Texas. On the 2nd of March 1836, Stephen F. Austin, and Sam Houston with others declared independence from Mexico. By now Sam Houston had put together a small unorganized group of men, not yet an army. They needed time to organize.

As Santa Anna and his army of about 5,000 men crossed the Rio Grande in February 1836, he heard of a group of settlers setting up at the Alamo mission in San Antonio. He headed for the Alamo as these 186 men were fighting for the constitution of 1824. This is where such famous men as Davy Crockett died fighting for ideals. - (When the Tennessee Congressman, resigned from the U.S. Congress in disgust, he told them... "I'm going to Texas, and you all can go to Hell!") - After 12 days the Alamo fell on the 6th of March 1836, the 13th day. All the settlers were killed except for Mrs Dickenson, her child, and two servants. The men never knew about the call for independence that went out in the declaration on 2 March 1836. This gave Sam Houston time for organizing his men. On 21 April 1836 as Santa Anna had his mid-day siesta with the Yellow Rose of Texas at San Jacinto (near Houston, Texas today), the small army of Sam Houston slipped into his camp and captured him at the battle of San Jacinto. In fact as he realised what was going on, he had such great fear, he put on a private's uniform and tried to escape only to be captured and brought back in front of all. On May the 10th of 1836 it was transmitted to the President of the United States by a General Gaines of the victory and independence of Texas. A lone star in a field of blue joined in a field equally divided between red and white - the Texas flag.

Texas Cotton & Slavery

In the early years well into early 20th Century, cotton was king. The main crop grown and sent by ox-team to Old Mexico to be sold in the early days up until the development of Galveston and Houston as major shipping ports. It is of interest in looking back to note that the people of Texas were not agriculturalists in the early

days. The Indians kept up a constant warfare. At the end of the French regime in Louisiana, 1803, there were only three settlements in Texas - San Antonio de Bexar, the presidio of Bahia del Espiritu Santo and the pueblo of Nacogdoches. The population of Bexar at the time was 2500, La Bahia 618 (Goliad), Nacogdoches 770, with other settlers at various missions, making a total of 4000 settlers in Texas. (Hudson 1934:18)

From 1836 until 1846 Texas maintained its independence as a republic. With the concerns of its citizens, in regard to Mexico and other countries wanting its territory, it became necessary to form and support both an army and a navy. As debts and problems grew, more and more wanted to join the United States. Negotiations for a treaty of annexation were proposed. President Tyler of the U.S. is credited with having felt it necessary to reorganize his cabinet in 1843 and asked Mr. Upshur of Georgia to occupy the place of Secretary of State, then held by Daniel Webster. The sudden death of Upshur in February 1844, on the steamer Princeton, led to the appointment of John C. Calhoun of South Carolina as Secretary of State, and so negotiations for annexation were promptly renewed. (It is this Calhoun's plantation during reconstruction, (and son) that the Malinak ancestors lived on and worked for). In the letters and public documents of Calhoun, considerable publicity was given to the account of how the British government stood ready to throw its protective shield over the harassed and embarrassed Republic of Texas.

The question of slavery was of considerable importance from the British conception. The abolishment of slavery was the desire of Great Britain, according to these old letters and whether or not, according to the principles of international law, nations had the right to interfere with the domestic relations of another country, no matter what might be the motives in this instance, brought about on the part of the United States a more intensive effort to consummate the treaty of annexation. (It should be noted the Royal Family including Queen Victory "invested" in slavery ventures during their times, so it didn't bother them totally).

With negotiations over slavery, land, debts, and numerous other issues finally agreed upon, Texas was admitted to the Union in 1846. Texas went into the Union retaining all her vacant and unappropriated land. Texas had a debt of about \$7,000,000 at the time, which was taken up by the Union in exchange for land that was north and west, into the areas of Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming.

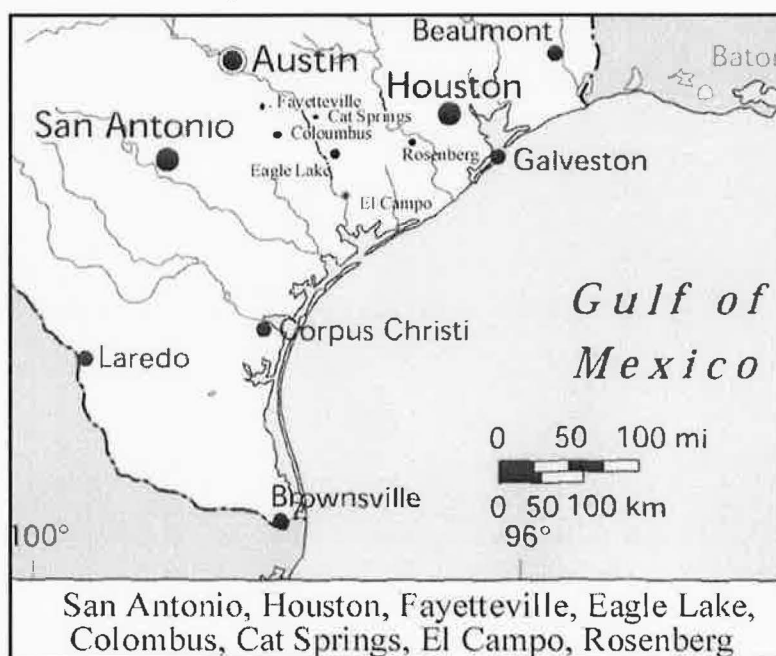
Another resolution that has been of much discussion over the years was..."New states of convenient size not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission, under the provisions of the Federal Constitution. And such states as may be formed out of the portion of said territory lying south of 36 degrees, 30 minutes north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the union, with or without slavery, as the people of each state asking admission may desire." (Hudson 1934:17)

In 1846, Mexico declared war on the United States. The Mexicans who had been camped at Matamoros, exchanging fire with General Zachary Taylor's men at Brownsville, just across the river, were let loose by orders from Mexico City. Almost

before they knew what was happening, they were soundly thrashed and sent back to Mexico. (This is the same spot that Major Funston and Brigadier General John Pershing entered Mexico in 1916 chasing Poncho Villa. This is made reference to in my grandparents' letters on whether he would end up going to France during World War I or the Mexican border). (Connor 1992: "Texas Revolution")

As these various events unfolded over time, the Czech immigrants came to find their piece of land to farm and start their new life. It is generally conceded that Dr Anthony M. Dignowity was the first Czech to come to Texas, in 1848. A very common route was by sea to Galveston, then to Cat Springs, and then to the area of Fayette County and towns such as, Praha, Dubina, Hostyn, and Fayetteville. Later the immigrants went into other sections such as West, Granger, Ennis, Cameron, Caldwell, Sealy, Wallis, East Bernard, Rosengberg, Ganado, El Campo, Taiton, Shriner, Flatonina, Sweet Home, and Jourdanton just to name a few. (Hudson 1934:27)

Map 4 Texas San Antonio to Galveston



Josef Lesikar, who came to Texas with 17 other families from eastern Moravia, from the Vsetin and Vyzovic area, later wrote that he himself had the distinction of being an instigator of emigration to Texas. He wrote that in 1851, 16 families sailed from Hamaburg for Texas, and that records had been censored for years thus making it difficult to say for certain when the first immigrants had sailed for Texas.

The fate of the sixteen families which sailed in 1851 was not a happy one. They had fallen into the hands of an agent who shipped them on faked contracts through England to Liverpool, where they received other and different contracts. The food was raw, the families having to do their own cooking. The sailboat Victoria was already overloaded with Irishmen, and about half the people died en route. The voyage lasted seventeen weeks. One year elapsed before the friends and relatives left behind heard a word of their fate. It was in September 1852, the news of them was received. Joseph Lesikar had been corresponding with a Mr Klacel, a publisher, and to

him was sent one of the Arnost Bergman letters written from Cat Springs, Texas. Thus the word was spread. Arnost Bergman was enthusiastic and a believer. At every opportunity he had, he would write about Texas and promote it. When his letters were published in Moravske Noviny, the news spread throughout Moravia about the great country of Texas, and more wanted to emigrate. (Hudson 1934:28-9)

As cotton was grown as a main crop all throughout the southern part of the United States and Texas, it was only a matter of time until the question of slavery would again become a main issue. As agriculture developed in Texas, cash crops such as cotton became more important as a source of money, as the farmer was able to grow cotton in addition to crops covering his own needs. As settlers came to Texas they would purchase land with the idea of clearing the land and putting in large fields of cotton. It would take slave labour to work the large fields and be profitable. By the 1860's, the U. S. South was the largest producer of cotton in the world. The Czech community as a whole did not believe in slavery. This went back to the old country as part of their historical beliefs, as well as the fact that one of the major reasons for leaving for Texas was to find freedom and to escape discrimination.

The Slavery Debate & the Civil War

Over the years the "cause" of the Civil War in the United States has always been said to be slavery. Slavery was the issue everyone could relate to, the issue for marches, flag-waving... the issue to rally around. After the book *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written, emotion was raised to a new level. (The book was written for that specific purpose and any resemblance to fact was purely coincidental. At that time, most slaves were treated relatively well for that time period. Not all that was written was true as they were an investment to the owner - which is also not to say they all were happy, or better off, or that slavery was right). The true issue the war was over was the question of state's rights over federal rights. This goes back to the original constitution and the original colonies and a great fear of the central government being able to tell the individual colonies what they could do or could not do - the exact problem they had with the king dictating to the colonies that thereafter helped lead to a revolution.

The north was an industrialised country. The south was a different world, not just because it was primarily agricultural, but the way of life and the way the people lived. Their way of life was deep in tradition, social order, and dependent on cheap slave labour to maintain their way of life. The confrontations over states' rights goes back to the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794 - a test of federal authority to collect an unpopular tax in Pennsylvania. Various taxes and tariffs plagued the federal-state-citizen relationship for years. Protective tariffs such as the proposed 1789 tariff on hemp; Northern users wanted none (manufacturers) and Southern farmer (producers) wanted protection. This was only one of many that gradually led to pitting manufacturing in the North against planters and slaveholders in the South.

Over the years, many a debate, paper, and political statement was made for and against federal versus state's rights. Senator John C. Calhoun after resigning as Vice President of the United States wrote the "South Carolina Exposition and Protest"

which was adopted by the South Carolina legislature in 1828. In it Calhoun claimed the right of states to nullify federal laws that they deemed unconstitutional. The nullification controversy came to a head in 1832 when South Carolina declared the tariff laws null and void and President Jackson responded with the threat of force. His theories of government shaped the South Carolina's view, and at length he devised a theory of secession that prescribed the steps for leaving the Union. This being the time after the Missouri Compromise and Texas fighting for its independence and possibly looking to join the Union. (A compromise was struck this time but Calhoun's ideas were to be invoked again in 1861, the U.S. Civil War 1861 - 1865).

Maine entered the Union as a free state and Missouri as a slave state but slavery had been forbidden in the rest of the Louisiana Purchase territory, this led to Southern leaders fearing their power in the House of Representatives would dwindle as new free states were created and added to the Union. A compromise again was made in 1850 when it was worked out, whereby California entered the Union as a free state. The question of slavery in New Mexico and Utah was left open, and a new Fugitive Slave Law was passed to appease the Southern interests. (Cave 1992:"John C Calhoun")

Another debate was the Transcontinental railroad route, after the Gadsden Purchase of 1853 and the border adjustment with Mexico. It would have been of economic value and possible for the South, but with the development and expansion through the slave states, it was blocked by the North. The controversy arose over the status of Kansas and Nebraska, through which a powerful Northern segment wished to run the transcontinental railroad. These territories were covered by the Missouri Compromise, but in order to win Southern support for the route, Sen. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois proposed that the principle of popular sovereignty be applied, allowing the settler in each territory to decide for or against slavery. The resulting Kansas-Nebraska Act 1854, which in effect repealed the Missouri Compromise, enraged the antislavery forces, who coalesced to form the new Republican Party, and led to a rush of pro- and antislavery settlers into Kansas. Armed conflict soon followed, turning that territory into "Bleeding Kansas." (This issue was not resolved until 1882).

The lingering legal case of Dred Scott V. Sandford, was finally decided in the Supreme Court in 1857. Slave Scott's petition for freedom, made because of temporary residence in a free state (an escaped slave), was denied. This led to the personal liberty laws in many Northern states being passed; this in effect nullified the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850. The abolitionists grew in numbers and became more active. The area of compromise was coming quickly to a close with calls for drastic steps to be taken by any means for emancipation of the slaves.

In the election of 1860 Lincoln defeated a split Democratic Party. He had 180 electoral votes against 123, yet in popular vote he had only 1,866,452 versus 2,815,617 (total for all his opponents). Calhoun's doctrine of a Union based on compact between equals seemed logical to the South and the idea of secession grew and was believed to be legal. Some in the south prepared for independence while some moderates counselled caution; realists counselled discretion -- there were not enough factories, shipyards, railroads, or guns in the South to wage a war. (A total of 11 Southern States Vs 23 Northern States and a population of 9 million people (3

million of which were slaves) vs. 22 million people in the North). Attitudes had hardened and after a financial panic in 1857 that had disrupted the Northern economy but only lightly touched the South, some felt that if the time was right, then now might be the time. On Dec. 20, 1860, a South Carolina convention unanimously, adopted an ordinance of secession. This was then followed by six other states including Texas on February 1, 1861. These along with the rest of the Southern States met in Montgomery, Alabama on 4 February 1861 and formed the Confederate States of America and Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was selected provisional president and inaugurated on February 18, 1861.

Davis formed his cabinet and sought peaceful relations with Lincoln's government, but he also prepared for war. Early military legislation created regular and provisional land and naval forces, assumed Confederate control of all military operations affecting the South, and set quotas for state militia contributions to a 100,000 man army. In the weeks after he took office, Davis focused increasingly on Confederate control of public property, especially military installations such as Fort Pickens, in Pensacola harbour, and Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbour. Without control of Charleston harbour, a key international port, the Confederacy could scarcely claim sovereignty. Sumter became the symbol of independence. Davis tried to negotiate the surrender and turnover in March 1861. Lincoln and his advisers refused. On 12 April 1861 the first shots were fired at Fort Sumter and the Civil War had begun. (Vandiver 1992:"U.S. Civil War")

Texas Czechs during the Civil War

From the accounts left behind by early settlers such as Dr Dignowity and some of the others we can get a glimpse of what it was like during this time. Most of the Czechs were against slavery and were not in favour of leaving the Union and fighting a civil war. Some were in favour and did join and serve in the Confederate Army, such as Judge August Haidusek. As a number of the early Czechs were broke by the time they reached Texas, both before and after the Civil War, they worked mainly in share cropping or manual labour as many could not speak English upon arrival. At this level of society I am sure it gives a very strong view on slavery and the employer - employee relationship.

Dr Dignowity's early years were full of hardship. When he was a student he would sell bread, pretzels, and any odd job to help support the family. In 1826, at age 16, his mother died and the following year he became a mechanical engineer. He travelled through neighbouring countries in Europe until the revolution of 1830, Russia against Poland, at which time he joined the Polish army. This was short-lived as Russia put down the revolt quickly and he found it necessary to flee with other soldiers to Hamburg. From this point he sailed for New York in 1832.

He travelled around the United States and engaged in various lines of business, newspaper-making, hotel, cotton gin, helped build a sawmill, and expanding his education by studying medicine, started his practice in Mississippi. After his hotel was destroyed by a tornado he gathered up what was left and moved to Talequa, then the recently established seat of government of the Cherokee Nation. He continued his medical practice and studied the Indian language. During this time he met Amanda

McCann of Little Rock Arkansas, and they were married in 1835. They lived at Illinois Falls near the border of the Indian Territory and continued to practice medicine.

In 1846 he volunteered for service in the war between the United States and Mexico. With ten other volunteers they made their way across country to San Antonio with the intention of connecting up with the Texas Rangers, or General Scott or Taylor with the military. Within hours of arriving as he sat down to eat, he was summoned to attend a Mexican and an Indian who had sustained injuries in a street fight. It became known that this newcomer was a physician, whose services were urgently needed in the area. He was persuaded to stay and set his practice up in San Antonio. He sent for his family as soon as he was set up and his practice started.

In the years to come he became active and a friend of Governor Houston. As time went on, he would counsel with the governor. He was against secession from the Union. In 1856 he was accused and found guilty of what was claimed to be a land fraud offence. He was sentenced to one year, but Governor Sam Houston pardoned him. He later wrote several books, one of which had to do with his experience of the justice system and the so-called rights of individuals. It was said that he had tried to cheat an Irish widow out of a piece of land, which she had bought from him. He had sold it to a man and his wife on credit, the money being a few hundred dollars. The husband died before the purchase price had been paid, and the widow asked Dr Dignowity to take back the property. This he did and sold it for a little more than the price contracted for by the first purchaser. This conviction on his record bothered him until the day he died. With the subsequent events in the years to come, one has to wonder if a dislike for him wasn't part of it.

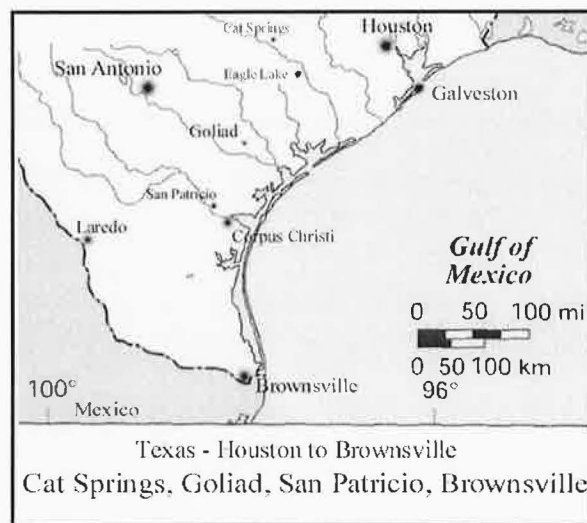
He warned Sam Houston he would leave and not support secession if it was voted for. When it was, he left for the Indian Territory and left his family behind. The day of his leaving Texas his family was warned by a black woman that the master of the house was to be hung in the Plaza that night. While he was away during the war, losses of cattle, horses, and sheep were caused by Indians as well as by soldiers. Upon his return in 1869 he began gathering the fragments of his confiscated property and spent most of the rest of his life rebuilding. His children in the years to come would help found towns such as Del Rio and Bracketsville. (Hudson 1934:44-9)

When the war was underway conscription came in. Those that did not leave either had to hide, taking the chance of being hung, or take on the orders given them. Some were drafted to take cotton to Old Mexico for sale as the seaports were blockaded by the navy and the South needed money for the war. Indians, outlaws, soldiers, and hard times were part of the trips. Such a story was related by Josef Schiller who was but a boy of 14 at the time he went on one of these expeditions. His family came to Texas in 1853 after a 13-week voyage and landed in Galveston. There they transferred to a barge and were towed up the Buffalo Bayou to Houston where they loaded into wagons drawn by yokes of oxen and travelled to Cat Springs, and later on to New Ulm where the family settled and started farming. After about 4 years of farming his father was taken ill and died. The family continued to farm and when the Civil War started hard choices had to be made. They could see brother killing brother and did not want to join the army.

The solicitors would come and look for those who were avoiding the service. He remembers when they came after Tomas Wotypka and shot and killed him as he tried to run away. His brother Vinc Schiller was also shot as he tried to escape but only received a scalp wound. He was held captive under guard in his father's home, but before his wound healed, he escaped and was not captured again.

On September 2, 1864 as the ports were still being blockaded, the cotton was sent to Matamoros and Laredo over land via caravan drawn by 5 or more yokes of oxen. It was on this trip that Josef Schiller went with 2 older men and 4 other boys. In Jackson County the cotton being hauled by the Miller Brothers was ordered to be unloaded by Confederate soldiers. This was then reloaded onto their wagon to be carried to Mexico.

Map 5 Texas - Cat Springs to Brownsville



From New Ulm they travelled in the direction of Eagle Lake, where they forded the Colorado River. They proceeded through waist high grass across the plains and reached Victoria after heavy rain. The Guadalupe River was out of its banks. After the water subsided the ground was so soaked the wagon would sink up to their hubs. Finally they reached the ferry and were able to cross. They then continued on to Nueces in San Patricio County where the road was, but with the previous traffic it was very rough. It was at this point they broke a steel tire on one of the wagons. San Patricio, was 4 miles up the river. Two of the boys mounted horses and dragged the wheel there only to find they had no blacksmith and the next town was 35 miles further. On the way they broke the tire in another place. They had good fortune, as the blacksmith in the town was able to weld and repair the tire. On the way back they cut down a small mesquite tree on which they placed the tire and proceeded to drag it back.

As the rest of the party waited for their return, 16 soldiers came along looking for deserters. "Without asking any questions they exchanged their tired and worn-out horses for ours, and left without a thank you." After they left the Nueces River everything went well until they reached the Davis Ranch. They had 40 miles of sandy road ahead. Through the sandy desert they could only make 5 miles a day. On the second day they ran out of water. The Davis Ranch was the closest place to get water

and Schiller was sent with 2 five-gallon kegs. He had his fill of water and watered his horse. His happiness was short-lived, as the problem of loading the two kegs full of water and being tied together onto horseback was a challenge for him on his own. He tried together, then one at a time - but had only one rope - then tied them together again and with desperation and all his effort managed to lift them both onto the horse.

On the third day they reached a place where the leader knew of a good well, but they found it filled with sand. As they had no spade they used a tin pail and dug out the sand and mud. They then had water but no trough for the animals. Since the sand would not hold water, out of desperation, they dug a hole and took a raw hide and spread it over the hole and put water in it. Normally animals would not drink from such a trough, but after several days without water it seemed to help their minds and this time they did. They watered 30 oxen and 6 horses. A few days later, at night, four horses were stolen. This made it difficult to herd the oxen each morning but they proceeded another 60 miles to Brownsville.

They started back the second week of January. At that time salt sold in the interior for ten cents a pound. They purchased salt near Brownsville for twenty-five cents a bushel. In crossing the desert they had great difficulty. In one place they had to pay twenty cents a head to water the animals. When they finally reached the Nueces River they decided to rest as there was plenty of water and grass, but the animals were already too worn out and many died.

It was two months before they could get enough oxen to continue the trip. They bought wild steers from a rancher named Randolph at \$10.00 and \$12.00 a head. These had to be tamed and trained. Out of the old lot they picked the tamest and strongest oxen and to each they tied one of the new animals. One of the wild oxen was so powerful that he killed the tame one. They left the wild one tied to this tame, dead mate, for two days before they tied him to another tame one and drove him to the camp. This one gave continual trouble.

To the north of the camp was a prairie of several hundred acres, encircled by mesquite woods. This prairie was covered with fine grass. Here they grazed their oxen. Several times a day they encircled the prairie to keep watch on the oxen. Late one evening, Schiller and a friend started out a foot. Before they turned back to camp, it suddenly became dark and began to rain. They lost the beaten track and had to make it back through cactus and cat claws and the progress was slow. They only had broken mesquite limbs to feel their way. As they made their way the stumbled upon a group of wild hogs (Javalina), they spooked them and this time they ran. (They have vicious tusks, and if they feel threatened will attack as a pack). They proceeded through the dark and tripped and fell. This time into a creek. He and his German friend tried to communicate on which way to go, with broken language, as they were sure it would lead to the camp. They agreed if they joined right hands they would go right, and if by left, then to the left. They went right. After a long time they saw a flickering light, they finally made it back to the camp, soaking wet and tired.

The camp flour supply gave out, so for days they lived on beef and coffee. When they reached San Patricio, he was able to buy a quart of corn meal for 50 cents. Later they bought a bushel of corn and had it ground. "The Negro that ground this corn on the hand-mill charged us one dollar, so the corn bread proved expensive."

From here they made it back, 6 months since they originally left. (Hudson 1934:97-100)

After the close of the war, conditions were almost intolerable. Chaos and disorder reigned throughout the whole country. Armed bands of marauders raided peaceful settlements, making life far from safe, especially among the foreign-born population, unable to speak the English language. (Hudson 1934:125-6)

Stealing, burning and general destruction of life and property went on without penalty, there being for a time no law for protection of either life or property, no means for enforcing such a law. After the war, however, immigration to Texas increased and the Czech immigration began again. (Hudson 1934:64)

After the Civil War

After the war were hard times and reconstruction made it even harder. The war had destroyed lives, property, crops, families, and relationships. The hate was strong and revenge was on the top of the list. The north blamed the south for everything that happened and wanted them to pay for it with penalty.

The northern democrats wanted the south to pay debts, sign a loyalty oath, and have limited federal power over the states. This was not to be. The north won and from this time forward the Federal power always usurps state powers and law. The Republicans wanted revenge. They wanted more than just debts paid, they wanted loyalty oaths with at least 50% of the voters before being allowed to vote, removal of discrimination laws, enactment of constitutional amendments 13, 14, and 15 (freeing the slaves, civil rights, removal of discrimination in voting), military law and occupation, placement of hand-picked governors from the north to run the governments, removal of rights (voting, public office, civil service) from the confederate leaders, removal of rights of the southern states "as they had seceded and forfeited any rights". They also wanted to see the Blacks in active rolls of public service and politics. They felt this would help ensure control over any rebellious southerners. (Unfortunately at this time there were very few educated Blacks and a number were used and manipulated).

Lincoln was moderate and was assassinated before he could enact his plans although he was able to block some of the more radical reforms. When Johnson came in as president, he again could see the radical reforms would only lead to problems. It became a constant bitter battle between him and congress over the reforms, vetoed bills, over-riding votes, and firing Secretary of War Stanton. This led congress into declaring he had violated the Tenure of Office Act of 1867 and proceeded to impeach him. (His removal from office was only narrowly defeated). By 1870 corruption was rampant throughout the south and the white southerners fought back for control against the carpetbaggers (northerners sent to run the south) and scallywags (southerners who collaborated). The violence became so bad President U. S. Grant sent troops at times to protect the Republican governments in power. By 1875 the southern democrats had control of all but three of the southern states. In the 1876 election everyone was tired of the turmoil and when the close vote in the Presidential election led to an agreement to send the electoral votes of three disputed Republican

southern states to a special commission it was decided they would be awarded to Rutherford B. Hayes and not U. S. Grant. When Hayes then became president he withdrew the troops from the south and the Republican governments fell, thus helping to restore order in the South. This reconstruction period caused hard feeling and mistrust that is still present to this day. (Benedict 1992:"Reconstruction")

Family head to Texas

"Fond of music, vocals, instruments, social gatherings, building halls, schools, and churches - founding fraternal orders and a belief based on democracy where a man can do what a man pleases as long as it does not infringe or injure others and thus secure himself the fullest measure of his liberties." This is partly how the Czech community in Texas was described in the late 1800s. They were hard workers as well. It was also said about a Czech farming a piece of land..." he could get rich cultivating land on which a German barely makes a living - and an American will starve..." Some said foreigners do not make good citizens - "They cling to native land" and not guard the republic as they are from monarchical rule. Yet they guard their liberties, which is the basis of free government and sometimes understand better than the native born, for they don't understand and appreciate what they didn't have. (Hudson 1934:384-5)

Judge A. Haidusek related a story his father told him in 1910 of a conversation in the 1860s, between him and Valentine Gallia (great grandfather of V. L. Gallia later married to Amelia J. Kopecky). Many an early settler came to Texas and was broke and on hard times by the end of his journey. They sometimes wondered why they came. On once such an occasion Gallia said to Haidusek. "You had a better house for hogs in the old country than for yourself and family here." To which he replied. "I would rather live in this log cabin and be a free American citizen than to reside in a place and be a subject of the Austrian Government." (Hudson 1934:386)

To this day his story still holds true for how many of our ancestors felt - and we do today - it is this gift of freedom of choice, not only religion, but education, profession, and personal liberties we should be thankful for - and who we are - that is our greatest gift from our ancestors and our greatest inheritance.

My great grandfather (Kopecky) came to Texas in 1879 to work on a farm of his uncles' near Clear Creek Texas at the age of 19. His uncle came out after the Civil War but I am not sure of the exact date. The Malinak family came to Clear Creek also about 1879 but Josephine did not meet my great grandfather until 1881 when he was out working on his farm away from his uncle. My grandmother's family (Willis & Rogers) came to Texas after the Civil War and settled in Graham, Texas on a farm.

William Larkin Willis (Golda's father) was the son of Solomon Willis and Mary Frances Jones of Tennessee. Williams's dad, Solomon, died in 1868. Seems it is Solomon Willis's family that goes back for a considerable time in the States. Solomon's parents were Larkin Willis and Mary Reese from Hawlins, Tennessee (1777 - 1886) and Larkin Willis's parents were James Willis (a Revolutionary patriot - during the American Revolution) and Elizabeth Wilson. They lived between 1755 and 1798. They go back to either England or Scotland before the American Revolution.

Prudence Rogers (Golda's mother) was from Alabama. She married William Larkin Willis in 1871. At the time Larkin was in Christian Co., Missouri. He served in the Union (northern) Army during the Civil War. My grandmother, Golda, was the youngest of 7 children. By the time she was in nursing school her father was quite old and health was always a problem. She would try and make a trip to see her family and spend time with them when she could.

Fredrich Hunt Rayner, my maternal grandfather, at age 20 came to Galveston, Texas from Ipswich, England in about 1920. He had been raised by his grandmother, Mary Ann Papendick, since about age 2 after his parents divorced. He went to live with an aunt, on his mothers' side, an Emma Papendick Paul, married to Riley Paul. He met their adopted daughter, Beulah Jeanette Williams. They were married 17 May 1922 in Galveston, Texas. Her family seems to go back to the Jefferson County, Texas Jeffersons' and the Cushman family, of Charlotte Saunders Cushman - an actress and Northern Spy in the 1860s.

It is of this group I will try and relate what stories, background, and history I can. I did not get along with all of them, but feel they all contributed to how the family developed. Some stories should maybe be left untold - but I think we should know our families are not perfect and learn from all of our mistakes in the hope that they won't be made over and over again.

Part II - Overview of Kopecky Family History after Moving to Texas

The Kopeckys and the Malinaks
From the 1860s

Chapter 3 - Family - History & Overview

A number of the stories were told to me by both my grandmother Golda and my grandfather Dr Joe over the years as I grew up both on weekends and later when I lived with them.

As far as some of the background, it has been taken from the two "letters books," "Czech Pioneers of the Southwest," and the hand-written journal my grandfather started in 1937. My great grandfather, Joseph Kopecky had brothers named John, Martin, James, and Paul Kopecky. They were born in Halenkov, Moravia - a small town near the Carpathian Mountains and near a small town named Hrozenkov, Moravia (where the Malinak family was from). Their uncles also had names of John and Paul as well, which at times helps add to the confusion on who is being referred to. At any rate, Dr Joe felt that some history on the family and reference to traits we seem to have might help us understand ourselves over a period of time, and hopefully keep us from making some of the same mistakes. (I am sorry to say this seems to not have happened yet, and may very well never will). 1. From the historic point of view it gives a record of the times in which they lived and why they may have reacted to problems and events as they did. 2. In his stories it puts some light on the handicaps and struggles of those who were Czech immigrants to Texas during his time and that some of the pioneers and builders of the State were of other than the Anglo-Saxon background you usually hear of. 3. He points out his reactions and adjustments to problems and situations he had to face and which characteristics and personality traits it seemed to bring out. Feeling these may be hereditary,... "forewarned is to be forearmed." As he felt all of these traits may not be desirable as is and with warning and modification we may all live a better life.

He makes general reference to some issues but never lists them as such. Maybe it is because we each express each of these traits a little differently. He makes reference to the fact that the Kopeckys always loved to hunt, none of them were overly religious (this may have had to do with history of the times) and in fact were rebellious at times, and that they always meant what they said (even to the point of being hard headed?). He did not mention, as such, a very strong inner emotion that would sometimes express itself as a very strong anger or indignation. This is something I have seen in myself as well as other family members over the years. He mentioned to me one time that no Kopecky had any business drinking anything but beer, as liquor and Kopeckys do not get along.

It is interesting to have gone back and read many things about what he felt and what he did in his earlier years after having known him first in his later years. At the turn of the century around 1900 attitudes towards, drinking, smoking, dancing, religion, and adultery (just to name a few) were quite different - at least what was expressed and tolerated in public. During his time teaching and in the army when he and Golda wrote letters to each other- a number of times they both expressed disgust with a number of people who continually used "bad" language - nothing compared to today - would drink to excess - would stink up the rooms with smoke - and then those who would take up with anyone when ever their partner was not around - and then profess their undying love and devotion. They couldn't get over the excuses - lonely, it was their right, what they didn't know, 100 years on and the only thing that has

changed is society does not seem to become outraged on this... it has switched to other things.

From a historic religious standpoint, the area in Europe where the family came from was in numerous wars from 1415 through 1620 as well as later and by which time in 1867 it was taken as part of Austria-Hungary from the Hapsburg Empire. The Catholic Church along with the government held in bondage the people of the area. With the influence of the church you had to be Catholic to get any position and you had to do as it wished. This laid the nation's problems on the church. This power struggle went back to the period of Jan Hus (John Huss) who was part of the reform movement. He rejected the absolute power of the Pope and the council. In 1414 Hus was summoned to Constance as the church tried to stamp out heresy. He was found guilty and burned at the stake. He was partly responsible for the Protestant reformation of the 16th century and after his death the followers formed the Hussites that later became the Moravian Church. When they were free, they would turn from any religion. A surprising number of atheists were around at this time, although a small percentage when compared to the total number of people. Hence, a lot of the Czechs were Catholic with a good scattering of atheists through the area. Many of the Protestant religions did not speak Czech in Texas and as usual with most immigrant groups, they were not interested in recruiting them into their fold. There was only one catholic priest in Texas in 1866 and the first one in the Czech community was in Fayetteville, Texas in 1872.

Picture 1: Veronica H. Kopecky with her daughter' family



Veronica Hodulakova Kopecky, seated at right hand end of photo, mother of Joseph Hodulak Kopecky who immigrated to the United States in 1879.

My great grandfather Joseph Hodulak Kopecky, the father of Dr Joe Kopecky that I grew up with (my grandfather) in San Antonio had immigrated to the United States after the end of the Civil War in the U.S. in 1879. He left Moravia (now a part of Czechoslovakia). Some uncles of his had already moved to Texas because of the poor economic conditions and war after war - one of the last at that time being the Austro-Prussian war (known as the 7 Weeks War June - August 1866). His father had previously died and he was trying to feed and help take care of the family the best he could. This included poaching deer from the sheriff's land in the area, a hanging was

in store if he was apprehended. His mother told him she intended to marry an uncle of his that he could not stand. It seems this caused a great conflict and he decided to run away to the U.S. where some of his other uncles had already gone - Texas.

As it goes his mother almost had him apprehended at the German border but he managed to get through and caught a ship. At age 19, in 1879 he immigrated to Texas to live with an older brother of his father who had lived in Texas for some years. This was near Clear Creek Texas on a farm.

The Malinak family left Moravia after they saved for years for passage to America. The trip took 13 weeks on a small ship. The water was rationed as well as the food and a number of children on the ship died during the trip. They arrived in New York broke and Mr Malinak was of ill health from TB (as well as liver problems and asthma he contracted in the Austrian Army during the Austro-Prussian War, he told stories of how the soldiers were so thirsty they would fight each other to drink the water 'from the wagon wheel ruts along the road). Josephine Malinak (10 years old at the time, born in June 1862) and others went to South Carolina to John Calhoun's plantation in Wilmington in 1872, 30 years before in 1844 John Calhoun (senior - father of the one the Malinak family worked for) was Secretary of State of The United States in Washington D. C. working on the Treaty of Annexation of Texas. There she worked in the house and learned English and took care of his youngest son. Times were still very hard during the reconstruction after the Civil War. She and a Polish girl that worked in the house would get two meals a day, as part of their keep and this was what was left after the family ate. The others worked on the plantation and after they learned what was going on they would try and drop off an extra piece of food to make sure she had enough to eat. While she lived in the house she learned to spell and read. Her father was Catholic and wanted to move to Texas where there were settlements of Moravian Catholics. After 2 years they moved and travelled through Augusta, Georgia; Birmingham, Alabama; Memphis, Tennessee; Texarkana and thence on to Houston then Columbus. They then were out of money and started farming as "half-renters." In 1879 they moved to Clear Creek about 5 miles from Fayetteville.

There, Joseph Kopecky met the girl's mother one day as he walked along the main road by the farm - a girl that used to live up the road from where he was (in Moravia) that he didn't even know. Josephine Malinak. By 1881 he was out on his own farm and on April 21, 1883, 2 years later, he had consent to marry her and did so at Fayetteville, Texas. She taught him English and after 5 years they were the farm managers for a Mr C. H. Powell in Fayette County. In later life most of the family joined the Southern Methodist Church but Josephine never did although she did attend.

Picture 2: Fayetteville Homestead



Photo of house taken by "Dr. Joe" some 40 years after he lived in it from age 2 to 9. On Chas. H. Powell farm - Fayetteville, Texas (1868 til about 1895).



Photo of house taken by "Dr. Joe" some 40 years later - On Chas. H. Powell farm Fayetteville, Texas. - West wall - Kitchen window at rear - smoke house behind house.



Photo of house taken by "Dr. Joe" some 40 years later - On Chas. H. Powell farm Fayetteville, Texas. - South wall - Kitchen at rear - barn behind house - he said ran on farm for area - neighbors would hang out and visit.

John the oldest was born 17 February 1884. The next child was born in 1885 but the umbilical cord was around his neck and he was stillborn. My grandfather, 3rd born, Dr Joe Kopecky was born August 12, 1886 in Ruttersville, Fayette County, Texas. He spent his childhood and early years on the farm. At seven he went to school but due to the unfavourable economic conditions in the 1890's he went back to the farm to help work. Joe went back to school at 8 years old but spent as much time out as in since he was helping on the farm. In 1904 they moved to Taiton in Wharton County.



**Picture 3: Joseph Kopecky & Josephine Kopecky
With son C.W. Kopecky**

At 15 Joe was able to study more at home and at 16 passed the exam for 3rd grade certificate schoolteacher. (He noted that his father originally thought he should be a blacksmith, but when he saw the money contributions John, the oldest son, could make to the family as a teacher - he was then encouraged to get his teaching certificate. It took some catching up in studies and several goes at passing the test as his father already had him a teaching job lined up before he had his certificate). He taught at Bordovice for 3 years, then 1 at Tours, and another at Taiton. He saved enough money to be able to resume his education in the fall of 1907 at Sam Houston Normal College at Huntsville. He graduated in June 1909 as valedictorian and as far as it is known this was the first time this honour had been bestowed upon one of Czech nationality or decent. (Years later his daughter Mary, my Aunt, graduated valedictorian from Sam Houston as well). In 1910 and 1911 he taught in the School for the Blind in Austin and attended as an irregular student in the Academic Department of the University of Texas. By this means he was able to gain admittance to the Medical Department of the University of Texas at Galveston in the fall of 1911. [He had lost most of his savings during the preceding summer through an unfortunate business venture and during his freshman year had a very tough time] (When I lived with him he told me how he had become involved in a business venture that sounded good and would make him money for school. He would buy bibles and sell them with a good mark-up to people in door to door sales. Seems he never was a salesman and found the only ones sold were those to him. The company did okay. He decided this was not for him.) During the summer vacations he worked at the YMCA in Galveston as office secretary and the last two years of his school he waited on tables at a students' boarding house to help defray expenses.

On the farm at Taiton in Wharton County Joseph died* in July 1914 leaving Josephine with 12 children. {* My grandfather told me years later that his father committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid (Phenol) and died, I understood this is

while he was at home visiting. He could do nothing for him. I only realised later this was during his last year of medical school - this must have made a hard time even harder yet he still graduated 3rd in his class. He never told me why, if he knew. He only said how horrible it was. I did find in one of his set of notes that when he looked back at the move the family made in 1904 from the old farm to the new one - two days away - that this caused his father to have to break from all of his friends and people he knew and spent time with. He was lost and distressed. He didn't have those people to meet and visit with at the pub, at the shop, and in the area. It should have been a better situation, as until then they had been half sharers and no matter what kind of year they had they always owed more. Seems the guy that owned the farm, owned the store, owned the pub, owned the supply place and so on. When John and the family went together to buy a farm and make the move they still owed money and knew they would have to pay off the debts. They did and broke the cycle they were in. }

My grandfather graduated from medical school in May 1915. He ranked 3rd in his class. He served his internship at John Sealy Hospital in Galveston from July 1, 1915 to June 30, 1916. He then went into private practice in El Campo, Texas where he remained until November 3, 1917 when he was called up and went into the Army Medical Corps. as First Lieutenant in World War I.

It was during the time period, 1913 through 1920, that Dr Joe and Golda wrote each other numerous letters. In later years he had them typed and bound into two volumes. The letters give a glimpse into the times in which they lived as well as issues between themselves and issues of the day. Medical School, private practice as a GP, the Galveston Hurricane of 1915, health issues of Golda, and his time spent in Siberia. Some of the stories related are of a humorous nature while others are a commentary on people or the times. I will relate some of the stories separately later at the end.

Picture 4:

Dr Joseph Kopecky

San Antonio

Mrs Josephine Malinak

**Kopecky - Mother of
Dr Kopecky**



After Golda's years of ongoing continual illness, in October 1917, Dr Joe convinced Golda to go to the Medical School Hospital in Galveston where they both had trained and worked. He had discussed the situation with Dr Graves whom they both knew. Dr Joe felt if her case was to ever get sorted out, she needed to be admitted, have tests run, and treated under more supervision. Part was a monetary concern, but he assured her that he could advance the money that had been saved for their furniture. Over time it became more evident her condition was due to rheumatic fever. When she checked out and returned to North Texas her hospital bill was around \$300 and Dr Graves, as he had been known to do with other members of the profession, the bill was no charge. In Dr Graves' letter to Dr Joe dated 23 November 1917; he summed up the situation... " She had no more activity of the rheumatic

infection, perfectly normal temperature, and a pulse that showed no variation upon exercise. The heart is fully compensated, but there is left behind a mitral leak, which I believe to be incurable. I see no reason, however, why she should not get strong and well by taking care of herself, and while the lesion will always prove some menace to her health, particularly with recurrent attacks beyond this I do not see any reason why she should not have a complete restoration of her health and usefulness in life.".... [All my life I could always remember Golda taking a rest and a nap in the afternoon to keep her strength up. I was also led to understand that is also why they only had 2 children as the stress of childbirth almost killed her.] It was surprising for me to see the number of times both she and her family felt it necessary to express appreciation to Dr Joe for providing the funds for her treatment as they had already been engaged for years!

In December 1917 he was at Fort Sam Houston and was made battalion surgeon in the 19th field Artillery, Fifth Division, then stationed at Leon Springs. (Later when I grew up with him and would go to the ranch at Boerne he would tell me of the times at Camp Bullis and Leon Springs and of the artillery practice.). On 7 February 1918 he and Golda Willis were married. With her health in question due to her rheumatic heart and his concern on when he may be going to France, they decided it was time.

He was then shipped with others to Camp McArthur at Waco Texas for a short time. He was recommended for further training and sent to Washington D.C., he hoped to rejoin his outfit before they shipped out for France. This was not to be as by the time his courses finished his outfit had already gone. On 26th of June 1918 he was ordered to Camp Zachary Taylor in Louisville Kentucky as camp surgeon staff - sanitation and epidemiological officer. In September 1918 he was doing exercises with the cavalry and not sure if he would get overseas. In the autumn of 1918 they had an outbreak of what they called "Spanish Influenza" that spread through the camp. Overnight they had an epidemic with intestinal problems, and pneumonia. The camps' population was around 100,000 men and within weeks they had a situation where..."thousands were sick and each day the trucks would carry off hundreds that had died..."

On October 26, 1918 he was put in for promotion to Captain. But no sooner had he heard, when on 11 November 1918, there was an armistice and all promotions were cancelled. New orders had to do with discharging troops, with the drafted ones first and reserves and so on. Overnight the attitude and morale changed with the troops as well as their discipline. All of them wanted out now and wanted to be on their way home. Dr Joe felt his time had been wasted and that he had not been able to serve his country as he had originally intended. In his letters to Golda he explained his feelings along these lines, and in his journal describes in more detail the morale in the camp after the armistice. He turned in his resignation hoping it would be accepted, as he had not heard anything on his application previously sent in for the Siberian Expeditionary Forces. Having contacted Dr Graves in Galveston about a position in teaching at the University of Texas Medical School it was all but done when his papers came through - a transfer.

A transfer on February 18, 1919 came through and he was transferred to the Siberian Expeditionary Force, the service he had previously volunteered for. He was

to leave almost immediately and head for San Francisco to catch up with the other troops. On the noon tide of 25 February 1919 they sailed out on the U.S.A.T. Logan. On March 20, 1919 they arrived in Nagasaki, Japan for supplies and left after several days on March 25 1919. He arrived in Vladivostok, Siberia on March 27, 1919, and then went on to Spasskoe about 100 miles away to take charge of an American army hospital. He was then ordered to Verkhne-Udinsk about 1800 miles from Vladivostok. This group was commanded by Colonel Morrow. On June 7th 1919 he was ordered out on the line with Company "M" of the Twenty-seventh Infantry. He then was sent to Station Selenga, near Lake Baikal. Company "M" was scattered along the Trans-Siberian Railroad for a distance of over 100 miles. It was his duty to see each post at least once a week, as he was the only medical officer on duty. He would ride up and down the line going to each post. In early January 1920 he took part in the operation against Semenoff's armoured train Iztrebitel, which had attacked and killed some American soldiers at Posolskaya. The armoured train was captured by a small detachment of some forty infantrymen and turned over to Colonel Morrow. On the 5th of January 1920 the American troops were ordered to return to Vladivostok. This was in the height of winter and after many hardships and 6 weeks they were able to make it back. In mid-march, 1920 they left for the Philippines. Dr Joe did not want to stay in the regular army and had handed in his resignation some 6 months before. After being in Manilla for about 10 days he was ordered to San Francisco. On May 3, 1920 he was discharged from the Army. He returned to El Campo where he resumed his practice until 1 September 1921.

At the completion of his internship in 1916 he had been offered a position in the Medical Department of the State University, but at that time did not accept. Not being altogether satisfied with the type of work he was doing as a general practitioner, and anxious to be in closer touch with an educational institution, when he was again offered a teaching position in the Medical Department of the University he accepted and on 1 September 1921, started his duties as instructor in Clinical Medicine and Clinical Pathology. At that time he was associated with Dr M.D. Levy, Associate Professor of Clinical Medicine and Clinical Pathology. After a year Dr Levy resigned and Dr Kopecky was promoted to his duties, with the rank of Adjunct Professor.

The following year he was promoted to Associate Professor. He spent the summer of 1923 at the Mayo Clinic, studying diseases of the thyroid gland. He spent the summer of 1924 at the Barnes Hospital in St. Louis and at the Mayo Clinic, studying heart disease and electro-cardiography. During the summer of 1925 he went to Harvard University to study heart diseases under Dr. Paul D. White. Upon the resignation of Dr. M. L. Graves, Professor of the Department of Medicine at the University of Texas, Dr. Kopecky was promoted to full professorship in Clinical Medicine and Clinical Pathology. During the absence of Dr Graves' successor, Dr. Kopecky was in full charge of the Department of Practice of Medicine during the teaching session of 1925 - 1926.

Up to this date he had been employed full time by the University. In 1926 he effected a part-time arrangement which gave him the opportunity to open an office at Galveston, where he engaged in a practice limited to internal medicine and diagnosis. In 1929 Dr Kopecky received the appointment from Dr Benedict, President of the University of Texas, to serve during the summer as the first Exchange Professor from the University of Texas, to the National University of Mexico. He gave lecture

courses at this University on diseases of the heart. When this appointment had been fulfilled on 1 September 1929, he resigned and went into private practice in San Antonio. [Over the years he practised all the various languages he had learned, some as a child growing up and some self taught - these included Czech, German, Russian, Spanish, some French, and of course - English.]

He belonged to numerous organisations over the years - lodges, fraternities, and Associations. He was a founding member of the S.P.J.S.T., and was one of 5 founding charter members of "CECHIE" at the University of Texas in 1909. This was to promote friendship among students of Czech origin; to study Czech music, Czech history and Czech literature; to work toward interesting the Czech children of the State in higher education, and the teaching of Czech language at the State University. Dr Joe was put in charge of Czech Art. ... "On Thanksgiving Day, 1932 a meeting of Cechie was held in the main Administration Building at the University of Texas in Austin with Dr Joe Kopecky presiding as president. The members were from all over the state and included lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers, businessmen and women. Some served and headed the Texas Board of Education and via all their efforts, Czech music was recognised in the United States, and numerous programs were on the radio. The language was now a major study at U.T. Austin and adopted as one of the foreign languages in several Texas high schools at that time. In Texas history the connection with the evolution of the school and educational system brings into prominence the matter of the establishing of the early Czech schools, together with the founding of the Czech reading clubs. The founding of the Cechie by Texas-Czech students, marks an epoch in the educational and cultural life of the State of Texas." (Hudson 1934:195-6)

In February 1921 my father, Joseph Willis Kopecky was born in El Campo, Texas, and in June 1926 my Aunt Mary Kopecky (Colbert) was born. Both excelled in school. In years to come they would both finish in the top of their classes. Aunt Mary was my godmother and we stayed in touch on and off over the years until her death in December 1997. I was able to speak to her by phone just a few days before her death. I felt we had a caring relationship. She always made an effort to write or drop a note from time to time to stay in touch. She picked up a lot of Golda's traits and would do things like send a birthday present to one child, and send a little unbirthday present to the other so they wouldn't feel left out. We both felt we had a special bond to Golda and she told me this after the funeral at the house when the family gathered.

My grandmother Golda told me when I lived with them, that as my grandfather was extremely busy with the medical practice and the patients, this placed the main responsibility of raising the two children firmly on her. It seems on several occasions it was necessary for her to slip out and retrieve my father from a situation that was best left for her to handle with my dad, without my grandfather's assistance. He had a tendency to be very dictatorial and vociferous when he became very upset. In fact he was known not just to pound his fist on the tabletop, but simultaneously proceed to "cuss" the situation in multiple languages. I should note that over the years he never cussed at Golda and when she felt he had gone on long enough for a good venting, she would say firmly... "Joe!"... and he would then stop and regroup. I myself was very glad of her influence as I was rescued on more than one occasion when I lived there. My father must have trained her well, for she was able to handle me beautifully and influenced me greatly for my entire life.

When they moved to San Antonio they built a house out in the country. It was later to become one of the first houses in Alamo Heights on what was to become Lamont Avenue. The house was all brick with a tile roof. The front porch and bathrooms had tile imported from Mexico. The separate building behind the main house was a two-car garage (all brick and tile) with separate living quarters for a maid/nanny. Over the years she would have usually one or two maids to help indoors and one person to help with the yard and harder tasks. (This was sometimes full time help, and in later years only part time. When I lived with them it was part time, the maids were older and they had been working for her for years. At times they did very little work when they came, but she couldn't see letting them go in their later years. This is what we called the "Plantation Plan.") The original section was the entire city block, which was subdivided and sold off over the years. My father and Aunt Mary grew up in the house and years later I would live in it until I graduated from high school. My Aunt Mary and her family would move back into the house to take care of Dr Joe after Golda's death, until his death in 1977 when the house was then sold.

Joseph Willis Kopecky graduated from Alamo Heights High School in San Antonio Texas at 16 years old. Dr Joe wanted him to go to Harvard. It seems this was one more time the two minds did not meet. He wanted to go to William Marsh Rice Institute in Houston, Texas, (now Rice University). It was then, and still is, a very exclusive school. You not only have to be top in your class, but also have to score extremely high on the entrance test, and then you are subject to being picked after comparison with the other candidates. It is one of the top "brain" schools in the United States. He won, and graduated from Rice in 1941. He then proceeded to be accepted to attend The University of Texas Medical School at Galveston. During his time in Galveston he met Beulah Elizabeth Rayner, my mother.

With World War II now underway, the schools had a more accelerated program underway. My mother later told me that she never knew anyone else who could read and study like he did. He would go through the material once and it was as if he had a photographic memory and amazing recall. When I was older and knew him on a more professional level, I realised it was not just this. He also had the ability to digest the information, assess the situation, and then formulate a reliable diagnosis and treatment. This is something I have learned that some doctors are not able to do - put it all together. Sometimes he would go on gut feelings - things just didn't feel right - and he wouldn't let it go until they did. I have always felt this is one of those intangibles that make the difference for a "really good doctor."

He related to me later that as he finished up his internship in Galveston, one of the responsibilities of the medical school and the hospital during the war, was a weekly inspection of the working girls on Post Office Street. The military police and shore patrol would round them up and bring them in for inspection and treatment. They were then issued with a new "health" card. As Galveston was a big naval port (both navy and freight), as well as army base in the area, the locals felt it was acceptable for these ladies to take care of all of these troops and leave the locals alone. This arrangement brought in a number of various kinds of cases for treatment both physical and mental. As soon as the war was over, however, the locals no longer approved. And ladies were rounded up and prosecuted. He told me he then knew some of the nicest and most honest people he met back then, were the ones brought in for their cards.

As he was now in the army, he was transferred to Brook Army Medical in San Antonio for his residency. He courted my mother over a period of time and for some reason, my grandfather never seemed to approve of her or her family. I do not know how far this goes back exactly but having put together pieces over the years, it seems to go back to very early days. It seems he blamed my mother for distracting my father during his studies, which may be true from some of the stories I have heard. He blamed her for "tempting" him to enjoy too much "good food and drink," back then, and later as well. He also blamed her for him quitting training to be just a G.P., and go into private practice. I gather some of these battles were very bitter. My grandfather did make arrangements later on to pay them a weekly "allowance" if he would go back and become an internal medicine / cardiologist. He did this, but I fear it left some scars that never healed in the family between them.

Previous to this, back in the 1920s, Dr Joe purchased a place out in the hill country near Boerne, Texas. It was 200 acres that we called "The Ranch." Over the years all of the family from all sides and branches came to use it from time to time, and all have very fond memories. It was really a place we all went to escape. We went to hunt, to fish, and just get away. When he first purchased the place it had several log cabins on it for quarters. It had one set of pens with a log cabin barn for animals. Unfortunately in the early days it seems Jap, his brother, was staying there and helping clean up the ranch, and a fire got out of control and the log cabin quarters burnt to the ground. Although my grandparents had been working toward plans for building a permanent residence at the ranch, they decided it was not the time and proceeded to build what we called the shack (main house), the pagoda (sleeping quarters), the smoke house, and the bath house. Electricity was available but even until the day it was sold in the late 1960s, it never even had a telephone.

The ranch had very little ranch to it. One of the neighbours, a Mr Snyder, would run some cattle on it, and would give one or two of the cows for grazing. They would be processed at the meat works - "the locker plant" in Boerne. As I remember the ground beef was okay, the rest would have been better suited for shoe leather. The Ranch was on two levels. The upper level was dry - live oak trees, cedar trees, cactus, rocks, and clay, and a couple of fields that had been put in. The lower level at the bottom of a steep cliff, had tall pecan trees, Cyprus trees along the creek, and again rough terrain and a couple of fields. The best the poor old cows had to eat other than what was on the small fields, was most likely the rocks.



Picture taken at "diving board" on creek at Boerne ranch. Not sure but may be Rayner relatives on board and Joe Willis standing by tree at end of diving board.

Picture 5: On the Creek at Boerne Ranch

When I was only about 5 or 6 years old and had not yet learned to swim very well, we would go to the creek and use inner tubes for our life support and go swimming. At the diving board the water was about 20 feet deep and being spring fed,

was cold even in summer. One time my older brother Joe and I, decided it would be great fun to drop the inner tubes off the end of the diving board, then go back and take a running jump to dive off and get in them. When I tried it, I missed and went through the hole in the middle like a shot. I could remember the air bubbles going up and the green murky water in the daylight above. The next thing I remember was being back on the bank, my Uncle Lloyd had seen me go through and went in after me and pulled me out. Not much else was said - I guess they figured we should have learned our lesson, I know I didn't try it again. (In later years Uncle Lloyd told me, he was not very sure on how this was going to go since the water was murky. He felt lucky that he found me relatively straight away).

During the years to come after this as I grew up, I became more aware of my family, of the importance of members on both sides, as well as the undertow of hard feelings that existed. For a long time I looked at it from the outside and observed. To this day I am not sure I totally understand why, and maybe never will. It has had an influence on not just me but all members of all sides of the family. This is not unique to just us. As I have become older and met more people and families, I have seen that "family problems" are something we all have, the difference is how we choose to handle or not handle them, whether we choose the "I, I want...I think,...I..." syndrome or whether we look for answers that are the best for others or for our children overall - or sometimes - just stay out of it, as it is not our business! Who are we to judge them all the time? If they try and do their best in what they do, if they try to uphold their responsibilities to themselves and their families, and they are honest to themselves - what else can we ask?

As time went on, more recognition and awards came in to Dr Joe. At the University of Texas Medical Branch the Ashbel Smith Distinguished Alumni Awards and Professorships were started in 1965 to recognise distinguished alumni who made significant contributions. On June 15, 1966 Dr Joe Kopecky along with 4 others were some of the first to receive the award.

A number of other instances come to mind as I remember back. I remember a Dr Czech and his wife who would come and visit he and my grandmother. I was later told he was Minister of Transportation when Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia and the government wanted someone to put them with for awhile. (At this point in time in Houston, Texas was the Consul of the Czechoslovak Republic for the State of Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico run by Dr Charles Hollub who was active in the Czech community). They lived for a short time with my grandparents and that is how they became good friends. I also remember when President Eisenhower was having heart trouble and they contacted my grandfather for his input at the time. Later in the late 50's I was told to go to the library and look up in Whos Who in the United States and see what I could find. In it I found my grandfather listed. I also remember that the people he knew over the years were very important and sometimes very rich. He still had contacts and patients in Mexico. One of his patients that was fond of him was H. B. Zachary - owner of the construction firm that operated in Texas and Central America as well as other areas. He told him any time he needed to make a trip such as to Mexico, to let him know and he would have one of his pilots and airplanes ready for him. These were some of the first flights in a private aircraft I ever went on. He would call up and ask, "anyone want to fly with me to Mexico." Sometimes it would be to a South Texas ranch. Later when I lived with him I would drive him to places

like Gonzales, Texas for consultations. He told me sometimes the trips would pay as much as \$1,000. (This was when a new car was only about \$3,000.) I later realised his usual charges were actually low and he treated many patients for free. A G.P. would charge about \$5 to \$10 for an office visit and he was charging \$10 for a long time and finally went to \$20. I realised he had a certain amount of Robin Hood in him.

He truly cared about his patients and his medical practice was probably first and foremost in his life. He had been known to tell a patient if they didn't do as he asked in terms of working with him on their care, to go to someone else and not waste his time and their money. Up to the time he retired he would always go to the hospital to check on his patients each morning. He would have someone drive him to town at around 6 AM and would come home in time to arrive for the 5 PM news. His escape without a doubt over the years was to go to the ranch. It may have taken him back to his childhood days, it may have been just fun, it may have reminded him of a thousand places and instances over the years. Whatever it was, it was a special place for all of us to escape and at least temporarily go to a different world.

Part III - From the Diary of Dr. Joe Kopecky

Overview & Observations from his Diary on Texas
And his Start in the Early 1900s

Chapter 4 - Moravia – From the Diary

This is from the diary and not only gives a few facts but also tells a couple of stories about my great grandfather, Joseph Kopecky, that came out from Moravia.

“My father came from a fairly well-to-do peasant family. His father died while Joseph, my father was in his youth. This evidently gave Joseph a rather important place in the family and, no doubt, gave him privileges and liberty he would not have had under different circumstances. He was evidently successful in persuading his mother, who was only about sixteen years older than her first-born, to let him have his own way about most things. He had four brothers, namely, John, Martin, James, and Paul.

My paternal grandparents were Roman Catholics and my father's early religious training was in that faith. From some of the stories he used to tell about his church experiences, I infer that, even in his boyhood, he did not suffer from too much piety or from taking his religion too seriously. On one occasion, he and his boy friend made their way to the choir loft and, while the congregation below knelt down and bowed their heads in prayer, these two boys amused themselves by dropping buckshot on the bald heads of some of the devout parishioners below. They were discovered in this mischief and the sexton came up after them with the intention of chastising them; when they got down to the main floor, they ran away from him, went on home and told their elders that the sexton would not let them stay at church.

If he had little respect for religion, he evidently had less for the law and its minions. It seems that near the village there were some forests that belonged to the nobility and that in these, deer and other game were plentiful. Hunting in these forests by outsiders was, of course, strictly forbidden. This did not seem to bother my father very much, and in time, he developed into a cautious and expert poacher. He would sell the game to a Jew who ran a tavern in the village and in this way kept well supplied with ready cash. His mother seems to have been in constant fear that something serious would happen to him, but she was unable to get him to quit this dangerous past time. I feel that he was actuated more by a rebellious spirit towards the nobility and by a passion for hunting more than by any desire for money. Incidentally, this passion for hunting is still very prominent in his descendants in America, and at least one of them has quite a strong affinity for poaching. (Jerome – Dr Joe's brother).

Two anecdotes of my father's poaching escapades come to mind. It seems that on one occasion he was not quite as cautious as he should have been and, while he was walking through the forest one of the keepers suddenly blocked his path, grabbed the barrel of my father's gun and said “I've got you this time! Come along with me!” Father evidently did some quick thinking and then said: “You are holding the wrong end of this gun and either you will turn loose or I'll cut loose at this end!” (Czech: “bud'to ty pustis nebo ja spustim”!) Seeing the gun cocked and

the poachers finger on the trigger, the forester was, no doubt, unwilling to risk finding out if his captive was in earnest or only bluffing, and so he turned loose.

The other story has to do with a companion of father's on some of those poaching excursions. This accomplice of father's was obviously a professional poacher and had a weakness for drink and gambling. One night, after father had decided that the following morning ought to be a good one for a hunt, he went to the cabin of his poacher to ask him to join him in the morning. The weather was bitterly cold and the ground was covered with snow. As my father tapped on the window of the cabin, his friend came to the window and a consultation followed. After some conversation, the poacher said, "Very well, I shall join you, but do not expect me to walk along with you. Start early, go to such and such a place and wait for me. I know where there is a buck in that neighbourhood and we can get our game in no time. I shall start some time after you do, for when I once start, I shall have to run as fast as the devil to keep my feet from freezing. I got into a little game at the Jew's tavern last night, lost all my money and even my boots, so I shall have to go barefooted. After we get the buck, I can run to the Jew with it, sell it and get some new boots."

The closest boyhood friend of my father's was a distant relative of his named John Kopecky. He came to America about the same time father and their friendship endured till John's death. During their boyhood, they evidently tried to excel each other in devilment and mischief and quite often got into all sorts of scrapes. John was my father's companion on the occasion of the church disturbance mentioned above.

Of my father's schooling I know little. It was; no doubt, of the best available in the villages of his country in his day, for he wrote good Czech; he was also well read, but I am sure that most of his reading was done after he came to this country.

Two of father's paternal uncles came to Texas somewhere in the early 70's of the past century. (1870's). One of these was married and settled near Rutersville, Texas. The other, a bachelor, stayed here about seven years and then returned to his village. After he had been there for sometime, my grandmother informed my father that this uncle and she had decided to marry. This uncle seems to have become my father's pet aversion, so the latter was naturally very much opposed to the contemplated marriage and he did not hesitate to tell his mother how he felt about it. After some heated arguments about the matter, my grandmother finally told her son that she was going to marry her brother-in-law whether her son liked it or not, and her son, equally obstinate, told her if she did, he would leave her and run away to America.

As to what it all was that led to this disagreement, I do not know definitely, but I have some conjectures about it. In the first place, as indicated above, in the absence of paternal guidance and restriction, my father evidently developed along lines that were quite pleasing and

satisfactory to himself, but not approved of by his uncle and prospective stepfather, or even his own mother. In the second place, grandmother, no doubt, thought that by marrying her brother-in-law she would bring into the home that restraining influence that my father was apparently in need of at the time. Father evidently foresaw that the proposed marriage would mean the end of his being the boss about the place and, even worse, that he would have to accept orders from his uncle for whom he had no particular love to start with, and whom, because he disrupted his (my father's) sphere of importance and authority, he had learned to dislike heavily.

According to my father's statement, as I heard it myself in my childhood, my grandmother did not take his threat about running away to America very seriously, for she felt sure that he was just bluffing, and that, after she got married, he would adjust himself to the new order and that would be the end of it. But father evidently meant what he said, and as soon as he saw that his mother was going ahead with the plans for the second matrimonial venture, he set out to plan his escape from the situation he knew was coming and which did he not mean to accept. As he was then about 19 years old, hence not of legal age, and as he knew that his mother would never consent to his leaving home, he had to do his planning secretly, and alone. Just where he got the money necessary for the trip, I am not absolutely sure, but if I am not mistaken, this was furnished by the uncle who was then living in Texas and who, no doubt, was not informed by my father as to the real cause of wanting to leave Europe or of his mother's feelings in the matter. He worked out his plans carefully and then acted swiftly. His absence was not detected till he was well on the way to the German border. Foreseeing that if his mother tried to stop him, it would most likely be at the German boarder and that there he would be identified by his baggage and the clothing he wore, he stopped at some station before he got to the border, sent his baggage home, bought new clothes and changed into these and then proceeded to the border and crossed it under an assumed name. Before anyone figured that out, the runaway was across Germany and aboard ship for America.

It is impossible to know, nearly seventy years after the event, just what it was that influenced my father to leave his home and his people forever and to go to a country of which he knew practically nothing; but whether it was the desire to escape an unbearable situation, resentment or a desire for revenge, it must have been a powerful emotion indeed to make one of his age take so fateful a step. Although father and his mother later became reconciled after a fashion, I felt that he always felt some bitterness towards her and that he nursed a full sized grudge against his stepfather as long as he lived and manifested very little interest in his half-sisters, the children of his step-father"...

He then went on to live with his Uncle John near Ruttersville, Texas and worked on the farm to work off his passage. Dr Joe told me as stated above, he never went back or expressed any desire to go back and see his mother. This trait refereed to about meaning what is said in such instances and sticking to it has been pointed out to us

before. Maybe stubbornness, I don't know. Of even more worry is to those of us that also have Rayner in them from my mother's side.

It seems at a very early stage in the marriage of my grandparents, my mother's parents, F.H. Rayner, and Beulah Jeanette Williams had a very strong disagreement about his driving skills. After some discussion he told her that if she didn't like the way he drove, she could do all the driving from that day on. This is the story that was told to me when I was young, and all my life I never, ever, saw him get behind the wheel of a car. She always drove him wherever they went or needed to go till the day he died. I think we need commitment to our word, but also need to exercise some commonsense and consider consequences in the long run as well.

Chapter 5 - How to Catch a Rabbit - From Dr Joe's Childhood

From his diary and other comments I have copied several stories he relates that show what it was like at times for him as he grew up over the years. This was written around 1936 and relates back to about 1891.

“In my early childhood, people on the farms lived considerably isolated from the remainder of the world and it was nothing unusual for me to see only the members of my immediate family for days, or even weeks, at a time. The only children in the neighborhood that we knew were my cousins, the Repkas, and the children of the John Kopecky and Manak family. Once in a long time I got to see the children of my godparents the Halamiceks; they lived about 3 miles from our place. But do not get the impression that I had nothing to do or get very lonesome. On the farm, and especially in the adjoining pasture, there were many things to do and to explore. As far back as my memory can reach, there were chores to do and one did them because he could not get out of it; as far back as I can remember, I have hunted and fished and have never had all the time I would like to have had to spend that way.

I don't remember when I started hunting, but it must have been when I was about six years old; John, no doubt, started me off at an early age, not that he needed me for the hunting but because he needed some one to carry the hatchet or the axe for him. A hatchet or an axe was all the equipment we had – or needed – in those days. Rabbits and squirrels were the only game we were interested in and hunting reduced was to a simple and efficient system. Our two dogs played a very important role in the sport. In the case of the cotton-tail rabbits, the dogs would jump the rabbit and then chase him till the rabbit ran into a hollow log or a hollow tree. While the dogs were chasing the rabbit, we, the hunters, would either stand still in one place, or else walked slowly in the general direction – indicated by the barking of the dogs – of the race between the dogs and the rabbit. As soon as the rabbit reached the hollow log or tree, the dogs changed their barking so definitely that we had no difficulty in knowing that the dogs were through with their work as far as that particular rabbit was concerned, and that we know had to do our part. We would then walk in the direction of the rabbit's hiding place, guided by the dog's barking and, as soon as we arrived at place, proceeded to make an estimate of the situation so that we might know what steps to take next. Depending on the situation, or, more correctly speaking, on the nature of the rabbit's refuge, we had recourse to one of them or four possible modes of attack. It will be best to discuss the various possibilities in detail, not that the reader may profit any thereby, but because it brings up some pleasant and exciting memories to the writer.

If the rabbit ran up into a hollow tree, the first thing to do was to estimate the level of the rabbit in the tree. A long, fairly elastic, stick was pushed into the hollow and upwards into the tree; a trained hand could easily tell when the end of the stick came in contact with the rabbits rear end. To make sure that the rabbit was as high as he could go, he was given

a few move-too-gentle jabs with the stick. If he had not reached the upper limit of the hollow, the prodding invariably spurred him on to further effort to go to the very end of the hollow. The level of the entrance to the hollow was then marked near the lower end of the stick, the stick was withdrawn and, by placing the lower mark at the entrance to the hollow and laying the stick against the trunk of the tree, we could easily see, from the position of the upper end of the stick, the level of our quarry in the hollow tree.

If the level was no more than ones arm length above the entrance, the rest was easy, for all one had to do was reach up in the hollow, get a hold of the unlucky rabbits hind legs and drag him out. If the rabbit was beyond our reach and the wall of the hollow tree was thin, it was usually best to hew out another hole at, or slightly below, the level of the rabbit and then pass a hand up into the tree trunk and get the rabbit.

A rabbit could complicate matters considerably by seeking refuge at a high level in a thick walled hollow tree, especially if the tree happened to be hard, as in the case of hickory or live-oak. There was too much work connected with having one's way to the rabbit, and if one cared for work, one would have stayed at home and would not have gone hunting. Besides, there were easier ways. All of these were rather hard on the rabbit and would scarcely be endorsed by the humane societies of today, but we were not bothered by such considerations in those days and were only interested in getting the rabbit.

The quicker way was to push a stick with a small prong at the end against the rabbit, by rotating motion work the stick into the rabbit's skin and then try to drag him down. This method worked only where the hollow was so wide that the rabbit could not wedge himself firmly in the hollow trunk; more often then not, instead of the rabbit, only patches of his skin would be dragged down on the end of the stick and finally, the slower method would have to be resorted to. That consisted of building a fire in the hollow tree and then throwing green or moist dead leaves on the fire, so as to cause lots of smoke to ascend up into the hollow to the level of the rabbit. When the rabbit became overcome by the smoke, he would lose his hold and drop down to where he could easily be caught. But even this method could not always be depended on. If there was no draft in the hollow tree and the rabbit was high up, the smoke might refuse to rise to his level and sufficient oxygen might enable him to hold out for quite a while. Then again, if the rabbit was wedged in too firmly, even the overcome by the smoke, or dead, he might fail to drop down.

If the rabbit sought refuge in a hollow log lying on the ground, the procedure needed to be modified only slightly. If the log was hollow at both ends, the only thing needed was for one of us to prod the rabbit with a long stick so that he would try to get away from the stick and stumble into the hand of the other one of us lying in wait at the other end of the log.

In spite of our aversion to hard work, wherever possible, we cut holes into hollow logs or trees so that, on subsequent hunts, when rabbits sought refuge in such places, all we had to do was reach into the hollow and get the rabbit. In this manner, by hunting in the neighborhood of such previously prepared traps, we greatly increased our chances and decreased the amount of labor.

In hunting squirrels, the dogs were no less necessary than in rabbit hunting. They would tree the squirrel and bark till us boys arrived on the scene. If the squirrel was not in a hollow, one of us would climb the tree and force the squirrel to jump down; the dogs would then catch and dispatch the luckless animal in short order. If the squirrel sought to escape in a hollow limb of a tree, we could climb up into the tree and, with a hatchet, cut a hole into the hollow at the level of the squirrel and either dispatch it, or else, prod it out of its hiding place so that it would jump down where the dogs could get it. If you know anything about a squirrels teeth and their mode of defence, you will understand why we did not reach into the hollow to catch the squirrel.

This part of my recital would not be complete without a few words about our dogs. The first dogs I can recall were Popik (a Czech corruption of "puppy") and Kuraz (courage). They were mongrels of vague and varied ancestry, but it has always been my observation that mongrel dogs are likely to be more intelligent and resourceful than many of the thoroughbreds. Although I took it for granted in those days and thought nothing of it, today as I think of it, the intelligent co-operation and understanding of those dogs, seem almost unbelievable. They could understand what we boys wanted, what the next move would be, and were ready for it; but what's more, they also had a way of letting us understand what they were doing when out of our sight but within hearing distance, and we had no difficulty in knowing, from the character and changes in their barking, when the chase started, what animal they had jumped, when the quarry was treed or at bay or when the pursued game got away from them and shook them off its trail. And they understood our signals as readily as we understood theirs. One of these signals deserves especial mention. On a farm, in those days, there was always some work for boys to do; these various chores often interfered with our hunting plans. Quite often it became necessary to elude mother's vigilance and get out of sight before she could divine our intentions. It became necessary, therefore, to sneak away and still have the dogs along; if we called or whistled for them in the customary way, mother might catch on to our plans and spoil them by getting something less exciting but more profitable for us to do. After a while, we managed to make the dogs understand that when we whistled a certain particular tune, that tune was really a call for the dogs to join us in hunt. Mother never did catch on to this trick. Of course, in sneaking out in this manner we were risking being punished after we returned from the chase, but we felt that the sport was worth it.

Some of the hunts ended in a tragedy. On one occasion, while we were chasing a squirrel, my hat fell off. Not wanting to lose contact with

the pursued squirrel and thinking I could pick up my hat later, I did not stop to pick it up. The squirrel ran on the ground for quite a distance through some thick brush. After the chase ended, I could not find my hat. When we got home, my explanations to my mother did not seem to be convincing enough and I had to take the consequences. On another occasion, a hard pressed skunk in whose fur we had mercenary interest responded by a gas attack. My coat was within his range. When I got home from the hunt, I left the coat outside on a fence and left it there overnight for an airing. In the morning, out in the open, the scent did not seem to be noticeable, so I put the coat on and went on to school. As is well known, on being exposed to disagreeable odor, one's sense of smell becomes obtunded after a while, and the scent is not so noticeable. I did not know this in those days, and, as the scent became less and less penetrating, I decided that as I was walking alone, to school, the coat became more and more aired and the coat was losing its scent rapidly. When I got inside of the schoolhouse, however, the characteristic skunk odor was quite evident and made me quite unpopular for the rest of the day.

The advance from the primitive methods to firearms in hunting was made when I was about 8 years old. Our first experience with a shotgun is still vivid in my mind. Whether John got permission to take the gun or not, I do not know. Anyway, after we had walked for about half a mile, the dogs treed a fox squirrel. John took an unsteady aim in the general direction of the tree and fired. Very much to the surprise of myself and the dogs, the squirrel dropped down dead! This incident initiated a new era in our hunting methods to the extent that it was no longer necessary to work so hard to get a squirrel, but the rabbit hunting was carried on mostly along the old lines, for we could not afford to waste ammunition in efforts to shoot at rabbit on the run; the only rabbits in danger of getting that were the ones that we surprised sleeping in their lairs. The gun that we used was an old, breechloading, 12 gauge shot gun.

Hunting with firearms had one, to us, decided disadvantage: the cost of ammunition made it rather expensive. In the days when a nickel (5 cents) was lots of money to us – and, for that matter, to the farmer himself – it was not always easy to get the necessary powder, caps and shot. We did not buy loaded shells; we just bought the powder, caps and shot and reloaded the shells ourselves. It was much cheaper to buy the shells and load them ourselves”...

Chapter 6 - One Room Schools in the 1890s

"I started to school when I was eight years old. The Hackebeil School was a small, one-room, frame structure a little over one mile from home. John and I walked the distance to and from the school; we took our lunch to school. The road led through post oak timber and offered all sorts of diversion along the way. Children from four or five other families went to school along the road and furnished us company during the trip. The Sury and Meitzin children lived about a mile further south and had to pass near our house; John Mikus lived near our home but usually got to the road about the time we did. As we got nearer to the school, children from other homes would join our group.

The equipment in our school was very simple. The walls at one end of the room were taken up with blackboards. Then there were two or three home-made maps. The children were seated on benches that would accommodate six pupils. The benches were all about the same height; no allowance was made for the size of the pupils.

The pupils were not overburdened with books or other teaching material. The Webster blue-book speller, a reader, a copybook, a pencil and a slate was all a pupil needed those days. Some of the older pupils had to have pen and ink, but most of us used a slate and pencil for several years before we reached the pen and ink stage.

There were no grades, just classes on readers. There were the first, second, third, and fourth reader groups or classes; then there was the highest class of all – the Texas history class. We started to learn to read by first memorising the alphabet – spelling was also taught from the book. Arithmetic was taught by means of the black board; the teacher would send two of the pupils to the board and would give them the problems orally; those at the board would work out the problems there while the remainder of the class would do so on their slates. Geography was taught by means of talks by the teacher and with the aid of the few crude maps and was chiefly memory work. Writing was taught, at first, on the blackboard and the slates; later, by the use of copybooks. A part of everyday was devoted to "dictation." The teacher would walk up and down the aisle in the one room schoolhouse, slowly dictating what he expected us to write. Geography, history and English were taught in this manner. No attempt was made to teach grammar as such.

The pupils in the school were all from Czech and German homes and all came from the farms within a radius of about two miles, the school being the center of the circle. So isolated was life on the farms in those days that, while all of the pupils came from this small area, I had met and knew none of them when I went to school at the age of eight.

The pupils were divided into several groups. In general, the German pupils and the Czech kept themselves, more or less, in two separate spheres. This was only partly true. During recess, on the

playground, the pupils mixed and played together freely without any nationality lines being drawn. But whenever any fights between a Czech or a German pupil started and other pupils became mixed up in it – and that was often enough – the alignment was usually along lines of nationality.

Then there were sub groups, also. These, the Czech students were the descendants of parents who came from various parts of Bohemia. In general, there were two groups, each group using a slightly different dialect. There was more cohesion among the Czech pupils speaking the same dialect.

Finally, the pupils came to school from three different directions, along three different country roads that converged upon the school. The pupils were, therefore, divided into three groups on that basis, and in conflicts, at times took sides accordingly, ignoring even nationality distinctions.

On the playground, the boys and girls played in separate groups. The games played were very few and there was no supervision by the teacher. The commonest games were "six birds" and Blackman. Mumble peg was quite popular when the weather became warmer. Then there was a good deal of improvised playing that called for a lot of tree climbing and other efforts hard on clothes.

The first teacher I ever had was Mr Herman J. Meitzin. He was of German origin; his people came to Texas sometimes about the middle of the past century. (1850s) At the time I started to school to him, he had already taught school for about thirty years and must have been about 55 years old.

He had not had the advantage of college education and, I believe, acquired what education he had through his own efforts by home study. He certainly would not rank high today if he were to be measured by the present day standards for teachers. Yet, he was an able teacher and was very thorough in what he did teach us. He insisted on our getting the three "R's" down well.

The teacher lived in the same part of the community as we did. He had two boys about John's, my brother's, and my age. As we went to and from school along the same road, we became well acquainted and became fast friends. The boys, Victor and Edgar, became frequent visitors in our, and we in their, homes. We also went rabbit and opossum hunting at times and, during the summer, on Sundays, often went swimming in some of the waterholes in the neighbourhood. The boys' parents and older brothers and sisters were very kind to us and made us feel quite at home whenever we dropped in.

The final – and great – event of each school term was the "examination." This consisted of an attempt to show the parents what the

pupils had learned during the course of the year; the forenoon was devoted to this cultural exhibition. The afternoon was devoted to entertainment; the most important of which was a dance for the pupils. This event was always looked forward to as the end of the term approached, and even now, four decades later, evokes some pleasant memories.

In our home, preparation for the event really began the night before. Mother saw to it that all of us children were duly bathed and scrubbed. In the morning, everybody had to dress in his best and then pass muster for mother's final approval. Then the whole family would be loaded on the wagon and away we would go. The whole family would go; the parents, to see how much progress we made during the year and the younger children, to see what they had to look forward to. At nine, the teacher would come to the door of the school and call us to our seats; this he did by yelling "Come in!" in as loud a voice as he could muster. This was his usual manner of calling us – he never used a bell or a gong. We would then file into the schoolroom and take our usual places.

I almost forgot today that the schoolroom itself had been adequately prepared for the occasion on the afternoon of the preceding day. On that afternoon, no classes would be held. The boys would go out into the surrounding woods and fields and gather bluebonnets, indian blankets and other wild flowers as well as green boughs of various kinds; they would bring these to the school where the girls would make wreaths and other decorations. Under the direction of the teacher, the boys would decorate the interior and the exterior of the school with the green branches of oak, cedar or other trees. So, while we went to our usual seats, it was a different schoolroom that greeted us. The memory of the freshness and fragrance of that room decorated with wild flowers and green boughs lingers to this day. These decorations, our Sunday clothes and the presence of our parents all heralded and warned the fact that this schoolday was more solemn and grander than any of the school year. As school terms were short then and the day usually fell on a delightful spring day in early April, the setting was almost perfect.

I cannot recall whether the occasion was begun by a speech by one of the pupils or the teacher, or not; most likely, yes. If so, the speech must have been very brief and the regular order of procedure began immediately after that. The teacher called out the different classes in the order of their age; those composed of the first year pupils usually being called on first. Each pupil would be called upon to show his proficiency in reading, writing and arithmetic. The older pupils were also called on to show their knowledge of such subjects as geography, history and natural history; they were also required to show their skill in composition by presenting a written discussion of some subject weeks before the occasion. This composition was laboriously prepared in pen and ink before the day of the examination and on this important day was passed around to the parents and visitors present for inspection and appreciation. It may interest the reader some to know that of those inspecting these compositions, about seventy-five percent could neither read nor write English. This did

not prevent them from perusing our masterpieces and looking wise and critical.

Most, if not all, of these compositions were about natural history, usually about some wild animal that we had never seen. I recall that one of my best efforts consisted of a dissertation on the African Gross. After I finished my paper, I handed it in to the teacher for comment and criticism. While it was in my teacher's possession, somehow, it became disfigured by a big ink splotch right on the first page. This worried both the teacher and me, but the teacher finally had a happy thought and absolved me by writing this legend next to the splotch: "Do not blame Joseph for this splotch; he did not do it."

Between the nervous and emotional tension incidentally to our showing off our erudition to our elders and the happy anticipation of the festivities of the afternoon, the forenoon was an ordeal of no mean magnitude and we were all glad when it came to an end at 12 O'Clock. The first number on the program consisted of each family settling down under a large tree for the purpose of disposing of the lunch brought along from home. This over, the pupils, or "scholars," as they were called in those days, were ready for the dance. The afternoon and the floor belonged to them; no grown-ups were allowed to dance during that time. I am sure the dance was beyond description. Except for some of the older pupils, the children had never danced on any other occasion and had, of course, had no previous lessons in the art. Considering that most of us were quite timid because of the isolated lives we led on the farms, it was not easy for us boys to get enough courage to walk from our side of the floor to the girls' side to ask a girl for a dance; but sooner or later, most of us got on the floor. Of course, we had artificial means of simulating our courage; for, believe it or not, there was a keg of beer on tap and the "scholars" were permitted to drink all the beer they wanted too, free of charge! At this time of the year Bock beer was usually in season and according to our capacities we did justice to it. Of course whoever was dispensing the beverage saw to it that none of us got too much!

The music was usually furnished by a hand organ and consisted of polkas, waltzes and schottisches. There were very few bands or orchestras available in those days and it was rarer indeed, that even the grown-ups could afford music other than that furnished by these organs. All in all, these instruments made good music. These organs were imported from Bohemia or Germany and usually cost as much as seven or eight hundred dollars. They were used not only for dances, but on more festive and solemn occasions, like religious or political celebrations, would be placed on a horse drawn sled and so go at the head of a procession through the town.

As mentioned above, most of us knew little or nothing about dancing, but we were not particularly oppressed by this lack of knowledge. As there were always some couples who, not knowing any better, insisted on going counter-clockwise, collisions on the floor were

frequent, but, so far as I can remember, had no serious results. More damage was usually to be expected from another source: unaccustomed as we boys were not only to dancing but to wearing shoes, the effect on the poor girls' feet can be imagined. Anyway, sundown found us emotionally and physically exhausted and ready to go home, do our chores and surrender our tired bodies and minds to sleep and dreams.

The school terms were short, rarely longer than six or seven months in the year. There was no compulsory school attendance law in those days and many factors conspired to make attendance irregular. All of the children came from poor or relatively poor families; the parents of some owned their farms, but many of the children came from the homes of tenant farmers who had to work hard to make a living. Those were the days of large families; it was nothing unusual for these poor families to have ten, twelve, children. The chief of the farm products was cotton and this sold at a ridiculously low price. As pointed out above, in those days, children had to help their parents in the struggle for existence and usually, started earning their living almost as soon as they passed out of their infancy. Children usually started to school in the Autumn only after the crop had been gathered in and stopped going to school in the Spring as soon as the hoeing of corn and cotton started on the farm. But even during the winter there were many things for the older pupils to do on the farm and to prevent them from going to school. Land had to be cleared and broken for new farms; rails had to be split for fences and numerous other things competed with the little schoolhouse. In some families, the children only went to school when the weather was so inclement that they could not possibly be of use around the place.

In our family, the parent made every effort and sacrifice to enable us to attend school as much as possible. But, even so, the economic conditions already mentioned made continuous attendance impossible. I am happy to say, however, that our absence from school was not frequent enough to make any serious break in the continuity of our studies and that we had no difficulty in keeping up with our contemporaries, and, most of the time, ahead of most of them}”...

Of the 12 children, 9 received some form of university education including becoming a doctor and one a nurse who ran part of the department at the University of Texas student health centre in Austin. All together they produced teachers with over 150 years of experience, farmers, a mechanic, a university professor and a school superintendent. Their mother Josphine believed in education and that they must all try. This they did, and all took turns in helping put each other through school by taking turns in both attending and providing financial support to each other.

Chapter 7 - As a Country School Teacher

"The Slovan school in which I started my career as teacher was at Bordovice, a village near Cummings Creek, about 3 miles east of Fayetteville, Texas, and about five miles from home. My salary was 45 dollars a month and the term was of either seven or eight months duration. My teaching duties were to start either the latter part of October or the first part of November 1902; unfortunately, I do not remember the exact date.

My teaching was to start on a Monday. The day before, there was to be a picnic and barbecue at the school house, so my parents decided to take me over in a "hack" and stay for the celebration. We arrived sometime during the course of the forenoon and found the celebration fairly well under way. The barbecue had been prepared during the preceding night and was kept hot over the coal beds in trenches in the ground. When noon came, the feast started. The barbecue was supplemented by bread, pickles and beer.

In the afternoon, there was chorus singing by a mixed chorus, Czech, from the Protestant congregation at Ross Prairie and by a German male chorus from Fayetteville. Bacos band, the pioneer Czech band in Texas, furnished the music. Bordovice happened to be the home of this famous Czech band.

I have no clear recollection of how I spent that first Sunday at Bordovice, but believe it must have been chiefly in standing around and meeting people. My parents left for home sometime during the afternoon.

That night, there was a dance. The music was furnished by "Bacus String Band". That is how they designated country orchestras in those days. I am sure I did not participate in the dancing. Up to then, I had not learned to dance. At Roznov, I used to go to dances, but for some reason, most likely because of timidity, did not learn to dance. There were several of us boys that did not dance; we usually stayed outside of the hall and wrestled or else chewed tobacco or smoked "Virginia Cheroots" and ate cheap candy. It must have been that first Sunday night at Bordovice that I realised that, in order to hold my own among young people – especially the girls – I would have to learn to dance. But it is unlikely that I worried about it very much just then, that came later. I went to my boarding house fairly early and retired so as to be fit for starting my professional career the next morning.

My "board and room" was at a small farmhouse about a mile from the schoolhouse. My landlady, Mrs Rek, was a widow about sixty years old. She had a son about my age and a grand daughter about nine years old. The grand daughter, was one of my pupils; but the boy, Joe, had to work on the farm, at least theoretically, and so could not go to school any more.

I had a room all to myself. There was nothing fancy about it, but, considering that I was only paying five dollars a month for my room and board, I am sure, the good old lady was losing on the deal. The fare was quite plain, but plentiful and wholesome, and my appetite was very good.

The morning after the dance, I got up bright and early and arrived at the school a good deal ahead of the opening hour of nine. I found the floor covered with a thick film of dust from the dance of the preceding night. Somewhere, I found a broom and proceeded to sweep out as much of the dust as was possible. By the time the first pupils arrived, I was about through with the sweeping and ready for action. If I remember right, the first pupil to arrive was John Sula, a boy about eight years old.

Although there were some fifty pupils enrolled in Slovan School, the attendance on the first day (and for some time after that) was very light; I doubt if there were a dozen children present on that first day of school. Attendance was not compulsory those days and children, especially the older ones, had to help with the fieldwork. It was, no doubt, fortunate for me that the attendance was so light; I had time to study things over and to decide on some plan or program.

That you may understand some of the problems that confronted me, you must know something of the type of pupils enrolled in my school, of their parents and of the state of public education in Texas in those days.

All of my pupils were of Bohemian (Czechoslovak) descent and all off the parents of these children came from that part of Bohemia known as Moravia. The parents, with only a very few exceptions, were immigrants who had been in this country anywhere from a few years to three decades. The whole community was settled by these people and they had very little contact with anyone of other than Moravian descent. All of them were farmers and most of them came from the peasant class in Europe. The parents of my pupils had had only the most rudimentary education before they left Europe and only a very few had more than a few months in the public schools here after arriving in Texas; however, most of them could read and write Czech and a few could speak and read English to a limited extent. They had little occasion to get into contact with people different from themselves. It is true that on Sundays they would go to the Catholic Church at Fayetteville, three miles away, but there, also, they listened to religious services in the Czech language. With only a few exceptions, the business establishments were owned by Czechs or Germans, and when there was anything to attend to along business lines, the farmers usually preferred to deal with their own nationals. The social occasions consisted of dances, picnics, and barbecues, and on these festive occasions, the Germans and Czechs mingled freely and usually spoke English – such as it was. With the exception of some two families, the settlers at Bordovice were Catholics.

Those were the days of large families. Children learned to help out with the farm work even before they were old enough to go to school, so a

large family of healthy children was an asset rather than a liability. It was nothing unusual to see as many as ten children in one family; one of my trustees had fifteen. Farming then was even less remunerative than it is these days and that meant that the children had to work in the fields anywhere from seven to nine months in the year. That, in turn, meant that there was not much time left for school. In some cases, the children only went to school when the weather was so bad that they could not work in the field or around the farmhouse. As the child grew older, his usefulness on the farm increased and his chances for going to school decreased in proportion. This was particularly true of the boys. Most of them got very little schooling after they became fourteen years old.

Some of my pupils were older than I was, but I made it a point not to let my age be known. I realised that it would be detrimental to my prestige and authority to let my pupils know that I was only sixteen.

It did not take long for me to realise that there would be some problems that I had not foreseen. Since all the pupils were of Czech origin, there was no need of them to use any English in their conversations with each other, either on the playground or in the schoolroom. Very few of them had had any opportunity to learn English at home and there was little need of using it at school. My predecessors had apparently accepted the situation as it was; certainly there was little evidence to the effect that they had tried to change it. Pupils, who had attended school for several years, did not know even the most rudimentary sentences in English. They could pick up a third or fourth reader, read the English and spell the words, without having the least idea of the meaning of what they were reading.

In those days, there were not grades in the country schools. The pupils were classified according to the "readers" they were studying; there were the first reader group, the second reader group – and so on. The pupils would learn to spell the new words for each lesson, then read the lesson, parrot-like, without having the least idea about the meaning of what they were reading. In addition to this, they learned how to write and some arithmetic; very few of them ever got beyond learning how to add, subtract, multiply and divide. They also learned how to read Czech.

After thinking and worrying about the matter, I decided I would make it a rule to have the pupils learn the meaning of all the words they came across in their spelling and reading lessons. With the beginners, this was comparatively easy, but with the older pupils, those who studied the third and fourth readers, the problem was not an easy one. But even with these, we would painfully dissect each sentence, learn the meaning of each word first, and then master the meaning of the sentence as a whole. The work was tedious, but it seemed to me better than to go on with the meaningless, parrot-like routine observed before. To further stimulate the interest in the English language, I made it a rule for the pupils to use English only when they were out on the playground during recess. As I got out on the playground during recess and played the games with the

pupils, I saw to it that this rule was carried in spirit, if not to the letter. The going was slow, especially at first, but we made progress as time went on. The work was made harder by the fact that the pupils were so irregular in their attendance; those that came to school only occasionally would not keep up with those who attended more regularly. When the irregulars did come to school, the situation was discouraging for them as well as for me. But, somehow, we managed to blunder through.

Before Christmas came, we prepared a public program for the occasion. The program included speeches, songs and a Christmas tree. The parents, friends and relatives of the pupils turned out for the celebration on Christmas Eve and the celebration proved to be a success.

During the weekend, I spent my time doing some much needed studying, hunting or went home to help on the farm. I was five miles away from my parent's home; sometimes I would ride horseback and, at times, when no horse was available, I would walk. The road led through some interesting woods, and it would not take me long to cover the distance.

About the only social gatherings in the community were the occasional dances in the schoolhouse. These usually came on Sunday night. The music was usually waltzes and polkas and the dances were attended by young people. At first, these dances proved to be a source of embarrassment and humiliation to me. However, I soon realised that, to hold my prestige, I would have to learn to dance. As the only place I could do this, was at these dances, I had to learn in public. My friend, Joe Rek, would give me some idealistic instruction before the dance, and I thought I had a fair knowledge of the art; but when the night of the dance came, I usually soon became convinced that the art called for something more than the explanations of these steps that Joe was willing to give me in his spare time. However, some of the young ladies in the community, who were good dancers, became interested in my ambition and took a willing hand in my instruction. They did not seem to mind my stepping on their feet and were so sympathetic and encouraging that, before my first school term was over, I lost most of my timidity, and self-consciousness and established the reputation of being a fair dancer. Among these volunteer instructors were some of my own pupils; I now think they sacrificed themselves because they felt that it was a setback to the community to have a teacher who did not know how to dance. Even now, nearly forty years later, I do not mind confessing that I learned to enjoy those dances. They were usually enjoyable, annularly affairs that helped greatly to break the monotony of life in the country districts; they certainly did not merit the disapproval with which many church members among the Americans viewed them. Once in a while, there would be a fight among the young men, but these were rare and usually were settled out in the pasture adjoining the schoolhouse. No one ever got seriously hurt, at least, not during the years I taught at the place, and so rarely did much harm to the participants or the by-standers; in fact, they added a thrill to the occasion.

On Sundays, most of the families in the neighbourhood went to the Catholic Church at Fayetteville. As I had had no religious training up to that time and thought I was a free-thinker, I never went to church and spent the time on Sundays, either reading or roaming around in nature. Curiously enough, the community seemed to think that this was my own business; I never heard of anyone ever criticising me on that account.

My salary was 45 dollars a month. This was my contribution towards supporting the family at home. As a rule, I had to go to the county seat at La Grange to get my money. Sometimes I rode horseback from home and sometimes I took the train at Fayetteville and made the trip that way. On one of these train trips I learned a lesson that I never forgot. After I got on the train at La Grange, a train pedlar – or “butcher” became interested in me; I am sure that I must have looked like an easy mark to him. After trying several ways to separate me from some of my cash, he finally pulled out three small boxes of candy. In one of these he placed a ten dollar bill and then, after juggling the boxes around for a while, told me that, if I paid him five dollars, I could pick out the box I thought contained the ten dollars; if I guessed correctly, the box and the money in it was to be mine. I was at the point of telling him to move on when, on glancing at the boxes, I noticed that the corner of the ten-dollar bill was sticking from beneath the lid of one of the boxes. Before I had time to think, or, more likely, before I let him discover his mistake, I handed him the five dollars and he gave me the box. I excitedly opened the box and found that he had pasted the corner of a ten dollar bill – or a fairly good facsimile of that – on the outside of the box and made it appear as if the ten dollar bill were sticking out. I was shocked. It was hard enough to lose the hard-earned money, but even worse to be played for a sucker that easily. Months later, I told my Uncle John Malinak about the experience and he said; “That ought to teach you a lesson; never try to beat a crook at his own game!” This lesson I never forgot”...

It is a lesson that still holds true, like so many of those other sayings we let go in one ear and out the other. I have seen this one hold true time and time again, it will help keep you out of trouble be it a county fair, a crook, a business deal, or one of those just too good to be true deals, they usually are for a reason. One other that was told to me by a friend in his 60s years ago that was told to him by his father that still holds true was about politicians (and some men in other positions)...”Bait a trap with either women or money and you are likely to catch most any of them.” This was followed up with the observation that if they were busy chasing the women then they were leaving our money alone. (Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Clinton?)

Chapter 8 - Teaching Career in Texas early 1900s

As my grandfather related in his diary, his teaching career started out as more of an economic necessity for the family and was encouraged by his father. During these first few years he taught at Bordovice, went home and helped on the farm, and during the summer would attend school himself to further his education and enable himself to get a second grade state certificate. By 1904 the family was ready to move to Taiton, Texas and shortly after that he was ready to make his move on his education that started a change in course for him for the rest of his life.

...”The student body at these summer normals was a peculiar conglomeration of all kinds of people. Some of them were young, ignorant but ambitious, like myself; some had had fair education before they started teaching, but there was a rather high percentage of old, worn-out teachers, who had never had much of any education and who had a hard time studying. In previous years, they had gotten by, by some hook or crook, but as the requirements for the teachers’ certificates became more strict, they found it harder and harder to comply with there requirements and gradually were weeded out. It was pathetic to watch those old men who had taught school for forty years try to “brush up” on subjects which they really knew very little about and which, at their age, they could not possibly master to such an extent as to be able to stand an examination in them. On the other hand, it was even more pathetic to think that the children in our state had had to depend for men like those to educate them. Incidentally when you stop to think that men like they – or like myself – were teaching all over Texas, you realize the deplorable state of public instruction in Texas in those days.

...The next several terms came and went and as John became tired and ill about 2 months before his term was up in 1904, my grandfather having already finished his, offered to leave the farm and take his over for him. He noted that the pupils were in better attendance in Taiton and further along in their studies. It seemed to renew his interest in teaching. After he started another session at Bordovice it was time for the family to move to Taiton. This took a full family effort to move all the belongings as well as the livestock about 75 miles. This was the big family move that changed all their lives. It broke their ties to their friends and the people they knew. It also gave them their first real chance to get out of the debt, poverty cycle they were in. It was not without a cost. It took a couple of years for the family to settle down and get back under control, sharing farm work and school, wages going into the family treasurer. With the changes, great grandfather never completely adjusted and ended up working 7 days a week, one of the things my grandfather puts down as part of his demise in his emotional life. After teaching in Bordovice again in 1905 he decided not to renew again but to look elsewhere, he felt it was time for a change for him, as the family appeared to now be more settled.

.... In one of the Texas Czech papers; I found an advertisement for a teacher at Tours, McClellan County, Texas. I applied for the position and

was accepted. I spent the summer at home, working on the farm and, when the fall came, about October, I started out for my new location.

On my way to my new scene of activities, I took my longest train ride up to that time. Some member of the family, likely my brother John, took me to Glen Flora, where I boarded the Cane Belt railroad and proceeded as far as Sealy; at Sealy, I changed to the Missouri, Kansa and Texas line and proceeded on northward. I travelled in a day each and arrived at West, Texas, about 2 o'clock in the morning. There I spent the remainder of the night in some lodging house. In the morning, according to prearranged plan, I was met by some one from Tours and was taken to that village five miles distant. I happened to arrive there on a Sunday morning, sleepy and tired. There I was met by one of the trustees of the school I was to teach.

The first impression I had of my new location was decidedly unfavorable. As I was tired and sleepy, I asked my new trustee to lead me to some place where I could sleep. This man happened to be the local operator of a beer joint. He took me to his place of business and offered me a dirty cot in the rear end of his bar-room. I was in no position to be too "choosey"; so, in spite of the smell of stale beer and the many flies that enjoyed the local better than I did I soon fell asleep. But not for long. In those days, there was a law that forbade the sale of beer on Sundays. In many places, this state law was violated quite consistently. Tours happened to be one of these places. About the time I got to sleeping fairly well, in spite of the flies and the smells, my trustee's customers started filing in through the back door of the saloon. It seems that most of these customers had, earlier in the day, attended the services at the local Catholic Church, and, this chore done, they came to the saloon for their liquid refreshment. Soon there would be a hum and bustle of this thriving joint in the atmosphere; this woke me up to the reality of the flies and the smells. Thoroughly disgusted, I told the manager of the joint that if he could not get me a decent place to sleep in, I could go back to West to get the rest I felt I needed. Rather grudgingly, he took me to his home to sleep. I had hardly fallen asleep there, when some of my trustee's visitors came in and woke me up by their loud conversations. Thinking I was still asleep, they indulged in numerous jests, at my expense; some of these were rather ribald and rough – but I pretended I was asleep. This, I decided, would be the easiest way out.

Either that afternoon, or early the next morning, I made contact with the John Piter family who was to give me board and room during my stay in the community. Mr. Piter was a prosperous farmer of the community. His house was about a quarter of a mile from the school I was to teach and about half a mile from the village of Tours.

At nine o'clock of the day of my arrival at Tours, I entered upon my duties as teacher in the public school in that place. I soon found out that I was face to face with very peculiar and difficult situation. The community was about 90% Catholic. There was a strong parochial school

in the community and the state school was very much out of place. Two of my school trustees sent their children to the parochial school. One of them, the local merchant, an Andrew Halecik, was a fanatical Catholic and much opposed to the idea of public or state schools. The local priest, father Pseekes, a German Catholic, was even more rabidly against public schools. I learned that, because of this atmosphere, my predecessors soon learned that the easiest way out was to draw their pay and put up with the situation as it existed.

My first day was certainly not very encouraging. The attendance amounted to less than the state's required minimum of four pupils! Frank Svaboda and his little, timid sister came; also, the son of my third trustee, Mr. Anton Ryza. To me, the situation looked like a challenge; I made up my mind to accept it. As soon as the day's work was over, I went to see Mr. Ryza and, after a brief discussion of the situation, went to see some of the parents of my prospective pupils and urged them to send their children to school the next day. My efforts proved successful to the extent that the second day, I had slightly more than the minimum prescribed by the state, present at school. I made up my mind to let the community understand that the state was paying me for teaching at the public school in that community and that I proposed to earn my salary.

I must admit that there was another obstacle in my way. In those days, that part of Texas was noted for its production of cotton. The parents of all of my pupils were cotton farmers and the children were needed at home to pick cotton. There was no compulsory law for school attendance in those days. Many of these parents saw no sense in their children wasting time at school when they could be useful at home picking cotton. It was up to me to convince the parents that it was more important for their children to go to school than it was for them to pick cotton.

My aggressive attitude met with at least partial success. There were between eighty and ninety pupils assigned to my school. Of these, many would never come to the public school because their parents would not think of sending their children to a secular school. In spite of this situation, I managed to get an average daily attendance of 35 to 50 pupils a day. This gave me plenty to do and I saw to it that my pupils had enough to do to keep them busy and interested. After a month or two, I managed to get some of the pupils from the parochial school. They were chiefly of the kind who caused trouble in the parochial school and the sisters in these schools were glad to get rid of them; nevertheless, after a showdown or two with these pupils, I had very little trouble with them. At any rate, I had enough to do to make me feel that I was earning my pay and was not robbing the state.

The situation at my boarding place proved to be pleasant and satisfactory. The Piters were an old couple with only two of their children at home. The son John, was something of a black sheep, fond of music and alcoholic beverages. He was the oldest of the children and played accordion in an accomplished way. Mary, his sister and the youngest of

the family, played organ in a no-less able manner. My violin playing fitted in after a fashion and, in a short time, we had a musical trio satisfactory to ourselves, if not to anyone else. Mary was engaged to a charming young man, John Smajstrld, the nephew of one of my trustees, and, with the assistance of this interesting group, I managed to have some very good social moments. John and Mary married a few months after I got to Tours; their wedding gave occasion to an incident as amusing now to me as it was tragic then – something worth the trouble of recording in this record.

The Smajstrld wedding was as festive an occasion as most of the Czech weddings were those days. After the church wedding at West in the forenoon, there was a sumptuous feast at the home of the bride, starting at noon and lasting most of the afternoon. This was followed by a dance at night.

The dance was held at a hall about a mile or two out of Tours. This was in the days when the broad-brimmed Stetson hats, grey in color, were coming into style. It gave any young man a position of prestige to possess such a hat. At the price of considerable sacrifice and self-denial, I had acquired such a hat for seven and a half-dollars, was very proud of it and wore it to the wedding dance. While I was dancing, someone stole my hat. In spite of my strenuous efforts, I never recovered that hat. Added to this loss was the humiliating prospect of having to explain to my family, when I went home for the Christmas holidays, how it happened. I could not afford the price of another Stetson hat of the same price; yet, I could not face my family without the hat. So, on my way home at Christmas, I bought a cheaper, five dollar hat at Sealy, hoping the family would not notice the difference. They did not, much to my relief.

In spite of the many difficulties I had and interesting year at Tours up to the time of late spring, 1906. But, when the time for chopping – or hoeing – came in April, my pupils became busy on the farms and the school attendance dwindled accordingly, and I became so discontented with drawing pay without fully earning it, I quit the work a month before the term was up and went home to the farm, feeling that there at least, I could feel that I was earning my wages.

By this time, I was twenty years old and had taught school for four years. During these four years, I became more and more cognizant of the fact that I was unprepared for the profession of teaching and that I ought to either quit, or go prepare myself as to be in a position to do justice to the trust placed in me by the state. True, most of the teachers those days were not any better prepared for their task than was. This, however did not give me much satisfaction. I felt that anyone entrusted with teaching, should have previous professional training for the work. I knew, of course, that the state maintained schools for that particular type of training, and I felt that it was high time I availed myself of this type of preparation. After coming home from Tours, I discussed this matter with John and told him I planned to go to the Sam Houston Normal Institute – as it was then called – in the fall of that year.

John told me that he also, had this feeling of inadequacy and that, since he was older than I, he thought it best for him to go first. The matter of finances entered into the question. Both of us had saved comparatively little money from our teaching salaries for the simple reason that we had been sending part of such pay to our father for the support of the family. Consequently, if one of us went away to school, the other would have to work and help to support the one away at school. Accordingly, we agreed that he would go to the normal in the fall of 1906 and I would remain at home and teach at the Taiton School”...

This they did and it was the school year of 1907 – 08 before my grandfather was able to attend. This is also the start of the change in direction for him and his education. As I read from his diary about the wedding I remembered that in the pioneers book it had a portion relating to a Czech wedding I found interesting and hope you do as well...

“Weddings were the great events of the time...The best cooks that could be had were hired for four days before the weddings to prepare the feasts. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, hogs, geese, beef and mutton were included in the meat course, as many people were invited to attend the festivities. The bride selected several attendants whose duty it became to invite the guests. Each bridegroom had a beautiful horse especially selected for the occasion, gaily caparisoned as to saddle and bridle, with a green twig and flower placed on the bridle, just behind the horse’s ear. The groomsmen had flowers in their hats. In those days it was not an offence to carry firearms, and each groomsmen had with him a pistol, which he fired on riding to the home where there were guests to be bidden to the wedding. On the report of the pistol he would be greeted by the friends of the household who would serve some light refreshments. Then the courier would proceed to the next neighbor’s home where the ceremony would be repeated. The weddings were beautiful. The brides wore full bridal toilets with long veil and orange wreath.”

“A beautiful old custom, which it would be well to emulate today, was the part of the ceremony where the bride and groom went to the outside of the home, at which spot they were met and welcomed by a band of musicians. After this attention they entered the house where only the parents of the couple awaited their coming. The bride thanked her parents for their care in having reared her and begged their forgiveness for whatever she had done to cause them sorrow or worry. The bridegroom did likewise with his parents, and then asked the parents of the bride to receive and accept him as their own son. They then received his blessings of all parents and immediately approached the altar improvised for the occasion, and were united in wedlock.”...

I don’t think this resembles my great grandparents wedding, although beautifully full of sentiment, there was maybe too much peasant side in our family. It does make for interesting reading and brings up the comparison of textbook and reality. I believe that the combination of practical “in the field” education along with “class room”

education is far more beneficial for most people. Theory is fine, but the abstract does not always hit home and does not always fit in every situation in the real world. An appreciation and understanding of the real world surroundings and their influences can sometimes have more bearing on what is going on than anything they put in the books. It takes both meshed together to sometimes make it work.

Chapter 9 - My First Year at S.H.N.I. - 1907 - 08

“My career as a student at the Sam Houston Normal began with foreboding on my part and misgivings on the part of my teachers. As I had indicated earlier in this story, my previous education came from unorthodox sources and in a rather irregular, spasmodic manner. My public school education ended at the stage that would today be comparable to the fifth, at most, the sixth grade in our public schools. The remainder of my education came from the two summer normals I attended, from my home study and – from my teaching experience. Yet, I felt that I could do good work in the junior year of the institute, and persuaded the administration of the school to let me try it that way. I soon found out that there were many other young men and women very much in the same category and that the institute grouped the set into one class – section B7. It soon became apparent that our teachers did not share our confidence and our enthusiasm as to our attainments and our abilities, and that they felt it their first task to weed out the many unfit out of section B7 as fast and as soon as possible. John had already warned me that my English teacher, Miss Augusta Lawrence, would play a major role in this weeding-out process and that much would depend on the first impression made in her room – room 10. Her first assignment to the class was that each of us write an account of the trip to Huntsville. I toiled over this task for several hours, late into the night, and apparently convinced Miss Augusta that I might do. At least, I was not one of the numerous, early casualties.

Miss Augusta was a middle-aged teacher of fair teaching abilities, intensely – in fact, fanatically – religious, but generally fair and very much devoted to her work. She soon knew each student by his, or her, name and took deep interest in all of us and in our future. She and I soon became good friends. She was good to those who tried hard, and hard on those who trifled or were not serious in their work.

Some of the subjects I had to study were new to me – at least, I have never studied them before. Geometry was one of these; algebra another. Still, I had comparatively little trouble with my courses. I soon found out that most of us in section B7 were handicapped and the teachers would do everything possible to help us overcome our various handicaps. I had to work hard for the first few months, but by that time got studying down to a system and had little trouble in class, or out of it.

There were several factors that made the situation at the school favourable for such students as I. In the first place, in those days there were comparatively few of us students that ever had benefit of going to high school, let alone graduating from one. Many of those around me acquired what little education they had in the same irregular, haphazard way that I got mine. In the second place, such students were usually more mature than those that enter state educational institutions today, thirty years later, and had had a good many lessons in the school of hard knocks; also, they were rather acutely aware of their, deficiencies and were only too anxious

to fully avail themselves of every opportunity to correct these deficiencies. Most of them had for years looked forward to the time when they could go to the Sam Houston Normal. And, finally, most of us had a definite purpose in life; we knew where we were going and were willing to put out the best in us to get there.

The attitude of our teachers was also a very important and helpful factor. They knew our plight and our ambitious, and, they, too, were willing to put out the best in them to help us attain our goal. I have studied in various universities later in my life, but I have never again come in contact with a faculty that took such personal interest in every individual student and made such an earnest effort to bring out the best in each of us students as did that over worked group of conscientious teachers at the Sam Houston normal during the two years I spent there. They were probably not among the best when it came to imparting scientific knowledge, but whatever they might have lacked in that regard, they fully made up for as character-builders.

The school was run on the quarter, rather than the semester system. The end of the first quarter was looked forward to, by many of us, with a good deal of dread; for we knew that at that time, all those found wanting, would be asked to leave the school. The manner in which each student was informed of how his efforts were succeeding was such as to inspire anxiety and awe. At the end of the quarter, after all the teachers had turned the records of all the students into the office of the principal of the Institute, each student was personally interviewed by this strict, austere head of the school. His sanctum sanctorum adjoined the library of the school. The classes were called into the library a section at a time. Then, the individual students were called into the principal's office, one at a time, in alphabetical order, coming in at one door, and out through another. As soon as a student passed that first door, he found himself face to face with Dr Carr Pritchett, the principal. The longer the interview, the more ominous was its significance. If the student's record was satisfactory in all his subjects, there was really no interview; the principal would dismiss him by a mere wave of his hand towards the exit or at most, by saying "you are doing all right!" If the student's record was utterly unsatisfactory, he was likely to be detained by the principal for several minutes: it took some time to break the bad news, and to inform the unfortunate one that his career at the school was finished. Between these two possible extremes, there were all the other graduations between complete success and utter failure, and, accordingly, the consequent variations in the length of the interviews.

I don't think I shall ever wholly forget that first experience in that library in the fall of 1907. Because of my name, I was about half way on the list of the students in my section. Imagine my state of mind as I waited for my turn to go in to learn my fate. It reminded me of Judgement Day. The first student, a girl, is called in. In five seconds, she comes out of the door of exit, radiantly happily, throws her arms around the neck of her roommate and laughs, almost hysterically. That means she was "not

reported” by any of the teachers; perfect score! Another girl goes in. She stays a little longer, but comes out obviously relieved, though not at all jubilant. She was evidently “reported A” in some subject, but passed. A young man goes in, and comes out almost immediately, trying to hide his satisfaction, but his smile betrays him. Nervous, pale, young, who taught a country school, gal goes in. She stays there for an interminably long time – really about only two minutes. She comes out, paler than before and, once out of the principal’s office, bursts into tears of disappointment, rushes out of the library –and we know that we have seen her among us for the last time. A young man goes in, stays a full half minute, comes out looking sheepish, yet smiling. He got another chance! And so on. Meanwhile, I get more and more nervous. I know what sort of students those who are called ahead of me were. I study their reactions, draw conclusions as to the verdict they received and weigh my chances. I wish I had studied harder! Finally, I hear my name called. With trembling knees, I pass through the fatal door and am waved to the exit without a word! I pass out of the office, into the library to meet the inquiring gaze of my classmates, and utterly fail in my effort to put on a poker face.

That report settled a great deal for me. I knew that, if I kept on working as I had done, I would not have to have any more anxiety about dropping out of school. The most valuable effect of this experience was that it gave me a sense of self-confidence that I had lacked up till then; it showed me what was expected of me and I felt that the task was within my power”...

It was with interest that I read his account of this time period in his life. I know in my case how I can relate to it and wonder if others can as well. I took remedial reading in elementary school with a private tutor and later in about the fifth grade was in a year of “special education” class where a teacher took interest in me and helped me get up to speed and back in the main classes. (Sight, speed-reading with flashing lights has a lot to answer for). Still, you never know till you have to take the test and pass the work if you really are up to speed.

The frustration of trying to make the grade and yet knowing you have to struggle with extra effort to get it right can be very tiring. The first couple of years of university level work can be somewhat difficult when part of it is in areas you are deficient in. I know this is part of the reason I dropped out of school for about a year. The other was to try a make a little money and have a few things for my family and myself without such a struggle. The fortunate thing for me was that during that year I learned I would not be able to get ahead without some form of additional education where I could take control of my life, in my own hands, and I was determined I would not stay in a situation and allow myself to be taken advantage of.

My first couple of years of university was a mixed bag on my grades. When I went back, even though I was only out for one year, I struggled to get back in the study habit and passed with only slightly above-average grades. This along with my previous work was enough to get into the University of Texas College of Pharmacy in Austin. I changed my study habits, and was determined to do whatever it took to pass the work and graduate. In short, I studied daytime, in the library, at night, got up in

the early hours of the morning and at the end was on the dean's list 5 of the last 6 semesters at the university. I was only one grade point short of graduating with honours - only one short; but then no one ever asked me about my grades, only if I passed and had a degree. The intense pressure over those years stay with you for a long time. It was years later before I would stop waking up in the middle of the night in a panic having dreamed I slept through a test, or missed a class.

I feel I received a very good education, and as they told us, they can't teach us everything but they can teach us where to look and encourage us to continually educate and update ourselves. This appears to be even more important today than even back then. As far as the character goes, I do think it did build character in those who had to do that little extra to make it. That little extra you found back then, you always know is there to call on, especially when you know you can call on no one but yourself.

Chapter 10 - Not all Study and Affairs of the Heart

During his time at Sam Houston Normal and while teaching, he learned to play several instruments and became acquainted with other students and teachers as well. These were avenues that opened up exposure to some social life, religion, and almost a grandmother for me...

“But not all of my time was occupied by study. There were numerous activities open to the students, and I soon became interested in some of these. Thus, among other things, I joined the Normal Orchestra.

When I first went to Taiton to teach, at the time I went to relieve my brother John for a few months, I took violin lessons from Mr B. Michua, the postmaster and store-keeper at that place. I took lessons for about two months; after that I kept up the study on my own. By the time I got to Huntsville, I played the instrument well enough to join the orchestra. This organisation was not nearly as imposing an affair as the name might suggest. It consisted of about twelve members; most of them not much better versed in the art of music than I was. It was directed by Mr Fenge, the German teacher in the school. We practiced on Mondays during the forenoons. On special occasions, we played in the school auditorium for the student body. Our music could not have been more than mediocre, but the student body was not very critical of our efforts and, if nothing else, we got lots of fun out of our practice on Mondays.

On Sundays, we went to Sunday School during the forenoon and, often stayed for church services. I was asked by some of the Methodist boys at the boarding house to go to their church and soon made the habit of attending Sunday School there fairly regularly. Our teacher there was one of the teachers from the school who knew each one of us personally and who made his teaching interesting. For the first time in my life, I came in close contact with church people and religious instruction.

It will be remembered that my people were free-thinkers and that I have not had any religious instruction in my childhood and youth. What information I had on the subject of religion was from the atheistic point of view; I was naturally very much prejudiced on the subject and had little respect for any faith. This close contact with church people in a community where the congregations were very much influenced by the faculty of the school soon impressed me profoundly. In the lives of the teachers and students, religion was a living force. The faculty of the school was composed exclusively of Protestants; as might be expected, history in general, and history of the Reformation in particular, was taught strictly from a Protestant point of view. The teaching in the classrooms during the week dovetailed with the Sunday School teaching on Sundays very nicely. This was further supplemented by the daily chapel exercises with which then each day's work was started and attendance at which was compulsory. And there was still another factor that contributed towards making church-going, especially on Sunday nights, a habit. There was no other form of recreation, at least as far as public entertainment was

concerned, available on Sunday nights. The prevalent and well-established custom was to get a "date" and go to church. In addition to these forces, it was not very long before a personal element became active in my case. I became interested in the young lady who played the piano in our orchestra. She was a very devout Christian; in fact, she was a student volunteer for missionary work, and, on the completion of her studies meant to become a foreign missionary. Before long, she started to exercise her missionary talents on me, and before the school term was over, I joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. To this day, I do not know just why I chose this particular sect, unless it was that I rather liked the preacher. Anyway, the members of the church received me into their midst quite cordially. I was asked to join the Sunday School Orchestra and, at times, I sang with the church choir.

The young lady, who was at least partly, responsible for my becoming a church member, soon became a disturbing factor in my life. Dates with her became a habit and I was slowly, but surely, drifting into love with her. There was no reason for me to think that she suspected this, and I am sure she did nothing to encourage it. There were several reasons why falling in love with her was not the logical thing to do. She was about two years older than I. She was almost fanatically religious and this viewpoint shaped most of her activities. She meant to become a foreign missionary; in fact, the coming year, she did not intend to come back to the Normal, but planned to go to some missionary training school. Because she thought that married life might interfere with her missionary career, she had about made up her mind never to marry. These were only a few of the reasons that, were reasons considered in these matters, made the situation illogical.

The school term finally came to an end; I had reason to be proud of my record, but if I remember right, my love problem was getting to overshadow other affairs in my life. When the dinky little train that connected Huntsville with Phelps pulled out early in the morning on the first day of our vacation, my lady friend and I were both on it. Since she was not planning on returning to school the next fall, I decided to tell her about my feelings towards her and, in spite of the fact that the train was overcrowded with students, soon found a chance to do so. She was - or pretended to be very much astonished, and was quite obviously disturbed over the revelation. She did not say much about how she felt towards me, but did spend sometime in pointing out illogical aspects of the situation. Though visibly moved and concerned, she left me in doubt as to her attitude towards me when we parted on arriving at Houston.

I came home with the intention of spending the summer working on the farm and returning to Huntsville in the fall. Because my newly-acquired religious beliefs were opposed to the modes of entertainment current in our community, such as dancing, I did not mix any with the young people that summer. The weekdays were spent in hard work on the farm; at night, I put in my time reading or studying. Among the books at home, I found an old bible; it was printed in Czech and had not been read

by anyone for a long time. I spent a good deal of my time on the New Testament and was particularly interested in Paul's Epistles. On Sundays, I spent some time playing on the little parlour organ that I had bought a few years prior to this from a neighbour who was moving away from our community. I put in a good deal of my spare time studying solid geometry, a subject that was to be in my course during the next session.

My lady friend and I kept in touch with each other by correspondence. Her home was near San Antonio. She went right on with her plans for entering the missionary training school in the fall of the year. If she had gone on and carried out these plans, I am sure, our affair would soon have ended; but, for reasons that I no longer remember, a short time before school was to open in Huntsville, she changed her plans and decided to come back to Huntsville to finish her course there. Needless to say, this was good news to me.

The summer over, I was glad to get back to Huntsville (my second year) and my studies. I found many of my friends of the previous year back at school. At the Menefee house, there were a few new faces. During the first year, I roomed with Fletcher Garner, the boy who was brother John's roommate the year before. He, like myself, was a Junior, but was not in my section. Although we did not have very much in common, we got along fine. On my return to school, we decided not to room together, and I selected a freshman, the younger brother of one of my friends of the previous year, for my roommate. This boy was rather handicapped by his emotional setup, as well as by inadequate preliminary education; I was to sponsor him and encourage him as much as possible. However, the task was too much for him and he soon became discouraged and left school. Louis Kocurek, a junior, then moved in with me. He had roomed at the house the previous year and was a good friend of mine. He played violin to some extent and I persuaded him to join the orchestra; we spent some of our spare time in practicing music together.

My love affair did not have very smooth sailing. The obstacles mentioned above were still operating, but I did not seem to have the will power, or the sense, to cut the Gordian knot by leaving the young lady alone. For her part, she seemed to be as reluctant to get rid of me, once for all, as she was to offer me any definite hope as to the ultimate success of my efforts in wooing her. We succeeded in enjoying each other's company most of the time and in making each other miserable the rest of the time. As time went on, I became convinced, that I too, was called to be a missionary and would prefer to be a medical missionary; this explains how the idea of studying medicine first entered my mind. But, beyond this point, no definite decisions were made, in spite of the fact that I was now in position to point out that, what seemed to be the most serious obstacle to our case, was removed by my decision to become a missionary. No doubt, there were other obstacles that she had in mind, that were not obvious to me; however, she never mentioned them, except one; namely, my foreign extraction. It seems that one of her sisters had married a

German and, in the opinion of the rest of the family, was not doing so well in her married life.

Except for the shadows cast by my love affair, the senior term was a pleasant one. I did some hard studying and enjoyed my work. My teachers were very sympathetic and helpful and became real friends to me. In those days, the leading student in the Senior class was chosen by the faculty to deliver the valedictory address at commencement. Towards the close of the session, our classmates seemed to think that the choice would be between Lex Smith, a very good friend of mine, and myself. As it came out, I became valedictorian, and he salutatorian. He later became an able judge of the Palestine district; his and my son became classmates at the medical college in Galveston many years later. (Thirty three years after the commencement in which Lex and I figured as speakers, he came to see me professionally and while we were reminiscing, he told me of an incident that occurred a few days before the faculty announced the honour students for 1909. A classmate of ours stopped Lex one day and urged him to make an effort to beat me for the first place. He said, "You are not going to let that Bohemian beat you, are you?" Lex smiled, and replied: "Well, what about you? He is beating you, isn't he?")

During my two years at the Sam Houston Normal Institute I made friendships that were to prove enduring. Many of the boys whom I met there later became prominent lawyers, teachers, physicians and educators. They took a prominent part in the development of our state, and our paths crossed at shorter or longer periods of time. With pleasure and pride we watched each other progress through life, and when we met, we relived some of the experiences of those two years at S.H.N.I.

After the close of the school term, I went back home to the farm for the summer. The prospects for a bountiful crop were very good, but about mid summer, a violent tropical hurricane completely destroyed the cotton and corn and we had to make a living by making hay. Adjoining our farm there were some very good meadows; we cut the grass on these and baled the hay for the market. The price was very low, only about \$6.00 a ton, but we managed to get by.

In the meantime, I was looking for a position as schoolteacher. Somehow, I was not having much luck in securing a place. The summer was about gone, and I was still looking for a place - about the first week in September, I received a letter from Mr Bralley, the Superintendent of the State School for the Blind in Austin, Texas, offering me a teaching position in that institution. I saddled a horse and rode over to Garwood, nine miles away, to phone in my acceptance. The school term was to start the very next week.

During the summer, I kept up a correspondence with my girl friend. She invited me to visit her at her home at Elmendorf, Texas, and, during the latter part of August, I went over to see her. As there was no hotel at the place, I became a guest in her parents' home for a few days.

This gave her family a chance to make an appraisal of me. I never learned whether I made a favourable impression, or not; however, I am sure that her younger brother - the only boy in the family and a medical student at Vanderbilt - treated me rather condescendingly and played pranks on me whenever the occasion presented itself. At any rate, before my visit was over, the young lady and I became engaged. I had decided to become a medical missionary, so that we could go to the foreign fields together. That meant that it would be five or more years before we could get married. If the family had any objections to our engagement, they did not express them to me. However, my girl's oldest sister, the wife of the assistant superintendent of the Southwestern Asylum for the Insane at San Antonio expressed her misgivings about long engagements in general and about ours in particular; I am sure that she saw the situation in a clearer light than did either my girl, or I. At the time, I had not yet secured a teaching position and the girl had not fully decided whether she would go to the missionary training school, or teach a school near her home. Before leaving for home, I accepted my girl's sister's invitation to visit her family in San Antonio; the girl and I spent about two days in her home and, incidentally, visited some point of interest in that city"...

This encounter, as you will see as the story unfolds, with his lady friend marks a turning point in his life with major influences that will last through and influence his life. Some of the lessons he learns during this part could have well been heeded by future generations. Friendships and bonds made early in life, be it at school or other means, can profoundly influence your contacts in years to come and open doors and opportunities; that is another reason to get an education, or training, and participate. Another very vital lesson from this episode may not be as obvious yet, but when love blinds, no amount of interference or reason will stop the relationship. If anything, it drives them together in spite. With time, and left alone to allow various truths to surface, many unrealistic relationships will destroy themselves when the newness and camouflage wears off.

Chapter 11 - As Teacher At The State School For The Blind

"About the tenth of September 1909, I went to Austin to start my work as teacher of the blind. Mr Bralley received me in his kind, blunt way, so characteristic of him. When I reported to him in his office, he first asked me to sit down, then took a good, long look at me. Then he astonished me by saying: "I believe you will be all right. I like that wide space between your eyes!" Much to my disappointment, he did not ask to see my diploma, or my recommendations, and at once turned me over to the principal, Mr. Dunn, for instruction regarding my duties. In a few minutes, I learned I was the new teacher for the seventh and eight grade girls' section.

I found my new environment and my duties intensely interesting. There were only about a dozen girls in each of the grades I was to teach. The pupils used textbooks made in the Braille system for the blind; the texts for the teachers were in ordinary type. However, to do good work, the teachers had to learn to read, by sight, not by touch, the system used by the pupils. Since charts, pictures, or blackboards could not be used for obvious reasons, much of the teaching had to be done by talking, or lecturing. The small classes made it possible to give each student a good deal of individual attention.

Comparatively few, in fact, only about one fourth of my pupils were totally blind. In their mental capacity they differed considerably. Those that were blind because of some hereditary disease, or because of some degenerative disease of the parents, were often intellectually behind time, whereas, those whose sight was lost or impaired through accident, were usually less handicapped intellectually. Some of them were above the average, and these were a few quite talented ones. Since the students lived in dormitories connected with the school, we had much more complete control over them than teachers have in public schools. I found the situation a very pleasant one, and in a short time, most of my pupils and I were very good friends.

There were two sets of teachers; those that lived in the institution and had the responsibility for the pupils when they were not in the classrooms, and those who lived on the outside. I belonged to the latter group. Our duties were limited to the classroom instruction.

In looking up the requirements for admission to the Medical Department of the University, I found out that I would have to have five courses of college work before I could enter. I had hoped to make up this work by enrolling at the university as a special student, and take some courses during my spare time. Considerably to my astonishment and disappointment, I found out that my diploma from the Normal entitled me to credit for only one course. Furthermore the only spare time available was a recess from 10 to 11 a.m., daily. The university was a mile away and the courses called for a full hour. I interviewed my prospective teachers at the University with a view to allowing me to leave class 10

minutes before the close of the hour, so that I could be back at the school for the Blind in time for my eleven o'clock class. They kindly told me that, if my work proved satisfactory, they would grant me such a privilege. I bought a bicycle, so that I could cover the distance between the two institutions more rapidly; after I learned to ride the wheels, I could make the trip in five minutes. Thus, I enrolled at the University for one course of Spanish, and one course of English.

Mr rooming house was only about one block away from the school; however, I couldn't get meals at this place and had to take these at a place about three blocks away. The arrangement was not very satisfactory, and after a few months, Elmer Johns, one of my classmates of the previous year, a law student, and I, arranged to room together and get our meals at a place about four blocks from the school. (Before we left the Sam Houston Normal, Johns and I both meant to go in for medicine, but during the summer, we lost contact with each other, and, in the meantime, Johns decided to study law. After being admitted to the bar, Johns later practised successfully in Ft. Worth and died of acute illness in his thirties).

Picture 6: CECHIE society 1909-10



1909 -10 Session at the University of Texas at Austin
Left to right, standing: E.E. Krenek, Joe Kopecky, Louis Mikeska;
Seated: Miles J. Breuer and C.H. Chernosky

Because of my duties at the School for the Blind, I had comparatively little contact with the university students and took little interest in their activities. But there was one exception. There were four other students of Czech origin at the University. They soon looked me up and proposed that we organise the first Czech Club, the Cechie, at the University of Texas. The other four members were students Charles Chernosky, Edward Krenek, Louis Mikeska and Miles J. Breuer. We met regularly once a month on Saturday nights in one of the rooms at the University and discussed various problems connected with our work and with the problems of the Czech settlers in Texas. The discussions were in the Czech language. This contact gave rise to friendships that have

endured ever since. Chernosky was a law student; he later became the County Judge of Fort Bend County and, still later, settled in Houston. Krenek became a scientific farmer. Mikeska became a chemist and a teacher in one of the great Eastern Universities; Miles Breuer and I became physicians. I shall have occasion to refer to these men numerous times later on.

Fate had so arranged it that my fiancée, Miss Johnnie Smith, and I were not very far apart. Austin is only about seventy - five miles from San Antonio, so we met, every now and then, at her sister's home in the latter city. However, as I was trying to save all the money possible, such trips could not be indulged in very often. We made this up by keeping up a steady correspondence and exchanging letters at least twice a week. If I had been more observant, I would have noticed that, at times, she became somewhat impatient with me as I was, and rather insistent on making me over to suit her own notions. But, as it was, this point escaped me, as did the fact that, in her family, she had always been a sort of a pet and very much used to having her own way. Her father once told me that he had never punished her, or corrected her, in her whole life. The full significance of this statement, or rather, what it implied, I realised only much later.

Between my teaching duties and my studying, I was kept busy during that first year at Austin and did not get much time for anything else. I enjoyed both my work and my studies. I became very much interested in Spanish and did good work in that course. My work in English also was above the average. During the spring of 1910, I was offered a new position at the school; the teacher of High School History had decided to resign, and I was offered his place for the coming year, as well as a position on the "inside" staff. I gladly accepted the offer. Furthermore, I decided to stay in Austin for the Summer and work off a course in physics at the University. It was my intention to teach one more year, then go to the Medical Department of the University at Galveston.

In the late spring, probably after the close of the scholastic year, I went to Elmendorf to see my fiancée for a few days. We got along fine I thought, till one night, without much of any preliminaries, she became rather impatient with me - apparently because I was not becoming transformed rapidly enough to what, in her notion, constituted an ideal man - and informed me that she feared that our case would not work out right, and suggested that it might be better if we broke up. I was genuinely astonished and pressed her for concrete reasons; then she let something slip that made me believe that she had been worked upon by some of the members of her family. It became obvious to me that some of her relatives had serious doubts as to whether a Bohemian was suitable material for a husband for a girl in their family. This distressed me so much that I did not do much sleeping that night. I got up early the next morning and took a long walk on a lonely road in the country. After I got my thoughts straightened out a little, I returned to the house to see her and discussed the topic of the previous night once more. I told her that, as I saw it, she

would have to make up her mind whether she would be ruled by her own ideas and estimates of me, or by those of her family; that if it was to be the latter, I was convinced that our case was doomed to go on the rocks. On the other hand, I felt that if she really loved me and trusted me as much as she always said she did, and if she left the whole matter for us two to work out, I saw no reason why we should have any trouble at all, then, or in the future. She appeared to be very much the same as she had been previous to the incident of the night before, seemed to be in a jolly mood, and more or less, laughed it off. Anyway, everything seemed to be all right once more. I did not have sense enough to realise that she was probably going through a great emotional conflict, torn by the opposite desires of pleasing her kinfolks and of doing what she wanted to do. At any rate, it seemed that we had only passed through a "lover's quarrel" - a one-sided one, as far as I was concerned, and that all was well once more.

My summer in Austin was a nightmare. I stayed in the deserted building of the School, took my meals in various places and my course in Physics at the University. Austin at least as I knew it, was no fit place to stay in the summer anyway. The physics laboratory was hot as hell, and the atmosphere was not conducive to study. I barely passed the course, but, still, I made it.

I was glad to see the school open in the fall of 1910. The return of the students to the school changed the campus and the halls overnight. (I forgot to explain that during the summer, the students went home to their parents or guardians, and the teachers, too went away). The great majority of the pupils of the previous session came back and there were some new ones. Several of the teachers of the year before were replaced by new ones. In those days, the superintendent of the school was appointed by the governor of the state. The new governor appointed a Mr. Bramlette to run the school and several of the teachers and employees of the school were replaced by the governor's friends. Among those who failed to be re-appointed was my close friend, Lemasters. Rather to my astonishment, I was re-appointed. I learned later that some of my friends at the Sam Houston Normal had put in a good word for me.

My duties were changed considerably. As far as teaching was concerned, I got the position of teaching history in the high school. This gave me the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th grades. (About ages 14 through 17) In addition to this, I became one of the resident teachers and had to take a share in the government and the supervision of the boys in the dormitories. At the request of some of the older boys, I organised a class in Spanish. This was taught outside of the regular hours for the school curriculum did not provide for teaching Spanish.

Some of the teachers did not take kindly to the idea of some of us taking work at the University during our time off, and saw to it that this was interfered with by the Superintendent. This forced me to take work on Saturday mornings only. The Spanish teacher, Mrs. Hubbow, was kind enough to make an agreement with me that, if I did satisfactory work on

my required written exercises and passed all the written quizzes and examinations, she would give me credit for the course. This made the work rather difficult, but as I had plenty of time to study, I had little trouble in making the course. The study of Spanish was easy for me and in fact, was a source of much pleasure to me. The knowledge of this language played an important part in my life in my later years.

Because of my duties as a resident teacher, I had to spend most of my time within the walls of the school. The supervision of the boys involved a good deal of responsibility and imposed a heavy emotional strain. As might be expected, the boys came from all kinds of homes and there were among them several that were not easy to control. Furthermore, some of our rules were unnecessarily strict and not particularly wise. As I see it today, the new administration did not have proper appreciation of the problem of the necessity of wholesome recreation for the boys and did not provide sufficient emotional outlets for them. This meant frequent infractions of rules, punishment of the transgressors and all the unpleasantness that goes with such situations.

As for my teaching duties, the work was pleasant and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I had to teach ancient, mediaeval and modern history; also, United States and Texas history and civics.

My closest friend among the teachers was Mr. Joyce, the teacher of high school English. We saw eye-to-eye on most of the problems in the school and had a good deal in common generally. We studied our Spanish together at times.

I kept up my contact with the Cechie Club, by that time increased to twelve. In addition to the original five members, we added a number of others...(He then lists a number of names and points out some were in the Presbyterian Seminary, some nursing students, some from the business school, etc.). Several romances developed between members of the club, and eventually a couple of marriages.

At irregular intervals, I made trips to San Antonio or Elmendorf to see my fiancée. We kept up a lively correspondence and, at least as far as I was concerned, dreamed about the fulfilment of our plans for the future. I planned on severing my connection with the school at the end of the current session and on entering the Medical Department of the University in the fall of 1911.

When I came to Austin in the fall of 1909, I joined the First Methodist Church of that place. In Huntsville, I had joined the Presbyterian Church, but because my girl belonged to the Methodist Church, South, I thought it would be best for me to join the same church. Before joining the First Methodist, I looked up the pastor and told him I would like to join his church, provided he would accept me on my church letter from the Presbyterian Church. This he was willing to do, and that is how I got into the Methodist Church. After a few months I found out that

most of the University Students of the Methodist persuasion belonged to the University Methodist Church and I transferred my membership to that church. During my first year in Austin, I attended services regularly, but in the second year, because of my confining duties at the school, and also because we usually had to attend the Chapel Services at the School on Sundays, to keep an eye on the conduct of the pupils, I was not able to attend quite so regularly.

With the close of the term at the school in the spring of 1911, I wound up my teaching career in Austin, bade my friends their adieu, and went home to the farm to plan for the next step in my life. I was anxious to make some money during the summer, but had no definite plans."

Chapter 12 - My Short Career as a Book Agent

“While I was at home working on the farm and wondering how I could earn some money, so that I would have enough to go to the Medical School on in the fall, I received a letter that was to have quite a good deal to do with the shaping of my life for not only the next few months, but for the next four years. My friend Lemaster wrote me that he was making lost of money selling Bibles and that he knew of some open territory that was sure to prove profitable to anyone who was willing to work hard. Now, I had saved several hundred dollars while I taught in Austin, but I did not have enough to pay for my first year in the Medical School. What I had on hand seemed to be sufficient to finance the project Lemasters had in mind and to take care of me till my commissions from the book sales started rolling in. With the glowing reports of my friend before me, and with only three months of time at my disposal, I quickly decided to avail myself of the opportunity that knocked on my door.

Through my friend's efforts, I secured a territory in Southeast Texas. In a few days, I memorised the sales speech sent me by the company, and then proceeded to Orange, Texas, the largest town in the territory assigned me. After working there for a few days; I saw that I was barely making expenses; I concluded that I was not in the right territory and so advised my company. On their advice, I proceeded to Alexandria, Louisiana and stayed there for about two weeks; but there, too, I found the sales resistance high and the customers for my expensive Bibles few and far between.

I was next ordered to Brinkley, Arkansas; later to Clarendon, Heleva and Cottonplant in the same state. In all of these places, I was able to stir up very little enthusiasm for my Bibles among the white clergymen, but found willing and ready customers among the Negro preachers. Many of these readily signed the contract for beautifully arranged Bibles that sold for 10, 12, even 16 dollars. The amount due, according to the signed contract, was to be paid when I delivered the ordered Bible some weeks later. By the end of August, I had covered a lot of territory and sold a lot of Bibles; I was also quite foot-sore, homesick and quite ready to start cashing in on my sales. Furthermore, I knew that the shipments of Bibles had arrived at most of the central points I ordered them to, and that by the time I got all of the books distributed to the people that were anxiously waiting for them, it would be time for me to start for Galveston and the Medical School. Also, I was at about the end of my financial resources. What money I had saved in Austin, had been spent for my living and travelling expenses and for part payments on the Bibles I had ordered. So, in possession of the contracts and the Bibles, I started the delivering of the books to the purchasers.

I soon found out that the sales speech the company taught me must have been too good. The first customer I approached was overjoyed at the sight of the Bible he had contracted for, but regretfully informed me that he had not expected me so soon and, therefore, had not arranged to

have the necessary sum on hand. This was something I had not anticipated and brought about a situation, for which my instructions from the company had not trained me; however, not discouraged, I decided to make the next delivery. Before the day was over, that practically all my customers had learned a speech about as stereotyped as my sales talk, the talk that was responsible for my selling hundreds of dollars worth of Bibles to people who could not pay for them.

The situation was not a pleasant one and there seemed to be no easy way out. I had spent several months and all my money in the adventure. I had dozens and dozens of Bibles on my hands and the buyers could not, or would not pay for them. Not only had I spent all of my money, but the Bibles were still to be paid for, for the company sent them to me chiefly on credit, against only a very small deposit. Still, there seemed to be one faint ray of hope shining through this dark situation. Practically all my customers, after seeing the Bible they contracted for, were very anxious to possess it, and promised to pay for it in the near future. This seemed to point the way out of the situation. I delivered the Bibles against promissory notes for the amounts owed me, and after scraping up enough money to pay my railroad fare to Austin, bade Arkansas and the book selling business farewell about the middle of September. Needless to say, none of these notes was ever paid. I not only lost the money I put in the project, but later had to borrow the money to pay the company for the Bibles. The only consolation I had was that many a preacher in Arkansas was the proud owner of the finest Bible printed in those days, thanks to me and the sales talk the company taught me.

On reaching Austin, I visited Lemasters. By that time, I analysed the situation sufficiently to realise that my failure in the project was chiefly the result of my repugnance to soliciting people for anything, especially for soliciting sales. Recalling the glowing account Lemasters had written before I got into the work, I asked him, "Tell me, do you really like that work?" He replied, "I hate it!" That set me to thinking. I did even more thinking later on when I found out that, before writing me in the early part of the Summer, he had made an agreement with the company, under which the company was to pay him a certain commission on all the sales I made.

I believe that I learned at least one thing from this costly lesson in my life. As a result of the self analysis I made after this experience, I made up my mind that I would never get into any work the success of which would depend on my approaching people and soliciting their interest and funds: there was evidently something in my nature that revolted against this type of endeavour, kept me from feeling at ease and doing my best, and, therefore, doomed my efforts to failure from the very start. I became convinced that I could only succeed in a profession, or situation, where people would have to come to me, instead of my going to them. It is quite likely, too, that my previous experience as teacher, that is, my working in a profession where I got accustomed to being looked up to and respected, had unfitted me for ever becoming a solicitor, or salesman.

Some of the unfavourable effects of the loss I suffered that summer I shall touch upon later as I come up on them in their proper place in this narrative.

Before closing the account of the summer of 1911, I must tell of another painful experience that profoundly affected me at the time and had considerable influence on my life later on. While I was on my trip, my about the latter part of July, at Claredon, Arkansas, I received a brief letter from my fiancée, informing me that she had decided to break our engagement. She returned the engagement ring I gave her two years earlier and requested that I return her letters to her, also such gifts from her as had her name or initials on them. She gave no reason then, nor later. Up to that time, we had corresponded regularly; her letters did not contain any hint of what was to come in the one I received that day in Claredon. This letter came when I was away from home, or anyone I knew, working at something I was not in love with, and not in any too cheerful a state of mind. I still remember the immediate effect of that letter and would rather not dwell on that, even now. However, some of the more remote effects of this incident shall be touched on later when I write of my life as a medical student.

At this point, it might be well to stress that in spite of the unfavourable turn in my love affair, I meant to go ahead with my plans for the future in other respects. While I was living in Austin, I joined the Student Volunteer Group at the University Methodist Church and so identified myself with those who had decided to become missionaries. I had made up my mind on the subject of studying medicine, accordingly, after I came home from Arkansas, I went ahead with my plans for going to the medical department of the University of Texas at Galveston. As a matter of fact, it was easier to go on with my plans than to plan something else. I had resigned my teaching position at Austin early that summer; and after I received that letter at Clarendon and wound up my affairs in Arkansas, it was too late in the year to look for another teaching position."

In the years that followed I always felt Dr. Joe was never too impressed with sales as a job or profession. Most certainly in the early days and even later on, sales were done on a whatever you have to do basis to make a sale. This caused the general public to have a very low opinion of sales and treated all salespeople with contempt and dishonesty, many a time I saw and heard the excuse it is okay to lie to a salesperson as they are liars, so it doesn't matter. I will go into this later on myself, regarding some of my own experiences.

Times have changed and the profession of sales has improved. Partly I am sure due to consumer laws and protection. Partly also due to the fact the true professional salespeople can make more in the long term. Matching a client's needs with the right product at the right price is all it is about. Various methods of training to learn how to listen, to ask questions, to match up the needs, and filling the needs are what a lot of sales training programs are about today.

Companies over the years had a lot to answer for. The bible-selling method above was one way - in the movie "Paper Moon" another, more truth than fiction I'm sure. Ford Motor Co. at one time had a "sales plan" to hire anyone, let the new salesman sell a new or used car to his relatives at a special price till he ran out of relatives, then fire him and hire some new ones. How about "Multi - Level Marketing" for a plan. The products may even be okay, but the real money is in getting all your friends and family in to build, just like a pyramid scheme - but that is illegal.

We all sell; be it ourselves, our ideas, our plans, our dreams. Learning to sell - persuading - can even make our lives easier by getting others to do what we would like to see done. So we all do it, we may just not realise it.

As far as a couple of other points raised, as I used to tell some of my salesman about a person walking around the car lot, "If he wanted milk and bread he would have gone to the grocery store - he came here to look at cars!" They needed to learn to build a relationship and gain information from the person who was "just looking", and find out what he was looking for, when he wanted it, and any other information he could get - such as his name and contact number in case you got something in he might be interested in. I can't tell you how may sales I made over a period of time by calling someone back, which no one else seemed to do, and letting them know I was still looking for them or had something that just might work to come on in and take a look.

A lot of businesses do get greedy and this costs them money. They are afraid they will lose a sale, even a bad one, and take chances that cost them money. One old- timer told me something to the effect that if you work on a 10% margin and take a loss, like lose the goods, it takes 10 sales to make up for the one loss. I got the idea, even though I am not 100% sure on his math. The time wasted running down deadbeats, the aggravation and worry, is not worth it. To let them have possession of the goods - aces, straights, and flushes only. (As he would say." Trust in God, all others pay cash!")

Chapter 13 - I Become A Medical Student

"I must not have spent much time, in those days, in weighing the handicaps under which I was to find myself when I got to Galveston. It was probably just as well that I was swayed, then by my determination to go ahead with my plans and did not worry about the obstacles in my way. If had pondered too much about this subject, I probably would have decided that the obstacles were insurmountable and would have changed my mind.

In the first place, I had no money, and there was not good prospect of obtaining the necessary funds after arriving at Galveston. My total capital consisted of eighty dollars that a good friend of mine, old Mr. Dunn, of Austin lent me for three months. This gentleman was the principal of the State School for the Blind when I first came to that institution. In making the loan to me, he did so under the impression that, in a few months I would have some money coming to me from Arkansas and so, would have no trouble in paying him the amount of the loan. At that time, I sincerely believed that in a few weeks, I would be fully paid the amount due me for the books I sold that summer. There again, it was a good thing that I could not see far enough into the future to know how badly I was to be disillusioned on that score.

In the second place, I was not any too well-prepared to take the course of study in medicine, for my previous education in the sciences was quite defective. I barely passed my physics course at the University. The little chemistry I had at the Sam Houston Normal was hardly worth mentioning, and the same could be said of my course in botany at that place. I never studied biology at all. The Medical College required a minimum of five college courses for entrance. I was given credit for one course on my diploma from the S.H.N.I., had one course of English at the University, also two courses of Spanish, and only a part of a course in German. The Dean of the Medical Department told me that I could finish the course in German later on, and so I was admitted as a medical student. That course in German was never completed.

After I enrolled and paid the various fees attached to the process, I had only a few dollars left. My next care was to find a place to board and room. I found a small hall room at Mrs Miller's boarding house for which I was to pay five dollars a month; the board was to be fifteen dollars a month and, fortunately for me, did not have to be paid in advance.

As soon as the classes started, I found that many of my classmates did not have much more training in sciences than I had. There were some fifty-five of us freshman. Mr Miles J. Breuer, one of my Czech friends from Austin became my dissecting partner. He held a masters degree in Arts and was an unusually brilliant student and was often able to help me in my work. After the first few weeks, I had overcome some of the initial handicaps, chiefly by doggedly applying myself to the task before me, and got along as well as the majority of my class. Actually, I

found out that my previous experiences in teaching had trained my mind about as well as did the numerous college courses train some of my supposedly more fortunate classmates.

The work in the lecture rooms and laboratories kept us within the college walls from 8 am to 6pm. This precluded the possibility of earning some money during the day. Furthermore, at night, as soon as I was through with supper, I had to study; this took care of the remainder of my time up to 10 or 11 p.m.; this eliminated the possibility of working for a few hours at night, and earning some money in that way.

After I had stayed in my little room at Mrs. Miller's for a month, a junior, Mr Geer, talked me into moving in with him in his room at another place and into going into light house-keeping with him. This had certain advantages. We ate whatever we prepared and whenever we got ready. It also had its disadvantages neither one of us was very good at housekeeping, and our culinary skill was rather limited. After a month, or so, we found out that we were really not saving much money, putting into housekeeping some of the time that should have been spent in studying and, in general, not any better off than if we were rooming and boarding somewhere else. So, Geer and I moved back to Mrs. Miller's; this time to room with Ernest Bursey, a sophomore whom I first met when I was still in Austin.

This meant that I would have to pay my room and board bills once more. If I remember correctly, this meant an outlay of twenty dollars a month. Now, thirty-one years later, I do not remember, just how I managed to get that sum together. For some of it, I believe, Mrs Miller was willing to wait until I had it. The remainder of it I paid for by doing little jobs here and there.

My reactions towards my status as a medical student were mixed and confused. In the first place, after I had enjoyed the privilege of being a teacher and disciplinarian for two years; I did not find it easy to become used to the station of a lowly freshman in medicine. In the second place, it was hard for me to become accustomed to the life of self-denial and poverty that my circumstances imposed on me. At Huntsville, while I, like the remainder of my associates, lived under rather modest circumstances, I never had to worry about money, and I never had to bother about the possibility of having to drop out of school because of lack of funds. I had enough money saved up to put me through. Now, the situation was different. I had no money saved up and never knew, from month to month, what the next month might bring to me. I still owed for most of the expensive Bibles I forced on the poor Negro and White preachers in Arkansas. One day, a representative of the Bible Company, Mr Broadbury, I believe, paid me a personal visit. I laid the situation out before him plainly: I told him that if the company would give me plenty of time, I would pay every cent I owed them; on the other hand, if they put pressure on me, they might force me out of school, but would not profit, for I had no money, so they could not squeeze any money out of me. He

evidently appraised the situation correctly, for he was willing to let me have all the time I wanted. In the third place, I was disappointed in the teaching of the medical department of the University. I was, by then, in a position to know something about teaching. I had spent seven years as a teacher, all the way from a little one-room house country school to a well-organised high school. Furthermore, I had had my courses in pedagogy at the S.H.N.I., and ample opportunity to study under competent teachers at that institution and the state university. At the latter place, my teacher, professor Ashby, - my English professor - was a Rhodes Scholarship man and a very able teacher. Mrs Hubbard, my Spanish teacher, was a very capable teacher. On the contrary, at the medical school, I came fact to fact with some very mediocre teachers; so mediocre, that it was a shock and a disappointment to me. They might have been very good physicians, but they knew nothing about the principles of teaching.

But there were several things that helped me to tide over the rough places. I was not the only poor - financially poor - student in the school. The campus was crowded with students who had very little money, but lots of determination and ambition. My dissecting partner, a Miles Breuer, and his room-mate, the holder of a B.A. degree, R.H. Crockett, better known as "Davy" Crockett, roomed together in a little house that they rented for twelve dollars a month, and did their own housekeeping and cooking. They were miserably poor, but they were outstanding in their work in their classes, and there were many other like us. Poor living and high thinking went hand in hand those days. It is true, that our financial status made us poor timber for the fraternities, but most of us were old enough not to be bothered very much on that score. Most of us made up in scholarship what we lacked in fraternal connections, and most of us had enough sense of humour and enough sarcasm, to be able to command the respect of our classmates in spite of our poverty. I recall an incident that it might be well to cite as an example of our spirit. On one occasion, neighbours, a not particularly brilliant student and a classmate of ours, a fraternity man, asked Miles; "Do you think that the fraternities are all wrong?" Miles replied dryly, "Oh, I don't know. If a guy is destined to go to hell, and if they don't accept him in a fraternity, he is sure to get there by some other habits!"

On arriving in Galveston, I transferred my church membership from Austin to the First Methodist Church at Galveston. I soon made a good many friends in that church and was requested to become the teacher - S. S. teacher - of a class of boys of about twelve years of age. I held this place for two years. Some of the boys later became prominent in their chosen professions and my close friends. Two of them were Dr Wm. A Smith, a Dermatologist of Beaumont, and Dr Ghert Graves, an internist of Houston, and during the Second World War, a Naval officer. The Superintendent of the S.S. Brother Rector, became a very good life-long friend of mine.

My poverty and my close application to my studies precluded any indulgence in social life. I had a few dates with Myrtle Wann, a nurse

in training who was a graduate of the state school for the blind, but that was all. My time was too much taken up by more serious matters.

Bursey, my roommate, was partly earning his way through by waiting on the tables at Mrs. Miller's boarding house. We did not have much in common, but were both Methodists, minded our own business, and got along well. He lived on a very limited income and both of us did most of our own washing, except the shirts. We pressed our own suits, and Bursey pressed the suits for some of the other, more fortunate, students, and thus earned a little extra money.

And thus, with all the trials and tribulations, my freshman year came to a close. I did fairly good work in all my courses and, by the end of the year, had every reason to be proud of my work. What was more important, I had gotten adjusted to the situation and fully made up my mind to go on with my medical education. The downtown Y.M.C.A. offered me the position of office-secretary for the summer, and I was glad to accept this opportunity to make a little money during my vacation. The place paid only about sixty dollars a month but, as my living expense was very low, this gave me the chance to have a little money before the sophomore year started.

My work at the Y.M.C.A. was rather confining, for I had to work from about 8 a.m. till 10 p.m., with two afternoons - or rather - nights, a week off. Mr. Judson B. Palmer, the general secretary of the Y.M.C.A., was a good friend of mine and the other secretaries were kind to me. The hours were long, but the work was fairly pleasant, and, before I knew it, the summer had gone and it was time to go back to school once more.

I recall my second year at the medical school chiefly as one of hard work and not much fun. The sophomore year, in this particular school, was the hardest. I did not mind that. By then, I had gotten on to the work and got along fairly well. My social work was just as circumscribed as during the first year. I kept up my work and attendance at the Methodist Church and also took interest in the college Y.M.C.A.

While I was still at Huntsville, I made it a practice not to study on Sunday. I soon learned that one day's rest a week was of a great deal of value and that I could do much better work during the rest of the week. I kept this up at the Medical School. I never studied late into the night, as some of the students did. I rarely got used to eleven o'clock. I got along that way much better and became less stale according to my observation, many of the students when stayed up late, were not really - studying - just "kidding" themselves and wasting time.

My chief recreation was going for a swim in the Gulf of Mexico. Of course when winter comes, I had to give this up. However, there were some of us that would go swimming even when it was fairly cold.

After my second year at the medical school, I spent the summer again working at the Y.M.C.A. downtown. I continued to live at Mrs Miller's at 1001 Strand. In those days I lived on two meals a day. Mrs Miller was kind enough to board at her house on the basis of eating two meals a day and paying her on that basis. In the long run, I am sure, she lost out on the deal. She probably did not know it, but at those two meals I often had to eat enough to make up for three meals, for only too often, I had no means of getting a third meal anywhere else. During my second year in school, however, I earned part of my board by waiting on the table once a day. This helped a great deal to enable me to make ends meet.

At the end of my second year, I learned that I failed to pass the course in Physiology. I made fairly good grades up to the time of the final examination. On that occasion, one of the questions asked was, "What is heart block?" I did not know the answer and did not attempt to guess at it. A few days after the examinations, Dr. W.S. Carter, the professor of Physiology sent me a summons to his office. With trembling and fear, I came to see him and asked him: "What is the matter, Dr. Carter? Did I fail to make the course?" He said: "That depends. Did you overlook the question about heart block, or did you not know the answer?" I replied: "I did not know the answer." He said gruffly, "You failed!" I had to take a make-up examination in the fall - and failed again! I had to take the examinations with the sophomores during my junior year and made up my course in that way. As I had to do all my studying for these examinations during my spare time (I did not get to attend the lectures with the sophomores - my work in my junior year did not leave any time for that), this extra burden imposed on me proved quite a nuisance. Incidentally, I failed by five points. I made 55 on my first examination in Physiology at the end of my sophomore year; the passing grade was 60. This course was the only one I ever failed in all those years.

I entered upon my junior year with at least some of my economic problems solved. My room-mate, Bursey, had secured the lucrative position of running the college book-store and had neither the time nor the desire to wait on the tables at Mrs Millers, so I inherited the job.

At the end of our sophomore year, I learned that I would have to look around for another dissecting partner. Miles Breuer's love affair had gone on the rocks, chiefly through the wedding of his parents. His parents finally handed him an ultimatum: he was given the choice of breaking up his love affair and going to the Rush Medical in Chicago, or of forfeiting the financial support he was receiving from home. He decided to comply with parents' wish. To me, his decision seemed cowardly and unfortunate. Later events proved that his spinelessness was to bring with it its own retribution. Not only did he break his engagement to the girl he really loved, but some two years later, he married a girl who his parents picked out for him. He and his wife never got along well; after more than twenty years of unhappy union, when they had a family of four children, they finally became divorced. Shortly after the divorce, Miles wrote me a letter literally arraigning his parents for having thus messed up his life.

My new dissecting partner was Miss Edda Von Bose. Her partner too, left school at the end of our sophomore year; so, when the junior year opened up, we agreed to work together. She was a good student, but given to moods of depression and melancholy. This, at times, made working with her rather unpleasant. All in all, however, she took her studies very seriously and made a good partner.

The work in my junior year was not quite as hard as that of the preceding year and, since it included a good deal of clinical work, or contact with the patients, much more interesting. Furthermore, I had gotten adjusted to medical studies and was able to do creditable work.

It was during my junior year that my former girl friend once more crossed my path. While I was working at the Y.M.C.A. in the summer of 1913, out of a clear sky, she called me up on the telephone one day and informed me that she and her niece Joyce Springe were in Galveston for a day and would like to see me. As I had an afternoon off, I took them to points of interest on Galveston Island and tried to entertain them as best I could. As her niece was with us all the time, neither of us made any reference to our past relations. After the afternoon was over, while her niece stepped aside for a moment, she told me she would like to see me and speak to me alone that night. With a good deal of satisfaction, I told her I would be on duty that night till 10 p.m. and would not be able to see her. A few months later, I received a letter from her; she stated plainly that she had acted hastily and had made a mistake in breaking up with me. She more than hinted that she would welcome a reconciliation. With a good deal of satisfaction, I wrote her a letter that, I am sure, was quite different from what she had expected. I pointed out how she had dropped me at a time when I was having all kinds of misfortune and badly needed help and encouragement, without a warning or without bothering about giving any explanation whatsoever; also, how this unexpected turn in our affairs had affected me during my first year at school. I told her how I had finally gotten adjusted to things as they were, and that, while I was not in love with any woman at the time, in the future, if I ever did get engaged to a girl again, it would be to one who knew her mind and would not be changing it every few months; for, I stressed, I had no desire to have my life upset again, nor my plans torn up, just to gratify some woman's whims and changeable notions. I felt that one such experience in a lifetime was enough; it called for too much readjustment that was neither necessary, nor pleasant... And that, definitely ended that case.

My social activities during the summer of 1913 continued to be quite limited. It was towards the latter part of the summer that I first met my future wife, Golda. We went out on a few occasions, but the strained economic circumstances that I was handicapped by did not allow me to indulge in many dates. In those days, having a date meant going to the Gulf for a swim, going to a picture show or going to church on Sunday night. But I did not often have the time, nor the few cents necessary for even these simple pleasures. Furthermore, I was still rather gun-shy and

sensitive on the question of associating with girls. My recent past experience along that line had given me a definite inferiority complex in that regard, and it took very little to discourage me, or to scare me away. My poverty increased my sense of inferiority, and I was quite content to devote what spare time I had to my work and my studies. As a matter of fact, I did not have much spare time to worry about. Both during the summer and the winter, what with my studies and my work, my days, and my nights up to ten o'clock, were well taken care of.

I completed my junior year without any failures or low grades against me, and was ready for another summer of hard work. I had secured the position of office secretary at the Army Y.M.C.A. at Texas City. The second division of the United States Army was then encamped on the shores of Galveston Bay, a few miles outside of Texas City. The army Y.M.C.A. was set up in a large but centrally located in this camp. The staff consisted of two army Y.M.C.A. secretaries and two medical students employed for the summer. Only two members of this staff lived in quarters provided for that purpose in one corner of the Y.M.C.A. hut. I was one of the two. We all took our meals along with the soldiers in one of the company messes.

The hut served for entertaining the soldiers when they were off duty. The Y.M.C.A. provided stationery and writing material, as well as make shift tables, for those who desired to write letters. There were books and magazines for those who wished to read. We also had a decrepit phonograph and some old records for those who wished to entertain themselves in that fashion. At night there was a free movie for the soldiers. On Sunday nights, there were sermons or lectures.

It was the duty of those of us on the staff to keep everything in the hut in its place and in order. Our work was fairly light, but rather monotonous. The old phonograph was kept going by the soldiers most of the day and, to me, after the first few weeks, after I had heard all the records dozen of times, it proved to be a source of irritation, rather than entertainment. Another source of irritation, physical and emotional, was dust. The hut had a dirt floor. Outside of the hut, the soil was pulverised by the shoes of the drilling and marching soldiers. Even a light wind would raise clouds of fine dust that penetrated into anything and everything.

There was little entertainment other than that offered by our hut, and we soon got fed up on that. On our days off, we would sometimes run over to Galveston for a few hours and indulge in a surf bath. All in all, my work was easier than that of the preceding two summers, and I was receiving better pay for it.

On the morning of July 13, 1914, I received a telegram from one of my brothers stating that my father had committed suicide. As there were no Czech protestant ministers anywhere near home, I stopped over in Houston and engaged Reverend Josef Dabias, a Presbyterian minister, to

come with me. We got to El Campo about 10 p.m. by train; there I hired a livery stable driver to take us to Taiton in a buggy. We got home at two o'clock in the morning. My mother and older brother and sisters were still awake, waiting for me. I think that night will forever stand out as the saddest one of my life. Only those who have passed through a similar family tragedy can understand the full meaning of this statement.

The next day, my father's remains were laid to rest at a nearby cemetery. That night I was called to my sister's home about half a mile away from our home. Before the physician could get there, Joe Miller, my nephew was born. Thus, my father missed by forty-eight hours seeing his first grandchild.

The next morning, I returned to Texas City and my duties at the Y.M.C.A. and there I passed the remainder of that summer. It was a quiet summer of monotonous routine in an environment with which I had nothing in common and which only contributed to my loneliness and sadness. We had no contact with the officers of the camp. The soldiers that I had to serve and wait upon were of the general run in the regular army of those days and their ways were repugnant to me. There were, of course a few exceptions. Some of the soldiers devoted their spare time to study and to efforts to improve themselves. But they were few, and, too, I was, no doubt, hypercritical and had not yet realised that most of the profanity and loudmouth talk of the soldier was not as bad as it sounded. At any rate, I was glad when October and the time for my return to the Medical School arrived.

I started my senior year in the school with my financial outlook a little brighter than that of my previous years. I had saved some money during the summer. My roommate Bursey had left, and I had the room all to myself. My meals were provided for by the prospect of waiting on the table at Mrs. Miller's. In other words, my barest necessities were almost provided for, but not quite.

But there was a circumstance that tended to complicate my emotional life. During the summer, my study-partner's father died - also by suicide. She was rather melancholy, anyway, and this tragedy in her life only deepened her tendency to mental depression. And I am sure that my upset emotional and mental status reacted as badly on her, as hers did on me. It was an unfortunate situation for both us.

Before the junior year came to a close, I was class president of the College Y.M.C.A. After school opened in my senior year, I tried to function in that capacity for a few weeks, but soon came to the conclusion that, in my unsettled and confused state of mind, I could not do justice to the job; so I resigned. This gave rise to various conjectures on the part of my friends, but I did not lose any sleep on that account. The experiences of the previous three years were bound to affect my outlook on life and, especially, my attitude towards the problems of human contact and religion. In my mind, I did not agree with that thought that I had "lost my

religion", but I was sure that my earlier religious concepts were shaken and that my ideas on the subject were undergoing a change. The family tragedy continued to disturb my conscious and unconscious mental and emotional processes. In regard to the latter, at night my dreams would often be about my father. Very often, the substance of such dreams was that my father was not dead, but still living; the dreams would be so vivid and convincing that it was hard to banish them from my mind after I became awake. (For that matter, while less and less frequent, these dreams have continued to recur for decades after my father's death, like that of practically all suicides, was unnecessary and could have been prevented, if those around him had been more observing and understanding of what he was going through before it happened. At the same time, I realise that only a physician can see and interpret the danger signs of a pre-suicide state of mind.)

My greatest satisfaction during that last year in the medical college came from my medical studies. As the teaching became less and less didactic, and more and more practical, that is, directly in connection with the patients and in the John Sealy Hospital clinics and wards, the work became correspondingly more interesting, also, my hard work and study efforts led to my being recognised as one of the best students in my class. This helped me to regain some of the self-confidence I had when I was a student at the Sam Houston Normal and helped me to lose some of my felling of inferiority, this, in turn, helped me to become better adjusted emotionally.

I continued to stay away from associating with the members of the other sex. Through some misunderstanding engendered, no doubt, by the timidity and hypersensitiveness that I acquired as the result of my first unfortunate love affair, Golda and I quit going with each other. My study-partner and I never had any "dates." She was determined to keep our relations on a strictly business basis, and I am sure that was best for both of us. She was rabidly pro-German in her sympathies, and after the first hostilities broke out in 1914, she and I had very little in common as far as politics were concerned.

Towards the end of the scholastic year, as is always the case, the seniors had to face the problem of choosing the hospital for their year of internship. At that time, internship at the John Sealy Hospital in Galveston was considered among the best in the South and was open to only the leading students of the class. As I stood third in my class, I had the privilege of accepting, or requesting this internship. I accepted.

On the night of May 31, 1915, my class was graduated and I received my degree of Doctor of Medicine. The services were held at the Scottish Rite Cathedral in Galveston. None of my people were present to see me get my diploma. After the ceremony, I walked the sixteen blocks to my boarding house to save the five cents streetcar fare. With few regrets I quit my old room and the career of medical student and went home to prepare for the examination for licensure for the practice of

medicine in the State of Texas. That examination was to be held at Austin the latter part of June or about 24 days after my graduation. I meant to spend, the time intervening between my graduation and the State Board Examination, at home working on the farm and preparing for the examinations during spare time. I carried out this plan and was thus kept well occupied until the time of the examination. That event itself was more or less a torturous affair, but an ordeal, because of the heat in Austin."

He passed his examination and started his internship at the John Sealy Hospital in Galveston, Texas on the 1st of July 1915.

Chapter 14 - My Intern Days at the John Sealy Hospital

“On July first, 1915, I reported to the superintendent of the John Sealy Hospital at Galveston for duty. Besides myself, my classmates Drs. Chapman, Neighbors, Lutner, Warren, and Stove were to be the interns for the 1915 - 1916 term. Dr Allen H. Neighbors and I were to be partners during that year. There were six services and each interneer spent two months in each service. My first experience as a physician was to be in the Emergency and Laboratory Service. The intern in that service had to attend to the emergency cases that came into, or were brought into the Emergency Room of the Hospital, night or day, and had to dispose of them according to the exigencies of the individual cases; if the cases called for only minor surgery or routine treatment, the Emergency Internee took care of them himself, but if the cases were of a more serious nature surgical procedures, they were admitted to the Hospital for proper treatment. When the Emergency Intern was not occupied in working in the Emergency Room, he worked in the hospital laboratory, doing chiefly such routine examinations and tests as urinalysis and blood counts. Thus, the intern was kept rather busy all the day and, quite often, most of the night. This was particularly true on weekends and on holidays, when Negro dockworkers would get into affrays and would be brought in cut up or shot up all hours of the night. As that type of work was most likely to come in after 11 o'clock p.m., it was nothing for the Emergency Intern to be kept busy sewing up incised wounds or patching up lacerated and contused wounds up till 2 o'clock in the morning.

My first heavy night came on July 3rd. It seems that quite a few of the Negroes and Mexicans started celebrating the Fourth of July slightly early, by midnight, a steady stream of wounded of various kinds was seeking aid in the Emergency Room. It is one thing to know the theory of the practice of medicine, and another to actually practice medicine. I still remember my feeling of helplessness when those patients with various kinds of wounds would come in, or would be brought in by the ambulance, and had to decide on the spot what to do, or how to dispose of the cases. At times, the condition of the wounded and the nature of the wound would be such that the patients' life depended on prompt decision and action. I shall never forget one such case that came in on that particular night in July.

Sometime after midnight, a young Mexican was brought in with a stab wound in the pericardium at the level of the second left intercostal space, adjacent to the left sternal border. The man appeared exsanguinated and was unconscious. At intervals, he would vomit some bloody foam. His pulse was barely perceptible, and very fast. As I was trying to decide what to do with him, one of the interns of the previous term, who happened to be present said, "You can't do anything for that one any more, Joe; he was stabbed in the heart and is as good as dead." But it seemed to me that the wound was in such a position that there was some possibility of the heart and aorta being undamaged and of the haemorrhage coming from some smaller artery that might have been severed; I had the left

internal mammary artery in mind. Knowing that the patient would not hold long enough for me to call the chief surgeon or one of his assistants, and wait until one of them came in, I decided to call the surgeon, but to do whatever I could to stop the haemorrhage in the meantime. So, I told the older intern, "If he is dead, a little cutting on him won't do any harm; but if the bleeding is from a smaller artery, and not the heart, we may be able to tie the artery off and stop the bleeding until the surgeon gets here." In those days, the surgical equipment in the Emergency Room was miserable and consisted chiefly of a few old, cast off scalpels and haemostats. With this poor equipment, I managed to cut through the skin and ribs down to the bleeding point, and, as I anticipated, found that only the internal mammary artery was severed by the stab wound. After stopping the bleeding by bigating the severed artery, I let the patient be taken to the operating room to wait for the surgeon's arrival. I did not go along, as there was still quite a long line of other cut up men and women waiting to be sewed up. It took about another hour and a half before I got through. Then, about 2 a.m., I went up to the operating room to see how the Mexican was coming along.

Dr. A. O. Singleton was still operating on the Mexican when I came up. As I entered the operating room, Dr Singleton gave me a nasty look, and said " Dr. Kopecky: just because you are on duty in that Emergency Room, does not mean that you are supposed to do major surgery there." I was so worn out, I could hardly stand on my feet, and was not in a particularly receptive mood for - as I thought - undeserved criticism, so I retorted, " Dr. Singleton, I assure you I have no desire to practice major surgery with the sorry equipment at my disposal; as for this man, I only did what I did because I felt that, that was the only way to save his life until you could get to him." I meant to watch the operation, but after such a reception, I turned on my heel and went to my quarters and to bed. Even though I was tired, I could not sleep very well.

The next morning, while I was at work in the laboratory, Dr. Singleton came in and said, " Well, you saved that man's life last night." Needless to say, that was all I needed to hear to put me into a cheerful state of mind and make me forget my grievances of the night before. The Mexican recovered from his injury and operations, and with an aneurysm, apparently of the arch of the aorta. Whether this was the result of the stab wound, or of my operation, I never knew, but I did not think my operation went deep enough to touch the aorta.

The work in the laboratory consisted of such routine procedures as examinations of the urine, blood counts, examinations of smears from the sputum, purulent discharges - especially from the urethra - and the chemical and cytological studies of the spinal fluid. The more complicated procedures, such as blood chemistry studies and the more complicated bacteriological methods had not yet reached our laboratory. The interns' time was fairly well taken up by making urinalyses and blood counts. The medical director, Dr. Ethel Lyon Heard, was not particularly interested in the education of the interns, but to make the best use of them, she did have

to devote a certain amount of time to their instruction, so that they might relieve her of some of the drudgery that routine procedures impose on any charity hospital laboratory. All in all, the time spent in the laboratory did help to train the intern for the duties of general practitioner.

In those days, the interns on the second floor of the building then used for patients with contagious diseases. They did not have individual rooms; there were two or three men to a room. The quarters were furnished with only the most necessary furniture, but were fairly comfortable. The interns ate their meals in the interns' mess room in the main building of the Hospital.

No doubt, in those days when we had comparatively little contact with, or, at least, direct responsibility for sick people as long as we were medical students, the transition from student to intern was a rather abrupt one and had a tendency to make one feel inadequate to the task at least, that was the feeling I experienced when I found myself face to face with some of the emergency problems in the out-patient service. It was one thing to describe in writing, while I was a student, the steps to be taken in some complicated major surgical operations, and quite another thing to find one's self in charge of a stab, or incised wound calling for quick decision and action. This sense of helplessness and inadequacy was particularly overwhelming when I was woken at night to take care of someone seriously injured, for then there was no older, more experienced, physician within easy reach, and the responsibility was all mine. Needless to say, this factor of having to rely on one's self was a very valuable one in an intern's training, for it tended to make him self-confident and self-reliant as time went on. As time went on, I realised that I was fortunate to have had this particular service first of all. It was very good training in making proper estimate of the situation, and consequently, in making prompt decisions as to the procedures that would best serve the needs of the patient concerned. One learned fairly soon which cases could be patched up and sent home, which needed to be sent into the hospital for further treatment and observation, and which called for the immediate attention of an experienced, skilled surgeon.

The unpredictable nature of the work in the emergency service; that is, the fact that, when one heard the ambulance coming in with its siren wailing, one never knew what responsibility one would be facing in the next half minute, added a dramatic, almost a romantic, touch to the work. This feeling was enhanced by the fact that the emergency intern was always assured of a curious and appreciative audience; for in those days, the ambulance siren invariably attracted a crowd of onlookers of all ages and both sexes who would rush to the windows of the emergency room, which happened to be in the basement of the Hospital, to see what the ambulance brought in and what the intern would do. At times, some of the more brazen onlookers would even crowd right into the emergency room along with the stretcher-bearers. It was not unusual to find a sprinkling of medical students in these crowds, and these, particularly, considering themselves privileged characters, were quite likely to follow the

emergency victim all the way to the table. Since the ambulance in those days had an unusually loud and shrill siren, that could be heard blocks away, the audience quite often preceded, rather than followed it to the Hospital, and by the time the patient was brought into the room, the spectators were already comfortably established in their vantage points of observation at the windows and doors. As to whether the intern felt cheered or annoyed by all this attention, depended on his type of personality, and quite likely, also by how well he felt himself in command of the situation at hand. If the emergency case was of the kind that gave the intern an opportunity to show his skill and aptitude, he did not mind the audience - probably even enjoyed it; but if the unfortunate victim brought in by the ambulance made the young doctor appear at a disadvantage, he probably resented the spectators' presence. Most of the time, I am sure, he was so much absorbed in what he was doing, that he was not even aware of the presence of the onlookers.

In those days of the open saloons, the weekend furnished a lot of work for the emergency intern. Galveston was then in its glory as a seaport; the city was teeming with dockworkers, screwmen, stevedores and sailors; in short, with the class of people that was likely to celebrate Saturday and Sunday nights in a wild way. It was very little sleep that the emergency intern got on those two nights. Also, every now and then, incidental to these celebrations, the brawls would furnish cases that would be past any doctor's help by the time the ambulance arrived at the Hospital; in such instances, the intern would usually ask the ambulance driver to take the corpse back to the place he got it from, so that the intern would not have to be mixed up with the courts and trials that were almost sure to result from such fatal issues.

The emergency intern also acquired a fairly extensive experience with bichloride of mercury poisoning. This seemed to be the favourite poison of the disappointed prostitute in those days; they probably preferred this drug because it was slowly absorbed by the stomach and would give them a chance to be saved by the doctor. In some cases, I believe, the "victims" called the ambulance before they took the poison; in others, they probably took no poison at all, but just wanted to put on a dramatic stunt. The treatment then consisted of filling the stomach with milk and pumping it out. We used the large stomach tube those days, and when these patients came in in the early hours of the morning, we were none too gentle in our methods. This was particularly true in the cases where we had to "save" the same whore every two weeks, or so.

As intimated above, most of the prostitutes seemed to prefer slow-acting poison, and even then were careful to inform someone as soon as they took the poison so that they could receive prompt medical attention. While I was on the service, in only one case did the patient come in several hours after she ingested the bichloride of mercury; she seemed to have been so drunk at the time she took the poison that she failed to give the customary alarm, and either went to sleep, or fell into a

drunken stupor after she took it, and was discovered too late to be saved by the gastric lavage. That one died several days later.

At times, there were humorous sidelights to the emergency service. One night I had just finished sewing up a party of about three Negroes of both sexes, when in came a party of three more with assorted incised and stab wounds, ready to be sewed up. The two groups stared at each other for a moment, then started laughing and joking as the ones already taken care of filed out of the room. I asked one of the incoming Negroes, "Do you know them?" One of the Negroes laughed, and said, "Sho', deys, the ones us was fighting with an what cut us all up!"

Both Negroes and Mexicans were usually quite stoical under the emergency intern's none too tender ministrations. The suturing of incised wounds was done without any anaesthetics; the needles used were usually coarse, old ones that had been discarded by the operating room; but it was rarely that the victim complained about the treatment. One time I had to sew up a Mexican with extensive deep incised wounds on his back; it took fifty-four stitches to repair his damage, but except for an occasional "Ay, doctor!" he took it as if he were getting a shave. For that matter Mexicans usually stood pain stoically."

After six weeks in the emergency service, he was rotated to his next service, which was gynaecological and obstetrical service.

Chapter 15 - Gynecology, Obstetrics, Medicine, & Surgery

"After six weeks in the emergency service, I went into the Gynaecological and Obstetrical Service. When I went in, the chief of the service, Dr. George H. Lee, better known to the medical students as "Bush" Lee, - because of his remarkable beard - was on his vacation. For about a month, his first assistant, Dr Willard Cook and myself had the Service largely to ourselves. Three forenoons a week were dedicated to gynaecological operations, consisting chiefly of operation on pus tubes and fibroid tumours, conditions quite prevalent among the Negro women in our clinic at that time. On most of the occasions I got to be first assistant to Dr. Cook during the operations. Once in a long while, he would let me do an operation while he guided and assisted me. Thus, I was getting very good training in both gynaecological surgery and obstetrics, and had a good deal of responsibility and authority in the service while Dr. Lee was gone.

While Dr. Lee was gone, I heard a good deal about his high handed way of handling interns, and was prejudiced against him beforehand. Unfortunately, Dr Cook contributed to this as much as anyone, for he was quite free with his information as how Dr. Lee treated him and other subordinates. Thus, even before Dr. Lee returned from his vacation, I had made up my mind that I would do my best to please him, but would not let him use me as a doormat. In other words, I was thoroughly "conditioned" against him even before he returned home.

While Dr. Lee was gone, on the afternoons preceding the operative clinic days, Dr. Cook would make ward rounds with me and would tell me what patients to order up for operations the next morning when material was available - and it usually was - we would do three or four operations during the forenoon. At times, Dr. Flautt, another instructor in the Service would make rounds with me and would instruct me as to what patients were to be sent up for operations.

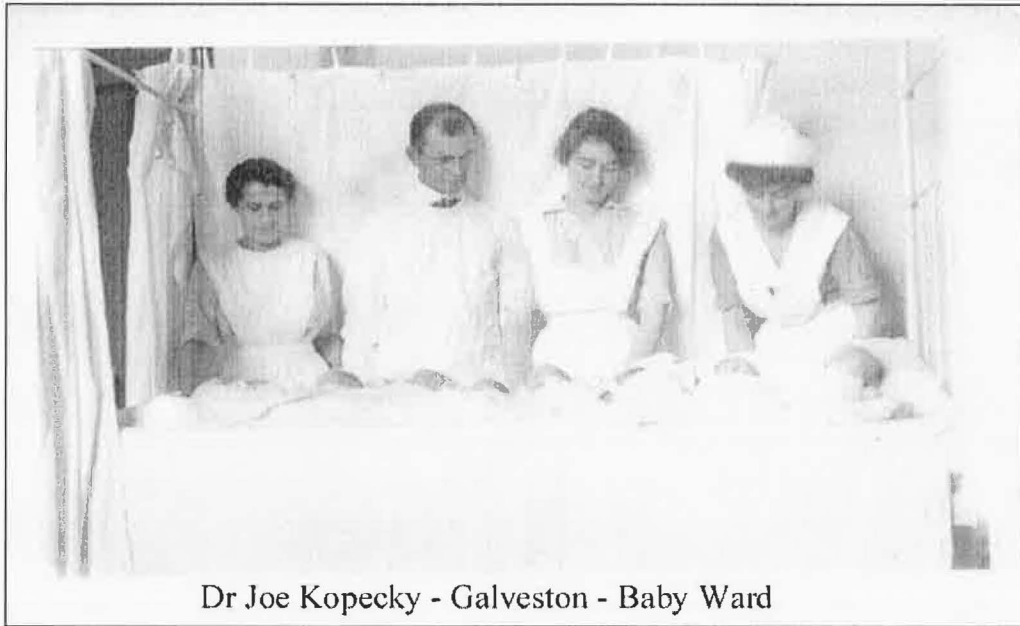
It so happened that the first operative clinic that Dr. Lee was to hold after his return from his vacation was on the first day of school, therefore, was to be attended by the junior and senior students in medicine. On the preceding afternoon, I made ward rounds with Dr. Flautt and he told me what patients to send to the operating rooms for the opening gynaecological clinic of that particular school year. I told Dr Flautt that Dr. Lee had not seen those patients, but he told me to order them up anyway.

The next morning, when I arrived, both the patient, a Negro woman, and I were in the operating room waiting for Dr. Lee. When he came in, he took a look at the patient, then with a snort and with his beard bristling with anger, he yelled at me, "What is this woman doing here?" -- I said with premeditated calm, (for I had expected just such a reaction on his part) " She is here for your clinic, Dr. Lee." Growing angrier, he said, "But I have never examined her; have not even seen her! What do you

mean by sending her up here? Send her back to the ward!" Then he began upbraiding me before some of the students that happened to be there, and though I tried to explain to him that I was only carrying out the orders of my immediate superior, Dr. Flautt, he would not listen to my explanation and continued his tirade. I immediately sent the patient back to the ward, and about as quickly decided that I had had all I wanted of "Bush" Lee's tantrum. I went to my partner, Neighbors, and asked him would he exchange his emergency service for my gynaecological service for the few weeks that remained, and he acquiesced. But we had figured without taking Dr. Lee into the bargain.

When Dr. Neighbors reported to Dr. Lee the next morning, "Bush" would have none of him and sent for me to come to him to explain. As soon as I faced him, he said, " Why did you want to leave my Service?" I told him that it was because such a change would suit both Neighbors and me the best. He said " Oooh - Ah!" (A characteristic exclamation of his) - " as a matter of fact, did you not get your feelings hurt because I spoke to you the way I did yesterday morning?" I told him then, "Yes. I don't mind being upbraided for what I am to blame for, but have no intention of putting up with your blaming me unjustly and upbraiding me in front of the students. Furthermore, I have been told by the other interns how you had treated them, and I have fully made up my mind that I would rather quit the internship than put up with your abuse." He became quite calm, looked at me for a while, then said; " You have been misinformed. I cannot afford to have any intern leave this Hospital feeling towards me as you do. I want you to come back to my Service, I'll prove to you that you are wrong." I told him I thought that was fair enough; so Neighbours and I again changed services, much to Neighbours disgust. Before my service with Dr. Lee was up, I went to him and told him that no chief could have treated me better than he did and that I wished to admit that my former opinion of him was based on misinformation and entirely wrong. We became lifetime friends. He just happened to be one of those people who wipe their feet on those who cringe before them, but who admire and respect anyone who will not stand abuse, and who will stand up for his or her rights.

There was only one intern on the Gynaecological and Obstetrical Service in those days and there was enough work to keep him well occupied. Before I left the Service I was given a chance to do several operations, either Dr. Lee or Dr. Cooke assisting and guiding me during the procedures. All in all, I considered that my two months in that work were well spent.



Dr Joe Kopecky - Galveston - Baby Ward

Picture 7: Dr. Joe Kopecky with nurses in maternity ward

My next service was the Medical, and I had four months in that. Neighbors, my partner had quit his internship to go into private practice and Hedrick, a senior, became my partner.

Dr. Marvin L. Graves, the Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Medical College, was the chief of the medical service. He made ward rounds regularly and was popular among the interns because he had a well developed sense of humour, was a good teacher and allowed the interns to do as much as they were willing and capable of doing. He was prompt to recognise honest effort and always ready to see to it that the interns got a square deal. I thoroughly enjoyed the four months in his Service and learned a lot that I found useful later on.

My last four months was spent in the Surgical Service, Dr. James E. Thompson was then Chief of the Service and Dr. A.O. Singleton and Dr. Fred Aves were his assistants. All of them were good teachers, and I considered that my four months in that Service were well spent.

About September 1915, my future wife, Golda Willis and I started going with each other after having had little to do with each other for about a year because of some misunderstanding in my senior year. As interns were not supposed to go out with nurses in training in those days, the "courting" was under difficulties. We had to sneak out when we went out on dates and had to be careful to avoid places where we might run into some of the staff members or the supervisors from the hospital. It was against the Hospital Regulations for interns to go with nursing trainees, and the detection of the violation of that rule meant trouble for both the intern and the trainee. Before the end of my intern year, Golda and I became engaged; this had a definite effect on my plans for the future.

In the spring of 1916, Dr. Graves and Dr. Lee, who had a joint laboratory in connection with their offices downtown, asked me if I would be interested in working for them as director of the laboratory after my internship expired. I was also to have some other duties, and my initial salary was to be one hundred dollars a month. I accepted the offer tentatively; but after Golda and I became engaged to marry, I decided that the salary was not sufficient for my purposes, and asked the two doctors to release me from my promise so that I could engage in private practice. This they did willingly.

It so happened that a few weeks before my intern year was up, a physician from El Campo, Texas, brought a patient to our Hospital and, learning that my home, (Taiton), was about twenty miles from El Campo, tried to interest me in taking over his practice. He meant to move to Corpus Christi early in July and wanted to get someone to take his place about that time. There was some equipment that he wanted to sell his successor; he said he would be willing to stay with his successor for ten days to introduce him into the practice. He painted a bright picture of the situation at El Campo; he said that there was no reason why his successor should not book around eight hundred dollars a month. This sounded enticing to me. I felt that I was getting up in years and should not put off getting married any longer than was necessary; a lucrative practice like that would enable me to pay my debts in a short time, and then could think of matrimony. So Dr. Passmore and I made a contract. I bought his surgical instruments, operating table, steam sterilizer and his second hand R.C. Hupp automobile and started preparations for going into practice on the first of July, 1916, the day after my internship terminated.

I had no money whatsoever, but Dr. Lee was kind enough to lend me five hundred dollars on no more security than my personal note. My debt to Dr. Passmore amounted to about a thousand dollars; I paid down a few hundred dollars - I do not remember how much it was - and the remainder was to be paid in monthly instalments. I was to take over Passmore's office located in the rear of the El Campo Pharmacy owned by Mr. A. B. Turner. In those days, all of the doctors' offices in El Campo, except one, were located in drugstores.

When I got to El Campo about 10 o'clock a.m. on July 1, I found a patient waiting. It happened to be a woman named Mrs. Lwainec, suffering with an attack of acute tonsillitis. With her I started my career as a General Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery.

But before I go on with this part of my story, I must say a few words about the hurricane that struck Galveston about the middle of August, 1915."

Chapter 16 - Galveston's Stormy History

Galveston Island has always played an important part as a seaport for the area and an important part in my ancestor's lives, and mine. We have been entwined with it and its history over the last 100 years. My great grandmother's sister at age 17, on my mother's side, was killed in the 1900 hurricane. My grandfather, Dr Joe, attended and taught at the medical school in Galveston, and was present during the 1915 storm. My other grandfather, F.H. Rayner, came to Galveston in 1920 from England and worked his way up to executive vice-president of Kempner Cotton Co. in Galveston. I was born at John Sealy Hospital in Galveston in June 1945, while my father was studying medicine at Sealy - we lived in Galveston for several more years after that. With one set of grandparents, and several aunts, uncles, and cousins living in Galveston, we made a number of trips to visit them over the years and had an opportunity to experience and know Galveston as more than a place by the sea.

The storm of 1900 made it clear that the people of the island had to build back somehow what an earlier generation had destroyed. Hurricanes had battered the island throughout its history, but it had been protected for centuries by natural sand dunes, some as high as 15 feet. However, when the island was developed in the 1830s, sand was removed for use as fill, and erosion destroyed what remained of the dunes. Then the barrier island, some 28 miles long and one to three miles wide, lay almost at sea level, with an average elevation of five feet.

Several strong storms in the late 1800s led concerned citizens to call for action. Following a storm in September 1875, the Galveston News published plans for a barrier to be built to protect the island from "the terrible Gulf breakers." The city administration considered the proposal, and then let it die.

In 1886, Galveston received an even stronger blow. The News made the suggestion: "Galveston should prepare for a storm when the weather is fine."

A rebuttal in the paper six days later extolled the town's safety. "We are out of line of these winds and waves...the Gulf and the Bay are never full at the same time." So again, the warnings fell on apathetic ears. (Boyd 1986:30)

On Saturday, September 8, 1900, the most lethal hurricane ever to hit North America struck Galveston with devastating winds and tides. The storm surge sent 15 to 20 feet of water over portions of the city, and no part escaped floodwaters. Everything from the beach to eight blocks inland was destroyed, and that destruction continued as far as 35 blocks inland. Some 7,000 people, out of a population of 38,000 were dead or missing. (According to my grandfather the count was closer to 10,000 but played down).

The next day, city officials set a new course for the town. They had just changed to the first ever commission form of government in the United States. The new charter approved by the Legislature provided for a mayor and four commissioners, each of who would head one city department.

They would build a seawall. In 1901 they hired three engineers to prepare a report and a plan. They recommended building a 17-foot barrier about 3 miles long then raising

the grade of much of the town behind the wall. The voters approved a \$2 million for the 3.3-mile wall, not including the grade raising. After 15 months and 16 days they had more than 13,000 carloads of material for the wall, which included 5,200 carloads of crushed granite, 1,800 of sand, 1,000 cement, 1,600 of piling, and carloads of reinforcing steel.

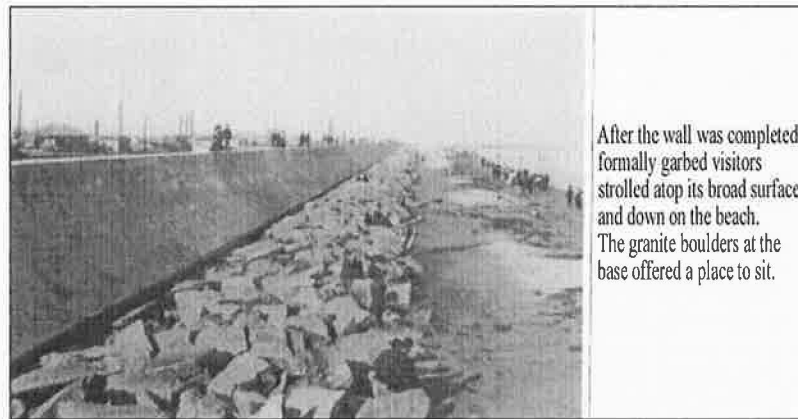
Picture 8: Galveston seawall under construction



The wall extended from 30th street eastward to 6th and then northward to the south jetty at the foot of 8th street. The federal government had the wall extended westward to 53rd street to protect the coastal artillery garrison at Fort Crockett, which had been badly damaged during the 1900 storm.

The grade raising required more than 2,100 buildings being jacked up and the land beneath them filled. To transport the thousands of tons of fill material; a canal large enough to accommodate ocean-going dredges was dug into the heart of the city. Dikes were built around quarter-mile sections of the city, and then each section was filled with silt from the gulf and bay. The fill spread under the houses that had been built well above ground level (the common practice in this low island city). Buildings that were at ground level had to be jacked up at the owner's expense.

After 6 years the elevation had been raised to 17 feet at the seawall and 10 feet at Broadway. (The main street in the center of town). Subsequent grade raising took place in other areas of town. Several hurricanes tested the wall. In 1915, a worse storm than the 1900 blow damaged the wall and flooded the town. But the property damage was a fraction of the earlier storms, and only 12 people died. (Boyd 1986:31)



After the wall was completed, formally garbed visitors strolled atop its broad surface and down on the beach. The granite boulders at the base offered a place to sit.

Picture 9: Taken soon after the wall was completed in Galveston

According to my grandfathers' account...

"The seawall, no doubt, gave the inhabitants of Galveston quite a sense of security, but this feeling was rudely shaken in the 1915 Galveston hurricane, for the wall offered only partial protection.

"As is usual for these tropical storms in the gulf coast country, the hurricane started in the morning with a gale of increasing intensity from the north. While there was a lot of rain during that phase, and the wind was of such velocity that it did some property damage, the wind tended to drive the water in the Gulf of Mexico away from, rather than to the island. About noon, the gale shifted to the east. Late in the afternoon, the full force of the storm started in from the South and this drove huge waves from the gulf against the land. By ten o'clock at night, the waves rolled so high that they went right over the seawall and dashed themselves against the houses near the wall, knocking over buildings, or at least washing out their foundations for a distance of about two blocks from the gulf, or southern side. Water in the Galveston Bay rose to such a level that the northern side, and in a short time, practically all of the Island became inundated to varying depths or levels.

At the Sealy Hospital, by midnight, the water in the basement rose to about six feet and flooded all the departments in that part of the main building.

Late that afternoon, we interns decided that it would be best to have at least one intern at each one of the buildings, so that if any of the buildings got seriously damaged, or went down, before morning, there might be no criticism that all the doctors stayed in the safest building. We drew lots. I drew the Children's Hospital. By ten o'clock that night, the windows on the first floor of that building started crashing in and the water got so close to the level of the floor that we had to move the children, most of them cripples, to the second floor. As all the lights were out, we had to do the moving in the dark.

By midnight, all the streets in that part of the city were flooded to the depth of about six feet and fair-sized boats that had been torn from their moorings, were floating down these streets, carried along by the water that was being pushed in from Galveston Bay. All the electric lights in the city were out. A fire broke out in one of the laundries down town. The only lights were visible from some army transports that were riding it out in the channel. As I watched the fury of the storm and the destruction on all sides, I wondered what sight would greet our eyes the next morning. There were moments when I was not so sure that I would be there to see anything when morning came.

In the latter part of the night, the wind, which, as we learned later, had reached a velocity of 120 miles an hour, started dying down and the water began to recede. By daylight, the storm was practically over, but the city was in a horrible condition. While the loss of life was comparatively light, though much higher than the local papers admitted, property damage was very high. All streetcar traffic was disrupted; there were piles of sand several feet high right in the middle of some of the main streets. We had no electricity for days, and only enough water for drinking. The aqueduct coming in from the mainland and all the causeways between the mainland and the island had been destroyed.

As may well be imagined, with water so severely rationed for days, people drank water wherever they found it; typhoid fever and other infectious diseases became rampant. When I changed to the medical service on November first, there were quite a number of typhoid cases in my ward. Before my two months in that service came to an end, I had considerable experience with this disease and such complications as haemorrhage and perforation of the intestines"...

With each storm, improvements were made on or near the wall. In 1934, 13 groins, each 500 feet long, were placed every 1,500 feet. They were strengthened with riprap in 1974. These structures have lessened the damage to beaches and the toe of the seawall.

Despite the groins, powerful Hurricane Carla in 1961 destroyed some 90 percent of the beach from 10th Street to the western end of the seawall. Fortunately there was less damage to the wall than in 1915. In August 1983, Alice inflicted a great deal of damage to the island's rapidly developing western half. But so far, the seawall has more than lived up to expectations.

Picture 10: Popular Galveston area in 1919



After the wall was in place new places were added and they were added to city maps. Crystal Palace, Tokio Garden, Breakers, Murdoch Piers, dance pavilions, skating rinks, and more. The tourists came to play in the surf and dance on the beach. From 1911 to 1936 the numbers grew to the point the Interurban riders were taken from downtown Houston to Galveston in 75 minutes for \$2 round trip. A walk along the seawall today would bring in some of the historical places. The Galvez Hotel, the "Queen of the Beach" when opened in 1911, once served as the temporary White House in 1937 for President Franklin D. Roosevelt when he fished for tarpon off Galveston's shores.

Across the boulevard is the Balinese, a dining pier with its fascinating but shady history. Galveston was an open city (open to gambling, rum-running and other assorted wrongdoings) when Sam and Rose Maceo, immigrant brothers from Sicily, purchased a dining pier called the Chop Suey. They lengthened the pier, renamed the place the Sui Jen, and changed it to a private club.

A doorman checked the guests at the Sui Jen, and whenever anyone who looked like a lawman came in, the doorman used a telephone to issue a warning. During the time it took the lawmen to cover the 150 yards or so from the entrance to the club, those in back converted the gaming tables into innocent pool tables. It is said that many a poker chip and slot machine went into the surf below.

A local historian has told of a sheriff from that time who, when a legislative committee asked why he didn't raid the gambling room, replied, most seriously, that since he wasn't a member they wouldn't let him in. The State Attorney General closed down gambling in Galveston for good in 1957, and the Balinese is now a popular restaurant. (I should say most open gambling such as Sam Panola's and several others, still operated and bookies still operate to this day - including an uncle of mine, till his retirement and recent death).

The Murdoch, one of the popular amusement piers, was badly damaged during Hurricane Carla. Only pilings remain supporting the Shrimp Boat Restaurant and souvenir stand. Old Fort Crockett, established in 1897, contained three shore batteries including 12-inch guns. It was used as a training base, and during World War II served as an air base and prisoner of war camp. It was dismantled after the war. Two

of its three bunkers remain, integrated into the tropical landscaping of the new San Luis Hotel. (Boyd 1986:33)

Just before we left the States in the late 1980s we made a trip to Galveston to see some of the relatives and have a drive around the Island to see the old places and houses I once lived in. It brought back many a memory of the amusement parks, the restaurants, and the corner store where you went through the side door and up the stairs to the tables. Galveston was on hard times then, again, one more time. The economy was bad, several hotel, apartment building projects stood still, half built and out of money. A revamping of one of the old historic areas into shops, stopped dead in its tracks – out of funds, some may have been fraudulently taken. The Island had an air about it, poised to collapse in urban decay or just catching its breath before its next great adventure, at the time I didn't know. Since then, I am glad to say, the relatives have informed me – Galveston is alive and well, and once again, moving forward.

Part IV - Letters From 1913 to 1920

From the Letters Written between
Dr. Joe & Golda Kopecky

Chapter 17 - Early Days

At the start of the "Letters Vol. 1", the first few pages cover almost a year. From the content of the letters it is apparent the relationship is new and has not yet become close. In fact, at times, the letters give the impression there may not be much of a relationship in the time to come. My understanding was they first met on the beach at Galveston. The nurses and students would go down to the beach to see who was there and whom they could meet....

" Galveston, YMCA, August 1, 1913, Miss Willis, Sealy Hospital... Dear Miss Willis: How would you like to omit your usual bathing excursion tomorrow night and take in the Cotton Carnival with me? If willing, please call me at Phone 15 Saturday. Joseph Kopecky."

Saturday, November 8, 1913, Dear Miss Willis: My! But you are getting to be scarce around here. Pretty near as good as playing "hide and seek," except that thus far I have sought in vain... When convenient, call me at 1061, please. Expressing my sympathy, I am, Joseph Kopecky....

Sunday night, November 9, 1913, Miss Golda Willis, Galveston, Texas. Dear Miss Willis: I hope you will pardon the liberty of employing this means of explaining my apparently very boorish and rude conduct.

I promised Mr. Willets of our church to take part in the program tonight; after you told me you were going to the Christian Church and invited me to "come 'long" (I don't know whether you meant it seriously, but I preferred to take it so) I thought I'd better let him know I was going to break this engagement. I supposed you were not going to leave the hospital before 7 o'clock, and so never thought of not finding you when I'd returned from the house. In the meantime, I thought it would be a joke on you to keep you wondering what I meant to do, so I neither definitely declined it nor even thanked you for it. You must recall that I told you, as I was leaving, I thought, "I would go to the Christian Church." Well, after I had broken my engagement at the Methodist Church and had gone back to the hospital -- it would be useless for you to try to imagine my consternation when Miss Walker informed me you had gone off duty and that "I got made." Of course it was not possible to explain matters through Miss Walker unless I wished to make a still worse mess of it -- and so here I am, feeling excruciatingly miserable at the thought of what you must have thought of my disregarding your invitation and leaving as I did.

As I will not have the opportunity of seeing you tomorrow, and as I certainly want to have this explained to you "muy pronto," I have chosen this as the next best means to seeing you and explaining in person. Sincerely yours, Joseph Kopecky...

March 15, 1914,... Dear Miss Willis: I am very sorry to hear you are not well, and regret very much that I was the cause of your being disturbed this evening. I did not receive your message and that accounts for my coming. Sympathetically yours, Joseph Kopecky...

May 31, 1914, Taiton, Texas, Miss G.E. Willis, Galveston, Texas, .. Dear Nurse: Dolre rano. After considerable effort and expenditure of energy I succeeded in finding this tablet, an old pen, and a bottle that once upon a time contained ink. I feel like I was going to have an acute exacerbation resulting in a thought; so look out!

First let me tell you my tale of woes. Their number is legion. Selak--

I told you I always travelled on Friday, and that Friday was my lucky day, anyway, never again; not after my experiences of last Friday. When I got to Houston Friday morning, I learned I had 40 minutes to wait for my train; Old Satan came around in disguise and invited me to look around town. As soon as I got down town, Old Boy appeared to me in the form of Mercier, last years pharmacy graduate. Now any medicine junior ought to know better than fool with a pharmacist, yet, my human feelings got the better of me; I wanted to know how he had fared for the past year. It was quite natural for me to ask him where he was working; after he told me he was not at work, it was not so natural nor yet so pleasant to listen to his troubles and his reasons for being on the unemployed list, yet that was the polite thing to do. When finally, with the help of his rather limited English, interspersed with his very good profanity, he succeeded in finishing his Book of Job, to my great consternation I found by my every faithless (!!!) Ingersoll, that I had just 10 minutes in which to cover the 15 blocks between me and the Great Central Depot; during which I knocked several defenceless women, ill-fed orphans and worthless policemen off the side-walk, I arrived breathless at the depot. I glanced at "track two, to your left" where my train was supposed to be, and a feeling of malaise came all over me. No train there! Did you ever miss a train? You ought to try it; the feeling that comes to you on these occasions you will never get anywhere else. Then, too, you get some valuable discipline. But this is digressing. -- Clutching at a straw, I asked the gatekeeper in sepulchral tones "Has that Victoria train left?" He gave me a compassionate look and said, "Yes, suh, she done gone! Dey she is now, boss!" And "dey she were," just about three blocks away, slowly gliding out of the yards! The "fo' bits" words that came to my mind just then would fill a book about the size of your text on anatomy and physiology" it actually seems to me there must have been five different devils, each speaking a different tongue, each offering his choicest; but by this time I had recognised Old Boo man back of all this mess and indignantly ordered the whole pack to get behind me: feebly, I gave vent to my feelings by blurting out "dedburn my luck!" ---- Oh, of course, even that was not justifiable, but, considering the gravity of the occasion, don't you think I deserve a crown? I admired myself, and my admiration rose mightily before the tribulations of the next 24 hours came to an end.

So you see, I did not cuss, but -- did you ever see me feinting a collapse? Well, this time there was not "put on" about it, I went to the nearest seat and just crumpled up in a heap: too bad there was no one there

to fan me. I don't know how long I stayed there, for I did not even think. I just sat there and sweat. I did not sweat drops of blood, but what I thus lacked in quality; I certainly made up in quantity.

When I finally came to I decided I might as well make grace of necessity and try to enjoy myself; so I took a car to Woodland Heights. The first thing that claimed my attention there, was the cemetery. This suggested suicide as an appropriate means of terminating the affair; this idea I soon banished from my mind for the reason that I might very likely remain unidentified when found, and so the glory would go to some one else. This settled, I first walked over to the pine woods, sat down on some green grass and extended an invitation to the "red bugs" inhabiting those parts. My invitation was responded to very cheerfully. After staying in the woods for half an hour, I went to see some of my friends and spent the rest of the seven hours I had to wait, in a rather uneventful way.

By missing the train I missed connection with the Taiton mail-driver; that meant that that night when I got to El Campo I would have between me and home seventeen miles of country roads just freckled with swamps and mud sloughs. For the last few weeks I have been feeling myself growing flabby so I made up my mind when I got to El Campo, I would walk home just to see how much I could stand. "I done it." I got to El Campo at 9:30; by 4:30 I was at home. In all I walked about 18 miles, as I had to walk out of the way in places; 2 miles of this distance I had to wade anywhere from the middle of my thighs down. While crossing a creek, I struck a faulty plank in the footbridge and went down up to my armpits. This was just half a mile from home so I did not mind it -- now wasn't this a crazy thing to do? Of course it was. My people have told me so. But, then, what else have you a right to expect?

I got home, went up stairs without anyone knowing I was under the roof; I went to bed and slept till morning. Yesterday I naturally felt a bit tired; I slept all afternoon. I enjoyed my sleep too. "So, it came out all right and they lived happily the rest of the days."

It has rained here for the past six months; the country looks anything but inviting. Today the sun shines. I hope the good work will keep up. The crops look sorry to me, but the people around do not seem to be very despondent. I guess they understand conditions better than I do.

The news about C. W. having failed in his senior year proved to be just a joke that he played on my oldest brother John. John always accused C. W. of "fighting" society too much. So my younger brother just thought it would be funny to make John think he "busted!" because of his numerous social affairs.

Rubber boots are the style down here now; it doesn't feel as well as a pair of rubber soled white shoes but as long as this rainy spell is on, I am content to "do as the Romans do."

Wish I could take you to church tonight; as it is, I guess I will have to put in my time sleeping. I sure slept some yesterday and last night. I got home so late the night I came home, the rest of my sleep was disturbed by incoherent dreams, salient points of which were Dave and I fishing for sharks and Bogey's hat and crabs; the moving picture man looking like Starne telling me that my train had gone; you pulling oleanders from Woodland Park cape Jessamines, etc., etc., -- quite a conglomeration you see. Now, however, my sleep is so good that I think I'll sign myself as -- your, Rip Van Winkle...

Taiton, Texas, June 14, 1914, Dear Nurse: "And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days." I am not sure just where the guy that wrote those lines "was at" when he wrote the poem, but I bet my every-day straw hat he wasn't trying to farm on one of these weedy Wharton county farms. If he has done any farming under said conditions since then he sure must have felt like striking out "rare", "perfect," etc. and substituting adjectives not quite so poetical but a great deal more expressive of the true conditions.

I believe I told you that my older brother (John) wrote me sometime before school closed that he was saving a rather weedy piece of the farm for those of the boys that were off at school to work when they got home. When I got home I asked one of my younger brothers, how about that piece? He said "Yep, it's still there' it's just 115 acres, too." Exaggeration; as I told you in my last letter it had rained for 6 months here and as the people could not get out into the fields, the weeds were something fierce. Well, it quit raining the day after I got here and we have been doing "some work" ever since. If Dr. Keiler asked me now what muscles are used in hoeing, I surely could tell him, for they ached so for a few days, I had no trouble picking them out. And sunburn! A few days after I got out into the field I could just pull the hide from my left ear in pieces over one square centimetre in size. But this is the sort of life I promised myself while exams were on, and I'll tell you it's glorious to come home at night so tired that one can hardly stand up straight; physically tired, not just played out like one gets to be at mental work -- and to know that you can go to bed as soon as you've had your supper and that books -- as far as you are concerned -- can be -- well, we mustn't use any naughty words. And how one does relish three square meals a day!

Haven't shaved since I've come home -- not since you last saw me. My beard is doing fine, too; practically all the colors of the rainbow are represented and I know that you will be delighted to know that red predominates. Personally, I'd prefer some darker shade; but I am so glad you are partial to red. I mean to let it grow for another month or so, but I don't want to be too positive about this, for I do not know just how much longer my sisters will put up with it. I have been getting gentle hints all along, but have managed to evade any serious trouble until this morning. Just a while ago one of my sisters told me that her married sister told her that her husband refused to shave this morning; he said that as long as Joe (that's me), a single man, could go around with a full beard on, he couldn't

see why he, a married man, had to shave. I think he was off his base, don't you? Both his premise and his reasoning are wrong; why, anybody can see why a married man hasn't any business running around with a face like a hairbrush! He shaved, just the same and so this time I guess it'll pass; but you can easily see that should he refuse flatly (very unlikely; I know my sis), the matter promises to become more or less international and I may have to hone up my "safety", and let the right of "eminent domain" prevail.

I was certainly sorry to hear about Miss Schanka's having to quit training under such circumstances. Too bad. Fred?!? Say, how come you to use such intimate terms in referring to him -- the whole family isn't in love with him, is it? Anyway tell Miss Watson, I said it was muy triste, (pronounce mooy trees-teh) very sad.

I did not stop to congratulate you on being on duty on private floor -- you moved around so fast I am sure this will find you somewhere else. In some respects, I suppose it is preferable to be moving around like that -- it's a change anyway. Then, again, one would rather know "whereabouts he is at."

Yes, I guess old Dave Crockett did miss me; and so I guess would you, if you were in his shoes. I left owing him five dollars. But I must say, though he did not owe me anything, I miss him too, ugly as he is. I haven't missed Bursey or any of those wonderful kids -- or grandmas -- as yet. I wonder how he feels now; I know how he ought to feel, but since we have "resolved" not to use strong terms, I shall refrain from articulating.

We have done a good deal of fishing since I've come home; my part in this is chiefly confined to disposing of the fish after they have been fried.

Hail Intermediate!! Wish I wasn't as far away from civilization, I would like to congratulate you in person and would like to help you -- in some modest way -- to celebrate the occasion; but as it is, I will have to content myself with telling you that you certainly deserve to be complimented on the way you have gone through your first year; only a limited number can stay a year and still command and merit such respect and admiration. Your people ought to feel proud of you; I do. Here's wishing you two more years, happier and more profitable than even this first.

And say, isn't Nasche going ever to finish those pictures? Or are you to blame? With Best Wishes.... Joseph Kopecky

Army Y.M.C.A., Texas City, Texas, August 2, 1914... My Dear Friend: I am sorry to hear that you have been ill; your work is hard enough for a well person, so it is no wonder that you got a little bit grouchy. I hope you are all right now: you forgot to tell me whether you

were any better, but from your handwriting I could tell that you still were somewhat depressed. Didn't know I could interpret your mood by the way you wrote, did you? More than that: I can tell your character -- can tell you just what kind of a human you are. Sounds uncanny, doesn't it? Well, it's a fact; it's some fun, and there's a great deal of truth in it. Now, wouldn't you like to learn the science?

I know how you felt when you got your fingertip caught under that bedspring the other day. Yesterday morning while I had my finger on the sharp rim of our water barrel, Sam dropped a hundred-pound block of ice on it. You ought to see me grit my teeth! I caught my finger right across the root of the nail and must have contused the whole thickness of my finger some, my nail turned blue at once. I could hardly sleep last night, it pained so; this morning I diagnosed the case and decided the pain was due to a haematoma under the nail, so I cut right thru the nail and you ought to see the blood spurt! As soon as I relieved the tension it quit hurting. Some doctor, yes?!

I meant to come over last night and take you to hear Crentone's band, celebrate the anniversary of our acquaintance, but it looked so much like rain I decided to postpone it.

Sister had an ingrown toenail removed and so will not be able to come this week. Well, business before pleasure. I accept your challenge in regard to the swim, and if you don't get some more of my nights this week, it will be your own fault. May be down tomorrow or Tuesday.

Isn't this new war some concentrated hell -- More about that later.

Mail's going out, so ta-ta. Sincerely, Joseph Kopecky...

9:30 p.m. Aug. 27, 1914,.. Did you just deliberately "stand me up", or is there a misunderstanding somewhere? K."...

And so the year ends sort of like it began, with doubts. The relationship, like most, has a certain number of misunderstandings and obstacles to be overcome before it can go forward. Sometimes this is when we say "when" and move on to the next or we try one more time and maybe let our feelings be known just a little bit.

Chapter 18 - During his Internship

About a week goes by since the last letter in the book. By the tone of the next one it appears some stronger feelings are starting to appear...

"Army YMCA, Texas City, The Hottest Place in Texas - No Date -- What's the use? (Sept. 4, 1914). Dear Miss Willis: Oh, that ring? Too bad you lost the pirate's ring; but why should you worry, is he anxious about it? You just tell him any time he gets too zealous in looking for the ring or its owner, he will be even more anxious to find a good doctor shortly after that --- yes, the ring is lost, all right; lost as far as you are concerned, but not lost in the sand. I know where to look for it.

I have been working so hard this summer, the general secretary decided he would let me have a little more time for recreation, so now I am off duty in the afternoon and he stays here; in the morning he stays at home and I am on duty. Yesterday afternoon I thought I'd get out of camp and enjoy myself, but the only place one can go to here is the prairie so I started for the prairie, but I hadn't gone but a mile before a cavalryman came galloping up to warn me that I was getting into the line of fire. I wasn't any to anxious to try to stop any of those steel-jacketed bullets, so I pulled out toward the gulf. It was so all fired hot, I decided to walk up the beach about two miles and go in swimming. I had a pretty good swim, but the sun scorched my bare arms so that I feared I might have to seek some cooling lotions. No evil effects so far.

Today the general secretary will have to stay at home in the afternoon; he is married; his wife has a Sunday School class at some church and this afternoon is going to entertain the class and she needs her husband at home to grind the ice cream freezer, so he was on duty in the forenoon and I was off. I tried for two hours to find a place to rest or to read, but everywhere I went, there was some pest to disturb me. As a last resort, I took to the prairie, but I didn't get very far before I noticed the coffee-weeds all about me fairly bristling with mean-looking snub-nosed guns and bayonets and soldiers' beards. I beat it back to the building and for the rest of the morning tried to keep off the flies and keep on my religion. One proved about as unsuccessful as the other.

The Galveston YMCA sent their "checker-sharks" last night to play our men. They played 16 games and our men beat them every game. They needn't try to beat our men -- playing checkers and smoking is all our men do. The older men smoke because of habit, the younger ones smoke so as to save up a lot of those pretty pennants now put up in all the up-to-date cigarettes. They send these pennants to their girls. So you see, it's women -- woman's vanity -- that fosters this habit on these poor innocent (!?!) boys.

Our status quo (what does that mean?) remains unchanged except for flies and hot weather. Both of these are on the increase. If h-ll is much hotter than these last three days were, I am strongly in favour of "being

good." Also, while the present legislature is in session, I think it might be well to petition it that the further manufacture of flies be suspended, for a time at least, for the output seems greatly to exceed the demand.

If I have my way about it, I'll see you Monday night. Shall do my best to hold up the moon till then. Con Amor. (With Love) Joseph Kopecky"

The above letter was written in 1914, the letter below was October 1915. In-between this time, Dr Joe completed his medical school, graduated from his class, (3rd), and passed his State of Texas board exams for a license to practice medicine. He also accepted an internship at John Sealy Hospital in Galveston to further his education and complete more of his training. During this time they had to be especially carefully for interns and nurses in training were not to date.

"Nurses' Home, Oct. 2, 1915 - Dear Dr. Kopeckskie: When the candy came I was thinking about you, for someone was playing Humoresque, which always brings thoughts of you. Today I've been radiantly happy -- not one gloomy moment, and the thought the "J.K." brought completed the day's happiness. I wish the pendulum wouldn't swing back.

Thanks beautifully -- I are -- BW -- Miss Watson carried this all day Sunday -- nevertheless, you shall get it."

"Interns' Den, October 5, 1915 - Dear Golda: It seems an age since I have seen you, but the fact is that I have been so busy since Saturday noon, I hardly knew what to turn to next. It seems that these labor cases, emergency operations, and kindred blessings have a tendency to come in bunches and only stop when one is ready to drop from sheer loss of sleep and exhaustion.

I hope your happy mood persisted. Really the time for you to discard that case is drawing so near, it is time for you to begin rejoicing; you know you won't have time to do so when you get on duty again. Con Amor, JK"

" December 18, 1915 - Dear Dr. Kopeckskie -- Have you forgotten all the worries and distress associated with an MD's life? It's a shame for me to remind you when you are enjoying pastoral quietness and peace of mind once again. It's a shame, but a temptation, for me to relate operating-room tragedies, but you know I know nothing else to tell you, and I have a very strong impulse to write to you.

Have come off for my afternoon at 2:30. Left poor Miss Hamlett and Miss Watson cleaning up after the morning's hurricane. We had one of the usual busy, "shirt-losing" -- pardon please -- times. Wag was at the suture table having a chill from fright and the rest of us were aimlessly bounding through space wondering what Miss Johnson would get us for next. About the second lap, there were four. Miss Johnson had me "scrub

up" and help Wag out since she was in dire need of a sedative and couldn't assist at two operations at the same time. Of course I was peeved and at a disadvantage, since I knew nothing about the table and sutures, so we made a complete mess of everything. I would step on Wag's corns and she would get her sutures wrapped around my neck, while Miss Johnson would stamp her feet and scold us, neither of us listening to either her or the doctor. I gave Dr. Lee a piece of chromic one and one half yards long. He told me to make the next one a little longer, at the same time winking at me through the hole in his mask. I felt like "biffing" him, but I grinned a little and ran over Wag's corns again. Finally Miss Johnson relieved of her nervous strain by pouring her wrath upon our defenceless heads, left us at the beginning of the last mess and went out to dinner. I trust she digested the dinner better than we did ours at 2 p.m.

As soon as I wash my hair and it dries I'm going to meet Mess Anderson in town and forget all my afflictions. If I did what I ought to do I'd stay at home and sleep. I hope you spent last night more pleasantly than I did. I took supper with the night nurses and drank coffee. The consequence was that I didn't get sleepy till the six o'clock bell rang. Never again!!

Sunday -- 6:45. Time to meet you. I guess the cold rain and gloomy appearance of out-doors makes me feel lonesome, for I'm most awfully depressed in spirit. I'd kinder like to see you more than most any one I know.

Watson is laughing at me because I'm writing so soon. I told her I was answering yours that is coming. If it doesn't come this will never go, then you will not know I assumed that you'd write. You promised that you would anyhow, but one doesn't find much time to write while spending holidays at home. I am wishing for this rain to quit before it gets to your country so that you will have a thoroughly enjoyable time. The wind is roaring like fury outside, but the room is warm and cozy. I slept all afternoon except the time spent in making a laundry bag. Many wonderful reforms are being made in the laundry system since all the laundry women have secured a white suit and three suits of underwear for each of their husbands, not mentioning the wonderful array of garments smuggled for their lady-folks. There is a fat red-faced female, resembling a medieval executioner, who is supposed to be head laundress. She informed one of the orderlies that she was a graduate nurse from Charity Hospital. She must have finished in 1890. So cheer up about the laundry proposition, we'll have excellent service. Maybe you'll be able to keep your only white suit.

I don't know what the interns or any one else outside our little peeklo(?) are doing. Can't say how well Weimers is filling your place. I do know that he isn't attending to one little phase of your duties here.

Monday -- nothing to tell you -- just work -- weary limbs and stupid minds. Duty lasted from 7 a.m. till 7:30 p.m. today.

Tuesday -- why don't you write to me? It seems like a month since you went away. Well, will the 30th ever come? We are anticipating a merry Christmas with bacteriology lectures every day during the entire holiday season. Tomorrow work begins on the old operating room and the X-ray room is col. will serve as the emergency O.R. for colored people. I sutured in U.H. this morning. For a wonder the old rascal was fairly pleasant. Thursday Miss Hamlett leaves. I don't see how I can take her place. I wish I could drop out of existence and become an insensible element. I told Miss Johnson to ask Miss Shackford to give me a job of sweeping, mopping or some irresponsible work, I don't care what.

Wednesday night -- no letter yet -- very well you shall never see this. I'll put it in the wastebasket and play like I didn't think about writing. You are not sick are you? If you are, I don't mean a word of reproof. I hope you are not having trouble with that neck of yours. I'm sorry if you are sick. If you are not sick and don't write tomorrow you'll not hear from Willie soon. Good night."

"Taiton, Texas, 17 miles from Nowhere - December 22, 1915. -- My Dear Golda: I was disappointed in my calculations in one respect. I found out I could not phone to Nada, as I had intended to do, for the line was out of order. So, after coming to Garwood Saturday morning, I walked to Nada, 3 miles away. I could have taken a ride with some of the farmers, if I had cared to wait an hour or two; but, contrary to my expectations, it did not rain here, and the sunshine and bracing atmosphere looked so tempting I thought it would be more fun to walk. Moreover, I know too well that every self respecting Bohemian farmer is supposed to commune with John Barleycorn (a "brand" of liquor) before he leaves town on Saturday, and this was hardly the company I cried for. After I got to Nada, I took dinner with the Dr. there, an old schoolmate of mine, and after dinner he took me home. I took the people by surprise; of course, they did not expect me that early.

You would be amazed, and I am afraid alarmed, to see how quickly I can revert to the primitive status quo as far as occupation, appearance and language are concerned. Of course, I haven't shaved since I have come home. What's the use? This stiff wind bites my face bad enough without my making it any more tender and susceptible by shaving. Now as for the occupation, my people have only recently -- 2 weeks ago -- moved into their new home, and everything is still in more or less chaotic state; there's very much to be done, and hardly anyone to do it. The only grown brother and sister at home teach school and this does not leave them much time for anything else; all the younger children go to school, so only mother and the hired help remain at home. Mother has all she can do attending to the regular routine, and I suppose you know it would be rather risky to turn over to hired hands the arranging of an entirely new place, so I find plenty to do, and the only difficulty is to decide what to tackle first. I learn that one can fool away a day here as easily as at the

hospital; one can work like a blue streak all day long and have amazingly little to show for it at night.

The first thing I did after getting warmed up, was to convert a hog into homemade sausage. Sister thought that because of my profession, I oughtn't to mind the disagreeable part of the work. Yesterday I took a load of turkey gobblers to the market; I also laid out a ditch. Doesn't this sound like Ezra Hayseed's diary?

Ever since coming home I've had to listen to the never ceasing singing of praises to my youthful nephew and namesake; to listen to my brothers and sisters telling it, you'd think he was the most accomplished 1 and 1/2 year old that ever filled the morning stillness with ungodly squalling; yea, a 7 headed wonder. Sister and he were away visiting and, really, I could hardly wait long enough to get to see the prodigy; they came back yesterday and my curiosity is satisfied. He (Joe Miller) is a bright kid, but not alarmingly so; anyway, all of his relatives seem to think so much of him, I think I shall hang back and if I don't pass some mild criticisms on the shape of his ears, head, or something like that, I shall at least remain silent and desist from singing his praises. Contrariness, of course.

The other two boys and girls away for home will not come until Thursday. Sister -- the one at home (or rather, one of those at home) -- wrote them yesterday and left them under the impression that I wasn't coming home until after they did; Thursday, when they come to El Campo, I'll be there to meet them.

My neck is about well; it drained (the wound did) very profusely for two days, but now it heals so rapidly I took away the dressings this afternoon. Oh, yes! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself for not letting me have the gauze I begged you for Friday afternoon; I finally got it from Miss Dearing just before I left. I had a good notion to leave without it and die here in the wilderness from lack of proper dressings, just to make you feel mean; I had my doubts, however, as to whether my passing into innocuous oblivion would have the desired effect on you, and I'd hate to die in vain.

Golda, I can hardly tell you how much I appreciate that picture. I have often wondered whether you would let me have one of those; Miss Watson showed me one last summer and I liked it very much -- thought I pretended to look very indifferent at the time, as I can prove by Miss W.

Take time to let me hear from you and don't forget to include all the recent happenings and gossip. Is Joe Blanchard dead? Has Miss Watson fallen from grace, taken to cussing, yet? Who is the next martyr in O.R.? With love, Joe."

"John Sealy Hospital, December 23, 1915 - You saved yourself from the wrath to come. The letter came in the nick of time. "Twas a good long one and the first glance at it appeased my anger.

Of course you had to walk a little. I knew you would if you had to stop the train a few miles from the station and tramp in. However, I'm glad that there were only three miles and that you didn't have a relapse in your carbuncle. Didn't you get that gauze? I was teasing you and was under the impression that Miss Hamlett was waiting on you. Sorry!!

I'd speak to the lady about neglecting you if she were here but she is on the chuchu by now. She finished at 2 p.m. went away leaving Miss Watson and me, two helpless mortals without a mama. The operating paraphernalia is distributed all over the campus now. If there should be an emergency we would never get together and find all the keys much less the instruments, etc. I shudder at the thought. Wattie is sick, too sick to be on duty but she will not stay off. Dr. Story is leaving tonight -- she is sad as well as sick.

There are three nurses off duty. Miss Lenoir and Miss E. Anderson have high temp and bad colds, and Miss Dennis has appendicitis. Edith has been off all week. She succeeded you in room # 3. By the way, Miss Dearing has an infected thumb caught it from you too. She keeps formentations on it but continues to work. Several more are sick but can't afford to take time for treatment. I'll inquire about your patient in the morning. Saw Hendrick today but he seemed to be so busy that I darned not to detain him. Weimers asked Miss Wilkins to get your address from me that he might send your mail to you. I said I thought you lived some where in Texas, is it in Texas?

So you've receded to the primitive. You ought to be ashamed to go around looking like a prickly pear bush. How do you think your mama and sisters can tolerate you? Please shave before you come back because I don't think a beard would be becoming to you.

Oh, I was frightened a moment ago. Clay came over to bring me a key and I thought there was an emergency. I didn't see how I could drag my poor tired feet over there. Believe I'll cry tonight. I feel well in tune. Wonder if Mother Gooie is tearing tonight. She was greatly disturbed about something Miss Clay had done. She said, "I declare, Miss clay acts with as little discretion as any one I ever knew." Bing says hello to you. Everyone predicts she will be the next victim for O.R. No one as yet.

We are going to have a party tomorrow night. Will you come? There will be a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus -- one merry round of joy. Every little package or token of remembrance that comes to me tends to make me a little more homesick. Every one tells me that they are sorry that I'm down here from home and kindred but they expect me to be with them next Christmas. I'm wondering how I can be so many places at the same time and wonder, too, if I won't be farther away than ever and more

lonesome. The singing in the parlor reminds me that I must go and practice with the girls for singing hymns Christmas morning.

I wish you a Merry Christmas -- with Love, Golda....

Galveston, December 24, 11:30 p.m., 1915 - My Dear Dr.
Kopecky: While the party continues I'll steal away and write to you. I've been so anxious to write all day but fate decided that I should not. I had an afternoon today subject to call; however, I had come off and had undressed when we had an emergency. This kept us till 7:15 when we had to "doll up" for the party, etc. etc., etc. The party was about as usual, maybe a little more entertaining. You are never here at our Christmas celebration. Next year you will stay for it, won't you? I wished that you were here tonight not to be bored, of course, but you would enjoy dancing with Miss Roberts and standing under the mistletoe (is that the way to spell it?) with Miss Curry, wouldn't you? The mistletoe we had tonight had lost its charm for Wag and Hadde sat under it twenty minutes without any results.

Today at 2 p.m. my heart and respiratory organs failed me for a while and Miss Watson was about to resort to strychnine and atropine all because Hedrick bought a wee little package to me. I have not recovered entirely from the surprise yet and must say I'm speechless with gratitude for your remembering me so kindly. Did Watson tell you how I admired ivory or did you just guess: She will not tell me the truth any more. She also got an ivory set - mine is prettier -- and we have our room decorated tonight. I adore it and if you had presented it in person I'm afraid I would have squeezed your poor sore neck too hard. It's too pretty for me and far more than I deserve. There's no use of my gushing about it for you know I like it because it's pretty and useful and because you gave it to me.

The party people are saying good night which I'm glad to hear. The poor boys are lying to beat the band about the most enjoyable time they had -- I believe they did relish the refreshments.

Watson has come from the office and is now writing to Broad-Face. I'm chattering so much that she can't write what she intends so she has flatly told me to "shut up" three times. My feelings are nearly hurt. She thinks she can be "sassy" just because she has a special delivery stamp to put on Broad Face's letter.

I can't write now because she is talking. She tells me that the man we operated on is going to die tonight. I guess our efforts were in vain. Some one said today that Joe Blanchard had another perforation. I wonder if they will operate again. One of the typhoids - Mike something -- has diphtheria. Did you know him?

It's Christmas morning and Watson's getting ready for slumber and I shall follow immediately. Five more days till the thirtieth. Lovingly, Golda.

Sunday, December 26, 1915 - Hello! Did you have a merry time yesterday? I feel like I got on a drunk but I didn't - honest I didn't. Did you? You had a good homemade dinner, however, and I am betting on your appetite.

For once during the history of Sealy Hospital, Dr. Thompson didn't operate Christmas Day. Therefore Miss Johnson dismissed us early and I took dinner with the Misses Sister out in town. 'Twas a treat to get away from this place for a while and enjoy the comforts of a home. Before I came home Miss Sister and I walked about two miles so you may be sure I was a little tired when I reached home.

I fell asleep at 5 p.m. and Miss Watson succeeded in arousing me at 9 p.m. She would call me and tell me to write to you -- she was writing to Story -- but last night I wouldn't have communicated with my great grandfather in heaven.

Today seems like Monday. We worked as hard as on any Monday I know. Dr. Lee operated at 9:30. The patient was Billy bush's wife. Dr. Thompson couldn't let Dr. Lee beat him so he persuaded his wife to come out and let him operate on her. He finished at 12:30. Everything was so turned up and the floors so dirty that we did general housecleaning till 4:30. We had to lie on the floor to reach under the sterilizers to scrub the smut on the floor. Miss Johnson's and my uniforms were so "potty" that it was hard to tell whether we were plumbers or road hands. Nevertheless we will have a nice clean house to work in tomorrow. There are three cases ordered up from Wd. T. Old Jimmy makes emergencies out of any case now. He is taking up a carcinoma of the lip which could have been done a month ago or could wait awhile longer I am sure.

Gooie has just paid us a short visit. She is wild with ecstasy over the fact that Dr. Lee gave her a hypo for Christmas. She is also very happy because someone gave her a silk petti-skirt and a pair of silk hose. She said she was expecting a diamond from Harry and got a box of candy. She seemed very well pleased, however. I speak of Mother Gooie because I know you are very much interested in her and anxious to hear about her...

You were thoughtful indeed to see so far ahead of time that I get some candy Christmas. When I saw it I was very curious to learn where it came from and when I saw the JK you didn't write the JK either -- I was about ready to rejoice for your return but I immediately had an afterthought. What a shame to waste another sheet of paper when I haven't any more to say...

Don't become too much engrossed by your rural pursuits and forget to come back home. Much love and best wishes, G.W."

"Taiton, Texas, Dec. 28, 1915 - My dear Golda: I suppose you did feel neglected when my letter failed to come for such a long time, but

do you know that was the first chance I had to mail a letter? Mail come here just occasionally -- three times a week, I believe, and then my people have to go two miles to the P.O. early in the morning to get their mail off. I don't see how people can live here.

Well, it's highly to the interest of Weimer's health to leave that particular phase of my duty neglected; if he tries to attend to it, and I find it out, you'll have a chance to lay out a few of those dangerous periosteal elevators, trephines and such other instruments as may be necessary for raising depressed fractures of the cranium -- not to mention those plates and screws necessary for the union of fractures of long bones. However, I don't think it is likely that Wiemers could be induced even to speak to a girl; he blushes profusely even when he just thinks a girl is looking at him.

I thoroughly enjoyed your letters ----. Somehow, I always do have to smile when I think of Miss Wagner at the suture table; if you want to know my mental picture, just imagine the statue of Liberty enlightening the world as having her hair tied up in gauze and holding a large retractor instead of the torch and you have it. It just occurred to me that Jimmie had better be careful about "cussing out" Miss Wag in the presence of the seniors; ...His ideas are dangerously heretical; thus he thinks that the profs are just ordinary mortals and should be treated as such, and if caught in fault or error, should have their attention called to their sins and shortcomings, by students if necessary. His reputation began, when, as an unsophisticated freshman, he suggested to Dr. Clin, in the presence of the whole freshman class duly and legally assembled, that if he (Dr. C) cut out his R.S. and tend to his business, the freshmen might learn a little Pharmacy. I don't remember now whether he expiated for this by contritely taking a make-up the next fall or whether he had to repeat the course his soph. Year. His reputation became established on a firm and permanent basis in his soph. Year when he exercised much independence and more poor judgement by pulling down from his lofty pedestal the austere and severely dignified Dr. Randall. This Declaration of Impudence he paid for by repeating the course the next year. So you will now understand that any acute exacerbation of Jimmie's senile dementia -- such as an apostrophe in the profane addressed to the Statue Holding the Big Retractor -- may suddenly arouse Hadde's sense of gallantry as well as that of independence and some of the heavier instruments may become ruined and Jimmie's days may become short in the land and his daily haunts may know him no more. Jimmie ought to be warned, but hanged if I do it.

My youngest brother, Lodya, and myself went to El Campo Thursday to meet Jerome, Alba and Vlasta (get that down, I dare you). We got to town just as the train was pulling in; we hurriedly hitched our team to a post and hastened to the train. Imagine our disappointment when none of our people got off the train. A short while later, we got a telegram to the effect that they missed the train at Houston and would come on the next train -- 8 hours later... I had a good notion to get drunk, just to see what Lodya would do, but I thought he might not mind it and you might

find out about it, so I refrained. We spent most of the 8 hours walking up and down the R.R. track chunking at the telegraph poles with rocks and going to the different parts of the town in quest of the interesting or exciting scenes and sights we knew were not there. The moon rose about the time the train got in and so we had a comparatively pleasant 17-mile drive after all. We got home just at midnight and roused the whole house by singing a "rag" when we got near the house. Cyril beat us home by a few hours by coming home unexpectedly from a different direction.

Since last Saturday, so much company has been coming and going, I've had to stay shaved all of the time and dressed up in holiday togs a part of the time -- but I gave up with ill grace and only after a hard fight. What's the use of going home if I have to stay clean and shaved nearly all the time I stay here?

Two more days and I'll get to see you; I guess I ought to be ashamed of wanting to leave here, but I am counting the days - not because I love Caesar less, but because I love Rome more. I will likely not get to see you till the morning of the 31st, as I'll get to Galveston after 10 p.m. on the 30th. I may get in sooner if I can manage to leave El Campo on the early train, but this is unlikely, as it leaves at 10:30 a.m. Anyway, you'll know I'm in soon after I get there. With love, J. "

He drops Golda a note, May 20, 1916, with best wishes for her birthday. He then goes on to comment the Cactus (the University of Texas annual schoolbook) is a sad affair. He writes... " ...I would hardly care to have it taken as typical of my wishes, but it's the only kind you can get and contains some faces you might want to look at once more a few years from now."

Being in the same place at the same time met the need for writing was much less, thus the lack of letters between them at this time. This was their last correspondence noted in the "Letters" book between them till July of 1916. This is after he finishes up his internship and decided to go into private general practice in El Campo.

Chapter 19 - A General Practitioner

“Dr. Passmore was to have stayed with me for ten days to introduce me to his former patients and to teach me to run the car he sold me. (I knew nothing whatsoever about automobiles; if I had known anything at all about cars, I am sure, I would never have bought his R. C. Hupp!) Passmore did introduce me to some of his former patients but after three days decided he would have to look after his own new practice at Corpus Christi, and left me to my own fate. Before leaving, he gave me a few lessons in automobile driving. My own feeling was that I needed a lot more training than he gave me. This feeling was justified by subsequent events. The next few weeks, my car had to be pulled out of the ditch quite a number of times before I developed sufficient co-ordination between my mental facilities and my muscular system to enable me to keep it in the middle of the road and to turn corners properly. The fact that my car proved to be an antiquated wreck did not make it any easier for me. The condition of the car and my ineptitude as a driver combined to furnish the mechanic I patronised with a steady income for nearly half a year.

Before leaving, Passmore also took me around to some of his patients and introduced me as his successor. Among the prospective patients were about ten pregnant women. All in all, I had enough work to keep me busy from the very start and at the end of the first month, found that my income was sufficient to pay for all my current expenses and leave some cash in the bank.

My first obstetrical case was in the family of a lawyer and friend of mine, Mr. George P. Willis. Mrs Willis was a teacher in the county about twelve years earlier, when I also taught school in Wharton County. The first baby I delivered in practice was a girl and was named Hally Dawn. The delivery and the subsequent course of the mother and baby uneventful enough not to cause me any concern. This, unfortunately, could not be said of my second obstetrical case, for it caused lots of worry and trouble.

The second case was in the family of Mr. A. B. Turner, my landlord. His wife was well up in her thirties and pregnant for the first time. Her husband was a good deal older than she was and she did not seem to be very much in love with him. She was of a highly introverted, almost schizophrenic type of personality and submitted to the usual prenatal examinations and routine rather reluctantly. However, everything seemed to be getting along fairly well until after she went into labor about the 10th of August. It so happened that the night she went into labor, I happened to be visiting Dr. John A. Halomick at Nada, about twenty miles north of El Campo. While Halomick, an old friend of mine whom I had not seen for many years, had come to see me earlier in the night and I drove him to Nada to see his trailer. We spent most of the night sitting up and reminiscing. Early next morning, a messenger came in, telling me about Mrs. Turner being in labor and imploring me to rush to her aid.

When I got to El Campo, I found out that, as is usual under those circumstances, the patient's relatives did not particularly appreciate my being out of town the night the patient went into labor. As is well known, most pregnant women and their relatives think it an unpardonable sin for their doctor not to be readily available during the last month or two, of the pregnancy. And some doctors are damned fools enough to try never to commit that sin! They seem to be flattened by the implication that of all the doctors in town, only they are fit to deliver Mrs. So-and- So's baby, and, therefore, must so arrange their lives as to be immediately available when the time for the blessed event arrives. Well, I never had such an exalted opinion of myself as an obstetrician as long as there were half a dozen other physicians available, I was not haunted by a sense of guilt when I left town at a time when, some of my patients felt that they were likely to go into labour "almost any day."

Anyway, I got back in plenty of time. The case was progressing very slowly and everybody, except myself, was rather impatient. Later in the afternoon, it became obvious that the case was one for forceps delivery; accordingly, I called old Dr. Redwine in and, with his help, the infant, a boy, was delivered without any other complications.

For about three days, everything seemed to go along fairly well. Then, the mother developed purulent vaginitis and became quite sick generally. On microscopic examination of the pus, I found gonococcus to be the causative organism. In those days, we had none of the specific drugs now available for the combating of gonorrhoea. The patient had a prolonged convalescence. The tension in the family did not make the situation any pleasanter. The husband, when faced with the facts, admitted that he had infected his wife with gonorrhoea some months previous to her pregnancy, but that he had been assured that she was cured of the condition and would never have any trouble from that source. For my own protection; I told the patient's mother about the cause of the patient's prolonged convalescence; she was very sensible and co-operative about it. But I soon found out that while it was fairly easy to control the situation as far as the patient's family was concerned, it was not so easy to keep the neighbours and the town gossips from speculating and talking. Unfortunately, at least some of my competitors, when asked by their friends or patients "Why does it take Mrs. T. so long to get well after her delivery?" Could not refrain from contributing their mite by saying, "Well, you know, that's what is likely to happen when a woman calls in a young doctor!" Under the circumstances, I could not say anything in my defence; I certainly could not tell what was really delaying the patient's recovery. Fortunately, the patient's family stood up in my defence and so counteracted at least some of the harm that was caused by the unfortunate situation. Nevertheless, some of my prospective obstetric cases became jittery and sent their husbands to ask me about the talk they had heard; to all such my advice was to talk to the patient's mother, and if they still were in doubt, by all means to go to some other doctor. Thus reassured, the husbands and their wives calmed down.

Being a bachelor, when I first got to El Campo, I arranged for board and room at the Trint House. When I first came there, only one, comparatively small room, located upstairs, was available. The phone was downstairs and every time there was a call for me, I had to make a trip to the first floor to answer it. This was quite inconvenient for the landlady as well as for me, especially at night. Some weeks after I came to the house, one of the boarders, Tom Melcher, got married and moved out and gave me a chance to take over his much more spacious and comfortable room with a southern (sun side and prevailing wind side) exposure. I had a telephone put in and thus I became much more comfortably situated.

The Trints were an elderly couple who originally came from Illinois. She was very obese and rather energetic. He was a thin, wizened old man of post sixty and considerably henpecked. Besides Melcher and myself, two schoolteachers, Miss Holecamp and Miss Robins, and a telegraph operator, a Miss Taylor roomed and boarded at the place. The Trints had an adopted son, Jimmy, 16 years old. We all soon got acquainted and had a congenial group which got along fine in spite of the occasional pranks that we played on each other.

Probably the worst feature of my work was having to go out into the country over the muddy roads. Most of the territory in which I practised was in a blackland belt in which the yearly rainfall was high and, when it rained, the mud, black and deep, seemed almost bottomless. There were no paved roads. The dirt roads were grades up and in fairly good condition as long as the weather was dry, but heavy rains promptly changed them into quagmires. The situation then got bad enough on the main roads, or "highways" (by courtesy), but really bad and unpredictable on the country roads, especially at night. As I was not very well acquainted with the country and the side roads, I always started out on such roads at night with the gloomiest foreboding - which, all too often, came true. Many a time, my car would sink in the soft, black mud up to the axles and I would have to spend hours jacking up the wheels and packing fence rails, or posts under the tires so that I might ride out of the bog. As I would have to get down into the mud to jack the car up, I was usually thoroughly covered with mud by the time I got through with the ordeal and out of the mud hole. The fact that I had never driven a car before I went to El Campo and had to learn about cars as I went out on these calls did not make things any easier. Furthermore, the old junk pile that Dr. Passmore unloaded on me under the pretext that he was selling me a second hand auto, it would very often get out of order, as it was of an obsolete model, I sometimes had to wait weeks before the parts necessary for repair could be obtained. At such times, I had to use my brother John's Ford, Model T. with all these difficulties to face, the transportation problem was no small one. Even in good weather, because of my inexpertness as a driver, every once in a while I would run off a culvert, through a fence, or into a ditch by the roadside.

When a young doctor - or a new doctor - comes into a community, he immediately becomes the subject for study and gossip by

at least a part of the community. Fortunately, he usually is not aware of the fact and only learns about it later. Also, because he is new, he is "on trial," and any little thing which, in an older doctor in the community, would escape notice altogether, may give rise to gossip that may act to the new doctor's disfavour. I shall confine myself to relating two such instances.

Shortly after I moved into my office, I had a carpenter named Francis do some work on the walls. After we got acquainted, he asked me to examine his wife. Examination showed a large mass in the pelvis that resembled a grand uterus of about a four-month pregnancy. The woman was in her late thirties and had only one child, a daughter about eighteen years old. After examining the woman, I told the couple that while a tumour would have to be considered, the most likely diagnosis was pregnancy. They exchanged glances, and I could see that my diagnosis did not get a warm acceptance. "Why, how could that be? We have not had a child for eighteen years!" one of them exclaimed. I told them that as the woman was still in childbearing age that would not rule out the possibility of pregnancy, but the best thing to do would be to wait a few weeks and re-examine the patient. If she were pregnant, the increase in the size of the mass would tell us that we were not dealing with a tumour; on the other hand, if she had a pelvic tumour, there would not be much change in size. With that, I left the patient's house. The next day, her husband came in and paid the fee. I was not called to see the patient any more and had forgotten about her until about five months later, one of my friends stopped me on the street and good-naturedly said, "You are some doctor; why, you can't even tell a tumour from a pregnancy." I asked him what he meant, and he told me this story:

After I had left the Francis' home after talking to them on the occasion mentioned above, the couple thought my diagnosis so absurd, that they had a hearty laugh over it. The more they talked about it, the funnier it seemed, until it got to look so funny, that it was too good to keep to themselves. They just had to tell their neighbours about the new doctor's diagnosis, so that they, too, could have a good laugh over it. The gossips in that part of the community, of course, did their duty and the new doctor, blissfully unaware of it, became the laughing stock of that part of the community.

However, the "tumour" continued to grow and, ten days, or so before the friend mentioned the above stopped me on the street, Dr. Gray, a former college mate of mine, was called into examine the patient. But, before he made the examination, the couple told him about my absurd diagnosis of some four and a half months earlier, so that he too could have a laugh. Dr. Gray then made the examination and assured the couple that the correct diagnosis in the case was a fast growing tumour, which should be removed without further loss of time. As soon as the couple was told this, they decided that, since they were moving away from El Campo in a few days, they would dispose of all their furniture, then go to Houston for the operation and, after that, move to their new location.

The furniture was all sold and the patient was slated to go to Houston the next day for her operation. Only a couch was left in the house for the couple to sleep on that night. During the night, however, the woman became quite ill, Dr. Gray was called and when he was through with the case that night, the patient was the mother - I do not know whether proud, or not - of a healthy full term baby. Needless to say, the Francis family got very angry with me then and was only too glad to move out of town as soon as the mother's and baby's condition permitted. Poor Dr. Gray dared not show himself on the streets for several days. People were so tactless about joshing him about the "live tumour!"

As stated above, I was quite unaware about all the merriment at my expense while it was going on. Only after my friend told me the story did I stop to think that, after my diagnosis of pregnancy five months earlier, I did not get a single patient, or call, from that section of the community where the Francises lived.

The other experience had to do with a young man named Dewey Clampitt. Some weeks after I came to El Campo, the town was devastated by a whirlwind religious revival. The revivalist was one of the leatherhinged type, common those day - fortunately, not so common today - who invaded the town fully determined to save every sinner in town, whether the sinners liked it, or not. When he got through, many of the boys and younger men found themselves, not only saved, but harnessed into some sort of Sunday School, or church work. Then, as is always to be expected after the religious and emotional debacles of this type, the reaction set in, and many of the saved got unsaved again. Among others, the boy mentioned above. When he got to me, he had a virulent case of gonorrhoea that he got in the Negro section ("Oxblood") of our town. As he was something-or-other in the Sunday School of his Church, he was so ashamed of his plight that he neglected his condition until his testicles became involved and then, instead of going to his family physician, he came to me. I prescribed some medicine and sent him home. That night, he had fever, so his mother, a widow, called their family physician, Dr. Redwine to see him. To protect the boy Dr. Redwine told the mother that the boy had malaria. Whether it was the doctor, or the family that told the neighbours that the boy had seen me and I had missed the diagnosis, I do not know; anyway, there I was in hot water again without any chance to defend myself. It just would not have been "ethical" for me to tell the truth in self-defence!

But, I am sure, that such experiences, of which there were more, are the lot of every young physician starting in practice, or, at least, they were those days. In spite of the fact that I had bought my practice, and so was really taking over a practice, and so was really taking over a practice vacated by another physician, at least some of the physicians already in El Campo made up there mind that I was not needed there and, if treated roughly at the start, could be frozen out and made to move somewhere else. In fact, as I learned later, when Dr. Gray learned that I was coming

into the town to practice medicine, he said, "There sure is going to be one doctor in this town starving before six months passes."

And he proved to be right; there was a doctor starving, but it happened to be himself. For in spite of the various vicissitudes and obstacles, my practice grew steadily, and from the very start, I was not only making expenses, but saving enough money to be paying my notes long before they became due. All of which, to my mind, proves that if you attend to your own business properly and do the very best you can, the evil that your enemies say about you, or do against you, cannot defeat you."

Chapter 20 - General Practice & Golda

“When it came to finances, I had my own ideas on that subject, ideas that, when put into practice, no doubt astonished some of my patients. I had made up my mind that I would pay all current expenses at the end of each month. To be able to do that, I would have to collect enough at the end, or shortly after the end of each month to cover such expenditures. Accordingly, on the last day of my first month in practice, I personally made out the statements for such of my patients as lived in town and personally called on them and handed them the statements with an air that was intended to convey the idea that I expected them to write out a check for the amount then and there. Though this might have been a novel idea to them, the majority responded as I expected. After two or three months, they got so used to the idea that they would probably have been astonished if I had not showed up with the statement of their indebtedness to me. I have never felt very sympathetic towards the physician who fails to get paid for his services; it's his own fault - " a labourer is worthy of his hire," says the bible, and I see no reason why, when dealing with people who are able to pay, a physician should be an exception to this maxim.

In those days, " the labourer's hire," when it came to physicians, was not very much, anyway. In town, the office calls were one or two dollars and house calls, if I remember right, about three dollars. Out of town calls were on the basis of dollar a mile in daytime and dollar and a half a mile at night. Obstetrical cases were fifteen dollars plus mileage. And even so, one had to compete with doctors who were willing to work half those amounts, or even less. But, on the other hand, my expenses were comparatively light, so I did not have a hard time making more than my expenses and meeting payments on my debts. In fact, after a few months, I felt I was getting along so well, I could afford to get married. I broached the subject to Golda, who, in the meantime had finished her training and was doing private nursing, but I failed to win her over to the idea. She felt that she wanted to make some money and complete her trousseau first. So we dropped the subject of matrimony for the time being.

Not all of my work was comprised of calls and obstetrical work; I had an operation to do every now and then, too. The minor operations I did in my office, or in the patients' homes; for the major ones I took the patients to the Caney Valley Hospital at Wharton, owned and managed by Dr. Green Davidson and his son Toxie Davidson. These doctors were very obliging in assisting me in the operations and in giving my patients postoperative care.

I got into major surgery unexpectedly one night I was called to a farm near Louise - about eleven miles away, - to see a woman who had been having severe internal haemorrhages. After studying her case, I told her that the only thing to do was to remove her uterus. After she and her husband had discussed the nature of the operation and the risk with me,

they decided they would have the operation done. I asked them where and by whom would they like to have the operation performed. Very much to my astonishment, the patient said that she would expect me to operate. Accordingly, I took her to Wharton in a few days; she survived the operation and, when she recovered, was so pleased with the results that she did not hesitate to tell her friends about me as a surgeon. Before long, I was doing appendectomies, hysterectomies, and other simple operations, but I was careful not to attempt the more difficult procedures. Such of my patients as required cholecystectomy or gastroduodenostomies I sent to Galveston, or Houston. The fees for operations, even in those days, were fairly good and thus helped to make up for the low fees for routine procedures.

In those days, I was so busy building up my practice that I did not have much time for anything else. On Sundays, as often as time would permit and the condition of the roads allow it, I would go home to my mother's place at Taiton. This was only about seventeen miles away, but when it rained, the dirt road could get into a terrible condition. On a few occasions, I took one of the teachers from our rooming house along with me on a country call, but one of my married friends and patients told me that, since it was generally understood that I was engaged to marry a girl from Galveston (actually from Graham), it was not a good plan for me to ride around with any of the local girls, and she advised me not to make it a practice. So I took her counsel and quit it. Anyway, what with night work and having to do a lot of such work as sterilising my dressings, gauze and other things needed in routine work, I did not have much spare time for social affairs and did not miss them. I had to concentrate on my practice.

When the end of December of 1916 came around, I had reason to feel fairly well satisfied with the results of my six months of effort. I had paid off my debt to Dr. Lee with the exception of One One Hundred-Dollar Note, and I could have paid that if it had not become necessary for me to buy a more serviceable car. About the middle of December, I made a call on an obstetrical case right in town. After I had delivered the patient, collected my fee and gotten into my car, the driving shaft broke for no good reason. That was the limit of my patience with the "Red Devil." The next morning, I went to one of the garages and bought a Chevrolet "490" demonstrator roadster for \$500.00; my first payment on it was somewhere around \$100.00. That ended my car troubles.

The New Year, 1917, brought new worries with it. One source of these was Golda's health. During most of her last year in training, she had a good deal of trouble with pain in her feet. When this got to the stage, where she should have had some expert medical attention, the superintendent of the Training School referred her to the Professor of Surgery instead of to a good diagnostician. The Professor diagnosed the case as "weak arches," or some similar condition, and offered very little in the form of treatment. After she finished her training about August 22, 1916, she found herself in such a run down condition that she thought it best to rest for a few weeks before going to work. The rest did some good,

but she did not get rid of the pain. She then went to work doing special duty at Graham and at Cleburne, practically all of it in the homes, and soon found out that her feet were as painful as ever. It was quite obvious from her letters that she was not getting along so well and was feeling discouraged. About February, 1917, I went to Cleburne to see her, but as I could only stay a day, did not get to learn much about the nature of her ailment, nor did I get a chance to do anything about it.

The other source of worry was the approaching war with Germany. By the time spring arrived, it was obvious that war was inevitable. The first week in April brought us into the conflict. About all we knew then was that we were at war with the central powers. Even intelligent people had the most vague notions as to what war would mean to us as individuals. As usual, the country was run by politicians instead of statesmen, and these were either utterly ignorant of the true state of affairs in Europe, or else saw to it that we were kept ignorant. I doubt if there was one person in a thousand who had even a remote idea as to what we would be required to put forth in men and equipment to win the war. As in all our previous wars, the country was utterly unprepared for it when we got into the conflict; unprepared from a military or psychological point of view. At the outset, it did not occur to us that more than a token army would be sent to Europe. Most of us thought that we would probably send over a few divisions, just so our flag would be seen on the battlefield. We had no idea that England and France were already bled white and that it would be up to us to supply not only material, but men by the millions before the war could be won!

Even after the conscription law - euphemistically called "draft legislation" - was passed we had the most naive notions as to how it would operate. Thus, even intelligent people had the idea that only those men who were hanging around not doing much of anything would be drafted into the army, and that those who had steady, useful occupations would continue at their tasks.

Map 6 Graham to San Antonio



But the awakening came rudely and fairly swiftly. The first draft included men between the ages of 21 and 31 years old. I lacked a few months of being 31. My number was not among the very first, but it was obvious that it would be called before the summer was over. However, I did not wait for that event. Late in the spring - or early that summer, I applied for a commission in the Reserve Medical corps, and before the end of July I had my commission. By mid-summer, those of us who were able to think, could see fairly well what we were up against and knew that practically all the able bodied, unencumbered, males between 21 and 31 would wind up in uniform within the next year.

My own education in this matter, as well as my feelings and reactions - hazy and vague at first, but becoming more and more concrete as the summer went on - are best reflected in my letters to Golda at that time. My mental processes, mirrored in these letters, were, I think, fairly representative of what was going on in the minds of other young men in my situation. In brief, information led to inspiration and this to determination and decision.

The first obvious result of these claims of the war upon me was, of course, a complete disruption of my plans for the immediate future. I would have to abandon the practice that I had just about built up, and would have to postpone my plans for matrimony indefinitely. The fact that I had no way of knowing when I would be called out added to the confusion and increased my mental unrest and, eventually, the lack of interest in my practice. It would probably be better to say that the situation was conducive to lack of interest in the work at hand, for I believe that I continued to fight this tendency to the very last and did not permit myself to neglect my patients. But, considering that for months I had to hold myself in readiness to be called out on a few hours notice, it must be obvious to anyone that it was not always easy to keep my interest in my immediate work at a peak.

Furthermore, as the people in the community knew that I was likely to be called out any day, they could not rely on my being available when I was needed - and they made their arrangements accordingly. That was particularly true where obstetrical cases were concerned. Never the less, I was kept fairly busy up to the time I was called out.

In the meantime, Golda's letters indicated more and more clearly that her condition was gradually becoming more disabling and that her pain and discomfort were gradually increasing. While the depressed note in her letters left no doubt about her getting worse instead of better, they left considerable doubt in my mind as to the real nature of her illness. Her joints seemed to have gotten a great deal more painful after she had been nursing a case of streptococcus infection and the inference was that she herself had contracted streptococcus infection and that this was causing her pain and discomfort. Finally, about the end of the first week in August 1917, I went to Cleburne to see just what the situation was and what could be done about it. Coming face to face with the facts in the case did not add

to my peace of mind; Golda was even more seriously ill than I had feared she would be.

Her disease proved to be rheumatic fever, a systemic disease that used to be known as inflammatory rheumatism in those days. While the disorder usually affect the joints, it quite often also causes inflammatory changes in the heart muscle, valves, endo and pericardium. At least in some cases, the infection starts as an inflammation of the tonsils. In Golda's case, the tonsils, the joint manifestations and the evidence of the inflammation of the heart valves were all present when I saw her on that trip in August.

I took her to Harris' Sanitarium at Ft. Worth and she had the diseased tonsils removed. She was to stay there for some time for the treatment of the other conditions. I went back to my practice and after she had stayed there for a few days, some well-meaning but unintelligent adviser talked her into going to Mineral Wells, Texas, for treatment by hydrotherapy and massage. The treatment there was so crude that she got enough of it in a short time and went on home, apparently thinking that improvement would come spontaneously as time went along. She did not seem to be getting much better. She went to stay with her sister Annie - Mrs. Chas. Donaldson - at Cleburne, Texas. But she did not feel any better there than she did at Graham or in Ft. Worth. Her letters indicated that not only was her physical condition not any better, but that she was becoming more and more depressed emotionally.

It was obvious to me that the only thing to do was to take her to some physician who would take proper interest in all the features of the case and would keep her under observation and treatment until the case was definitely on its way to recovery. Feeling that my former teacher and friend Dr. M. L. Graves in Galveston would be well qualified to take care of her, I urged her to go to the John Sealy Hospital and put herself under his management. This she finally consented to do, and on October 9, I met her train at Rosenberg and went with her part of the way. This arrangement contributed greatly to my peace of mind, for I knew that I was likely to be called out for military service almost anytime, and it was a great satisfaction to me to know that she would be properly taken care of in an environment that would be conducive towards keeping her properly encouraged and cheered up. I had to take a patient to Galveston after she had been there for about three weeks; I was convinced after I saw her then that she was at last in the right place and under the proper kind of management.

In the meantime, I kept waiting for my call and went on with my practice. Sometime the latter part of October, I had a communication from Austin informing me that I had failed to show up for draft when my time was up and wanting to know about it. As an officer in reserves I was not, of course, subject to draft, but, after this letter from Austin, I was not sure whether I was a draft evader, or just what my status was. Not knowing just what the dumbbells at Austin might do, I referred the matter to the War

Department at Washington D.C. for decision and received instructions to ignore the instructions from Austin and wait for further orders from Washington. A few days later, I got orders to report for duty at Ft. Sam Houston in San Antonio. Speedily I wound up my affairs at El Campo, ended the first chapter of my career as general practitioner and took the train for San Antonio and the Army. The train arrived in San Antonio about 9.30 p.m., and as it was Saturday night, I did not know whether I was supposed to report that night, or the next morning. I went down town and met some of my former schoolmates who were already in the army; they told me to wait till next morning to report."

This has given an overview of what it was like and what was going on. The next number of sections are from the letters they wrote back and forth to each other at this time. They give more description, more cases, and more events of what was going on and what it was like for them.

Chapter 21 - Starting up

In early July 1916 Dr Joe started his private practice in El Campo, Texas, and the letters started to flow between him and Golda. She had not yet finished her nurses training in Galveston, and once she did, did not feel well enough to stay in the area. She returned home to get some rest and take things from there. It was a combination of several factors that kept them apart and provided the stimulus for a steady flow of letters between them. In these letters we see how a small private practice was during these times, what the times themselves were like, and how some of the everyday events impacted on their lives.

" El Campo, Texas - July 2, 1916 - My Dear Golda: I started a letter last night but was so tired I did not make much of a job of it; and, anyway, I could not have sent it before 10:20 a.m. this morning, so I shall start all over again.

Did you fail to wake up by 6:20 or did I just fail to see your countenance? I looked for you but failed to see you.

Well, my first patient got here before I did; I found one waiting when I came. Neither you nor I guessed right; it was a very bad case of follicular tonsillitis. She did not look very promising so I decided not to operate right away. I told her she should take medicine for a time until the inflammation went down and then come back. One reason I did not operate was because I had nothing to do it with.

Dr. Passmore apologised for wiring Thursday; said he lost a day and thought Friday would be the first of the month. He met me at the depot in my car. The car is not so bad looking for a second hand red car; better than I expected. I don't think you would be ashamed to ride in it. It runs pretty smoothly too.

I found most of the things I ordered waiting for me over here and ordered my office furniture from one of the stores here. The furniture consisted of one table, 2 chairs with padded seats and one lounge, all in a kind of dark oak. I wish now I had brought my typewriter with me. I believe I will need it.

I went around with Dr. Passmore yesterday and met some of his patients. I do not call them my patients, as I feel pretty sure the fact that they were his does not necessarily imply that they will be mine.

I have not become adjusted yet, and altogether, I am afraid, I feel a bit blue this morning in spite of the fact that I had nearly twelve hours of sleep last night. The doctors already here seem to regard me with about as much jealousy as they usually do in towns of this size and some of them, at least, don't seem to be above doing some active knocking. If it is a fight they want, they shall have it; fight is my middle name. Only, I propose to use as my weapons square dealing and efficient service to my patients. However, Dr. Passmore and what friends I have already made here, seem

to be more optimistic than I am. Well, the die is cast and I mean, at least, to put up a good fight.

I fixed up my laboratory to suit my taste yesterday. I have practically all I'll need for such laboratory work, as I'll have to do here. There isn't another man in town can do that. That's some consolation. My microscope isn't here yet but I expect it tomorrow or the day after tomorrow...

July 3, 1916 - I went to church yesterday morning, took in the services and, more or less, chiefly less, listened to the sermon. A girl sang a tremulous solo and her voice quivered so that I was in distress all the time she sang. The superintendent of the Sunday School distracted my attention to such an extent that I was unable to follow the sermon. He is named Good. He looks it. He is a kind of fat, round-faced guy and during the sermon sits to the preacher's right, a little behind and about 5 feet away. He faces the preacher, through not squarely, and holds his head tilted to an angle of about 67 and 1/2 degrees and manages to keep a benignant expression on his face all during the sermon. (Had to stop here rather abruptly as Mr. Good came in with a specimen of his wife's urine -- she is one of my prospective labor cases.)

Last night I had to go 9 miles north of town on a very unpromising case. It is a woman in a rather badly rundown condition with a bad case of quincy. When I left El Campo there was a dark storm gathering up in the north and I just knew I was going to run right into the storm and wondered why the d_____ I didn't stay at Galveston. However, the storm never came and everything came off all right; I met one of my brothers at a dance at one of the calls along the way. I did not ask whether he had come there in the morning to Sunday School or not but I guess he did.

I must have lost at least ten pounds since you saw me last and feel as if I had lost about two hundred. Passmore tells me that I enjoy advantages that very few men starting out enjoy. Well, maybe so, but I don't see how a fellow could enjoy less advantages and live.

This morning we covered a good deal of ground meeting people and got caught in one rain. My car has good storm curtains on and so we did not get wet a bit.

Tomorrow they will have a grand celebration here ---- the Fourth. The weather is so unsettled, I am afraid the rain will interfere a bit with this celebration.

Wish I was back in Galveston and this was my night out. But I guess I might as well wish to be on the moon --- it's out of my reach --- and so are you...

This morning I woke up dreaming I was still at Galveston and that we had arranged to meet somewhere and everything got mixed up and we never got to see each other. I was very much distressed over the matter just before I woke up; when I opened my eyes it took a few minutes before I realized where I was, and then I came near exclaiming like that chorus girl did once upon a time. I continued calm, however, as I see it will be necessary for me to quit swearing; necessary, first, because it is essential to my self-respect and secondly, some of the people over here might not like it.

It rained hard yesterday afternoon and everything looked as if the Fourth of July celebration was doomed. This morning, however, the sun came up bright, the atmosphere is simply exhilarating and the roads are drying very rapidly. It is eleven a.m. and there are thousands of people here already so I do not think a little thing like yesterday's rain will be allowed to interfere with the screaming of the American Eagle. I expect to see some of the people from home. I meant to go home yesterday but the rain ruined that part of my plans. My married sister passed through here yesterday. I brought the kid into my office and seated him on my office table. He looked around and placed his stamp of approval on my arrangement by saying "Looks dood."

I told you I met Cyril at Jones Creek Sunday night. I asked him how John was getting along and he said John had just returned from a trip to Lavaca County -- that he was away in search of a wife and as he came back on bad tires and in bad humor, though nobody dared to ask him, it seemed pretty certain he did not have very much luck.

Went out this morning to see one of my patients, a Negro woman. She has what seem to be gummatous deposits under her skin, made a luetin on her this morning and, in the meantime, she gets cocodylate of sodium intravenously. She seems to have improved considerably. Dr. Passmore pointed out to me Negro patients of his that are good payers. She is one of them. The patient that called me out Sunday night rang for me again yesterday at noon but fortunately I was not in; I called the house at night and she was doing all right again.

I have three obstetrical cases under care now, but it will be some time before they come to term. In the meantime I want them to believe that it is essential that they report to me regularly, so that I may know all is all right. All three are from some of the best families in town, so you better bet I am going to pull them off in grand style. It is going to mean a great deal in the way of legitimate advertising.

(Later) I got your letter a moment ago -- the first one since I have come here. Too bad about your feet. I wonder whether you hadn't better consider quite seriously a vacation of a few weeks?

The "4th of July crowd" is in strong now. About a million of them. A small shower passed and scared them out of the park. A good

many of them are in the drug store now -- typical country couples enjoying their ice cream sodas.

I got my microscope today. It is all right too. I shall like it fine...

... received this morning your letter and was very glad to get it, too. I had just come into town after having all kinds of luck and needed some kind of booster.

Yesterday at 6:30 p.m. I went to see a patient about 8 miles north of here and afterwards started home. I am not expert enough yet to be able to drive without seeing the clutches and other dinky dorums, and just as I was to turn into a gate leading to my mother's farm, I got mixed up on clutches and as a sad result, had a devil of a time trying to get my car out of a ditch. After I had worked on it for about 15 minutes, my brothers happened along in a Ford and helped me out. I am afraid I injured the car some, as it would not run well this morning. As I had no time to fool with it, brother took me to El Campo, and the garage man went back with him to see about the car. He hasn't come in yet.

I did not get to bed until late last night, as we sat up till about 12:30 a.m. and talked. This morning I did not feel very spry but this has now worn off to some extent.

Well, I manage to get at least one patient a day; had two yesterday afternoon; a little boy with a boil to lance, and a little girl with oxyuris vermiculius or pin worms. This afternoon I had a Mexican with tuberculosis of the clavicle; he looks rather hopeless and I almost felt like I was robbin' him when I took his two dollars. As soon as I get through with this letter I am going out to take a complete blood count on a rather cranky but influential woman.

I got the much looked for blood counting apparatus from Sophomore Kemp thru today's mail. You'll remember, I had a hard time getting one and would have been willing to pay \$20 for one; I consider it pretty good luck when I got Kemp's with a letter stating he would take \$8 for his.

I did not get to tell many of the folks good-bye -- that was intentional, too. I did mean to tell Miss Babe and also Clay goodbye.

I am sending you a few Murdock tickets that you may be able to use. Don't care whom you take -- just so it isn't a young man"...

Dr Joe is starting to settle in now. He is starting to get into a routine. He and Golda start to write each other on almost a daily basis.

Chapter 22 - Golda's Training

Golda continues with her nurses training and still has problems with her feet. They are so sore at times she can hardly stand up. She writes the news to him on what is going on since he left.

... "Now I suppose the village doctor is helping make an audience at the village church. You didn't forget to hire the boy to call you out when the services were well begun did you? You must profit by all those tactful stunts of Jesse's that you learned from him. If the sermon is long and tiresome I'm sure you will be wishing for a call. Hope the weather in El Campo is cooler than it is in Galveston tonight. Somehow I imagine the churches there are stuffy and hot. Try to find a cool spot and preserve your collar and disposition.

I'm lying on the bed trying to write - that's why I'm making such a poor job of it. This pen is simply spoiling me. This time last night I was on the bed squalling. By the time Watson got home I was tuned up in good fashion. My feet were hurting more than usual since I hardly got one hour off duty so I just gave up for a while. She prettied me and sympathised greatly then the little scamp asked me "Is it your feet that hurt you so much?" I said "not altogether my feet" -- I acted dreadfully bad, but I shall not any more if I possibly can help it...

... Don't feel blue about your work for you will succeed. I know you will. It must be confusing to have so many things to do at the same time. I wish I were there to help you -- to be in your way perhaps. I don't feel the least doubt of your coming out victorious. But I do already pity those other old doctors their hunger when you take all their practice. You should worry about them!

Did you get a good boarding place where things like fish and sour kraut are unknown? Can't you have your typewriter sent to you? You had better have the "fiddle" sent too for you will forget all your accomplishments. Fay was over Saturday night to play for either Wag or Gooie, I never learned which. Each claimed a date with him. Anyway we know that he had an appreciative audience. The Stories go out t.i.d. (three times a day) now since Watson gets off in the morning also. Babe and I stay in more than most anyone here. I know Miss Clay thinks we are model girls.

A regiment of probes swept down upon us this week. There are skinny, lanky, fat, tall, angular and sloppy types. I'm very glad I'll not be responsible for any impressions that may be made on their tender minds. Curry was sent to Isolation to take Samuel's place. I don't care very much for it was impossible to get Wd. II Col. (ward II colored) out of her. Someone hinted that old Sloppy was coming to P.F. (private floor). If she does I'll push her off the porch. The Scandinavian beauty goes on night duty tomorrow. I'm glad to get her out of my sight. She broke the lock on my hypo case while meddling with it. Don't you know that woman will

get sleepy these long nights? Miss McManus is not coming back. I suppose she persuaded the doctor to become a Catholic and then get married. Miss Hayes and Miss Walker leave tomorrow. Miss Snelling takes charge of W.H.O. Room along with her duties as head nurse in Col. I.

She's still growling because you didn't tell her good bye. You didn't tell many of them good bye so they say. I was up that morning that you left. I waited in the bathroom awhile and came back in the room and told Watson to let me know when she saw you come out. She came back after a short time and said she saw you go across the campus. When I asked why she didn't call me she said she thought I just wanted to know if you were gone.

It's nearing suppertime. Since we are having watermelon for supper I don't want to miss it. I'll finish this evening...

Fay and Clampit took Miss Butch and Miss Staton out tonight. Fay sure has a weakness for heavy weights. Butch seemed rapturously happy as she plowed along beside little simpering Fay. Clampit blushed when he came up. Wouldn't he be a pretty girl with those fetching blue eyes looking like a wet kildee (is that how you spell it?). Think I'll go car riding with the Heflins on my afternoon. Wish you were here with your red car, we'd go to Dickinson. The bridge is completed now. Can you run it "already yet?" As much as you've lectured me about wearing flashy red dresses and then get a red car! I see now that you liked them all the time.

Miss Clay came by my door and asked me about that beautiful floor of mine. For a wonder I knew about the pts. (patients). Who had specials. She took a good survey of the room in the meantime. Fortunately it was cleaned this afternoon. She didn't send you any message. I don't suppose she suspected that I was writing to you...

July 4th, 1916 - Today everybody gets four hours to celebrate the glorious Fourth. I have 10 - 2. Ran a narrow escape from the operating room this morning. Miss Clay asked me to help in W.H. during a cleft palate op but when she discovered there was only Habig left she sent Miss Wag. You can imagine my relief. So I came off rejoicing over my good luck and your letter. I'm glad you are not far away where it would take your letters a long time to come. You're a very good old chap to find time to write every day when you are so busy. I like them every day, but don't want to expect too much of you for fear you can't keep it up...

I can't imagine you over there being a doctor and running around in a red car to see women with the quinsey etc. I can think of you better peeping down a microscope or chasing around in your Chinese costume. I'm so hungry -- Watson promised to bring me something from her dinner but I believe she has fainted on the way. She and Middlebrook clash every day. This morning she told Miss Hippe she was not going to work with such a sloppy person. O yes, you didn't know that the marine ward was

opened. That is where Middlebrook is working. They serve trays in Wat's kitchen -- Here she comes -- good bye.

She didn't bring me a bit to eat but left a sandwich in the kitchen for me. I gulped it down during my numerous visits to the kitchen this evening. I was alone after three o'clock. One of the probes, the long lanky kind, was brought to my floor. She has a temp of 102 and a fondness for enemata -- she kept three and kept me on 30 minutes late besides. She told Miss Tompkins that she had been nursing her mother with typhoid fever and she came down here when she began feeling bad because there was no one at home to nurse her. Yesterday was her first day on duty. Old Glutton in Room # 8 ate a whole chicken today. He's going home soon. Poor Mack had a disappointment today. He and his mother were planning to go home today, when Dr. Thompson told them that he would have to remove another gland tomorrow. Mack cried till he got his feelings elevated and has been very cheerful ever since...

Watson has just come and says that they are going to operate on that probe for appendicitis. I don't believe she has appendicitis. Dr. Heard didn't consult me, however...

It's morning. Miss Monroe is trying to open the door. I hope she can't get in so she will not ring that old bell. I wonder if I'll get a letter today. Tonight is your night in so I'll not wish to have you here. Tomorrow you may meet me at 8 p.m. I dread to go on duty this morning because there is too much to do for us two. If this month of July would hurry and go by then I wouldn't mind the few weeks in August. Every body is overworked and more work is being required every day. I'm glad I'm not a junior...

What would you do if I were to address you as "sweet heart" instead of Joe? You wouldn't like it I know because you don't care for so endearing terms. Just to please you, I'll not use any such undignified words, regardless of how much I'd like to.

There is nothing exciting to tell you except that a typhoid perforation patient died after the operation this evening and that our probe is still alive with her appendix still within the walls of her abdomen. Dr. Thompson became angry with her because she wouldn't say she felt pain when he pressed on McBurney's point. I don't know what the thyroid examination proved to be. The girls tell me that Sedge is isolated in room # 1 with a boy and his mother. The boy is the patient about whom no one seems to be able to gather information, strange to say. Sedge says they are rich and must have drinking glasses besides the glasses on their trays and must have nice things to eat. But she says she does not know what the disease is -- It must be a secret because they are rich. I can't imagine what it is, but if I find out I'll tell you provided you keep the secret. It smacks of interest to me.

I didn't find out particulars because I had my afternoon. And such an afternoon! I took it because I couldn't stay on duty all day. I hate to waste a nice afternoon to rest in....

This evening Mack and I were at his window having a heart to heart talk and we both looked toward isolation with the expectation of seeing "Dr. Eck" come across the campus like we used to do. Strange too, we both mentioned you at the same time. Mack says he can't get used to your being gone and says he learned to think a great deal of you. I think Mack is a bright child and is a good judge of human kind. The poor little kiddie has kinder found a place in all our hearts with all his mischief. He is almost a model child now since he doesn't associate with Middle Brook. I suppose that was why he was "sassy" before for he is a good chap now. We are going to miss the youngster when he's gone. I still find myself looking around to see you coming up the hallway on P.F. (private floor) when I hear quick footsteps. To my disappointment if I don't come to my senses before I see them, I'll see an old orderly or some heavy walking nurse. I wonder how long it will take me to realize that you are gone?

Both your letters came today so I repaired to room # 2 and revelled in them to my heart's content. I guess the Fourth kept me from getting that one yesterday. You're not ahead of me with your dreams. I dreamed last night that you were here and came rather late and wanted me to meet you at 12 o'clock that night. I explained to you that the doors were locked at ten and we were required to be in our rooms at 12. However, I compromised and promised to meet you at 10 p.m. When I awoke I was planning the best place of escape. I don't dream very often but when I do you are always the "Charlie Chaplin" of my dreams. One time I dreamed I was kissing you good night and you were transformed into a man whom I deplore. So I take most of my dreaming in daydreams.

This pen thou gavest me will not write with its point elevated. Therefore I can't lie down and use my knee for a desk. I'm such a lazy-good-for-nothing Don't you get disgusted with me sometimes? You will not suffer any uneasiness of mind about anyone beating your time for no one but you would every care for such a wooden-footed dame. I gave Habig, Baker and Maxwell a ticket since they wanted to go to Murdocks tonight. I would take a gentleman with the others if I could induce any one to go with me, but since it's impossible Babe will fall heir to them. No one but you would be willing to keep my poor feet from touching the bottom. Thank you very much for the tickets. I get pleasure out of them by seeing others go. Miss Habig said give you her best. I like her because she is a strong admirer of you. She's always betting on your making good. I don't think it's fair for you to have to chase over the old country at night and lose sleep seeing old sick people. I wish it would be easy for you at least till you get used to being a doctor. Joe, will you always have to work hard and loose sleep and worry? I'd feel so mean staying at home playing around with housekeeping while you were splashing through the rain to see some suffering soul. I believe I'll just go with you on those unlucky errands. Can't I?

Here comes Babe. I invited her to come down and feast on a box of "Huyler's" that a patient gave me. Guess we'll have bumps on our faces. She says, "hurry" -- I'll finish later...

Last night was the hottest night I've ever experienced. Yesterday was fierce. 'Twas as bad as one of the army men wrote back about the climate on the border. He said it was 120 degrees in the shade and there wasn't any shade.

I don't want to go on duty. That old P.F. is terrible to look after now. Samuels is slow and stupid, and Habig still goes to clinic. I'll have to hand it to Miss Clay that she has been lovely to me. Actually am glad to see her come around. Our probe had temp. 104 after her alcohol rub at 6 p.m. She is some sick girl. She has had the typhoid vaccine. Dr. Thompson came yesterday and ordered a widal. I told him that Dr. Heard had ordered a diazo and a blood culture. He said tell him he thought it wise to get a widal. When I told Dr. Heard he giggled and told me to tell Dr. Thompson that she had been vaccinated. I told him that Dr. Thompson knew that she had been vaccinated. Then he giggled again and said tell him anyhow. The widal was positive. She has them guessing a little.

The isolated case is diphtheria; a patient of Dr. Randall's whom everybody must cater to because they are so rich. Sedge doesn't like her job very much. Watson doesn't like serving their tray either. She wanted to know if the father would be there for dinner.

The bell is ringing so I must drag out another day of my sentence. Please be careful about driving your car! I've been breathlessly listening for something like that to happen. You were fortunate to be near home, weren't you? Don't swear. Hurry up those labor cases and get rid of them, by the 1st so you can come to see me. I'm still planning on your coming. Am going to begin work on my dress pretty soon. If you don't come, I'll wear it in bathing. Lots and lots of love, Golda"...

In years to come when I knew Dr. Joe, his driving had improved, after all he was the first one to try and teach me to drive and I could see nothing wrong with how he drove. He still believed an automobile was a tool to be used and not unnecessarily abused. If he needed to go across one of the fields at the ranch, down a rock dirt road, or across a ditch, then he did so. Most of times without complications, on occasion with a muffler knocked loose or a new ding and a scratch on the car, but overall without major incident.

Chapter 23 - The Practice Gets Going

Dr. Joe continues to get new patients and travels around the area. He also tries to go home, in Taiton, from time to time to see and visit with the family. It is now approaching mid-July and the weather is getting hotter and hotter. He continues on with his cases and Golda tries to concentrate on getting to feel better and her last few weeks of training.

" I had to go to Wharton this afternoon and so did not get to write before the east bound train came thru. I still continue to get one case - one new case a day. This morning about 8 a.m. I was called on a case of earache in a boy about 10 years old. He has been treated by one of the older doctors but they seem to have decided they want to try me. The boy runs a pretty high fever and evidently suffers a great deal of pain; there is swelling enough to close up the external canal. He hears well on that side, has no ringing in that ear, and says the pain is close to the outside ear and gets worse when he chews. Therefore, it can not be middle ear disease. What is it? My guess is otitis externa suppurative; blood count shows polys 90%. I'll treat it as such. If the ear gets well I'll get all the practice in that family and a good many of their friends; if he shows no improvement, they will call another doctor and I get a black eye in that part of the town. We'll see.

I went to Wharton this afternoon to have my license registered and to get a number for my car. My red car's no. will be 573 El Campo. Wharton is 12 miles from here but the roads are rough owing to recent rains. Brother Cyril has been down here with me for two days and acted as my chauffeur -- if that's how you spell them. We came from Wharton by Glen Flora; the road was a little better. In all, it took us about 2 and 1/2 hours to come and go.

I told you what a time I had trying to get a blood counting apparatus. Kemp, sophomore, sent me an outfit as good as new and said he would take \$8 for it. I would have been willing to pay a good deal more. I needed it pretty bad on several cases.

Cyril took my car and went out to Hillje, 5 miles from here, to see a girl tonight. He came to town a while ago and said the lights had died out. It will take about two days to recharge the batteries, so he will have a time getting that girl home without being caught by the city Marshall.

Is Fred Storey still fooling around there? Why don't you all send him home...

... Just as I got ready to take Cyril home this morning, 10 minutes to 8, I got my usual morning case. This time it is a little child 3 years old. He has been very sick with acute intestinal indigestion -- since last Sunday. He is very much prostrated and much under the weather; he is

sick all right. If I can get him well, it will be a great thing for him and me both.

My ear case is doing better under my treatment, thank heavens. He slept well last night, and is doing all right at present. Hope he will keep it up; but I don't want to be too optimistic - not until about the middle of next week.

I took Cyril home, and on the way stopped to see my quinsy woman. She is doing nicely.

The roads are bad and it took us a little over an hour to get home. I ate breakfast at home, then came back here. My car acts kinder cranky at times; came pretty near driving it right into a drug store this morning.

Got both of your letters a moment ago, and like the Southerners say, was sho' proud to get them. No, I believe I am beginning to lose some of my pessimism and am getting slowly but surely adjusted to my surroundings.

Yes, you are welcome to call me sweetheart or anything else you feel like calling me; I'd rather enjoy it, I am afraid. I hope you and Miss Babe will rub it in good on Miss Watson when Fred leaves; drink some black coffee, tie a wet towel about your head and see if you can't think of some new forms of torture. What is the date by now?

I have a Negro woman to see this afternoon -- the same one I wrote about last. (I had to leave now to answer the phone; my pastor's wife is coming to have me examine her throat. The deuce of it is that I have no headlight.) Well, till tomorrow.

Just received your letter. I am afraid that my life is getting to be too much centred on the coming of that 12:20 West bound train; I just live and count time not by the clock but by the arrival of your letters.

You asked me about my boarding house the other day. I meant to describe it somewhat in detail before now, but always forgot to do so. My landlord is of the dried up, sapped out kind. When you first see him, before he even opens his mouth, you know he will speak in a high pitched, squeaky tone and will never say anything worth listening to. His complexion is that of a new saddle; his knees have a tendency to stay flexed at an angle of about 80. He is one of those fellows you'd think would be useful on the farm to do chores, feeding chickens, hold the door of your garage open when you drove in or out, etc. Besides being landlord, he is also waiter during meals. On these occasions he wears an apron similar to those we used to use in the treatment rooms and out-clinics. When brother was here, he said the old fellow would look much more natural if he put on skirts as well as that apron. I suggested that the garb would be complete only after he had put on headgear similar to that

worn by some old grandmas. From now on, as far as I am concerned, he is to be known as grandma and is not to be trusted with any man's work.

My landlady is the very opposite of my landlord when it comes to personal appearances. In fact, they are very much on the Jack Spratt order. Except for the fact that she is a trifle heavier, she is much like Gooie in point of physical appearance and mental capacity. Fortunately, she is cook as well as landlady, and during meals, the only time that I am where I might have to look at her, she stays in the kitchen and well out of sight.

There are only two boarders besides myself at the house, one works at a bank; the other is a druggist. I understand both of them are very nice fellows. They look like it. When school opens, we are going to have some school - "marms" at the place -- and gee! How I dread it.

I told you Dr. Gray of 1914 class was to be at the same drug store at which I have my "office." But Mr. Turner, the druggist, and Dr. Passmore seemed to think that Dr. Gray would not be very much pleased with my coming here and would try to make things unpleasant. Their fears were without foundation. Gray and I are good friends already and it seems, we will be able to be of a great deal of help to each other.

My baby with ileo colitis acute is doing better this morning; I am real hopeful about it. I haven't seen my case of earache today, but I phoned the mother and she said the child was better. I'll see him after a while. I haven't had a night call since last Sunday.

Yes, you can go around with me on my calls -- that is, until you'll have to stay at home to take care of things, "etc." I always think it would be nice to have you along when I have to go way out on a call. It would be more like fun. Tell Misses Bowles, Hubing and Baker "howdy" for me; also tell Miss Watson that every dog has his day and Fred's is coming soon...

I failed to get my letter on the noon train; here's hoping it will come in on the night train.

Last night I tried my sterilizer out: I had several surgeon's gowns, some towels, gauze dressings, etc. that I may need pretty soon, so I filled my sterilizer and followed directions. Everything came out all right.

This morning's case (new case) consisted of a woman with bowel trouble -- running off the bowels. I was called out of church to attend to her and the cholera infantum baby. I felt funny to be called out during preaching; it looked too much like a put up job, like acting on your suggestion of last Sunday. But I might as well confess that I was a bit flattered to have to be interrupted in my listening to the sermon. No reflections on the pastor, he is a pretty good preacher even if he does use a

good many words the meaning of which he does not understand. I've seen them a good deal worse in towns of this size.

We had a rainstorm yesterday afternoon. It was preceded by a strong wind with lots of sand and dirt. I started out on a call but decided to turn back, and it was well that I did so, for as I got in the rain came down in torrents. The current is off and my fan is as dead as it can be. It is awfully hot and it is nearly train time, so ta ta...

Guessing by the temper you were in when you wrote my letter, I should say your feet must have been hurting once more. Poor girl. I know you want to drag out your time now that there is so little left of it, but I wonder whether you are not doing yourself some permanent injury by doing so. As for Clara's interfering with you writing my letters, I wish you could tell her like that old sailor I told you about used to.

I went to church again last night. The services were held out on the lawn by the church. The music was very good; much better than I used to hear in Galveston churches. The congregation, also, was quite large for a place like this. The mosquitoes seemed to be out in full force, and those that happened to be in my neighbourhood were quite active.

I had two new cases yesterday but I have had no new one today, as yet. I've made three calls already this morning so I don't much care. I've "cured" and dismissed the earache patient; all of the rest of my patients are improving. Altogether, I am afraid I am becoming adjusted. I think I am at least making my board, laundry, and car bills, and that, I guess is as much as one can reasonably expect for the first month. There are plenty of nice people here, too.

I wish I could let you have my Westinghouse Electric fan these hot nights. It's a fine one; it has the one in the O.R. spinned all to pieces.

The redheaded nurse came over yesterday to let me remove a wart from her forearm. I sure hated to waste one of my Novocain tablets, but I got even with her by using a dull knife. She phoned up here a moment ago and said her forearm was swollen. She may have blood pizen. I was as careful (?) about asepsis as usual.

Cheer up a bit; only a month or so more and you will be out...

Congratulations on Wag's leaving. Every cloud has a silver lining. Conversely, I suppose, every cloud with a silver lining has a dark part to it. Your joy at Wag's leaving is still marred by that dampfool Hodde staying.

Yes, it is a pity you and Miss Watson can't get along peacefully for the few days you still have together. But I blame her. I think she is about the most selfish girl in training. However, it is against my policy to mix into family rows, so I guess I'd better not say any more.

Fred's hanging around so long must have become a standing joke with everyone except the Stories. So Mrs. Fred thinks that Dr. Fred thinks more of her than I do of you just because he continues to haunt the place. Well, I suppose that depends on how you look at it. To me it seems that the best way for me to show you how much I think of you is to get busy and try to get my things arranged as quickly as possible so that I may marry you sooner. Of course, with people that have their wedding day set and wedding trip planned already, it may be different; in that case, it may be necessary to hang around to show one's love and devotion.

You mentioned Wag's taking Miss Hay's place. If I had charge of things -- there would be only one place open to her at the hospital, and even that would not really be open, for I understand they do not employ white help in the laundry.

I got my new patient yesterday, after all. Some patient, too. She got up the day after she was delivered of a baby and went to work. Since then, for the past four months, she has been going from bad to worse until she can scarcely get around. Prolapse and enlargement of both ovaries, soeepingitis, and subinvolution of the uterus; also endometritis. Selah!

Well, I don't know whether you call Cyril a blond or not. He has yellow hair, all right, but his eyes are brown, I believe, and somewhat narrow, like a Chinaman's. His complexion is strictly Swedish in character.

I met Mr. Hayes a moment ago. He has just returned from Galveston and says that Miss Anderson turned his wife over into a laundry basket and made her feel worse again. He seems to be worried quite a bit about it. I am afraid Miss Anderson ruined herself in Hayes' sight.

My cholera infantum baby is convalescing. He is quite an interesting little chap, 3 years old, curly white hair, blue eyes. We became pretty good friends by now. He tells me each morning he is getting well and won't need any more medicine. This morning he told me he liked me and made a date with me to take a ride with me as soon as he got well. He seems to like red cars"...

Chapter 24 - 4th of July Heat

Golda writes and brings the on going events up to date. The July heat is getting unbearable, and time passes slowly...

It's too hot to sleep and too hot to keep the shade down to write or read, so what is a body to do? I've been tossing on my bed since 8:30 when Gooie massaged my feet and made me sleepy. This heat and the mosquitoes would keep a drunk man awake. Watson is out on a late pass, for which I am glad because I can write to you before I go to sleep. Babe didn't come down tonight. She is pouting because I told her to go home at 10:30 last night.

Clara came by just now and asked me to put my light out. I will be glad when the time comes when I can be my own boss at least sit up when I can't sleep. Guess I'll have to quit or she'll come back and ball me out. I'm so angry -- good night...

While Babe is away and Watson is serving supper there's a dandy chance for me to write. I had last hours during which time I counted the laundry, dusted the room, and washed my hair. I'm in the classroom letting my hair dry in the sunshine, underneath the fan. This is a fine place for drying one's hair, don't see why it hadn't occurred to me to come here before now. I don't feel very tired today. If Babe were here, believe I'd go to church...

Babe is out with her sister-to-be this evening. She is heart broken because Miss Clay told her she would be here till the last of October. I haven't learned definitely when I depart, am still counting on the middle of August. Father wrote me yesterday advising me to take a rest for a while. I'm going to try to stick it out though. He and mother are going to try to visit at Cleburne soon. I'd like to meet them there but I can't spare the time from this beloved place.

When I got your letters, Miss Hadig asked if you mentioned her. I told her you said you loved her next to me and if I should die she could easily take my place. My hair is dry. It must be near seven. I see the night nurses leaving the seawall where they are talking to Curry, -- in isolation. Here's Curry coming up to the window to talk to me -- believe I'll put my hair over my face then she can't tell who I am. No use --- She's gone at last.

Did you go home and eat cold sliced ham and cheese -- I mean fried chicken and hot rolls? You're fortunate to have home so near; when you are swamped in trouble just jump in the red devil-wagon and go home for a kind of refuge. I guess you could do without me very well under those favourable conditions...

The bay looks beautiful. Now would be a fine time to go out in the boat. If you would only phone "come on." I could get my hair screwed

up and a middy on in one half jiffy. Oh -- dear! You know Pokey and I resolved to say "O dear" instead of other things when we used to break dishes and bottles of salad dressing in that 2 X 4 kitchen. That's a very nice duty room now. Since the majority of the patients are Dr. Randall's we manage to get almost everything we need now.

Our probe is quite a sick girl. Has had a severe pain in right side but pulse behaves very well. Gulbe, the typhoid, went out yesterday. Left each of us a 2-lb. box of candy. Hence Babe's visit last night. We have a man in #2 who came near drowning. They brought him in before his people called a doctor and you would have laughed to see how stupid Streit and Simpson acted. If you had acted with as little self-confidence as they do I would have quit you.

Wiggles wiggled by and said tell you hello. Every body takes it for granted that I'm writing to you. Now every time I write I'm not writing to you.

There's one thing true, however, if we wait time will pass, all of it. So what's the use in complaining? Scuse me please.

It's nine o'clock. You see I didn't go to church. Some one is playing "Dry Those Tears" and "Perfect Day", "Dreaming" and all those soul exalting songs on the victrola so I guess I'm getting benefitted as much as some of the church people. Here comes Mosey smelling for candy. These girls are worse than ants. I'm glad it's candy they want instead of my entertaining company just now. I still have three more letters to write...

I had to wait two hours before I could read your letters this morning. I sure did my work in a hurry when I would think of them. I always wonder what kind of message they will impart. Sometimes I feel "kinder" worried for fear something has happened to you. I feel about you like I imagine a mother does about her wayward son. I'm glad to say that my fears are realised less every day, for each letter brings a more favourable report.

You should be glad that she (his landlady) stays in the kitchen and doesn't pester the boarders like the girlish widow that used to wait on you at Miller's. Too bad there isn't a grown daughter to play on the organ for you. Now about those school-marms-- I'm not anxious for them to settle in that household cause I know schoolteachers will not leave other folks property alone. I guess they are socialists. What a pity I have no one to spy on you.

As I told you, Fred is going to stay till Wednesday. Do you think it safe for me to bet that he stays till August. I'm glad you like Dr. Gray so you can leave your cases with him when you want to come to see me. You never say a word about coming back. Have you abandoned the idea? You might as well re-make your intentions because I must see you before I go

away. If you don't come I'll eat typhoid bugs and die, then you'll be a widower -- for awhile. Dr. Heard insists that I take the typhoid vaccine. Guess I will, since we have so many flies on our food. Do you have flies and mosquitoes in El Campo? Wat and I have three pet mosquitoes in our room. They like me better than her. I guess we are better acquainted since she is out a great deal. I stayed on the floor and made supplies tonight till 8:45. Habig had a p.m. and old slow Samuels never gets any thing done. We have pat. Mr. J. H. Keen from Austin. He is a professor at the University maybe you know him. He has a pleasant little red headed nurse with him. I like them both. I'd like an easy job like she has been having. Travelling with him from place to place for six months. The patient persuaded her to resign her position as head nurse in a New York Hospital to come to Texas with him. They went to the Galvez this evening to celebrate his birthday...

... I left town a few minutes before the parade started. The streets were crowded with anxiously waiting people. I haven't been out to the carnival a single night. Wiggles wants me to go with her so I suppose I'll muster up enough courage just to please the kid.

I'm getting to be an old grandmother. You will feel so young and foolish in my presence. P.F. is enough to make me stooped and gray. We are getting new linen, pitchers, etc. up there. Everything will be nice when we get them arranged -- but the arranging.

Dr. Thompson is going to amputate Mr. Keen's leg tomorrow. He thinks that he will have to take the greater part of the limb. His red headed nurse buzzes around in our way a great deal. Habig and I are plotting against her...

...Aren't you going to have a nurse? It seems that such a busy doctor would need one. Cora Anderson said she sure wanted to go but said you didn't ask her. If you didn't kill redhead she can help you I suppose. I feel real proud of your being able to make your laundry, board, and auto expenses. I should think your garage bill would be quite an item when you run in ditches and strip the gears about twice a week. Do you suppose you will ever increase your salary? If not, I guess I'll nurse when I come to El Campo...

... I need about one half gallon of "High Jinks" tonight. There's a delightful breeze, which helps out wonderfully. I've been lying in the breeze waiting for the muse to inspire me to write you a nice letter, but the muse fails to come...

Tomorrow Fred is leaving sure. He told me good-bye through the bars tonight. I like Dr. Story and I'm sorry that I'll never see very much of him anymore. Poor Wat. I know how she will feel in the morning at 6 a.m. Fred leaves at seven. You're too severe in your criticism of Miss Watson. She is spoilt, but not so selfish as you think. She's been awfully sweet to me most of the time. You know how hateful I am sometimes and I can

irritate her just like I do you quite often. Please don't think of her as you do. I think that Babe has a more loveable disposition but I love Wat lots.

Old Jim did a cleft palate today and the baby has been bleeding a great deal from the nose. He is much concerned about it. I awakened him from his afternoon siesta to tell him about it. For a wonder he didn't raise sand. He said he didn't know what to do. I was scared cold when I gave the Adrenaline he ordered. The bleeding stopped for awhile but began again in an hour. He came and ordered paregoric and adrenaline. The child is 2 and 1/2 years old. When I left it was bleeding some. Mr. Holmes is its special nurse tonight. The amputee case had a haemorrhage also. Jimmy must have drawn an unlucky hand today. Our probe will not take her nourishment like she should. She acts like she is crazy sometimes. She shuts her eyes and spits milk all over her face at the same time makes horrid faces and ends the performance with sudden jerks of the head and laboured breathing which seems feigned. Could she be hysterical? Dr. Graves says a nurse mustn't use that word -- so please excuse me, doctor. Dr. Heard saw her take a spell, he walked outside and watched her. He talked in a long drawn way as usual and said we would have to give her nasal feeding for about twice he thought would do. She's very sick, but I never saw a thyroid patient act so nervous.

....You're lucky to have your patients recover so well, or maybe it's because you are capable instead of lucky. When are you going to do that complete hysterectomy and double salpingo-oophorectomy? You're kinder up against it aren't you? Go ahead and operate you are as good a surgeon as Bush but the world hasn't discovered it...

... There's no use waiting for the muse: this music that pervades the surrounding atmosphere would frighten goblins away. Maltsburger and Caroon are trying out their lung capacities while somebody who must be deaf is accompanying. Watson hasn't had the training for endurance of this homemade music like I have. Consequently she is on the border of distraction. She's a sad looking child on her bed while she is trying to write to Fred. Just now she got a telegram from Fred saying that he was at Bremond and had gone 200 miles today.

Poor little yellow-headed baby who has a cranky mother and an ugly nurse. I hope that ugly nurse pulls him through. From your description, I would think she is a mid-wife and would feed the child cabbage and bacon. Where did you find her? I'm disgusted with graduate nurses because they bother me for something all the time on the floor. Pretty soon I'll be one of the miserable creatures. Think I'll have a few uniforms made to have ready when I get rested. I'll have adjustable collars then when I go to El Campo to live they can be my housedresses. Do you suppose that I'll ever live at El Campo? It seems like a myth to me. Will I have to take an inventory of our house and count the linen every morning? If I do, let's don't have any furniture or dishes. I get so tired of this inventory business here.

Yonder comes a bunch of keys and a swish of skirts, which reminds me that it's 10:30. Goodnight"...

She waits for her next letters to arrive to bring her up to date on what is going on and how his patients are doing.

Chapter 25 - Chronic Cases

"I told you in yesterday's letter my cholera infantum patient was doing well. Yesterday about 3 p.m. his father stopped me and told me the child was doing so well, he thought maybe they could get along well without me. That suited me. About 6:30 he called me up and asked me to come up at once as the child was much worse. I came up in a hurry. The kid was delirious, feet cold, body just burning up with fever. To me he looked just as if he had been fed something he had no business eating. Of course, everybody denied his having anything unusual. I finally got the kid fixed up, but I did not feel any too cheerful about the case. When I got back to town, I went to the post office and found your letter in my box. I felt much better after reading it.

The kid is much better this morning, which only strengthens my suspicions of malfeeding. I have a trained nurse on the case this morning. I never saw a home where one was needed worse. The child's grandmother who has been taking care of the child up to now is right good; but the child's mother is the last stages of pulmonary tuberculosis, cranky as the devil, and as soon as I leave the house, interferes with the carrying out of my orders and with nearly everything the grandma does.

The nurse is about 40 years old and as ugly as homemade sin. Actually, it must hurt her. She is horribly disfigured; she must have had a complete removal of the upper maxilla for cancer or something. I hope she'll make up in commonsense what she lacks in looks.

I have a few chart holders here that look like those you have on private floor. I fixed up a chart on one of them this morning and took it over for the nurse to keep a nurse's record, etc. on.

I am not sure about this proposition of coming to see you; it is the time that will be hard for me to spare. Though I have nothing to do for hours and hours, I have to be on the place. If I go to Galveston, I will have to lose over a day at a stretch. I am just as determined to see you as you are to see me, and if I can't do any other way, I'll meet you in Houston when you go home, or even sooner. Ask old Leatherface when your time will be up, and then we can talk about it more definitely.

As to those schoolmarms, you should worry. I have had very little to do with schoolmarms even while I was teaching. When I was at Austin, I went with a nurse and stayed in almost continuous warfare with the schoolteachers. Anyway, gossip has it around here that I am married already. I have shown no desire to meet any of the beauties, so I guess that's what started it. Anyway, let 'er circulate, as far as I am concerned.

I haven't been at home this week. I am not sure that I will get to go. It continues to rain, and the roads are not very good. You needn't

worry about my not needing you now that my people are so near here, or about my people taking your place. It can't be done.

When I woke up about an hour ago, there was very little inducement for me to get out of bed. The sky is covered with clouds to such an extent that it looks like early dawn on the outside, notwithstanding the fact that it is nearly 8 a.m. The atmosphere is anything but cheerful. I feel like cussing, but I don't believe I will. Not this early in the day. I may later on.

You mentioned something about what I was going to do if my income did not increase. I'll sell my office equipment and my red devil-wagon and buy me two grey mules and go to farming. I'll also buy me a shotgun and fill with birdshot and get the man that first mentions medicine to me. I have a permanent teacher's certificate, but I don't think I would fool with teaching. I would go right back and begin where I left off 15 years ago.

5 hours later. Well, it decided not to rain, or at least, to postpone it. I am a little bit less sleepy but still a bit gloomy though only slightly so. What's the use worrying? It won't do any good and besides, might hurt one's looks.

...If time keeps dragging on like it does at present, after living here five years; I shall feel as if I had lived here 20 years and ought to retire from active practice. I must be getting to look old, too. Bro. Rowland, my pastor came over and asked me to be their S.S. Supt. The funny part of it is that he was not joking. I thought it would be still funnier if I accepted it. He said he would let me think it over. I thought that would be all right; I'd get time to ask you about it. I happened to think of some of that fluent "language" I used to use in the treatment rooms, but managed to keep my face straight as long as he stayed in the room. If I take it up, you will have to be some pious by the time you come here; just think of it, Mr. S. S. Supt. The joke would be on you as much as on the pastor.

My cholera infantum baby is doing better, but I expect it to get a hold of some green bananas, sorghum, or shoe polish any time and have another setback. The nurse stayed on the case just 12 hours and decided she wasn't needed any more and dismissed herself. You know I grieved because she did...

... Well, I don't know whether you will live at El Campo or not, but if you do, I feel sorry for you. I suppose it will depend largely upon whether I finally decide to live here or not. If I do, I am afraid you will have to. In that case it will not be a myth but a rather sad reality. Yet it could be worse; one might have to live at Galveston.

Also, if I don't do any better than I am doing, I am afraid those detachable collar uniforms will come in very handy, and the inventory-taking part of your duties will be a very small matter. Also, if you are

going to have to report on the linen proposition, that will be a very easy matter to do, especially if the reports are to be made to me. In that case you will just need to come up in the morning so I can see you; I'll know that the dress you have on is all there is in the house and that you have one more, but that one is at the laundry. Also furniture will be considerably simplified. I have one of those electric toasters here that I use sterilising things by boiling. We will be able to take that home each night to do some of the cooking on. I am racking my ingenuity to see just how we could work that fine sterilizer of mine on the cooking proposition. I am sure it can be utilised in that way, though I haven't worked out the details as yet, but I have plenty time to do so. The "office" sofa and the operating table ought to answer the question of bedroom furniture. Returning again to the subject of cooking, you may think this might be rather difficult because of the lack of material to work on. Let me remind you that my people live only 17 miles from here and could be induced to furnish the raw material. Also, I have it arranged so that I get all the soft drinks free here at the drug store. I might see if I could not arrange it so with Mr. Turner to have me cut my malted milks 1/2 and let you have the other 1/2. There still remain a few things around here for which I have found no use; I'll try to think of some way of utilising them and if I can't think of anything else, I know a good many of them would be just fine for the baby to play with.

.... Would it be a tragedy if I fell in love with one of the school-marms? Yes, wouldn't it be a mell-of-a-hess? I am afraid the tragedy would be mostly on me. Deliver me!

Practice is mighty slow. Still, as long as I continue to get at the least one new patient a day, even if it is only a \$1.00 patient, I guess I ought not to complain. Really, I am not at all despondent. I've never since Passmore left, made less than \$2.00 a day, and I haven't lost a patient and have had very good luck with all I have treated. There's some satisfaction and a good deal of advertising in that. I really did not begin work until the 6th for Passmore attended to all of his former patients as long as he stayed here.

Dr. Gray and I continue on good terms. I would like him a great deal better if he did not feel it incumbent on him to tell some questionable yarn every time he comes in. It seems rather hard for him to understand that his anecdotes of the shady variety are not relished.

.... I started this over an hour and a half ago. Since then I have removed some trash out of a man's eye and started my sterilizer working.

Yes, I have been reading Sudden Jim in the Saturday Evening Post. I enjoyed especially this week's instalment. I wished I could have a chance to see that fight his men put up on a moving picture screen. It sure ought to make a good picture. I do enjoy seeing a good fistfight.

I did not strip my gear that time I thought I did, but I sure fixed up my car yesterday. The funny thing is that it will take about two weeks

before I can get it fixed, or rather before the ordered parts can get here. Lucky that it is not far to get a Ford from home while I am waiting for this to be fixed. If I had known this yesterday morning, I would have grieved myself to death over it. This morning it rather amuses me. Strange how the same thing appeals so differently to you on two consecutive days. Well, it takes all of this to make up the game. One labor case will pay for this particular damage and I'll just charge it to "education." I must have injured the car some time ago and it just came loose yesterday, for I have not been doing anything unusual with it recently.

You don't say much about the new set of interns. I suppose you do not get to see very much of them on the private floor. I was surprised to hear that Streit should have appeared so hopeless in case of an emergency; he usually acts as if he knew all about his and others' business. However, there is sometimes a little difference between theory and practice. I expect Wieners and Mebane to be the best men in the bunch. I am rather glad they are working as partners. I guess Wieners is in the lab now.

My cholera infantum or acute ileo colitis case looked so much better yesterday, I decided I would not go over any more unless some change occurred. I think they will have no more trouble unless they get to using green bananas, etc.

Yes, I know Mr. Keen. He was at the university when I was a student. You never told me the indication for the amputation. Pretty hard luck.

Two hours later. Well, our meals are nothing to brag of, but we at least get pretty good meat and no fish on Fridays. Today we had some suspicious jumble on the table, and I became quite alarmed as I thought it might be fish in disguise, but it proved to be, on closer inspection, just eggplant. Ta Ta...

I made prompt connections all along the way and got here in time for dinner. From all appearances, my services were not needed much while I was gone. I am afraid I dismiss some of my cases too soon; not too soon for their good, but too soon for my good. I don't get enough money out of them. While I worked at the hospital, I used to hate chronic cases, but now my attitude toward them must change. It is the chronic cases that furnish the physician with his money.

I have the old Ford here now. I haven't had very much use for it so far, but then there's no telling, I might have.

I suppose you remember Agnes Tannich? Her father brought her in for me to put a cast on. The wound is almost closed now. I pulled a piece of dead bone out of it. My cast was a success. You may wonder why I should mention such a small item but I feared it might not be. I did not know just how good the plaster of Paris the druggist had was.

My gyn patient of a few days ago came in yesterday and begged me to operate on her. I am afraid I'll have to. I feel confident that she would recover pretty rapidly after the operation and if she is not operated on she will die or at least be a hopeless invalid. I wish I had a hospital here. However, there is one at Wharton and it may be I can arrange with them. There isn't much in the case from the money side of it, but one must not always consider that.

Business is getting to be about the same as it was before I left here three days ago. I have my two patients a day. This morning Mrs. Willis broke the monotony of things by warning me that she might decide to have her baby most any time. I went over and the nurse that is to handle the case came also, and so we had a general consultation; I told them how I preferred to have things arranged and they agreed to arrange them accordingly. These patients can not be brought to the hospital, so you have to bring the hospital to them. Well, it is pretty nice where the patients are as anxious to co-operate with you as mine have been. I have had a printed list prepared; on one side of it I have 11 rules for pregnant women; on the other is the list of articles needed for labor. Most of my few patients seem to have been rather anxious to get these.

Cyril and Ladya were here this morning; they brought the Ford over. They just got my S.O.S. call last night. They had to hurry back, as there is a picnic at Taiton.

... I have another case of intestinal indigestion. This time it is a baby of four months; it has been bottle fed since its birth and this makes me a bit shaky about it. It is not quite as bad off as the last one I had. The parents seem to be quite intelligent and willing to do all they can to help. The mother is needlessly alarmed about the child, but I guess that is better than if she were indifferent. She calls me up about every two hours or so, as she seems to be afraid that she might do something wrong and hurt the child.

I had a call to a farm about four miles from here. It was a case of another woman with retroversion and right ovarian trouble. If Passmore is right about it and the money consists mainly of chronic cases, this case ought to be a gold mine. The case is some chronic all right. I think I will have the case this time next year."

Dr. Joe had the opportunity to make a quick trip to Galveston on business and take a few hours to see Golda, and then catch the return train. He must have picked up a typewriter and an antiquated violin case while he was there. Golda made some comments about how he looked carrying these items, to this he replied... "I don't blame you for feeling amused; I felt so funny carrying that antiquated violin case that when I got to El Campo, I just stepped off the rear end of the coach and quickly got on the other side of the train so as to get the train between me and the crowd." He continued on to relate how even though the time they had was short it made him feel so much more cheerful. So with a lift in spirit he continues on with his work.

Chapter 26 - Latest News

"Joe, the moon was rising over the water as I came off duty. No one but Gooie could describe its beauty... tame words can not express my feelings but I dare not shock a pious S.S. supt. Do you think you could assume that righteous air of Dr'er Good's and learn to tilt your head at 80-degree angle? I think you are good enough, but have you the time? From the way you talked I don't think you had considered it very seriously. You will be embarrassed when Mrs. S.S. Supt. comes because she is such a heathen. No S.S. classes for Willie. I never did study my lessons when a pupil so of course I couldn't teach. I can't sing in the choir, nor play the pipe organ, nor be a leader of the Ladies' Aid Society. I guess I'll be a millstone around your neck...

I borrowed this paper from Mother Gooie and she requested that you know that she contributed to the good cause. I know that you will be greatly pleased to learn of so kindly an act.

I declare this weather in Galveston is getting unbearable! Every day seems a little hotter than the day before. If drops of perspiration drop on this paper don't take them to be tears...

That old car of yours is enough to make a preacher cuss or a S.S. supt. either. I think you will have less trouble with it when you learn all about the mechanics of it and can discover the trouble before it is too late. I'm glad you took your misfortune, or rather the car's so cheerfully. I wouldn't worry over anything that I couldn't help. How do you get along in a Ford? I wish that old baby would get well. It keeps me anxious all the time. Every time you mention its case, I fear that you are going to say it ate a raw potato and died.

This old paper wiggles all over the pillow. If Wiggles were in the room I shouldn't wonder at it. Poor Wiggles! She says Bing fusses at her all the time. She even wants her to come down and cook supper for her. Bing is such an unreasonable little witch when she wants to be. Babe, Wat and I have a date to go to town with Wiggles the first night that she can get relief. We thought that she would get relief tonight, but she didn't. We rejoiced because all three were tired. This evening Habig and I had two patients on general duty. We had three rooms to clean, however. We moved Mr Keen to room 1 where it would be more convenient for his nurse. He had tuberculosis of the knee joint, had had the knee cap removed before he came here. Dr Thompson told him today that it was TB without a doubt. He has become very much addicted to the use of morphine, which they are trying to lessen. The Typhoid girl is improving a great deal. She acts more rational now. Today she wanted to eat rhubarb, grapes and peaches. I'm glad her appetite is coming even though it is morbid. She perambulates about as slow as I do, and does absolutely nothing while perambulating. I'd like to put her on a cultivator and tell her to get busy -- that's where she belongs...

Do you get to drive by pretty trees and grass when making your rural calls? I'm so hungry for the country and a breath of cool fresh country air. This old hot sun-cooked sand-cake of an island is tiresome. Just 30 more days to bake and fret and worry! Then I'll be off for the country too. Joe, do you remember this time three years ago? I didn't think I would stay through the three years and you would always assure me that I would. You were so nice to me and have been all the way through -- when I let you. I don't think I could have got along without you...

This is your third Sunday in El Campo. Seems like the Sundays don't go by very fast. I like Sunday because Dr. Aves does dressings and we have four hours off duty. I'm having 1 - 5. Have just finished my nap and it's only 2 o'clock...

Dr. Ramsdell is in town. He came by to see us this morning. He looks thinner, and sun tanned. He doesn't seem to think Palestine is all that the name implies"...

Then to her surprise Dr. Joe shows up at her place. On short notice he had to make a business trip to Galveston. During this time he manages to see her for a few hours. She then writes ... " There isn't much for me to write since I've just seen you.... It's breakfast time. I must have a green banana and a glass of chalk water. I wish you a quick, pleasant trip home and good luck when you get there. P.S. I addressed your letter upside down -- that's good luck -- means your typewriter and violin will not get lost."

"...I spent my two hours off duty shopping with Miss White, the red headed nurse. Consequently I was very miserable until I fell asleep. We always take a car -- but we walked a great deal in town. My ankles were swollen until they looked the size of Mrs Gayen's. I couldn't keep from worrying about them and thinking of what might become of me if my feet keep getting worse. I went to sleep in a stormy mood about twelve o'clock. Today I had an afternoon and everything looks different.

Yesterday when I went on duty I had a pleasant surprise waiting me. Miss Cathon came to P.F. and Sam went to Col.1. I was glad of the change and told Miss Hippe I was willing to pay her boot. Miss Cawthon's mother came with her; she is a patient of Dr. Randall's in room 5. We haven't very many patients now. Did you send Brer and Sis Boone down here? I went over to the floor and the girls were almost hysterical because of the old couple's cranky notions. Dr. Thompson's gall bladder case of yesterday died this p.m. It was quite a shock to her people. You hadn't better attempt any gall bladder operations until your reputation is firmly established. They seem to be very treacherous.

Warren did his cleft palate operation. They were telling Jimmy about it and he jumped at conclusions and asked "In the other operating room"? Then they said - no away from here. Said he -- "did he have his own instruments -- then asked "Warren, Warren who is he"? They told

him he was that one that they read about at the banquet who said, "I'm not in your d___service." Then he remembered.

This pen is like that service of Jimmy's. I'll go search for another. We're out of fountain pen ink.

Let's see how this one performs. It's not much better but there is no other available. The hot stuffy room and scratch pen make me irritable. It's impossible for me to stay in an agreeable mood any more. I had several things planned to do this p.m. --- washing, finishing my dress and writing you a respectable letter. I took a bath and lay down for a short nap. You may call it a long nap, for I slept from 2 until 5:30. I tried to wake up but simply could not get my eyes open. I suppose my drowsiness was due to late hours the last two nights.

.... What a monkey you made of our housekeeping -- Watson would call it sacrilegious. Everything pleases my aesthetic taste very much. Never mind transforming that sterilizer into a cook oven, we can eat canned sardines and pork and beans. Do you think I'm going to sweat and cook for a good for nothing man who can't buy a teakettle? We'll play lady and gentleman right. About those playthings -- we'll send them to our more prosperous friends, - Wat and Fred for instance. I feel a great easiness of mind since I learned that there will be no inventory to take. It makes me like El Campo more.

In the meantime, Miss Clay was explaining to Cathon and Habig how to use a two-way catheter for irrigating a bladder. Of course Habig was thinking about getting the old man settled comfortably in the room where the woman had just died, and, when Miss Clay asked her if it were "perfectly clear" she suddenly came back to Miss Clay's explanation and nodded her head and said "Yes'm -- Yes'm". She took an Ewald test meal this morning Dr. Mc officiated at the returning performance. Dr. Heard says another tomorrow. Poor girl -- it sure did make her eyes "water." I felt real mean poking that fire hose, or boa constrictor as she called it, down her throat but Dr. Heard could not be here and asked me to take it.

Wat is in bed trying to get her thinking apparatus to working. She says she's stripped the gears and the cogwheels won't turn. She writes perfect little thesis, while I scratch you a conglomerated gumble. But you knew my literary ability long ago so you surely do not expect very much from me. I have a candy box full of your letters, not a one could I afford to destroy. I have every note you wrote me when I was a junior. Those prim little notes asking me in a very modest ladylike manner to go out with you. You never act so any more -- now you phone and say "come on" get ready by 8 p.m.", etc. just like we were married already yet. I wish you weren't so sure of my love, but there's no way of fooling you now. I wonder what you are doing tonight. I hope you are writing me a letter for tomorrow. This day seemed gray because your letter didn't come. I knew that you wouldn't have time to write that night. Everybody was angry because they didn't get to see you while you were here. I felt very selfish

but I was the one you came to see, wasn't I? You dear old chap, I think you're the best, sweetest man in the world. I can't say you're the handsomest but I can't worry about that. I hope it will be possible for me to see you in Houston on my way home. I am already planning our auto ride out by the pine forests. I'll not plan on it too hard, however. It will be pretty bad to go away 400 miles without seeing you again.

Pretty soon your probation period will have passed, then you will soon become reconciled to your fate. Today Dr. Rice came to the hospital with Dr. Graves. I was watching him write orders for Dr. Graves and I thought that you wouldn't have liked that place because you're a person who had rather write your own orders, instead of putting down another man's dictation. I wished for you to be here because you'd be near until I saw him taking orders. I suppose Dr. Stone is taking his vacation. Dr. Graves came out to see Mr. Boone this morning. Do you know them? They are a very agreeable couple after all. The old man's mind is a little wandering but he's very pleasant and the old lady seems to be a sweet, gentlewoman.

Mr. Keen is able to walk -- I mean go in a rolling chair on the sea wall now. Our typhoid girl wants steak and tomatoes. Tomorrow I guess she will want corn on the cob. We have a happy family on P.F. now -- no real sick patients and congenial nurses. Miss Clay gives me everything I want to work with. Today my feet felt better than usual and I did as much walking as I always do. We are putting new labels on our medicine bottles; pretty soon our medicine case will be good looking.

... You must make those patients stay well along about the 10th of August. I haven't asked Miss Clay yet. I never can catch her in her office. If she says later than the 15th I'll completely collapse. You may expect to be called to my deathbed.

Babe has a very bad cold. Every now and then I look up to see if she is crying, she sniffs so much. She is getting to be some operating nurse, has cleft palates and laparotomies all by herself, except Jimmie and a junior. I'm wondering if she couldn't fill that place better than Miss Hayes can. She says she wouldn't have it, because she has to look at Miss Yellow Face too much.

Babe and I have been holding quite an interesting conversation about William, the orderly, and Mattie White, etc. Their little love affair was suddenly brought to an end when the board asked William to resign his important position. Mattie was kept because Dr. Graves said she was an excellent nurse and must not go. You mustn't tell any body in El Campo about this. Poor Mat, she sure wanted a beau. You remember when he told you about being in the kitchen. Mattie was there too and Miss Clay walked in.

Now I think I'm hard up for news when I have to write such trash. Anyway I had rather have a policeman ride up than Miss Clay to appear on the scene. Hadn't you?" ...

Chapter 27 - Bicarb Baby

Dr Joe picks up additional patients and reflects on why some of the doctors do as they do. He also is not sure if the red-devil can stand up to his needs...

"I went home this morning and after getting here Cyril wanted to use the car to go to Garwood to get some parts he needed for the mowing machine. While I am waiting for him to come back I thought I would write you a letter as it is not likely that I will have time to do so after I get back to town. The roads are better than they were the last time I was here; I travelled pretty fast all of the way. It seems that they were not blessed with rain as much as we have been at El Campo. Right here at home it is almost too dry; this is hard on the hay but just right for the cotton, I understand. Just at noon the atmosphere is very drowsy, it seems to be the custom for everybody on the place to take a siesta after dinner. I don't believe I want to take part in this.

I made my morning visits before I came out here. The baby with intestinal trouble seems to be better this morning. I wonder how many times the mother has phoned for me since I left town. Too bad you couldn't come here with me today. We had chicken fixed up two ways for dinner. I thought of you when I ate it. Here comes the Ford. I will have to close and beat it for El Campo...

... I am afraid you will not get any letter today. I tried my best to get here in time for the afternoon train, but got in just about 15 minutes too late...

I had some rather interesting experience with one of my recent cases, the intestinal indigestion case. When I was first called to see it, the baby did not seem to be so very sick. I put him on barley water for 12 hours and his diarrhoea vanished. The child had been getting Eagle Brand condensed milk; I told the mother this was not good for it and wrote a formula for modified cow's milk. As soon as the diarrhoea ceased, the mother started the formula for modified milk. The child became worse after one feeding; the bowels moved almost constantly. I was puzzled, but decided the milk was too strong, so put the baby on barley water some more and kept it on this until the intestines appeared normal. Then I asked the mother to add just 2 ounces of the milk of sugar to the feeding of barley water. Baby became worse immediately and by the time I came back from Taiton, the mother had called for me several times. Bowels had moved 15 times in 5 hours. I wondered what the ___ was the matter. I phoned the mother to give the child an enema and I would be out in 1/2 hour. When I got there, the child was asleep and seemed to be well again. It woke up and gave me a reproachful look or two, but outside of that seemed to be all right. Then the mother said something about the sugar of milk that made me suspicious. She said it effervesced when she put it in the barley water. No self-respecting sugar of milk would do that. I asked to see the sugar of milk the druggist sent up, and what do you reckon we have been stuffing that poor little dickens with? Squibb's chemically pure

sod. Bicarbonate. Two ounces at each dose! It's a wonder he did not go up as a balloon. Well, it took my breath away. No wonder "the baby would not take over two ounces at each feeding and did not seem to like the sugar of milk." I took the sod. Bicarb. And handed it over to the druggist and took the sugar of milk out myself. The mother put some of it in the barley water and you ought to see the little dickens go after it! Now, I have already lost over two days with the child and it will take at least one more to get him over the effect of the sodium bicarb, then I suppose we will be able to treat the child for intestinal indigestion. (Dr Joe then notes the patient was Roselle Lundy).

It seems to be the custom here, when a doctor goes to see a patient, to camp out at the patient's house. It is nothing unusual for a doctor to go to see a patient and stay at the patient's house for several hours or even a whole nightlong. This seems to give the patient's people the idea that the doctor is interested in the case. Gray tells me that in the meantime the doctor will talk to the rest of the family about the crop, politics and in fact most anything. When a doctor gets a fairly serious case, he will camp out at the house for days at a time, pacing the floor with his hands locked behind his back, from time to time glancing toward the patient's bed. At greater intervals, stopping abruptly at the patient's bedside and viewing what may soon be the patient's remains if the present mode of treatment is persisted in. The people think the doctor is so much interested in the patient's welfare, whereas, the truth of the matter is, that the doctor realises that he doesn't know a dammed thing about the case and worries because he knows that sooner or later he will have to call that younger doctor, whom he has been knocking so, into consultation and will have to have his own ignorance exposed to the gaze of his patient's friends. But he is such a dear old doctor! O! Sancta simplicitas!

Now don't get the idea that I am writing this in the spirit of bitterness or resentment. No, I am amused. As far as patients having confidence in me is concerned, I am satisfied and even somewhat astonished. The people I have met professionally so far are models in that respect -- anyway. No camping out at the patient's home just for appearances' sake for me.

The farmers are beginning to pick cotton; there was a bale of new cotton brought in yesterday. This place looks rather dead now, but in about 3 weeks things will be a-humming. In fact, this town seems to be somewhat down and out at present. There are quite a number of vacant houses here; a good many of the people seem to have left the town and about the only newcomers are doctors. The hard times following the beginning of the war and the destruction of the crops by the storm last year seem to have left a stamp on this place. I think I'd rather start here now and see the town go back to prosperity -- as it is bound to do -- than start in a prosperous town and see the boom bubble burst. This place is over its "boom days."

2 p.m. Well, we had some more chicken for dinner. If this keeps up much longer, I will be growing fat again. Excuse me for mentioning it, but I could not resist it; this is fish day at Sealy, you know.

I had another patient since I've begun this letter -- a Negro woman who has been sick for years and has been treated by doctors all over the state. My diagnosis is pellagra and I shall undertake to treat her. I feel pretty sure I can improve her a good deal if I have my time doing so. I shall close this so as to get it off on the next train; then I'll go and see how baby bicarb is getting along...

We had another rain yesterday. This morning I undertook to go to Taiton, as I told you I intended to, and found the roads in an awful condition. Fortunately, when I got about 8 miles out of town, I met the folks I was going after and came back to town. I was certainly glad to do so, for the prospect of driving for 34 miles on that rough muddy road, was anything but pleasing. As it was, I got so dirty and sweaty, I had to take a bath and change my clothes as soon as I got to town.

Well, Mrs. Haymes called me out this afternoon -- this forenoon, I meant. She looks real well; but sill seems to think she has been done some great injury by Edith Anderson, and both of them certainly seem to have it in for Edith. I don't know just how much Edith is to blame, but the description they give of her temper reminds me very much of some things that happened when she was on duty in Wd. Ic and again on night duty in II. It certainly ought to be a lesson to her. She is ruined as a nurse anywhere where these people have any say. Mrs. Haymes seems to think a great deal of Bing and of Miss Valiquette.

She wasn't so disagreeable today; in fact we got along nicely. I changed her dressings.

What is the matter with Mr. Boone? I did not get to meet them. Haymes tells me they will be some more of my patients when they come back here. I guess Dr. Graves will pronounce Mr Boone "another one of those cases of cardiovascular sclerosis with auto-intoxication"...

This is Election Day; the saloons will be closed all day today and also tomorrow, Sunday. This might prove pretty hard on me but since I am right here in the drug store where they have plenty of spiritus frumenti rectificatus, I think I shall be able to tide over till Monday. But I do not get to vote: I have not been here long enough. Another minor reason is that I forgot to pay my poll tax last January. I am glad now I did not buy it; I could not have voted anyway, so that makes one seventy-five saved.

I would certainly hate to have to be a candidate for anything, except matrimony, perhaps. The way these poor devils of candidates have to run around here and humour and cater to the dear pee-pul ought to be enough to rob anybody of his self-respect. No politics for mine. Years ago, my father told me one, "Son, keep out of politics; it is a mighty dirty

occupation." As I see these poor devils chasing around here, spending about three fourths of their time trying to disprove the lies that their opponents have said about them, I think time and again, "It is a mighty dirty occupation."

Well, I am afraid you were very nearly right about that Ford: it does act rather peculiar already. It has developed a kind of a loud, barding, unproductive cough; as soon as it gets to moving any faster than five miles an hour it pops and shoots off like those torpedo-shaped racers you sometimes see on the boulevard. Something must be wrong with the muffler, I am pretty sure of that; but that is all, for I must confess that I do not even know just what part of the car is the muffler, but I do know what its physiological function is. It is a five-passenger car, or at least used to be; I do not know whether it could hold five passengers now or not. I am afraid a good deal of its previous running energy must now be used in making that popping racket. Every time I pass down a street, all the people run out to see what's happening. When I go out in the country, I always have a few dogs tear down the road after me. While I am still far off from a farmhouse, the dogs hear the popping and get out in the road and wait for me; they chase me as far as the next house, and by that time there is another pack, fresh, ready to continue the pursuit. I do not know how much longer I will have to use it, as I do not seem to be able to get much of anything definite on my red car. It is still over at the garage with its entrails scattered all over the place, waiting for the missing link to arrive.

We had a new addition to our little circle at the boarding house. They came yesterday afternoon. The woman is somewhat like Coley in appearance, except that she is much taller and slimmer and not nearly as good-looking. I forgot her name, but the handle to it is Miss. The man is a fat, red-faced, bald-headed, Swedish-complexioned guy. We first saw them at supper last night. After supper, Melcher, one of the boys took me out for a ride in his new Oakland Six and speculated on their social status. He said that the way he had them sized up, they were connected with the revival meeting that is to be held here next week; the man, he thought was the preacher, and she, perhaps, was the songster. I told him that if she made up in musical talent what she lacked in looks, she ought to be a good singer. Just before bed-time Melcher came in looking rather sheepish, and said "Missed it a mile; she is a telegraph operator, and he is also, in some way, connected with the telegraph company."

Our old telegraph operator, a bright young fellow, left only two or three days ago. Sometime ago, one of the linemen came into the telegraph office, and told the young man that there has been some kicking by the management on account of the slowness with which the messages sent by him moved; he informed him further, that unless he improved in this respect, he was afraid the company would have to fire him. The operator said he did not see how he could do any better. The lineman asked him whether he had ever tried "fast oil." He said, no, and wanted to know where he could get it. So when the next train came in, the operator rushed over and asked the engineer for some of his fast oil. The engineer

caught on to the joke and let him have some black greasy stuff. He hurried back and tried it on his instruments on his next message. He got a reply quite promptly, and seemed very much pleased: "Well, it sure gets there; I wonder where I could get a gallon of that stuff?" Do you know we hate like everything to lose him.

Roselle, the Bicarb baby is doing fine since he was taken off of it. Think I will have to dismiss him in a day or two. I am just having him brought up to the right kind of formula now.

I think I will have to go home tomorrow. I have three patients on the way to Taiton; I did not get to see them the other day and I am afraid unless I look after them, they may get another doctor. There is not much in them from the financial point of view but I want to keep them to swell my practice"...

Chapter 28 - Training Continues

Golda writes catching Dr. Joe up on the changes and events around the hospital. A few of the changes she is not to sure about.

"My dear beloved bald-headed straight back: Both your letters came this morning. I can't ell which one I enjoyed the most.... Your little typewriting favours your own very much. It's prim and school girlish. Can you write more in less time on it? If you can write to me all the time with it - then I'll always get fat letters. But I'd miss your writing. I'm powerful glad that your luck has changed again -- now didn't I tell you the pendulum would swing up? I do think you'd be more satisfied if you had about six calls at night for three nights in succession, and seventeen patients every day clamouring for attention. ... Poor Ford! Your folks might as well kiss it good bye, for I'll bet by the time the red car has recovered from the double salpingo-oophorectomy-hysterectomy, nephrectomy, the old Ford will be a complete nervous wreck.

... We're in the classroom again. Had lots of fun reading Mrs. Barnes' and Huntington's entrance exam papers that Miss Clay had left. Some papers! Just now Miss Clay came for them; glad we weren't reading them then. I just want to beat Miss Scandinavia sometimes. She arranges our time so poorly at times. Today I had 1-3 and had to wait till two o'clock for the clinic nurse to come on the floor. I had only one hour off duty and my feet - O I didn't mean to mention those abominable feet again -- didn't get rested. A man told me today that if my feet were as good as my eyes I could easily get married. I didn't know just what he meant until he said my eyes were very pretty -- he kept a straight face all the time. I guess his eyes are not as good as his feet and he has only one foot too -- 'twas Mr Keen. Shall I have my feet amputated and get wood ones? I know you don't think my eyes unusual and do tolerate my lame feet. But if my feet don't get well, what then? I guess I'll have to break our engagement and relieve you of the responsibility of a stiff-ankled wife. Gee! I'd hate for all this to happen, but it might. Just my luck.

Here comes Watson accusing us of having Fred's precious letter hidden away. Now what in the name of Sam Tucker does she think we would want with Fred's letter... The bell rang long ago, and we haven't had our baths, combed our hair, or fixed a uniform. Babe and I sat on the grass until nine o'clock. Guess the red bugs will keep us company tomorrow night...

... I'm glad it's raining, maybe it will cool the atmosphere. Some one is phoning now asking the weatherman if there is a storm coming. Watson came in and said there is no report of such, so we'll rest easy. I don't care much if a storm does come -- it would break the monotony -- and a few more people I'm afraid. Then we'd have 'lasses and breakfast-food for two weeks.

.... Our typhoid's temp. was normal at 9 a.m. I made her some vegetable soup, strained it of course, and some grape juice gelatine. The little pig is regaining her appetite all right. The soup and gelatine were good -- you see I'm learning to cook. I like to make soup and desserts, but I don't like to cook meat and bread, etc. Don't you think you could live on soup and dainty desserts, provided that dessert isn't yellow. It's almost three o'clock and I must rest a bit.

Watson came to join the writing club in the classroom. We three are very cool and comfortable. They are squabbling over their salutations. Watson wanted Babe to say what she did, and Babe got it turned backwards, Watson insists that she turn the words around or Lucien will think she's drunk. Wat 'lows she wishes she had stayed in her nice warm room where there'd be no conversations to disturb her thinking. All of us are silly and talkative and I'm afraid we will not get much accomplished. We are just remarking that everyone will think we're a studious trio, preparing for state board. I'm afraid I've forgotten all the digestive juices and lastissimus dorsis, etc. that I crammed so diligently when I stayed off duty last spring.

By the way, this time next month we three will be far apart. Wat in El Paso, Babe here (in Galveston), and I in Graham. We just thought of it and got to feeling bad, maybe we can write better if we get too sad to talk...

Today, Miss Cawthon and I asked Mrs. Boone if she knew you. She said they had been away from home and hadn't met you, but Dr. Passmore recommended you very highly. We said you were all right and gave you a little boost without making it noticeable. I believe they are rich and I think the old man is chronic, so here's hoping he falls into your care. Watson said Fred's first patient was an old woman 60 years old suffering from a cold and a very bad case of hysterics. The first question I asked her was "Is she rich?" She laughed at me but I told her that her getting her glass doorknob depended on those rich hysterical critters. She dreamed that Fred gave her a glass doorknob on a curtain ring and called it a diamond. She continues to indulge in blood-curdling dreams. Only last night she had sausage served on her table made from her sister's body. The night we came home and I called her through the window she was dreaming that she was stealing a ride on a freight train and the conductor was calling out her name all the time she was crouching under freight articles to keep out of his sight...

Once more we are assembled in the classroom. It's nine o'clock. This pen is the da_____ pen I ever saw. It's getting real cranky or maybe it I that is cranky. That illustration above kinder expresses my temper at present. I was in a lovely mood till this pen provoked me. It fell from my apron to the tile floor, point down. I guess it needs a rest too, poor pen. I thought I had fixed it just now -- but it doesn't do a bit better. O well!

Tomorrow is Sunday. What are you going to do? I'm going to have last hours and embroider all evening if I don't sleep. Maybe I'll do my washing or clean the room.

... I couldn't help laughing about "baby bicarb" but I'm very glad the mother had the presence of mind enough to tell you about the sugar. You are some doctor.

How can I say what I want to when this old pen acts so disconcertingly. I know you can't read this... I had to wade through blood and cannon smoke for this one but I am determined to keep my sweet disposition in spite of all the temptation to cuss like a sailor. You know I would hate to get angry and try to murder a poor fountain pen because it demands a rest. I'm certainly writing under difficulties. The fan makes so much breeze that it blows my paper over the ink bottle when I reach over to use it, or Babe's blotter. She let me tear one square centimetre from the corner of her blotter so that I wouldn't bother her so much.

Back to the dining room once more. This evening Miss Clay and Sis Wagner helped Rex and Alvira serve supper so that our dining room would be in perfect order when we got there. We waited exactly 20 minutes, then came the usual sliced meat and pickles, 5 more minutes came bread, 2 and 1/2 minutes more minutes, potatoes a la Sealy, and cucumbers sliced in individual dishes without onions!! Every trip that Rex made, he would stop at our table and threaten the death of both Miss Clay and Sis Wagner. We couldn't make any noise so we agreed to kick one another when we wanted anything passed. After we had forced a few bites of that pitiful food we ate just to try to the new china and silver, watermelon was served, on separate plates and not from a big dish pan as usual. I didn't enjoy my meal because everything needed salt and I couldn't scream to Rex to bring it and he always managed to forget it when he made a return trip.

I don't seem to be able to get the last "Post" everyone has read it but me and I never can find the last one who had it...

... today is Sunday and no one works very much on Sunday. This narrow dark corridor is like an oven, the walls seem to radiate heat and there is no place for a breath of breeze to pass through. The noise from the fans in the rooms only torments me. I don't think I'll continue this very long for the heat is dreadful. I'm now in Room 6 with the fan turned on and am very comfortable.

One poor patient has a headache but I can't get Dr. Fly over the phone. Don't you feel sorry for the patient who has such an old tacky doctor. He was hurt by a large piece of lumber that fell on his neck and back. His feet still wiggle so I guess his spine isn't injured so very much.

Every time my words jump off the line clear to the next corner, you may know some one is passing the door and I always fear that is a

supt. I think Mary is in the office this evening. She is such a sweet dear woman; I wouldn't care if she read this. She's so true to her friends that it's safe to tell her any of our secrets. Miss Shackford was called home on account of sickness of some of her people. Miss Clay still remains.

Say, didn't Paul Streit preach a sermon at the M.E. Church one night about 2 years ago? The girls don't think so, but long before I saw the shrimp I heard about his preaching. I used to hear Miss Kuebel talk about him. I don't think I would have missed much if I had never seen him. He's repulsive to me. I always feel like throwing a brick at his ugly face and then turning my back so I can't see his face anymore. Mills is almost as despicable. He and Clay don't get along very well. Several times he has ordered Clay to do things in a manner that Clay resented. Today he met him in the hall and told him to go and put screens around certain beds in WI. Clay asked him where Fisher and the patients that helped were. That made him fussy and he said "never mind about them, do as I say." Clay went on his way rejoicing and left the job Mills offered him. Of course, this is clay's side of the story. Mitch says Mills tries to run the OR. I don't blame Clay for resenting his impertinence -- you know you can get Clay to do most anything in reason for you if you ask him courteously.

Old Jimmy Devil leaves tonight and I haven't seen anyone weeping over his departure. Even his patients seem to prefer Dr. Aves. The OR girls are glad. I don't mind him so much on the floor, but though I'd rather have his patients than most any other doctors here, I'm glad because there will be no more cleft palate babies on the floor. We rejoiced when we dismissed the little dirty German baby last week.

I had an offer today. Mr. Keen asked me didn't I want to go down to S.A. as his nurse when I have finished resting. I should think by then he would need no nurse. I told him I was too green to take a patient very far, but he assured me that he attended to all the details of travelling. Miss Red Head wants to go to New York. I might go if the proposition still holds by then. Would you want me to go so far away?

I have an order from Brier Fly for morph. For Mr. Hurtman but since I changed his position and put an ice cap on his neck, he is sleeping. I don't think I should awaken him to give him morphine. Ruby is here. I'm going off duty.

... I've wasted my Sunday evening as usual. Read the last instalment of Jim, took a bath and counted the laundry... I happened to think that the Dutch wardman left tonight. How can the hospital do without her and Dr. Thompson both? I suppose they planned to take their vacations at the same time. The big sl____. Bab's consulting Webster about the spelling of the word I wish to use -- she says there is no such a word. Anyway, I'll say slue footed cow made \$51 and kept her room in the nurses home the entire time she was making all that. She said she was coming back to nurse here and that Miss Clay was going to send her a telegram before her six weeks are over if she needs her real bad. Now

wouldn't that jar you? We are not jealous, but we do hate to see her carry away that fifty-one in her stocking.

... Did you go home and get more chicken today? If you get too fat, I'll not own you. Of course I want you tall, slender and handsome. I'm afraid that when I go to North Texas, you'll grow a moustache... I wish we could live near each other and be sweet hearts always then it wouldn't matter if you didn't make money except just enough for sodas and ice creams. But when we have to live separated nearly two years -- why I will feel like I'm marrying a stranger. I'll have forgotten how you look by then. But there's no use crossing the bridges till we come to them"...

She closes her letter and turns out the lights, as it is time for them to turn in for the night.

Chapter 29 - More Surgery

He keeps busy with his patients and now is going to have the opportunity to help assist Dr Gray do some surgery on one of his patients.

"You will receive no letter today. Sorry but that was one time I was too busy or at least too busy before that last east bound mail train pulled thru. The explanation is one fracture of the clavicle and one labor case, and three other minor ones. Came pretty near being kept busy yesterday.

Baby bicarb is doing so well that I dismissed it last Saturday and now just call them up over the phone occasionally. The sugar of milk seemed to agree with him much better than the chemically pure bicarb of soda. (Wait till I get that foreign particle out of Mr. Haymes eye) It's out now, I hope.

Your instinct or intuition when it comes to judging mankind seems to be very much like mine. The repelling thing about Streit is his Jesuitic insinuating expression and manner of action. John Lattimore once called it "the snake in the grass" appearance. For three - no two - years, I have tried to be Streit's good friend and finally had to give it up in disgust and despair. He was the cause of my resigning as the president of the college YMCA and he and I were the cause of the breaking up of the said YMCA. I received the blame for it and never attempted to clear myself. Yes, you are right about his preaching at the M.E. Church one Sunday about two years ago. As for Mills, he is just a dammed fool; and at present I suppose he is a conceited one too. If what you gave me was Clay's version of the affair, you may just pretty well be assured it is the true version. I think a whole lot more of Clay as a man than I do of Mills, in spite of the fact that I have known the latter for four years and that we have always been pretty good friends, belonged to the same YMCA, etc. Mills never was much of a student and always thought he was a great deal of society lion, especially among ladies. While I am thinking of Clay, I was sorry I did not get to tell him goodbye before I left, and did not get to see him when I was there last. I thought a great deal of him even if I did grow impatient with him once or twice.

If Mr. Keen was serious in his proposition, I should think it would be a very nice thing to undertake. It certainly would be a change and ought to be instructive as well as interesting and would take you away from the hospital and sick people for a while. Of course, it would be taking you a long way from me, yet I don't know that you would be any further than if you were in North Texas -- and it would not last forever. If I were a nurse, I'd hail it as quite an opportunity. I know Mr. Keen, though I do not suppose he would remember me any more. I used to know him at the University 6 or 7 years ago.

It rained again yesterday. John was down yesterday morning to get some parts for their mowing machine; he says it did not rain there much Saturday and not at all Sunday.

Well, it ought to be worth \$51 dollars to you all to have Wag out of sight. It would be too bad to have her come back.

We will have another doctor here in October; Dr. Linicium, one of the men that practised here before, is to practice here again. We should worry. The more the merrier.

What seems to be the trouble with Mr. Boone? If he comes back here, I will ask you to give me an idea as to what treatment he was getting there and what the diagnosis was. Haymes says I'll get him when he gets back.

There is a revival preaching going on here. It is a union service. The preacher seems to try to imitate Billy Sunday; he uses slangy and coarse terms very profusely. I went last Sunday night but can't think I'll try it anymore. He calls the men "old roosters," "old rednosed devils," the women "big-mouthed gossips," etc. and while none of the terms hit me, I hate to see my countrymen abused like that. He damned those people that go in swimming at the beach. Think I shall refrain from it until I get to the beach.

(Wait till I see why this lady is short of breath). All right she is just 4 months Pregnant. Well, I guess I will have to go and see some of my patients...

... All of my patients are either well or else getting well, and I have nothing to do. I did not get a letter from you last night; maybe it will get in on the noon train. If it does not, I may run the Ford off a bridge or into a brick wall. No, I won't either. I wouldn't get the night letter if I did.

Galveston must be almost crowded with my Bohemian Brethren at present. I understand there are about 300 of them attending the convention of the Slovanska Podporjici Jednota Statu Texas (S.P.J.S.T.). I bet this is the first time 80% of them ever stayed in a large city as long as this. That is no dishonor, however, Texas has no better citizens than that bunch. I have been a member of the Jednota for 12 years. My father was one of the original 7 members that organized the Nednota 19 years ago; from these original 7 members, it has risen to its present membership of nearly 10,000.

I knew someone would come in as soon as I began to write you. Mary Peters, colored, comes in to pay her bill. Mary was pretty sick when I came here and I have been treating her pretty intensely for two weeks. She seemed to be getting better and then I lost track of her. I wondered whether she had died or gotten well. She says she is well -- feels better

than she has for 5 years. That's where I score one; I've gotten one patient on her recommendation already.

Thru with Mary and adjusting that fractured clavicle again. It's a mess; but the patient is a patient little woman and I think we can get things all right in six weeks time. She was run over by a buggy.

We are unusually blessed with rain; we have had a good shower every day for the past five days. The Ford was caught in three of these, so that by now it is almost clean.

Three hours later; -- Well, I've gone over to see Mrs. Good and made an appointment to see Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Willis and the baby. Don't know what Mrs. Willis is going to name the baby. Think I'll try to get her to name her Golda just for fun.

I just came from the post office. Your letter came in on the noon train -- that is about two pages and a half on it came, but as it was signed, it must have been all of the letter. You must have thought in your dream that we were the Israelites crossing the Red Sea.

Dr. Gray is coming in with a new French harp or mouth organ. I guess I will have to quit and listen to him. I am quite fond of good music, as you know. No, he just came in and went right out again -- he seems to be afraid I would take the harp away from him...

Nearly all of this week I have been as busy as you told the girls I was two weeks ago. So don't let the girls laugh at you about that anymore. Monday and yesterday especially were busy days for me. Tuesday I had a little time off and fortunately utilized it making some dressings, etc. and sterilizing them. I forget to tell you that I make all of my gauze dressings, cord dressings and sponges myself. I am some nurse when it comes to that. Tuesday I made and sterilized a bunch of vulva pads. I mean to use those mainly to educate my patients as to how they are to make them. I find that this dressing and sponge-making comes in handy to fill in my idle moments. I rather enjoy it; I know it will be a rather hard thing for you to form a mental picture of my making dressings, and really, I feel a bit conceited over the product; my dressings are not at all slouchy looking. When I get tired of doing this or too busy, I'll teach my sisters how to do it. It will be a diversion for them and there are so many of them, it will take a very little while to make enough to supply me.

Sister Amelia and brother Jerome are coming tomorrow from East Texas. I did not tell the folks at home when they were coming, and tomorrow we will surprise them. The roads are pretty bad, but I think we will be able to make it.

Does Dr. Graves know what is ailing Mr. Boone? Gray tells me that Passmore has been treating him for a good long while. I asked "What

for?" And he said "Money." He says that Passmore never seemed to know just what ailed Mr. Boone.

Yes, those laboratory bills do run up pretty high at \$5 to \$10 per. I am doing all my blood counts and other lab work gratis; I want to be sure of the diagnosis and do it for my conscience's sake as well as for the patient's good. Sometimes I think maybe I ought to charge them, but then I do not know whether it would be wise or not. It is best to do more than you are paid for; it gives you the comfortable feeling of being able to look folks square in the eye.

I received the syringe ok. And made use of it a few minutes after I got it. How much did it cost? Much obliged to you...

... I have not had a letter for two whole days. Someone must have learned the combination of my mailbox and must be taking my letters before I get to them. There will be a funeral in this town if I ever catch him.

I did not get to go to write to you yesterday as I was busy all morning and I had to go to Taiton in the afternoon. In the morning, Dr. Gray and I operated on a man with a sebaceous cyst on the back of his neck. The man has had it for years and about once a year it would get infected, he would get it lanced to let the pus out, and then it would go on for another six months. Gray showed him to me and I told him that the only way to get rid of the trouble permanently would be to dissect the cyst sac out. He did not seem to be very anxious to do it, but finally I talked him into it. As it was his patient, I let him do the operation while I assisted. After he made his incision, he found out that the cyst was nearly as big as a hen egg and adherent as the mischief. He had a time getting it out; he worked on it about an hour and a half. He used up two of my perfectly good tablets "O" of Novocain and most of my sterilized dressings. There was some pus in the sac and we were not any too aseptic, so the wound must have been pretty well infected by the time we finished, but Dr. Gray swamped it with pure Iodine about three different times, and I am in hopes the man will not die with septicaemia. We needed a nurse pretty bad during the procedure, but of course had to do without one. When we got thru, the wound looked nearly as large as one for a laparotomy; I was rather glad the patient could not see it. Gray took the man home in his car; he went to see him this morning and says the wound looks all right and the patient feels all right.

Before we were through with the man, the noon train came in with Jerome and sister. I took them to my boarding house and let them eat dinner while I went back and helped Gray sew the man up, and then I took them to Taiton. The road was simply awful. It was not wet except in places, but it was rough all the way through. We got home in an hour and a half. I stayed at home about an hour and then came back. I was certainly shaken up after making the trip, so was the old Ford.

I went out on a phantom call night before last. Shortly after I went to bed, some woman called up and asked me to come to see a woman very sick and living about two miles east of town. She told me the woman's husband would meet me in the road two miles out of town, so I did not bother to remember the name. After going eastward for about 4 and 1/2 miles, I decided I had better turn, I did not meet any man either going or coming. Just as I was coming into town, I met a man who told me the man waiting for me up another road. I turned around and went up that road for quite a distance but did not meet anyone. I guess he got tired and went back home. Well, so did I, but not until after I had lost over two hours of good sleep. I made it up last night; I went to bed early and slept late this morning. I found out yesterday that the call was from one of Dr. Redwine's cases, a case of forceps delivery with injury during the delivery. I am rather glad I did not get there; I am tired of getting these cases that other doctors have been experimenting on and got all the money from.

The furniture man has just brought my framed certificates in. My diploma, state board certificate and my Hospital or Intern certificate. I had them framed in narrow gray and black frames; I am quite pleased with the effect. I still have a Sam Houston Normal diploma stowed away in the bottom of an old trunk at home; I believe I will resurrect that and have it framed and hung up on the wall. I still have some space for it.

I am glad I wrote the preceding part of your letter this morning, for in another hour I will be on my way to Taiton again. Some of my friends from there came in from Galveston and for policy's sake as well as for friendship's sake, I shall take them over. Of course, I will be glad to be of use to them, but gee how I hate the trip.

Well, you had better get used to habits of caring for your personal appearance if you expect to hold any man's love and esteem. Of all the abominations a slouchy, slovenly woman, young or old, is the crown. I understand some noted revivalist once said during a sermon: "Is there a woman present who has not looked into the mirror today?" One woman stood up. The preacher's face became sad and he said, "well, sister, I wish you had". I think he was right about it. I certainly feel sorry for any husband who has to make apologies, by speech or action, for the personal appearance of his wife. So you see, I would be deceiving you if I made it appear that I was in sympathy with your corkscrew head styles, etc.

No, my office is on the first floor in a secluded rear corner of a drugstore. I would not call it an office, that is too dignified a term. Occasionally, when I am absentminded, I call it office, but I really do not mean any harm by that. I manage to do one thing, however; I sweep and dust it every morning whether it needs it or not. I understand I have the cleanest office in town. But that is not saying so much. Thus, for instance, Dr. Gray still has on the floor of his office all the bloody sponges and

other stuff that we threw there 24 hours ago. I have not been in any of the other offices.

I understand the preacher got off on a limb and attacked the movies in his sermon last night. He doesn't touch me. I have not been to one since I have come to this place"...

So life goes on and he prepares for another day and waits for his next letter to arrive.

Chapter 30 - Cases Continue

Some of the cases continue on as if they have no end or the treatment is somewhat uncertain. At times it seems the cases are being treated mainly for money.

"Both your letter came today. When they came up to the floor, I was busy fixing a tray for Mr. Boone's test meal and I thought I would never get to read them. Finally when we got through and the doctors were gone, I squeezed them tight and stole away to Wat's kitchen and read them...

.... I hope you were exaggerating about the Ford's condition, if you weren't there is danger of your getting arrested for disturbing the peace. I'm sorry that you have such a time with your cars, wish I were there to be your chauffeur...

.... What kind of people are those Haynes people? I heard Edith telling about bumping her against the laundry basket, but she didn't pitch her into the laundry basket as she told you. Edith didn't like her and I'm sure she wasn't very amiable toward her. I couldn't keep from laughing when you told me that. I asked Edith since when had they got started sending their patients to the laundry. Poor Edith has a very unfortunate disposition. I had rather be a paratitic than to always be fussing with everyone whom I am associated with like she is. She and Miss Shaw scarcely speak to one another half of the time.

Poor Brer and Sis Boone are kinder worried because Dr. Graves advises a blood transfusion for the old man. I think Mrs. Boone felt that the hospital was holding her up when the lab bill was presented. I don't know how much it was but you can get a rough estimate when I told you the tests made. A complete blood count for each of them, Wasserman, Vidal, three test meals, those are all the examinations that came extra. He ordered everything imaginable except a Luetin and Von Pirquet. Dr. Graves couldn't diagnose a hair lip without the aid of a laboratory. I know you could do better any time.

Fred writes that he did an appendectomy - a poor little Mexican boy with a gangrenous appendix with a woodchopper papa, to nurse him and no mama atal. We had to improvise a fowler bed with chairs or something. Watson is worrying because she can't be there to rub the poor kid's aching back. You should see that little mink now. She has on that big brown hat with white plumes on it - the one that I used to wear when you and I went to the opera during our first year -- do you remember? And she has her hair real slick, with the hat pulled down. Her face looks so thin that nothing but two sharp eyes shine out like mice eyes. She's reminding me how I used to primp up in it and they thought I looked stylish. Did you think so too? Wish now were then!

... You can employ your mind this eve by making more sponges and dressings. You are a typical ol' maid any how. Do you sew on your

buttons and darn your socks? If you do, cultivate a fondness for it and you'll oblige me wonderfully later on. Miss Babe said tell you to buy her some white uniforms and pay her R.R. fair and she would make dressings for you. I believe your sisters' help would come cheaper. I wonder what you will do next. Speaking of buttons, Wat's sister wrote her how well her little brother could take care of himself, said she found him sewing on a button on his shirt with her embroidery thread. I told Wat to write her that he was a great deal more industrious than his sister that I knew. She says that I will not know her a year from now, because she is going to cultivate industrious habits, such as keeping her clothes mended, etc. I don't believe her, nor do I ever expect to attain such acquirements myself. I'm getting too lazy to brush my hair and never once consider how to dress it. When I live in El Campo I'm going to wear it in a corkscrew knot, and wear gingham aprons without any stockings. On Sundays I'll put a belt on and powder my nose. If you don't love me like this I will make faces at you and cook okra and yellow dessert for dinner.

.... I told her I wanted nothing but a rest. I told Watson that I didn't want anything but a sandwich to eat but she told me to "shut up" and sent a tray over by that blockhead, John, who came screaming "Mrs. Kopecky" at the top of his voice. I felt like throwing a cup at him. I told him to shut up and go quick. It's time for dinner now, guess he will be coming again. No, here comes Fisher. I had a very pleasant surprise -- broiled chicken instead of fish. It's Friday, too.

Mrs. Boone came back yesterday. They are trying to arrange for the transfusion tomorrow. I guess Dr. Graves is treating him for money too. He found nothing so very much the matter with him. He tells him he needs red blood cells and that his body has got to the state where it is unable to produce any more -- that the process with medicine would be too long. He gave him an injection of Sod. Casodylate and Tr. Guitiau a.c. rx p.c. I don't think they will leave any money for you. Very sorry you didn't get him first. Poor old man.

.... You are always surprising those people of yours. I'll bet it's not much of a surprise for surely by now they are always expecting your sudden calls and strange procedures. Joe, are you sick? Or do you expect to be killed suddenly? You are too conscientious to be a doctor. How long will it be before you can't look a patient straight in the eyes? I hope always. I don't want you to take to chasing the dollar like some people I know. But I do wish the dollars would roll your way without too great an effort on your part.

I believe I'm billious, don't know how that feels but every time I stand up my head turns around and the air turns green. I'd hate to feel all my life like I have the past few days. The weather is a little cooler now, but nothing to be proud of. This room is hot as a dungeon right now...

Bing said Mrs. Valot died last night. It seems a very short time since she waved at me from the window. Bing said she was unconscious two days before she died...

Last night about 12 o'clock I was awakened by Bing's voice at the window saying she had a special delivery letter for me. I wasn't too long in getting my eyes open either. It was a pleasant surprise for I was lamenting that fact that I would have to wait for a letter from Friday till Monday. It seemed so queer to wake up in the middle of the night and read a letter. I liked it very much, however, Bing said that Miss Clayburn insists that the letters be delivered to the girls immediately for they are usually important. Bing said she couldn't keep from smiling when she saw the postmark. That is the first special delivery letter that I ever received and I never have received a telegram.

.... Joe, have you during our past association ever had an occasion to feel embarrassed concerning my personal appearance. I don't think you have -- unless it was when I wore the red hat -- and until you do have to apologise for my slovenly appearance, you need not get so serious and eloquent over the matter. Wait till I give you a reason, which I don't think, will ever be. If I didn't care anything about your esteem and love, I think I would still keep my self-respect.

Watson is packing, which lends a melancholy tone to the blustery windy afternoon. We are very sad over the occasion but are able to laugh over the humorous side of it. She has a chafing dish, a winter coat, two boxes of letters, a Modern Methods, and The Rubaiyat. To save us, we can't get all this in the trunk. She and Babe were teasing me about my next roommate. They said Mattie White, Wilkins, or maybe Miss Barnes would move in. I told them I had six pair of shoes that I would throw at the first young woman pupil nurse who made any attempt to occupy the south side of my room. If Babe doesn't move, and she will if Miss Clay will let her, I don't want any one. If Miss Clay insists on putting some varmint of a probe in here, I'll move to the classroom.

Some of our probes are certainly swift numbers (?) or at least they make a desperate effort in trying to leave that impression. Mosely said a bunch of them were over at the Brown store last night showing off: said this little sharp-featured girl from Graham was clamouring for beer. I told Mosely if they had served her Apollinarias and called it beer, she would never have known the difference. I know that she has never seen beer, for the county where she lives is dry. Her father is a long-faced Baptist who would not allow beer brought on his premises and she has never strayed from those premises till she came down here. Now what do you suppose that community Sunday School would think if they heard of this fair young lady's wildness? It must be thrilling to be so devilish.

.... I didn't go to church. Since I've stayed away so long, I'll not try to exonerate myself by going now. I'll begin all anew when I go home. I'm going to do lots of things differently when I leave John Sealy Hospital

behind. I suppose you are listening to the wonderful revivalist condemning all your favourite pastimes. Why don't you go to movies? There is nothing much to amuse you outside your work. What do you do for diversion? Don't you miss the surf bathing? I want to go bathing but am afraid to go just Watson and I. You spoiled me. I used not to be afraid with you to keep me from drowning.

.... I went to town as if I were happy as a lark and had received a ten-page letter from you. ... Anyhow, the picture was pretty good. The title was "Market of Van Desires." The hero was a minister - every time I go to a movie there is a minister in the leading part. If this continues, maybe I'll think of preachers as I used to. I wish there were many real ones like these characters on the screen, but maybe there are and I've been too far away to feel their influence.

Back to our trip to town again. We started out looking real tacky. Dr. Story says he hates that word "tacky" but I think it has a very delicate shade of meaning that no other word expresses. Watson wore a dress that would have been the proper length for Miss Merrill and silk hose that were slightly dinged in the wash. I had on a summery looking dress with my big plain canvas slippers for I knew I couldn't stand in my pumps all afternoon. About the time we got on 21st Street, Watson suddenly became conscious of the fact that her dress was ultra fashionable. The more she thought of it the more self conscious she became and the shorter her dress grew in her imagination. She became so deluded that she thought every person we met was staring at her feet and silk hose. During our shopping we met Hendry and he happened to glance at her feet sure enough. Poor Wat's face turned scarlet and stayed that way one whole block. We started to take a car home when she spied Hendry on it and she backed away like a crawfish. I had lots of fun but almost got provoked at her. I consoled myself by thinking that she would attract people's attention away from my clubfeet. Her dress was very short but it didn't look half as bad as she thought it did. We both got us a linen dress to wear home. Hers is brown and mine is blue. Just think, a dress to wear going home! Does it make you feel a bit sad? I get blue as indigo every time I think of going so far away from you. I wouldn't see you any more when you are near but it doesn't seem so bad...

This is the hottest room that ever was made. To add to the heat Watson is sterilizing a medicine dropper in the chafing dish. She is preparing it to drop atropine in her eyes. Just now she has offered me a dollar to accidentally drop the atropine on the floor while she leaves the room. Then she can truthfully tell Fred it "got broke." I tell her she must not tempt me to sell my honor.

I'm delighted to hear that your man is still living and I hope the news of his death never reaches the village. So far you have been quite lucky or I should say successful. Dr. Story was scared purple because he thought he was going to lose an arm that he had vaccinated. I guess you feel about your patients like I do about my quinine and urea injections.

P.F. is full and over flowing... I'm sorry to give Miss Rothing up. She is the best nurse I've ever had. She's a dandy. She spoils me dreadfully -- simply chases me back to the desk and says "let me do the running around" She says tell you she's doing her best to keep me from working hard which she knows you will approve. The old man that had the transfusion yesterday came to our floor today. He is the most nervous creature I ever saw. Miss Cawthon tells me that he got very sick this afternoon. Temp. went to 103 and Dr. Graves put a special on. Weiner's blood didn't help him much.

I have lots more to write if I had the time but it's late. I have a letter to write to a patient's mother before I go to bed. I promised a poor homesick country boy who was operated on for appendicitis that I would write to his mother and tell her how he is getting along"...

Chapter 31 - First Month's Review

Dr Joe writes to Golda telling her not to worry about getting work after she graduates. First of all she should rest for a full two months to get her strength back. She also has a home to go to and should plan on taking the time to see her folks. He reassures her that when the time comes she will have plenty of work since a lot less qualified nurses are able to stay busy all the time.

" It would be strange if things did come out as you expected them to do three years ago. What does? Does your present conception of love coincide with your conception of 5 - 6 years ago? Or your conception of life? If they do, I am astonished.

You needn't be afraid I'll get into the Eagle Pass or any other infantry. I am afraid my military career is now a matter of the past and of dreams. It would have to be a pretty bad war to get me out now. I am too badly tied up over here.

This is Monday -- nearly always a fairly busy day. I've attended to six cases this morning -- all except one (extirpation of a vulvo-vaginal cyst) of very minor importance. Yesterday was rather dead. I might as well have gone home for the afternoon.

I went to hear the evangelist last night. It took him till past 10 p.m. to get through. He preached a better sermon than he did a week ago. He certainly had the crowd. I did not know there were so many people over here. They must have come from the country for miles around here.

Our operation case -- the neck case -- did not die after all. Dr. Gray just reported to me and says the boy is well enough to go to Iowa this p.m. Hate to lose him but maybe he'd better go before he dies here. Mrs. Sod. Bicarb was at the preaching this morning and came by here to show me how well baby bicarb was doing on my treatment. Has gained two pounds in 10 days -- weighed 12 and now weighs 14. She is very pleased.

You asked about the Haynes the other day. They are just plain people, but I have always found them pretty nice to deal with. She is a little bit cranky and both of them seem to be quite devoted to the people they like but are hard on people they do not like. Both are anxious to do the right thing; a rather typical story was told me about him. He used to run a saloon over at Lavise, about 12 miles from here. An evangelist came by and preached rather severely against saloons. Haynes heard about it and went to hear the preacher with the intention of whipping him. He was converted instead, closed his saloon, got him a job in a garage and has led a square life ever since --- for the past 4 - 5 years. I prescribed for her this a.m....

I am sorry that letter came in at midnight and disturbed your slumbers. I had it figured out that it would get to Galveston Sunday

morning and that you would get it about the time you usually get my letters.

I enjoyed your letter very much. I've read it three times and laughed each time and have to laugh every time I think of it. Hello, spitfire!! You are quite interesting when you get your dander up. Sorry you took it seriously, but really I am so amused at you getting so ruffled, I could hardly apologise and be sincere -- so you will have to let me off this time. Even the time you had that chorus girl hat on I wasn't half as embarrassed as you were. Only I am sorry that you had your feelings mistreated after getting up at midnight to read my letter.

So Miss Watson is packing up. By now, I suppose, she will have gone. That brings to mind rather forcibly the fact that in a few more days you will be going. When you get away and look back you will be astonished at how much of your life has been crowded into those three years at Galveston.

What do I do for diversion? Well, I write to you and think of you and occasionally I go home. Mostly, though, I write to you and think of you. I have grown accustomed to regarding the time we are to be separated as a necessary part of our training...

I did not get to go to the preaching last night. The preacher announced Sunday night that he would preach on the subject of "Dancing" on Monday night. Since I do not dance anyway, and since I did not get to bed last night till 10 p.m. I decided I would go to bed...

Yesterday closed my first month in practice. A resume of the past month may interest you. Strictly speaking, I began practice about July 6, or after Passmore left. I have had since then 50 different patients. None of these, I believe, will prove to be charity patients. My smallest bills were \$1.00 of which there were several; my largest \$25. Altogether I have done near \$200 worth of practice of which \$140 will come in sooner or later. I don't think -- no in fact I know - there was not a single day but I had at least one patient. The most practice I did was on Monday, 24th when I did \$50.00 of practice - all good money.

A rather interesting feature is that by far the greater part of my patients were women and children. The greater part of my cases, about 2/3, live here in town. I have had cases in some of the best families in town; most of my cases come from the middle class. I have so far gotten every case that has been down to Galveston during the past two months - I mean been there for treatment to Drs. Gray, Lee, or Singleton. I believe every case I have had before the 20th of the month got another case for me. Singularly enough, I've had only about 1/2 dozen cases of non-Americans. That suits me. I believe myself to be thoroughly American in my ideals and sympathies and hence more or less at variance with my Bohemian brethren when it comes to matters of prohibition, religion, etc. and though I want their practice and feel sure I shall get it by and by, I

want to be as independent of them as possible and want them to feel that they have to come to me and not I to them. In other words, I do not want to cater to them. A fraction of my practice consists of Negro, cash-paying element. The first Negro woman I had showed very good results and has since then sent me patients and has been one of my strongest boosters. I've had a few cases that have been treated unsuccessfully by other physicians (and in most cases because of faulty diagnosis) and have showed marked recovery since I have had charge of them. Just a streak of luck, but it goes a long way. The last case I have had this way was a very bad case of ringworm of the face on a boy five years old. One of the doctors has been giving the boy "electrical treatment" for a month, got the ringworm more scattered all over the face and deep into the skin. Then his father brought the boy to me. After two weeks treatment, the ringworm has almost completely disappeared and the family is very much pleased, and I can look for some very good advertising. And so it goes. I must not forget to tell about my failures. The aggravated gyn case I wrote about 14 days ago. I put on some medicine, not expecting much good. She does not seem to be any better, and I should be astonished if she were -- so this is a review of my past month. Excuse me that it appears so much like bragging. I tried to be only true to the facts.

A review of my social life will hardly be necessary; I was so wrapped up in my professional life, there wasn't any social side to it...

You will not get a letter today -- I am very sorry. I went out into the country with one of the doctors yesterday morning and in the afternoon when I got to where I would have had time to write the letter, the train had gone. Dr. Redwine, one of the oldest doctors here, took me out to the patient to consult with him on a case. Now, he did not take me out because he chose to do so but because the people insisted. He has been treating this woman for over two weeks for "fever"; fed her about a pound of quinine, etc. About a week ago she aborted and as he does not seem to have been any too aseptic while completing the abortion, her uterus became infected. They wanted me to take the case yesterday, but, of course, I refused since Dr. Redwine is still on the case, and anyway, I was not any too anxious to take over a patient in a moribund condition. I took a blood count and that in addition to some of the symptoms makes me suspect very strongly that it is a case of typhoid fever.

Dr. Gray took me out to see the case I was called to on Sunday morning and refused because he had been called to see it once before. It seems to be a case of locomotor ataxia. Dr. Graves gave him about half a dozen spinal injections a year ago and got a \$600 wad out of him. The case is not an easy one to handle, and I told Gray I did not envy him the least bit.

Yes, the Boones came in day before yesterday. I had a letter from Dr. Graves the same day requesting me to take charge of the case and give the patient 10 gr. Sod. Cocodylate every two days, take a blood count on Saturday and send the patient down for another transfusion. The old man

seems to be improved some, but doesn't look like he could stand much running around by any means. Peculiar old couple, aren't they? I shot the cacodylate into his veins yesterday.

Yes, the cocodylate does seem to do pretty good work in some cases. I have used it pretty extensively on a few of my cases with results that astonished me. It seems to be nearly as good in anti-syphilitic treatment as salvason and neosalvason.

The determination of whether the blood of the donor and recipient will be favourable to each other is simple enough. 1 drop of the donor's blood, properly diluted, is mixed with 9 drops of the recipient's blood, properly diluted, and vice versa. At the end of 15 minutes the blood dilution is examined under the microscope and if there is clumping together of the red blood cells, the blood will not mix. If there is no clumping, the blood is ok...

When I opened your letter last night, I exclaimed "Gee! That's brief!" but before I got thru reading I had to confess it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. When I stopped to think that on the same day you received no letter at all, I felt like I ought to feel thankful.

Yes, you are fortunate in getting Miss Babe for a roommate. But let me warn you, you must never kick about the kind of gloves she hands you. It seems to hurt her feelings and she stays reticent for weeks at a time and makes you feel rather uncomfortable in her presence. Outside of that she is a mighty fine girl and a model nurse.

Mrs. Boone has not told me anything about you as yet. I don't think she can keep from it much longer. I wish you would make it hot for Gooie for me; of course, you would not hope to be as mean to her as I would be, but do your best and stop short only of murder. She really deserves to be murdered in some barbarous manner.

The revival is still on. It seems peculiar to see grown men all over town collecting in groups discussing, not the race between Colquitt and Culberson, but religion and the preacher's last sermon. The preacher has denounced roundly cards, dominoes, 42, and other parlor games, moving pictures and in fact everything that you could think of except chewing gum, and I guess he will come to that next. He has interfered with the moving pictures to such an extent that the movie man saw himself forced to put on a free show to get a crowd. This will be a model town when he gets through cleaning up. One will have to go out side of city limits to say, "doggone it."

One of the preacher's assistant demons imagines there is something wrong with his nose and comes in twice a day for treatment. I shoot into it enough Solsells 1 part, water 1 part to make him see stars and make his eyes water and then tell him to come again. After I collect his bill, if he asks me what was wrong with his nose, I'll tell him I guess it

was just out of joint. Guess I'd better not though; his boss might send me to where he's sent all those dancing, prancing, 42 playing Methodists.

I broke my glasses last night. I know the first thing you will think of will be of how they got broken once before. Well, it was different this time. I had them on my dresser after I went to bed and I got up in the dark and while feeling for my flashlight, overturned a bottle of alcohol and broke my glasses. I did not notice until this morning what I had done.

Practice has been rather dull for the past few days, but I am not grumbling. One can't expect to be busy all the time, and besides, it would take an awful amount of practice to keep me busy all the day...

It rained again yesterday. It rained a lot; it rained all day long. I did not want any rain; no one else did. It just went ahead on its own initiative. I meant to go to Taiton this afternoon, but the roads are so muddy now I don't believe I would want to attempt it. Sunday is always such a dull day here I felt like I would rather be away for at least half a day. Now I guess I will have to go to preaching -- I mean to hear the preacher.

All kinds of things are getting to happen at the meetings. The other night, the preacher got to denouncing a certain member of one of the churches for playing an active part in the church and at the same time sneaking into saloons through the back door and boozing. I don't suppose that was anything unusual; in fact, if all those guilty had a stood up when he asked them to, I guess almost 1/2 of the male members would have been on foot. But only one man confessed and promised to reform. It nearly breaks my heart to tell you it was my own Brer. So you see I was mistaken about him. I thought he was good. But he is bad: even if he is a S.S. Supt. He is nearly as bad as that Graham probe. Well, looks is deceivin'. Still, he can pray pretty loud, sings loud and can assume that face we described to you on a previous occasion, and so when it comes to fitness for S.S. Supt., measured by Miss Watson's standard, beside him, I wouldn't stand any more chance than a snowball in hell.

.... There was a good deal of philosophy in what the Negro girl told you; there does seem to be so much marital unhappiness, that one would almost feel disheartened. But if you stop to think in what haphazard manner the great majority of matrimones are committed, the only wonder is that there is not more of unhappiness. Even in my brief medical career, I have run up against it -- these unhappy unions, but I could hardly say that I feel discouraged or have cold feet. It only makes me appreciate that much more the happy unions, of which I get to see not a few.

...I also remember how I embarrassed Miss Rusk. One day she asked me whether I did not think a certain patient resembled you. She did not know then that we were going with each other again. I said, yes, she did look a bit like you. She asked me then "Kopecky, do you think Willis is good-looking?" I told her yes, I thought so. She said, "Do you?"

Sometimes I think she looks right pretty and then at other times she is almost ugly." I just laughed. A few days later she found out we went together, and of course, laughed and blushed because of what she had told me a few days ago.

Well, I will have to wind this up to go S. School. I'll have to give old man Boone his sod. Cocod. And then take a blood count on him"...

Again he is off to see his patients and on the move. He has also started to enjoy the evening entertainment and plans on going to another of the preachers' revivals before he leaves town.

Chapter 32 - Bad Joke

They clear the air over a misunderstanding and continue on with the day's events.

"...I don't like your laughing at me when you should have been penitent, but I guess I'll forgive you this time, since you say you were joking. Letters don't always sound like they are intended and they're so convenient to change around to suit the occasion. You said you read my letter three times. I read yours three times also. I always have to read your letters hurriedly when I'm on duty and don't get to enjoy them fully till I get to my room.

Your review of the month sounds pretty good to me. I'm so glad that there was only one failure to note and it wasn't really a failure of yours. You're going to succeed. I know you will. So often I've told you I had the utmost confidence in your ability as a doctor, peddler, dishwasher or anything else. I trust you more than I ever trusted any human being...

Isn't this common looking paper? A tablet would be much nicer. Wiggles bought it under the impression that she was getting paper without lines. Because she was so disappointed and because I didn't object to lines, I bought it from her. Now that I have it I must use it.

.... I want to tell you never to apologise for sending me a letter any time of the night or day. I'd be glad to get a letter from you if I were taking my first nap after 24 hours of wakefulness from an appendectomy and the fourth of morph had just begun its work. Never, never apologise for such a thing again. Your other apology was in order of course.

... Dearing said she couldn't imagine your writing a letter every day to any one. She sure has you down as a cold-blooded critter hasn't she? Two and one half years ago I thought the same about you. My opinion has been greatly altered during the past year. Today Ester the colored maid, was giving me a little advice while I was sewing in the basement. She told me never to get married that I'd wish I hadn't sure. She said all white people were not good, said she had seen women crying and unhappy in many homes where she worked. I told her that I would marry a good man and I knew he was good. She laughed at me and said I didn't know. She's a Negro so I'm not worrying about what she says. But if she had been a refined, intellectual white woman I would not have heeded one word she said. I'd love you in spite of every discouragement, except any that should come from you...

I read Miss Babe what you said about her. She kissed your picture to show her appreciation and said tell you she never had any gloves for me. She's a very congenial little soul to room with. She doesn't object to the lights burning after she has finished writing and I am still writing to you, and she isn't easily awakened by my lumbering around in the room after she has gone to sleep or by a little noise like the doors slamming or a bottle's falling from the table. I just love her. Fred never

lets us see Watson any more. I saw her 2 and 1/2 minutes today. It rained all morning and part of the afternoon. They leave tomorrow night to part at Houston. The time has come the walrus said. Poor tired Watson used to wonder if she would ever receive that diploma. Sometimes it looked like she wouldn't. Miss Clay gave her about a month. Wish she had been generous with me. I can't think of her with very fond recollections just because she was so stingy.

You have some everlasting revivalist. I'm uneasy about El Campo; it will get too good. I don't want to live in such a saintly place. Please go to the picture show and encourage the poor man to stay awhile longer. Tell him that the great influence will become fainter as winter draws near.

... O! Dear!!! Mr. Keen and Miss White ought to be Miss Red, left today for New York. He is going to get him an artificial limb while there. Poor man, I feel sorry for him. He has the drug habit pretty bad and it seems very hard for him to quit entirely. For a year he has been given morphine for the pain in his leg. I liked him very much after I knew him better. He always appeared so plain and broad-minded.

Huddleston said he was going to write to you tonight and invited my letter to share his envelope. I think I shall send it with his and you will not know you are getting mine. He is back in the drug store again. When you answer his letter ask him when he is going to take charge of Blag's store, also ask him doesn't he think he is undertaking to do too much?... It's so nice to have Miss Clay away and never be bothered with her bobbing in your door telling us "It's eleven o'clock, young ladies." Gee! I'm glad that woman's gone!!!!

I forgot to tell you about our wedding that happened a few nights ago. Dr. Jenkins and Miss Wheelis -- you remember little simple Miss Wheelis whom Habig and Cawthon used to torment with fire extinguishers, etc.? The girls heard that she had been accepted so they thought up a plan to get rid of her. She was on night duty so the night nurses, Baker, Maxwell, and Ebert, the ringleaders had Jenks to propose to her and Ebert convinced her that Mebane was a preacher. So they had a little ceremony. The little sucker believed the whole thing. Jenks wanted to stop the joke but the girls wouldn't stop. They had her chasing over here at 12 o'clock that night to get her clothes packed. The next morning they told her she couldn't stay in training if she was married and she went and asked Jenks for 70 cents to take her to Texas City. He tried to tell her better. The girls took her to the train and got cold feet and brought her back. She went home later during the day. I feel so sorry for the poor silly girl, but she had no business being a nurse with as little sense as she displayed. The girls on 3rd floor have been called before Miss Shackford on account of their jokes played on Miss Barnes. If they could only get her married. Then we would have gotten rid of three "impossibles" by the means of matrimony -- Wheelis, Beckham and Barnes. Did I tell you old Beck is married again? She doesn't believe in giving up.

Since we have the new dining room Rex is rotten. He is getting so uppish and unobling, Miss Shackford will either have to get a new "nigger" or a bigger hat for Rex...

We just returned from the station. Five of us went to see Watson off -- Babe, Bing, Wiggles, Edith and I. I've had the blues all day because she was leaving tonight. Babe and I were the only ones who acted up -- we had to bawl and get our eyes red and the powder washed from our noses...

Your picture looks so dignified and critical at me that I don't dare write you any nonsense tonight. You needn't be so snippy if you had been in training three years and two months besides, your room mate and chum left you with sixteen more days to cripple through and with no hopes of seeing her for who knows when -- you'd take off that square topped cap and give me a smile, or pity at least if you knew how I felt.

Poor Babe looks so desolate and forlorn over there. Believe I'll hobble over there and talk to her awhile...

I hear Clacky's footsteps -- light out Babe and I asleep.

Lights on again. Some one got a nice lecture down the hall apiece. It must have been Willard. We put out light out when we heard her come on the porch. We should be asleep right now.

I'm sorry you didn't get to go home Sunday. It makes a habit of raining on Sunday in El Campo, I believe. Maybe next Sunday will be clear if not maybe that preacher will be gone and you can go on in your sins in peace. A small town on Sunday is the most uninteresting place on earth. It isn't so bad when one isn't lonesome. I wouldn't mind it with you...

I'm quite pleased again. Miss Rothig is on the floor again, and that chambermaid Miss Curry went to Wd. 4. Babe is in the diet kitchen with 8 trays to serve. She also gives massage to two patients daily. Edith says that her wrists are sore which prevent her giving a thorough massage. Poor Babe has to work so hard. She gets it done all right...

I had morning hours but didn't get my letter till dinner. Rex lied or somebody had it. I don't know which. It came in very nicely for dessert since we had corn starch paste.

Are you sorry you went over there?.... I'm sorry if you don't ever learn t like it there, but if you do, of course I am not sorry. Mr. Boone told me all about you as if I didn't know you were a good doctor, a nice man, etc. He said lots of nice things about you. He also said that he didn't want you to board and wanted to do his best to get you a housekeeper. I told him that ought to be easy enough. I'm afraid Mrs. Boone will get very

impatient waiting for her rumours to materialise. She will have almost despaired by then don't you think? Mr. Boone is much more pleasant when the old lady is not here. She never gives him a chance to chirp. She seems to think she should do the talking for them both. The son-in-law drove down to give his blood but they do not mix so I suppose Mills will donate his blood.

.... What's the matter with the garage man that he doesn't see that the machinery comes sooner? I'm sorry that you have reason to doubt Passmore's word. I'm afraid you believe people too much, you gauge them by your own standard. That doesn't sound nice for me to say but it seems that so few are perfectly on the square. In the long run, honesty surely will win. You will at least have the consolation that you've harmed no creature like the poor old TB patient told me a few days before he died.

.... I like rainy days: Wish I had been there with you to sit by your side and watch the rain through the window. I always liked rainy days. When I was a school kid, I was happy when it rained because there was a pretty good chance of my staying at home. Ever since those school days a rainy day always gives me a contented cozy home-like feeling....

I'd like to read your book the "Physician's Wife," and I wonder if it isn't similar to the "Circuit Rider's Wife" -- I believe Mrs. Circuit Rider would have just as interesting a life if she were able to see the many phases of it. Ten years from now, I wonder if I'll be a country doctor's wife, a great surgeon's wife, a retired R.N. or a chambermaid. I wish there were sure enough fortune-tellers who really could read our futures. I'd find out a few things that are going to happen within the next ten years. This way of waiting for them to tell gets on one's nerves.

.... I'm weary of the whole place. I can't be sensible - that's the reason I'm writing foolish things. I must be a little "batty" because I had a great desire to read Kipling today. Usually I hate Kipling. Everything I read -- just poems, suited my taste until I came to the poem about the "d.F." I can't spell the title -- then I got tired because it sounded too much like hospital. Did you ever pick up something that you had read many times and all of a sudden wonder why you hadn't liked it before and had failed to find its meaning for so long?

... By the way, you never did propose to me. Therefore I'm not engaged. I feel so bad about it. Guess I'll go to sleep and dream that I got married without being engaged...

Your nice fat letter came to me just before noon. They put the mail in the dining room and lock it up till 12 o'clock. I'm always guessing whether I have a letter till I go to dinner. That fat letter helped me to forget the cabbage and dead goat that lay before me. You have lots more to write about than I have, therefore your letters are longer.

I never did tell you about the fire. Some careless nurse left the iron connected. When Ester found it, the ironing board had burned and the clothes hanging in the room were beginning to burn. She called on some workmen to put the fire out and a one-armed ape turned in the fire alarm. When I awoke, I was having morning hours, men's voices raised to excitement came from the basement and fire wagons were surrounding the building. When they got there the fire was out. Miss Shackford was quite angry because the fire department had been called. I listened and soon found what all the commotion was about and when I heard about the ironing board I knew that it was not worth the while spent in going to see it. Ester couldn't understand why I didn't get up.

Mr Boone didn't feel very good today. Had temp. 101.6 but the other transfusion case feels better. I think Mr. Boone will be all right tomorrow. His blood count was very satisfactory"...

Golda closes her letter and writes that she is starting to pack so she won't be in a rush at the last minute. She is counting the days till she is out of nurses' training.

Chapter 33 - Proposal

"Well, there's no danger of Ebert, Habig, Baker and even meek-voiced "Harry" (Maxwell) ever dying young. Still in the long run, they should get a medal or an iron cross apiece for ridding the hospital of that girl, for she was evidently hopeless. I guess Jenkins was getting a bit too realistic.

Well, by now, dear Mr. Boone will be with you once more. He set out this morning armed with a blood count I made for him yesterday. His blood still shows some improvement, but the reds are not as high as they were right after the transfusion was done. The old lady sailed into me yesterday about the hospital, but I denied knowing what she meant or was driving at, and she seemed to be willing to let me alone. The old man's brother came down from Illinois yesterday. He does not seem to be very weak but he is just as deaf as a post.

.... not much of my time was taken up by receipting my bills, etc. Few of the people around here seem to be in the habit of paying their bills on the first. I have to study their ways some more. I've got to get to where I collect a little more than my board bill money.

I went out on another phantom call last night. At 12:30 a.m. Mr. Turner called me and said they were thinking of having a baby at their home. I went over but decided they were mistaken about the baby and so went back home but only after I had lost three hours of good sleep. I advised them to have the baby in about a week or so.

I went to hear that preacher again last night. He certainly had some crowd. The tent was so crowded that many of the hearers had to sit on the lawn outside of the tent. I did. I followed him in all his rambles and did not pay much attention to how late it was, until he asked the congregation for permission to preach for 20 minutes longer. I looked at my watch and it said 9:45. I did not consent to his preaching any longer but the people on the inside of the tent did, so he preached on and I got up and went home. You will recall that I always have preferred the preacher to say his benediction at 9 or 9:05 p.m.

I am still waiting for the broken part of my car to arrive. I wonder if the people at home are not tired of my using their Ford so long. I know I am. I sure feel like telling Passmore a few things about the red car he sold me. I am pretty well tuned up for him, anyway, he did not tell me the whole truth on several matters.

Business continues dull. I am afraid I am getting used to it. What's the use? Being impatient about it does not seem to hasten matters very much. I had a good case of anteflexion of the uterus this morning. I'd like to get to operate on the girl but I am afraid she and her people are not quite as willing as I am. If I were willing to do as Passmore did, I'd treat her medically for several years and get all the money out of her and then

make a chronic case of her and send her to Dr. Graves with a diagnosis of gastric cancer or pellagra. There are many things I will have to learn if I am to make a living at it. It sure does go against your finances if you are honest with people.

.... Yes, it certainly looks bleak and dreary on the outside. I have prospects for a nine-mile drive in the country but I'll tell you, I am not enthusiastic over it. I had a call over the phone from Fannick's; Agnes' temperature has gone way up to 105 degrees and the diseased leg has become very much swollen. I told them over the phone what to do, but really ought to have gone out and seen the case for myself but I hate to get out in the rain like this. -- If I go I'll look like gypsies moving for I mean to take my microscope and enough laboratory material to make a urinalysis and blood count and instruments sufficient to open up and clean out the wound if necessary.

I am reading a book called "The Physician's Wife." It is written by a doctor's wife and is quite interesting. It has a humorous vein all the way through, yet at times it gets quite pathetic; it seems to be strictly true to life. I'll want you to read it sometime; it is hardly a classic or a literary gem, but it is worth the time one puts on it reading it. It portrays very well the hardships of a country doctor -- and of his wife.

The rain has broken loose now; it comes down in torrents. The local color and the atmosphere generally would be quite conducive to writing Edgar Allen Poe stories -- if one had the genius to write. This will delay my trip home at least another week. Oh Well! You would be very much surprised to see how stoical and resigned to whatever may come I have become in the last six weeks.

The preacher preached on Mr. Booze last night. I did not go to hear him. I am on no friendly terms with said Mr. So. I don't suppose I really needed the sermon. Besides, I had to make up those three hours of sleep I lost the night before. There are plenty of men here who would profit by hearing and heeding such a sermon. This is an anti town but the pro element is by no means dead or asleep.

... I went to see Agnes yesterday afternoon. It is nine miles from here and about five miles of this was the most abominable muddy slippery road I ever travelled on. Several times I thought I would have to go back. I probably would have done so but every time I felt like it, it would have been impossible to turn in that narrow road. I was glad I did not turn, for poor Agnes was pretty bad off and I advised the old man to take her to Galveston and have Dr. Singleton operate on her as soon as possible. She has a process similar to the one she had at first -- same leg. I had my microscope with me and made a blood count. I could have operated on her myself but thought it would be best to send her to Galveston as she can get much better attention there and it will be less expensive. Here a doctor would have to go to see her every day for maybe weeks and the distance

would have made it quite expensive. Besides let Dr. Singleton finish his cases.

I chose a different road coming back and had a comparatively easy time of it. Two patients called on me while I was gone; one seems to have tried some other doctor and then come back. Fracture of right collarbone. Oh yes! There were three. The other was a Negro woman I give injections for syph. And pellagra. She will be back this p.m. When I stay here, hardly any one comes but as soon as I get out of here, I am pretty sure to miss a patient.

.... There are a good many things the city doctor has that the country doctor has to do without but I am getting to discover that there are quite a few the country doctor has that the city doctor has to do without and in the long run, I believe the country doctor can have more enjoyment than the city doctor. Especially is it true now that we go around in automobiles instead of buggies. Before the advent of autos if a doctor had to go out on a ten-mile call, it means a loss of a night's sleep. Not now, not unless he has to stay with the patient. Another thing, when one gets tired of the office, only a few minutes time can put 20 miles between him and the office and he can see things that will refresh him physically, mentally and spiritually. In the city, especially in one like Galveston, you just have to stay on and wait till the tired feeling either passes away or till you become stupefied, sordid and callused. Of course, from a remunerative point of view, the country doctor does well if he makes a decent living, but he gets many rewards for his service that are denied the city doctor. Selah!

...This is not tobacco juice -- it's my blood. I cut my finger on a sodium cocodylate ampoule...

A man came in a moment ago with an awful swelling of his right arm. The arm was nearly twice as large as the left. No dolor, etc. - the only symptom was the tumour. He sure scared me for a while. I thought it might be septicaemia. Blood count was normal, so that settled things. Angioneurotic hardly any trouble, disappears. Sure scares the patient though. Thank goodness"...

In Dr Joe's next letter he expresses regret for complaining about having moved to El Campo and does not want her to feel responsible for his move in the least bit. He continues...

"... I am no longer disposed to regret having come over here. As for the unfavourable circumstances, I really ought to be ashamed of myself for few of the men that have to start out enjoy the advantages I do. I have ceased to regret coming over here several weeks ago. If you will be satisfied to live over here, it will make very little difference to me. I would be willing to live with you even in Southeastern Arkansas. I do feel rather gloomy at times because I incurred such a heavy debt at the time of my starting out over here -- heavier than it was really necessary; but in my

cheerful moments I must confess that even that is not such a disastrous matter, and in a year or two will be more or less completely forgotten.

Mrs. Boone tells me that Mr. Boone has had his transfusion and is doing nicely. I hope that the donor's blood will not affect him to any extent by impairing to him any of the qualities of the donor. It would be too bad to see the old man strutting around trying to look cute, and I know that it would not quite please Mrs. Boone for him to get to be as much of a ladies' man as Mills attempts to be. I hope the transfusion will do the old man some good, though I fear very much that the good effect will be only temporary. At the time I took his blood count, his reds were about half a million lower than they were immediately after the transfusion.

How are your feet getting along? I know you have decided not to tell me anything more about them, but that makes no difference; you had no business making any such rash and unreasonable resolutions. You forgot to tell me about the fire at the home. If you sure enough had a fire, tell Wiggles I said she ought not to fear for herself, as green things will not burn very readily. By the way, whatever became of the nurse with typhoid fever and perverted appetite?

I'm taking you at your word. This letter will reach you about midnight and so it will fulfil its object of being a Saturday-Sunday letter.

Thursday was a rather dull day, so at 6 p.m. I left here and went to Taiton. There did not seem to be any necessity of my coming back that night so I stayed till morning. In the morning, John wanted Cyril to take him to Garwood, nine miles north of home, to take the train. I went with them as far as Nada and got off at that place to wait for Cyril to come back. I went to see the doctor at Nada. Nada is 28 miles north of El Campo. While I came in from El Campo and said I was wanted here at once as Mrs. Turner, my druggist's wife, had decided to have a baby. I got in his car and left word for Cyril to bring the Ford after me as fast as he could. After going for 2 miles we had a blowout and lost 1/2 hour replacing an inner tube. We got to El Campo about 10:20 a.m. and went direct to Turner's house. This woman expected to be delivered by Dr. Passmore, and so I never made an internal examination until yesterday morning. To my horror I found that she had a contracted pelvis. Ten hours of hard second stage labor pains failed to make the head pass the inferior strait; fortunately, I have a pair of good forceps. I had to call in another doctor and put the woman under an anaesthetic and deliver with forceps. The child pulled through OK and the mother with a second-degree laceration, which I repaired at once. This morning both patients are doing fine, and the only thing I am afraid now is infection, as the chances for it were great yesterday. It will take a few days before I can be sure that she is past this danger and if in the meantime anything can be done to prevent it, we will not leave it undone.

There is no phone connection between here and Taiton. I don't think I shall ever again run the risk of getting into a mess like this. I shall

confine my stay at home to an hour or so. I felt all the time somewhat uncomfortable about staying away so long, but somehow did not have much sense or something. It would not take very many stunts like this to ruin me -- especially just starting out.

Redhead came in this morning and said she dreamed about me the other night. She dreamed that she was walking out on the seawall with Calie and asked her "What did you all think of Dr. Kopecky while he was here?" Calie said, "Well, Miss Willis seemed to think lots of him." Redhead said "But what did those of you disinterested ones think?" Calie said, "Well, we thought he was right nice, but he thought so even more than we did." I thought that was funny but I deny thinking that I am nice. Of course, I suppose it would depend upon what construction you put on nice. Like cute it covereth a multitude of sins.

For some reason the letter you wrote on Friday did not get here till just a few moments ago. So you saw Agnes on her way to the operating room. I am very anxious to know whether she was operated on, and if so, what the operation was. I saw Mr. Boone's brother this morning and also his son-in-law; both of them tell me that he is doing nicely. I am to take a series of blood counts on him. If you have not turned in his chart yet, I wish you would send me a copy of his blood count taken after the transfusion. I am anxious to know the results. Did they take a blood count before the transfusion was done?

I had another labor case last night. I was rather amused at the couple. They had everything figured out very definitely for September 7 and I could hardly make them believe that the woman was in advanced labor (13 August); an hour and a half later the labor was over with. Another case of the elite of this town. They seem to be quite sensible, though. The nurse that attends to my ob cases is now busy on my Friday case and another nurse in town is on Dr. Redwine's case, so in despair they called some kind of a meddling woman, midwife I guess. She looked so devilishly slovenly, I never even asked her to hand me anything but went on with my work myself. When I needed to have anything handed to me, I asked a dignified lady who was called in in a hurry from a neighboring home. I fixed up the mother after labor and asked the dignified lady to clean the baby a la Jno. Sealy. The old hag came in and tried to give the baby a full bath and critized my method in no uncertain tones, but Mrs. Dignified determined to carry out my orders, appealed to me, and, of course, I had my way. When I got ready to go home, the gentleman told me not to worry about any more interference and this morning when I came over, lo! The know-it-all was gone! Another submissive, very meek looking lady was in her place.

I started to tell above, that is, the people did not expect anything before September 7, they had nothing prepared, but as I usually carry a regular hospital to these cases, that did not phase us a bit. Everything came off delightfully smooth.

The forceps case is doing very nicely so far, but I am afraid will not have any milk. Guess I will have to start the kid on formula tomorrow morning.

I went to church this morning. The union revival closed Friday and this morning they received a bunch of recruits into the folds of the church.

Well, I will have to close. I had to get up early this morning to see a lady who ate some shrimp late last night... P.S. By the way, about that proposal and about being engaged. Will you marry me? Thanks J.K."

Chapter 34 - Busy

" Snelling and I have been talking about our ancestors -- the many opportunities that our fathers failed to heed. We have discussed their careers in the Civil War and have decided that Rudolph and William must have known or heard of each other. We found lots of satisfaction relating the might have been, but regret to say that it doesn't make us any more than nurses.

We have no specials on the floor and every patient requires a bed bath. Our little typhoid probe went back on us today. Her temp. stayed normal a week or more then during last week it would rise to 100 or 99 degrees occasionally. It reached normal yesterday again. This a.m. it shot up from 99 to 102.6. At 3 p.m. it was 105.4. Dr Heard says he fears yet that she has appendicitis. Says if she continues thus he will have to have an exploration made. Her white count is only 9900. So you see how our probationers are doing. I feel so discouraged about her. Dr. Herd gave her cream of wheat and soft egg because he thought maybe lack of nourishment was causing that little tantalising temperature. Brer Boone is leaving in the morning, provided he feels equal to the trip. Poor Mr. Boone. I wish he could get well. He showed more reaction this time. Old Mills blood wasn't very good to mix with Hendry's and Mr. Boone's.

I saw Agnes in the X-ray room this morning. She was thirsty so I took her some ice water. Wasn't I a good Samaritan? Later, I saw her being rolled into the operating room. I don't know what they did.

... Ida, in C.H. was asking about you. She says you are the finest young man she knows of, and she will never forget how nice you were to her. She tells me that if I don't marry you she will never speak to me again -- too bad! You and Dr. Cooke are her ideal men -- pretty good taste that Negro has; strange to say it resembles mine.

... Your Sunday-Saturday letter was safely delivered by Bing and Wiggles at 12 o'clock last night. I was so glad to get it and was sorry when I came to the last page, as I always am. After reading it, I dropped off to sleep again and dreamed that I had typhoid fever. I didn't feel very sick and went to the Brown Store daily to get a sandwich. I thought they had to show me the wedal report before I would believe I had typhoid....

.... you never can have one day of freedom without being needed by some one. Don't you hate to have a forceps delivery case? I saw Jess Flaut make such a mess of one that I have a horror of ever seeing another. I hope that you don't have any bad results as you anticipate since it is your first you are more anxious than you would be otherwise.

You were so sudden making your proposal and you didn't say any nice things along with it. I thought when a man proposed he told the girl she was the most beautiful woman on earth, that her eyes were like stars and her hair like gold and everything that isn't true. What did you

thank me for? I didn't or you didn't know that I accepted, you conceited rascal. That proposal doesn't suit me. Next time you see me, you can do it verbally and I want you to make up a real flowery speech, lots of nice untrue things.

Watson is nursing. She said there was an army officer very ill with pneumonia and they couldn't get a nurse, so she took the case. Babe and I wrote and asked her did she want us to come and help her nurse the soldiers and give them salvarsan. I think I'll go to Amarillo to nurse. Tomorrow I don't know where I'll plan to go...

The reason you didn't get my letter was because I gave it to Clay to put in the box when he took our drug basket down. We get him to take the basket along with his, when the elevator isn't running, which is almost all the time. Huddleston brought them up at ten o'clock. I sent one of Babe's also -- said he found them in the drug basket. I didn't write any Saturday night because I was so late getting through cleaning the room, etc.

Well, Dr. Stork, you're such a busy man now. Poor old sloppy nurse, she must have had her pride wounded dreadfully. From your description, I wouldn't think that she had very much pride. We are very busy on P.F. now. We have four patients. Mrs. Cawthon went out in town tonight. She seems to be improved a great deal, but I'm afraid not well. When I got your letter I had already sent Mr. Boone's chart to the office. Maybe Miss Collins can let me see it yet. I remember the count was 4 million and something with 80% hemoglobin. The pernicious anemia case who was Dr. Weimer's blood was to have another transfusion today but Dr. Hendry was unable to find any one whose blood would mix with his. He made eight agglutination tests. They don't feel very hopeful about this case. He's very nervous but the most agreeable nervous patient I ever knew. I never wanted any one to get well any more than I do him. He has a lovely wife and three very interesting children. He must have been an ideal husband judging from his wife's devotion and patience with him now.

It will be such a happy change to leave the hospital for a while and know people who are not sick or saddened by the hopeless condition of their loved ones. It will seem so strange not to listen to people's woes and disappointments, not to smile and be polite when one feels like crying. I can't complain about any disagreeable patients since I've been on the floor, however. Everyone has seemed so grateful and considerate. None except the old typhoid captain ever provoked a bitter feeling in me and he sent me seven lbs. of candy, all together, as a peace offering. No one has ever complained to the doctors or to the office concerning the service received; or rather it never came back to us, so I think I've been very lucky. Guess I had better knock on wood for there's another week yet and many things can happen during a week's time. I'm so thankful that I didn't have to look after one of those colored wards. Poor Miss Manger

has Wd I Col. Miss Rothic says that Miss Manger used to be a good girl but those Negroes are making her almost cuss.

I don't know what they did to Agnes. I'll find out about her tomorrow. She looked better than she did when she left here before. Dr. Singleton is doing lots of work since Dr. Thompson left. For a while we had five of his patients on the floor. He is much easier to please and far less bothersome. He comes once a day, tells us a new order or two and leaves the patient to our care till the next day. Dr. Graves leaves this week and all of his patients are grieving."

Golda then tries to clear up a misunderstanding. She was not worried about setting up house or fitting one out with furniture and running one. She was concerned about what to do if she needed to get a doctor on a case and could not get in touch with him. What to do if the patient was bleeding to death, or if she needed to convert a kitchen into an operating room 12 o'clock at night. These things aside, she admitted she had not started on a hope chest, as she never thought much about getting married and thought she was going to be a useful old maid. Now she says for him to wait till he comes to North Texas and see what progress she can make on getting one together. She then continues....

"Miss Rudnick's sister is here to enter training. She's a very nice looking Jewish girl. How could her sister let her come and live among such disreputable girls? Miss Huntington has a beau who is almost as large as she is. There is still a slim chance for Barnes. There are some good-looking probes here now. Don't you wish you were here to go bathing and meet them down there like the other interns do? I'd be jealous if you did for fear some one of them would take the probe's place whom you met down there three years ago.

I'm going on the Santa Fe -- (he asked which train she would take, as he might try and meet it going through). I forgot to tell you I think your suggestion is sensible. I do. I think most everything you do is just the proper thing. I'm always glad to have your advice provided the lecture is not too severe...

... Once more Babe and I have seen the train roll out without going on it. Bing went home tonight, we went to the train with her and came back by a picture show. The picture was a good war picture but very sad. When we got out of the Queen, we got us an ice cream apiece and came home at 9:10. Babe already has her letter written and she and Staton are talking a blue streak till I can't write in spite of the fact that I say talking doesn't bother me. The reason of Staton's visit is two boxes of candy that Babe and I have just opened. I've eaten enough to make me sick already but I can't let them get more than I do.

I'm going to throw my shoe at them if they don't quit using your name in vain. They're laughing at your picture and babe is derisively relating what I've so often said to your picture -- that you are just as good

looking as Lucien and three times as good, and four times as brilliant. Babe knows that it's true but the little stubborn ape will not admit it.

Rothic came by and got to telling me about their troubles this evening after I went off duty. The mother of a baby that was operated upon demanded her tray, which the girls had forgotten to order. Miss Snelling was gone and everything locked up. 'Twas quite amusing to hear Miss Rothic telling how she prepared two fried eggs and toast and then "the old country woman wouldn't eat it." She is the funniest girl I ever saw.

Here's Brer Boon's count for the 18th, morning after op. Red 4,350,000, White 73,000, hemo. 80%, Poly, neutr. 85 Eosin. 1%, Lymph 12% (Trans. F. 1.5%).

.... Fletcher got real obliging and brought your letter to me this morning. For some time he quit bringing the nurses' mail to them but I suppose he wants to leave a good impression before he leaves. It is rumored that he has offered his resignation because he has to relieve in the office on Sunday nights. How can the hospital spare him -- Let us hope that it isn't true - that it's a false rumor of basement society.

Fisher and Bobbie -- do you remember Mrs. Maguire's Bobbie of the kitchen, went out to celebrate on Bobbie's first salary earned as night doorman. They celebrated too much and consequently got locked up in the jail. The next morning the policeman phoned Miss Shackford asking her what to do with them. She said send them out and she would write a check from their wages to pay their fines. Old Fisher didn't come for the laundry till 12 noon. I asked him why so late. He said he spent the night with a dear friend of his. I told him Miss Shackford was kind to let him stay away so long and he 'lowed he asked for his late pass after he came back. Some rotten rubbish helping around this place. O yes, I forgot to tell you that Helen, the kitchen girl, and John in the kitchen got married.

We sent our anemic patient to O.R. for another transfusion today. After making nine tests, Dr. Hendry found Dr. Rice's blood to be congenial. There seems to be great improvement as far as color and nervous condition goes. When he first came, he would almost jump through the window if a doctor started toward him with a needle and he would roll up like an armadillo if a nurse made the slightest move toward his feet. He used to cry when they would take blood from his finger. Yesterday he joked with Hendry while he took the blood. He has kept all the red blood cells given at the last transfusion. How is Mr. Boone holding out?

There is a baby on our floor with periosteitis of the leg. Dr. Singleton operated on it yesterday. Its temperature has come down from 104 to 102. The mother cries more than the baby. The Graham probe is sick on our floor, running a temp of 103 to 104. Miss Cartledge has had a normal temp. for three days. We're always afraid to look at the

thermometer because there's no knowing what she is going to do next. With all the others and the real sick ones, there is plenty to keep us quite busy and out of mischief.

Let me congratulate you on your success, good luck or whatever it is in the forceps case. You can't complain about not having things go right so far. Babe tells me that our baby's temp. went over 104 this evening -- poor chap. It's a patient little kiddy and so pathetic in its suffering.

I told you about Bing's getting her freedom didn't I? She is going home for a while and then will come back here to nurse.... She will get along wherever she goes for she has a way of 'doing' people without their knowing it.

We saw a shark yesterday. A boy killed it and brought it to us in back of isolation. It was seven feet long. He had some teeth. Do you think there is any danger of sharks getting near the shore where bathers go? Some people here are afraid to go.

By the way, there's a report out that a storm is due here in three more days. I don't know how true it is, but I'm not very much worried. If one should come, Watson will thank her lucky stars that she's away"....

Chapter 35 - Many Subjects

"I just started my sterilizer a moment ago and will have to stick around for the next 1/2 hour or more and will use that time to write you a letter.

I was called out on a charity case last night, a case of advanced carcinoma of the stomach. He seems to be on his last stretch and there is very little one can do for him. It is too bad that they have to suffer so when there is no more hope for them. One feels that it would be an act of mercy to let them have an overdose of morphine, yet one would be the last person in the world to do it. The patient in this case is a hard drinker; he loses some of my sympathy on that account.

My forceps case is doing all right so far and so is the young one. If she pulls through without any trouble till tomorrow evening, I think she will be ok.

John, my brother, was down this morning. He and another man were on their way to Wharton to look up something about land records in the county clerk's office. I asked him to take dinner with me but he seemed in too big a hurry to do so.

And so Bing is leaving. The old place is certainly changing rapidly; in two or three more years if I should land there I would be a stranger in a strange land -- except for some of the fixtures like Miss Clay and Gody Shackford.

.... it seems to be out of the question for me to see you before you go up north. When you go home on the Santa Fe, do you go by way of Rosenberg? It is hard to realize that in one more week I will have to be addressing your letters to a place several hundred miles north of here....

You never told me whether your feet were any better or not. There is one consolation in your leaving Galveston; you will get a rest. After staying away from home for a year, you ought to look forward to this with joy.

.... Now as to that wood stove; I didn't think you would need feel condemned to using a wood stove. It would be much nicer that you cook by electricity -- even nicer than to cook with gas. I have been casting my optics on some of these electric stoves and they look good to me. Of course, I do not know whether they would serve an all around purpose. It is some distance to the nearest timber over here, and for that reason wood fuel is none too cheap, and good many of the people use either gasoline or electricity. A wood stove is an abomination -- especially during the summer.

Yes, I think you will find that the more intelligent the people, the pleasanter your work with them will be. It is a good thing that after being

on private floor you do not have to go to one of the wards. The ignorant people, the people that never expect to pay you for your services, as a rule are the most disagreeable to deal with. People who expect to pay you have faith in you, otherwise they would not engage you; also they wish to keep their bills as small as possible and will not call you out unnecessarily. They will carefully follow your instruction. Before calling you out at night they will call you up over the phone and put the matter before you to allow you to judge whether it would be necessary to come at once or whether the case will not wait till morning. They are reasonable and don't expect you to get them well by the turn of your wrist or by allowing them to swallow a pink pill. The other class are the very opposite. They are inconsiderate, will not follow your instruction, do not trust you, will eternally meddle with your work and will call you out at midnight, without waiting for you to find out what's wrong - they will hang up the receiver and make it impossible to find out how urgent the case is. I did about \$10.00 worth of work on a Negro baby not long ago and got a \$1.00 for it, and I know the people felt I was robbin' them. Since I have been here, my practice has been more or less a pleasure compared with the hospital, for though the people I have to deal with are not all wealthy, the majority of them are intelligent. I absolutely refuse to have anything to do with a patient who shows or says they have no faith in me or in doctors in general. I want to stay that independent.

I've just returned from my round of calls. This makes the sixth day for Mrs. Forceps and she is doing fine. You ought to see me draw a long breath of relief. The baby is doing all right also, but he certainly is yellow. Maybe he will be a pessimist. Someone said a pessimist was a person who looked yellow, felt blue and had a dark brown taste in his mouth.

I changed rooms yesterday. When I moved into the house in July, there was only one rather small room available, so I had to take that. The other day one of the men moved out and I got his room. Ever since I have come here I have tried to have a phone put in my room but it seems that the Telephone Company is in no special hurry. This morning I noticed the box in my room, so I guess in 2 or 3 more weeks some one will come to put it up. My room will be pretty well fixed then; it is well lighted and has two windows on the south side. I keep my Ford in a shed in back of the barn and pay \$26.00 for board, room and the shed.

I have an ear-nose-throat operation slated for Friday. It is to be a removal of a spur from the nasal septum. I ordered a special saw for this and hope it will get here on time as I would hate to have to put the man off any more...

I wonder if you all are going to have a storm today. What we have here now looks very much like a prelude to one; it looks exactly like the mornings of the storms of 1900, 1909, and 1915. (You would not have thought that I remember as far back as 1900, would you? Well, I do remember the storm pretty distinctly). [he would have been about 14]

I am making Brer Boone's blood count, just stopped long enough to write this letter. The old gentleman seems to be holding his own all right -- 4,400,000 reds isn't so bad, is it? My own is not much higher. But he does not seem to be quite as active as I am. Maybe it is not all in the blood count. I think if he could be separated from his wife for a few days, he would pick up again. By the way, please get a duplicate of Rx 9102 from Hudlum and send it to me. I think it is just Elixir Loctopeptine but I am not sure.

Mrs. Forceps is still raising the ruckus. She gets some new symptom every 12-24 hours. Last night it was severe pains. She did not know just where they were. The nurse called me up at midnight. I just gave orders over the phone. If she weren't my druggist's wife, I'd charge her \$100.00, but that's the deuce of it.

... Well, the storm missed you; aren't you glad? Yesterday morning I felt quite uneasy and wondered whether you would have to go through what we went thru last year. At noon, Clampitt's brother spoke to him over the phone and Clampitt said that there was no storm at Galveston and that it was headed toward the mouth of the Rio Grande. That made me feel better. We had quite a blow over here and you certainly could have seen some long faces around here. The crops are very good around here and a hurricane like that of 1909 or of last summer could ruin everything. But a hard wind and some rain was all we got. You ought to see those smiles this morning. We were sorry, of course, that those people further west got it but we could not help feeling good that we were spared. These people have had so many storms in the past 10 years, I think they would have felt quite rebellious if they had had another one.

I had to go out to see Mrs. Forceps yesterday afternoon, and in spite of the fact that I had chains on, skidded into a ditch. But it did not take too long to get pulled out and I went on my "way of mercy." Mrs. Forceps has developed as a case of puerperal infection, it is bad enough. I am certainly glad there is a trained nurse on the case. The patient seems better today. We had to irrigate the bladder yesterday and this morning. This is one of the fiercest cases I've ever had to treat. I go on treating the cystitis and keep wondering what she is going to develop next. The repaired perineum healed very nicely so that is some consolation.

I came near having a shock this afternoon. The part for my R.C.H. came and tomorrow I will be able to drive the red devil-wagon once more. I did not faint when the shock came. I am saving the fainting till I get the bill for repairs.

You are right; I am glad I did not settle in Galveston. Though the storms do not come very often, one has to be in continuous expectation of them every time a rumor starts -- and that is often enough. If one had a home there, I suppose it would be even worse.

So you are tired of the place and of the people. I am not surprised. I had one year of it and I am sure my work was not as disagreeable as yours is and I got mighty tired of it. Sometimes, while at the hospital, I used to wonder whether I would miss the hospital on its own account. Well, I don't, and I don't believe I will. You seem to have had an especially hard time of it. A broken bone, a skinned knee, tired feet and me. Three more days and you will be through with your John Sealy trials. Do you know of any year in your life as full of vicissitudes as the past? Won't you enjoy the rest!

.... I was to go to Sunday School this morning and had a class, but I got delayed on my calls and did not get to go. I went to preaching though. The preacher preached something about being strong; he seemed to be very much excited and "hollered" quite a bit.

John was down here this morning; he came in a car with another man. He stayed only a few minutes. He did not seem a bit mad when I told him he could have his Ford in a day or two.

Mrs. Turner seems to be better this morning. I shall watch her very closely. When she feels a good deal better, it usually means that she is going to be a good deal worse the next thing I know.

Everything looks just fine since the "storm." The weather is pleasant and the roads are getting all right rapidly. It is time these rains came to an end. I guess they will. Everything looks fresh and green. If you pass through Rosenberg, you will pass within 40 miles of here. How would you like to stop over at Rosenberg for a few hours, run down here and see the country?

.... We have a new boarder, and engineer. He is a graduate from A.&M. I guess I'd better break the news gently. He is married. His room is next to mine. They have a baby. She and the baby are in his room now. Think they will stay here. The baby cries sometimes. It is crying now. It has been crying for some time. I must stop...

.... This I guess will be the last letter you will get from me while at Galveston. Where does my next letter go to; Graham, Texas? It must be a great relief to have Edith Anderson on private floor to help you; I know she is great relief and help to the patients as well as to you.

Mrs. Turner is still keeping me in suspense. She developed another fit yesterday afternoon, just as I expected, and made most of the afternoon uncomfortable for the nurse and me, and about 7:30 p.m. quietly relaxed and "rested well" since then. By rights, she ought to have had a fit by now, but failed to do so. My other case, obst. Is doing ok. I told her this morning she could get up and that I would not come to see her anymore unless she calls me up and asks me to."

He continues to treat his patients and at the same time tries to find a way to see Golda before she goes home. Time is growing short, yet he feels it is important not to go to far, or for long, in case one of his patients needs him.

Chapter 36 - Heading Home

"Today has been one busy day. At nine o'clock, Miss Cathon was called to clinic to assist with a man who was injured by an electric wire. With her hours off duty and clinic hours too, she was off the floor till 3 o'clock. Dr. Singleton came up and dressed the baby's leg, opened a boil on its head, did an irrigation, and gave salvarsan by the old method between nine and ten thirty, just when Dutch and I had everything else to do. There were many, many things waiting for us to do and I'm afraid some of them are still waiting.

By noon we had managed to give about six enemata, written for ten blood counts, given two or three cold sponges, changed formentations till we were blue in the face. I went down to smell of the goat soup and drink my ice tea, when I came back what do you suppose had happened? Miss Rothic went on special with Miss Shaw who had stuck curling irons in her eye. So I worked and worked and all the patients rang and rang. When I'd answer, they'd look at me in a reproachful way as if to say, "you're awfully slow". I didn't take any time off because I didn't see any way for the work to be done and supplies to be made if there was only one on duty. I feel so discouraged when I feel that we are not giving the patients all that they require. If I had more than 4 and 1/2 days of it, I would squall but the time will pass and I guess I'll live through it. I'm so tired of hospitals and doctors! I feel like I never will want to see any of these again. I don't understand how the girls can put on white dresses and keep on working in the same old place with the same doctors. I feel that there are only two things in Galveston that I'm going to miss when I go -- Babe and the Gulf.

There is a storm out on the water somewhere. They haven't been able to tell how near Galveston it will come. Some one said that it would be here tomorrow at 10 p.m. at the rate that it is travelling. It would be almost Galveston's doom should it equal last year's storm. Aren't you glad that you didn't locate in Galveston? I am.

Wheeles is back. I don't believe everything I hear but I do know that she was in the office and Miss Shackford was looking for Jenks. They are telling that she is suing for breach of promise. When I hear from more authentic sources than Gooie and Clay, I'll tell you the outcome... Good luck to you in your op tomorrow. It looks like a storm is blowing in sure enough. The wind is blowing and the water's high. This might be the last letter you will get for awhile...

... I received a letter from each of my two sweethearts this afternoon. They were both very nice letters. William's was longer and said more nice things to me than Joe's did. However, this is the first time he has written since the 15th, so he made up for lost time... I felt very much flattered to receive letters from the two best men in the world...

These last days of training will be indelibly impressed upon my mind and make me have unpleasant memories of Sealy forever. I came off at 8 o'clock again tonight. Stayed on till 8 because they sent a probe up there to help me who was supposed to take Cawthon's place and who knew nothing except what I told her. Today Edith came to get accustomed to the floor so that she may take my place Wednesday. She hasn't assumed very much responsibility as yet -- but there will come a time. Our little baby is so sick tonight. I'm afraid he is not going to pull through. We can't get but a little nourishment down him and he is growing weaker all the time. I called Dr. Singleton at 6:30 and waited till he came. He ordered Murphy drip and asked me to fix the dressing. This was the reason of my staying on so late. The poor mother in desperation appealed to Dr. Singleton to put on an antiphlogistine plaster to "draw the poison out of his body". Dr. Singleton seemed to think the infection was in the knee also. He is the sweetest, best little sick baby I ever saw and he reminds me of my little nephew. I almost cry with the mother every time I go in the room. His resp. was 96 this evening and his color was like wax.

We admitted a new typhoid patient today. Pretty soon P.F. will be a typhoid ward. Dr. Heard has nearly decided that the Graham probe has typhoid. Our other probe eats cream of wheat, egg, milk toast, I.d. and wears the smile that never rubs off. Our transfusion case sat up yesterday and today for a while...

... Mother and Father have gone back home again. I will stop a little while at my sister's anyway. Mother has been sick and I'm worried about her, so I'll make my visit short. I'm afraid she will not improve much when she sees what John Sealy left of her daughter.

Babe and Edith have just returned from a picture show. Wait till I get this wiggly Staton off my bed, she's about to turn over the ink. The little scamp got iodine on my ivory mirror. It's saved -- She saved it with saliva since there was no alcohol available and it worked.

I'll get the Rx in the morning. I'm not sure whether I leave in the morning at 6:30 or 7:30 p.m. I haven't decided.

This isn't Mr. B's Rx but I think it's the same. It looks and tastes like it and I remember that the ingredients were something like it.

Acid Hydrochloric dil.
Pepsin Para in 8 cala aa zvi
Elix Loct. Pepsin qs Z viii
3 ii in water pc.

... Tonight is my last night as a jailbird of J.S.H. and this time tomorrow night my relation with the place will have been a thing of the past. Babe is going to get relief; she and I are going to town and stay till ten. She was remarking how jealous and disappointed she would be if you were to come. I can't see why she wouldn't be delighted to have the

chance to go along with so lovely a man as you. I assured her that her apprehensions were uncalled for and impossible, that you were a busy, busy doctor just now.

... Tuesday morning: Once more I'm taking orders and worrying about the work. I've turned over the management to Edith, however. It looks like it is going to rain. What if it rains so babe and I can't go to town?

I'm leaving tomorrow evening at 7:30 on the Santa Fe. I thought it would be cooler to go up at night. I'll write you again tonight...

... I went by the ticket office to get my tickets and came home and packed. I found time to run up to P.F. and tell the patients good bye, also got two hour's sleep this p.m. I think I've told forty eleven dozen people good bye and had as many wishes for success. Wish all the wishes would come true, I'd be a Cinderella"...

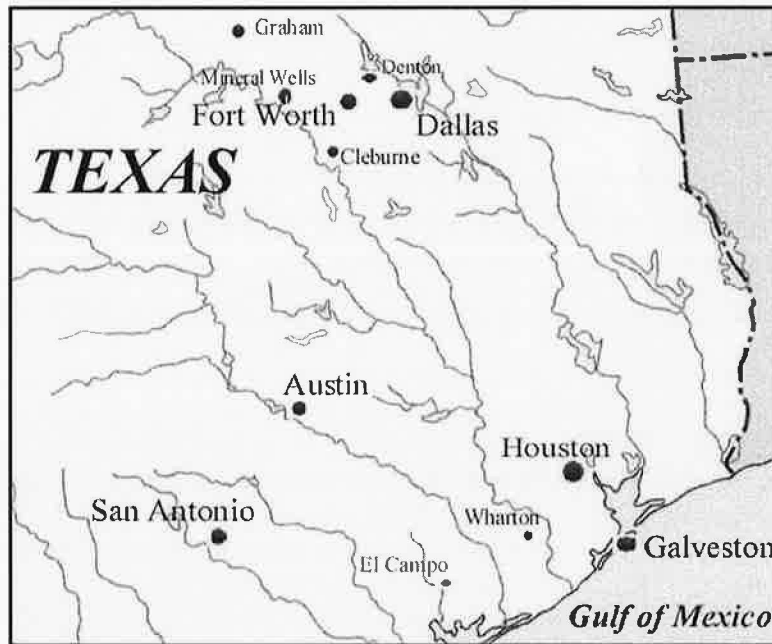
Golda gets word from Dr. Joe and they meet up to see each other in Houston. They spend some time together and depart each others company in Houston as she needs to get back to Galveston to finish up before she travels home.

Cleburne, Texas, 506 No. Robinson: " I'm here. I can't realise that 'twas only yesterday morning that I left you in Houston. I felt so lonesome when I started back... I curled up in a ball and slept during most of the two hours on the way. When I got home I threw my clothes into my trunk -- it wouldn't be proper to say pack. By six-thirty all the bunch was dressed ready to go except "Edis" whom Miss Rothing reprimanded severely. We got there twenty minutes before the train left so they went inside with me and chatted till four minutes of the time. I couldn't say much because it wasn't very funny to go after all... I didn't set up very long but didn't rest well till twelve. Every time I'd go to sleep I'd dream of being in the hospital filling ice caps or nursing the sick baby. Then my head would bump against the wall and I'd realise that I was on my way home. When I awoke this morning, I thought winter had come, the wind was very cold and had chilled me.

I didn't let Annie (Golda's sister) know, so of course, there was no one to meet me. I didn't see any automobiles for hire so I went down a street in what direction I know not, just to explore a little. A block away I found a streetcar line. Down the road a piece I saw a car moping along. I waited for luck. The motorman stopped, raised his lid and asked me if I wanted to go to N. Robinson. Surprised that I had been so fortunate in getting the right car, I almost dropped my handgrip and bounded for the car. Much to my surprise again, there was no conductor and the motorman helped me on at the front. I believe I could have stood up there and talked to him. I was the only passenger he had except on little boy who rode two blocks without paying fare. We snailed along around town and finally came here. Annie was getting breakfast. The boy was asleep, but I immediately pulled him out of bed. He didn't object in the least, and was

in a mood for a big romp with me. 'Twas great sport to find a new person to amuse him. He's a dandy, just fifteen months old and talks all the time. For a wonder he minds pretty well. He and I do not agree when I start to embroider for he thinks he needs the thimble and thread as much as I do. I showed him the flowers I embroidered which he liked so much that he wanted to see them every 20 minutes. Just because I didn't notice him he threw a shoe in my lap. His mother is reading aloud now so that he will think she is entertaining him. Some kid!

Map 7 Graham to Galveston



Graham, Cleburne, Denton, Mineral Wells, Wharton, Galveston

I took a nap today and dreamed of hospital again. Will I ever get the impression of that last week erased from my mind? When I tell the folks that I'm going to rest my feet they look at me like they think I'm lazy, because I don't limp at all and my feet do not hurt one bit already yet. But I'm not going to let them deceive me and to work too soon. It is very warm here during the day but the nights are cool. I've a bed on the screened in porch. I'm so glad to get to sleep out in the open. Maybe when you see me again, I'll have red roses in my cheeks instead of pale pink ones made by "stickers." I brought that spot home with me. This morning it had almost disappeared.

I'm having a quiet, peaceful rest, but I'm getting restless, think I'll be going home pretty soon. It's not very cool here and the breeze isn't as energetic as the sea breeze at Galveston.

Just now Annie interrupted me by bringing a hard luck letter for me to read. A woman with two children was here and presented it. Her husband was a drunkard and dead, which is a great blessing -- etc. Annie found all the loose change for her and referred her to the charity association or something like that. I'm so glad I have a profession to rely

on if you should die of d't's or be sent to the border and killed. There's a great possibility of your doing so, because you're such a reprobate. But I am afraid you're going to learn to swear yet. You said a naughty word in your letter. You know I don't use such language any more. I'm trying to make myself worthy of a first class seat in Brer Good's church. I must admit that the circumstances were enough to provoke even stronger terms. Of course the laity will give you the credit for her slow recovery -- for we know that they "never would know and never could understand."

The youngster is begging me to play ball with him. I played with him last night and his mother couldn't persuade him to go to bed without the aid of a little spanking. He's learning to talk pretty good and understands most everything said to him. I can't keep from comparing him with those little stupid babies at the C.H. (children's hospital).

One of the neighbour women brought her little girl here for me to see her toe that had been cut by a chisel. The wound looked very deep and the bone could have been crushed by the weight. She had some kind of salve smeared around it. She wanted to know if I thought the doctor should see it. I told her to clean the salve off and take her to see him. I didn't want to take any responsibility because she didn't impress me as being very aseptic."

She continues writing her letter and tells that her brother-in-law Charlie accuses her of being lovesick and that she spends too much time writing every day. He is sure that it would be much more appreciated if Dr. Joe received only one letter a week. She starts to worry a bit, and begins to think maybe he is right, then concludes surely he is only joking and she will write when every she feels so inclined!

Chapter 37 - Gray and Redwine

" Mrs. Forceps has not been doing so well since I left here. Poor soul, she is patient enough. She could not void any urine, and last night when the nurse catheterised her, she had a large amount of pus in the urine. I worked with the microscope most of this morning trying to locate the real cause of the cystitis and had more success than I did the other day. Micrococcus gonorrhea. I got the complete history after the bug was found. Isn't this pure, concentrated, double-distilled, electrically centrifuged, ethereally extracted, chloroform condensed hell! Anyway, it clears both the nurse and me from introducing the infection. I think the case can be managed all right and really feel quite hopeful about it.

Oh yes, I got a case yesterday afternoon that one of the other doctors has been treating. I worked on the diagnosis for most of yesterday afternoon. Acute diffuse nephritis in a boy of eight; edema almost general, blood in the urine, boy in a comatose or semi-comatose condition. Another sure enough sick case. As you know it makes me happy to get a case like that. The boy looks a good deal better this morning, edema nearly gone, mind clear, temp. from 102 to 99...

.... I find that the "ethical" Dr. Redwine has been knocking me pretty actively; unfortunately, for him, his knocking seems to work like a boomerang. As I told you, some of my prospective cases have been worried (warned) of my incompetence and one of the men came to Mr. Turner and asked him about me. Mr. Turner seems to have become quite indignant and denounced Dr. Redwine's talk in no uncertain terms. Yesterday, some of the lady friends of one of my prospective patients made a special trip to see Mrs. Hudson to find how they liked me and to tell them what Dr. Redwine had told them or their friend about me. Mrs. Hudson is quite inflammable and she gave her indignation full play. She told me that if I had heard her talk, I would have brought her some flowers. Dr. Redwine made the serious mistake of telling lies that are so flagrant that even he who runs may detect them. The result is that I get some good advertising without any effort on my part. Besides he lives in a very frail glass house. Only fifteen minutes ago one of his patients made an engagement with me to come over and have his blood examined for malaria. Dr. Redwine has been giving him 10 grs. Quinine hypo daily. I examined his blood before. What keeps me from telling the patient that he never had any malaria (which is the truth)? I have the drop on him in just that manner in more cases than one and if I wanted to, I could make it so darned hot for him, he'd be on his knees in less than a week --- so the whole affair just amuses me. Gray seems to have been "playing the harlot" with my confidence in him, and seems to spend most of his time knocking me to Redwine and Redwine to me. I have made him feel pretty keenly for the last few days that he is not welcome around me, and, thick-headed though he is, he seems to be catching on. He has been having free use of my apparatus and my judgement and has availed himself of both and at the same time tried to do me as much harm as possible. So far as I can notice, he's harming only himself. So you see, I am getting some valuable

lessons in medical ethics. All I propose to do is to let them have plenty of rope and they will break their own necks.

... It will take two days now for your letters to get to me: I just received yours of the 24th. Ever since I have been back here, we have been having regular fall weather. Both nights and days are just as pleasant as they can be. The nights are so cool toward morning that I have to sleep under cover; I certainly have slept well since I came back.

There is a lull in the work once more. I have enough to do to keep me busy most of the time, but I am not at all rushed. Mrs. Turner is getting along pretty well and the boy with the nephritis is doing "tol'able" well. His parents continue to be very much alarmed, but I think I will finally get to where I can manage them without having to use any sedation. If I can get them quieted I know I can manage the boy. They keep the boy here at a hotel so that I can see him as often as I desire, and his mother stays with him and plays the part of a nurse. She is pretty good, too, and carries out instructions faithfully. The boy himself is a very good patient.

... I thought last night I might decide to go home before breakfast this morning, but when I woke up this morning it was 6:30 and I felt like sleeping some more and so did not get to go. The roads ought to be pretty good now, for it has not rained any for several days. I do not want to get out of town for any length of time as long as that boy stays so sick.

Dr. Cooper came out here last night but stayed only a few minutes. He is practising at Blessing, a place only 23 miles away from here. He has no opposition and seems to be doing fairly well, or at least, that is what he says.

Gray has been acting quite friendly for the past two days but after I have once gotten him down right, he need not waste any of his time on me. He trotted over to Redwine and told him that I said he'd been criticizing me and Redwine denied it; Gray says Redwine said he wanted to keep my good will. Well, he'll find that it is to his interest to keep it.

Don't let anyone talk you into getting to work and straining your feet again. If you just have to work, you can find enough to do without having to use your feet. If you don't attend to your feet promptly, you are running the risk of developing a trouble that will stay with you... P.S. Tell your sister howdy-do for me and spank the kid. JK

... The acute nephritis boy is doing well and I am watching him very carefully to see if he will not pull off some crazy stunt this afternoon. Miss Bose once told me "I feel so happy this afternoon, I just know some sorrow is going to befall me soon." When any one of my cases get to doing too well, I feel about them as if they ought to be watched pretty closely.

This one Sunday I have kept busy. It started at 5:30 a.m. with Mrs. Good's deciding she would have that baby boy. I was thru with her and the boy by 8:30 and took a bath and changed clothes before starting to see my cases. I had to take a blood count on one of my patients, a new one with a swollen foot, to eliminate osteomyelitis, and that delayed me still further. Just at noon, a fat Mexican woman with phlegmonous tonsillitis (quincy) came in. I cleared the docket this morning and guess will not have much to do this p.m. But, yes, I will too; I believe I will have to put a cast on that woman's foot. I hate to mess with it but I believe it is indicated.

Yes, I too, have largely discarded those strong terms, but not altogether. Last Sunday morning I was to lead a class of boys in S.S. and that very morning while rattling along in the old Ford, I happened to think of something that struck me very unpleasantly and much to my surprise I exclaimed aloud "Well, dammitohell!" I felt quite ashamed of myself but could not help from laughing when I thought that I was to teach in S.S. class 1/2 hour later. Well, something happened and I did not get to go to S.S. and so did at least not have to hide my guilt with a pious expression.

I will have to postpone my trip home for a few more days, now that Mrs. Good may have some complications. No complications threatened, but it is at least best to be on the place when one has a case like this on hand...

I did two minor operations yesterday. I removed a spur from a boy's nasal septum and a dermoid cyst from the region of the coccyx from a young man. I did both without any assistance. While I was at the Sealy, some of the girls occasionally told me I was too independent. This independence comes in handy now that I have no nurse at hand. Both patients survived the operations, but they have not shown up yet today so I do not know how they feel or look.

The nephritis patient's parents continue alarmed. Yesterday their alarm rose to such a pitch that they decided they would call Dr. Green Davidson of Wharton into consultation. They asked me if I'd object, and I told them, no; I'd rather like it and if they wanted to let him handle the case altogether, it was all right with me. He came over this morning and I took up most of the morning with him. He endorsed my treatment and that was about all. I hope that is worth the \$25 or so that he will charge to the people. I don't blame the people; if it was my boy, I think I would be willing to pay as much to know that everything possible was being done. All my other patients are feeling "tolable," this morning. I think we will discontinue the nurse on Mrs Turner's case.

By the way, Dr Davidson asked me to lecture to the nurses in training in the Carer Valley Hospital at Wharton once every two weeks on Bacteriology and Pathology. Believe I'll take him up on the proposition. It would be a change to go to Wharton twice a month.

.... I guess you wondered why I stopped in the middle of the paragraph on my last letter. I did not mean to end it like that, but as usual, I had an interruption and when I got thru, I noticed the train was due. Rather than delay it another 24 hours, I had Mr. Turner take it to the train as it was, while I continued with the patient. I told him to be sure he got it on the train, as it was very important. He looked at the address, laughed and beat it.

So your sister objects to spanking the kid. Well, do it anyway. It is good for him, or at least do him like mother did her kid at church Sunday night. She and the boy sat right back of me. They both seemed to be quite restless and the mother made several vain attempts to get him to behave. Finally the boy yelled out, "Aw! Ma! What yer pinchin me fer?"

Yesterday afternoon while I was at Turner's, the lady next door came running in calling for me to come in at once to see her boy's broken arm. The people are Christian Scientists, but for once they forgot it and stood there scared pale and stiff. Calle's fracture with the typical dinner fork deformity. I made light of the matter and got the people to feeling easy and to laughing, and then went after my Plaster Paris and fixed the boy up. I decided to go to bed early but when I got to my room, I hadn't but pulled off my coat, I had a call from Louise to come at once and Mrs. Baeak, who you may recall was at the Sealy in Feb., W.H. Lucy ward. They live only 9 miles out in the country. I knew the roads were muddy, so I put on chains before I left town.

A night call to an unknown place is interesting. The Ford plunges thru the darkness and you see nothing but 10-20 yards of gray road ahead. You do not want to get there too late, so you speed-er-up until you catch yourself wondering what would happen if there should be a broken bridge or culvert in your way. You pass the last place you know and into unknown country, quietly whistling and wondering once in a while where-the-hell you are going anyway. That is, if you are not a church member you do; and if you are, you suspend your good resolutions for a while and wonder it anyway. Finally you think it is about time you'd be there, so you stop at the next house and ask them where so and so lives. No, you don't either. You come up to the house first and stand still for a while and wonder just how good-natured the dogs at this place are. Then you think it really does not matter much for you have some Tr. Iodine in your medicine case and that is fine for disinfecting dog bites, so you yell "Hello!" 17 or 77 times. Finally something stirs within the house and a long streak of white and the odor of strong sox breaks out into the darkness. Do they know where so and so lives? Sure, you passed the place about two miles the other way. Is the place on this road? On, no! When you get to that green house -- did I see it? (How in the ___ could I see it or tell a green from any other kind of a house in the dark??) Well, anyway, when you pass that house, you turn to your left -- no, to your right, then you go for 50 yards, then turn left, then you will pass a gate and will turn to the right, then go ---. (About then you go straight up in the air and tell your new friend you are in too big a hurry to make out his puzzles and he

decides to go with you and show you.) You go, but first you borrow a bucket of water and cool your steaming radiator, for you have pulled thru mud. Then you go, and you wonder how even with your recently acquired acquaintance's help, you ever got there. The people are there all impatient, wondering and expressing their wonders aloud, why you had so much trouble finding the place; they never have any trouble finding it. You go in, administer the panacea to suffering humanity, stay long enough to feel justified in charging them what you mean to charge them, then crank up your much abused Ford, get in, give her a shove, and let her go. You let the gas flow freely and get back to town in 1/4 the time it took you to go to the place.

If this happened often, it would be mighty tiresome, but occurring as it does, only once in a time, it is interesting, exciting and quite a change. You get back at 2 a.m., pull off your muddy shoes, go to sleep standing up, slowly take off your street clothes and put on your night clothes, then to bed"...

For anyone who has ever had to go out on a call be it a doctor or an insurance salesman, the above story has a familiar ring to it. It is usually the one that can never see you at a civilised time, and you have to find your way to their place. Just one more thing, they are also the ones that are not home when you get there and they don't bother to call as they are sure you have nothing else to do in you life but run around at their beck and call.

Chapter 38 - Cleburne

"We went to town Saturday night. I walked and walked and my feet didn't hurt! Can you imagine how I'd look walking without stumbling along like a drunken man? I feel very hopeful about my feet now and I'm never going to complain of their size as long as they do not hurt.

I enjoy the luxury of sleeping till eight o'clock every morning. I sleep on the back porch where there are no passers by to see what a lazy visitor my sister has. The baby and I wake up just in time for breakfast.

If the R.R. strike comes off, I can't get to Graham. Here's hoping they compromise. It would be hard on Galveston, wouldn't it?

I see our baby on our neighbour's porch. He has found an open screen somewhere. He dearly loves to run away and he's too cute to spank. Every day his mother lets him play in the sand, which he throws all over his head and face. He doesn't object to its being in his eyes and he thinks no one else should. I'll send you a Kodak picture of the little tow-headed rascal sometime. I believe Annie bought a watermelon, if she did I'll not write anymore for now!.....

.... So there's another little Good to help make up the Sunday School. I guess old Brer Good will look more pious than ever. You naughty, naughty boy! You had better look pious over what you said. That's a real cute word all spelled together but I don't think I'll adopt it for I fear I couldn't live with my sister very long.

I told her "howdy" for you and she sends her best regards to you, but seriously objects to my carrying out your orders about the kid. He has tried to show off today. Every 30 minutes he springs a new stunt. Just now he has brought his mother a magazine to read which means that he wants her to read while he takes his refreshments. During the day he always gets a fan even though it's cold, because she used to fan him this summer...

I'm wondering how you can spare the time for your lectures. If you could, it would be nice and a diversion I should think. Since bacteriology is your hobby, I know you will enjoy teaching it.

I'm getting homesick and I guess I'll be leaving the latter part of the week. When I get out in the country and can't get your letters every day, I'm going to be so grouchy. Babe hasn't written to me yet, neither has Watson. I'm going to write to Wiggles today.... It seems untrue when I think that I don't belong there any more.... After all I had some very happy days there....

.... Dinner is over and the dishes washed. Baby and I had lots of fun before dinner. His mama told me to wash his face and hands. I stood him in the kitchen sink, which pleased him very much. He began dancing and laughing and when I turned the faucet he put his head down and drank

like he had been doing it always. Then before I noticed what he was doing, he put his hand under the pipe and sprinkled water all over himself and me. Since his rompers were already wet, we, he and I, decided to discard them and have a shower bath. I washed his head and he didn't object to the soap running in his eyes and ears at all. When we got through he had had a nice bath -- all in the kitchen sink. He's a dirty little pig, goes out in the yard and takes meat away from the cat and eats it himself. Then because the cat resents it, he throws sand all over him. We make him eat nice at the table, however. He thinks he's deprived of great pleasure because he can't pour his milk on the high chair and get out on the table. He's asleep now. Maybe we'll have our minds at ease for a while."

Golda writes that one day is much like the next. The events are much the same each day and there is not much to write about. She had planned on going to Graham around the end of the week but in the paper was a notice they would not sell tickets after that day in case the strike was called. It was too soon for her to try and go so she decided to take it a day at a time...

"... We had an operation in our neighbourhood yesterday. All the old sisters around were very much wrought up with excitement and curiosity. One long necked housewife stayed at her window all morning, gazing at the window of the operating room with the hope of seeing part of the performance. She came chasing over here telling that she was on the table 2 hours and asked me wasn't that too long for an appendectomy - she didn't use that term, of course, and I said "it all depends". She looked greatly disappointed that I didn't explain in detail the many possible complications, etc. The old doctor attending rides in an old rattling buggy. I told my sister I didn't expect very much from him and she said he was about as modern as he looked. Poor girl that was cut on! These old hens come to see me and they seem to think that I know nothing to talk about but hospitals and operations. I just sit and listen to their remarks and say nothing. When they get through, I suppose they think I don't know that either.

Guess I'll have to make my uniforms while the strike is on. I hate to sew for myself but no one can please me so in the long run I suppose it is better for me to make them. I'll be glad when I get to work. By the way, state board is nearing. I am going to trust luck. I haven't studied one bit since school closed. What would you think of me if I failed? ... I would be so humiliated that I'd never look a thermometer in the face again.

This morning seems like autumn -- just a little cloudy and cool. I wish it would get cold. I had my winter coat suit cleaned yesterday. My brother-in-law took it to the shop and what do you suppose he put on the tag? "Mrs. Joe Gokilpatrichskey." The delivery boy didn't try to call the name. I don't blame him...

One of my sister's nieces is going to get married the 6th of September. They are very busy making preparations for the wonderful event. I look on and feel sorry for her because she is not getting a nice

man like you. He is a R.R. employee and 38 years old, she is 21. Somehow I don't think she will be very happy.

Mrs. Curiosity came to report to my sister about the patient. She has learned what they did and how she rested. How she took the "chloroform" and every detail. The appendix was gangrenous, and the gall bladder obstructed and haemorrhoids developed. Some operation to be done in a small house, don't you think? She said the doctor said by 3 p.m. they could tell what the patient was going to do. I'll bet she "kicks the bucket" what do you bet? I'm curious to know how this old hen gathers so much information in so short a time. -- I must go and help Annie clean the house...

.... I nearly went home. I got scared about the strike and decided to go tomorrow. I packed part of my clothes, washed my hair, finished Annie's waist and ironed my dress this afternoon. I was so tired that when the news came that the strike would be called off, I let them persuade me to stay a few days longer.

... I remember the patient of Surg. Wd. She was a very good and patient old soul. I'm glad she lived so far in the country, so you made nine dollars. Wish you had a large number of rich farmers as patients who lived ten miles in the country and who would call you twice a week. Would that be too much riding for you? Of course we would wish for good roads also. Don't you get disheartened some times. Quite often I get discouraged for you when I stop to think how much you have to accomplish. If you want me to, I'll do all the worrying for you while you are so busy. It doesn't help matters any so what's the use any way?

How is Brer Boone? I'm anxious to know how his blood count compares with the one after the last transfusion. I find myself wondering how some of my patients at J.S.H. are doing. I'm mad at Babe because she doesn't write to me. I suppose the Diet K. and Lewen occupy most of her time. Watson must be making preparations to get married -- she seems to have no time to write. Don't you think it's time for them to change the date again?

The kid is taking a "squint" at my pen, he seems to admire it very much but feels uncertain about asking for it. He has a pretty fair judgement in claiming things that are not his. I wish you could see how cute he is. He doesn't need a spanking very often for if he's handled very carefully he minds well, but if not he's stubborn as -- you are...

.... I've been visiting ever since yesterday evening when I came to spend the night with a friend. She is the bride-to-be. The intended came last night, so the kid sister and I went to the picture shows with the two visiting girls across the street. We went to two shows and started home by ten o'clock. A rain shower caught up with us half way home and we sought refuge on a stranger's porch. Every minute we expected to be chased away with a shotgun but we stayed unmolested till the shower

ceased. I didn't intend to stay all day but was too worthless to go home. We have slept and read, and talked the whole day. Now I'm waiting for the kid sister to come back from town to go home with me. I'm anxious to get home to see the baby and read your letter... As I was looking around to find a pen and paper to write with, I came across Alma's wedding dress and veil hanging in the wardrobe all ready for Wednesday. I tried on the veil and I haven't died yet... This girl is trying to have a big wedding but she would have been more sensible if she had been contented with a simple affair. I suppose my ideas are too plain and old maidish to --.

... We're home again and I'm so glad to get here. Lorraine, the tomboy kid sister, came home with me. You should have seen how glad the baby seemed when we came. He has a little old bulldog pup that his mother was indulgent enough to let him have. I protested but all in vain.

I'm glad the mail train will not be stopped during the strike. I'm not worrying much about the strike. If it doesn't come off, I'll go home Tuesday. My going home will not be like it used to be. Mother and Father have quit keeping house. The home place is rented and they board at my sister's -- now what will I call home? I'm afraid I can't do as I please like I did in the days past. Annie is very anxious for me to practice in Cleburne. I don't know where I will stay. It seems very nice here. Mother wants me to stay in Graham. I prefer being where I'm not known as well.

You are busier than I ever expected you to be. I'm afraid now that you'll over work instead of getting rusty as we used to say a country doctor did. I know that Brer Boone hates to part with the dollars. He used to deliberate over a check like most people would over a large investment, when he was in the hospital. I worried for fear he wouldn't have any money left for you; he wasn't as broke as he pretended to be.

My nephew's little playmate -- the little bulldog, is such a baby dog that it has to nurse a bottle. The boy is very fond of him but he expresses his fondness in a peculiar manner. Yesterday he threw him in the bathtub that had water enough to nearly drown the poor puppy. He was chuckling so, I decided to find the cause of his merriment -- there the puppy was doing his best to keep his little pug nose above water. Last night we heard the puppy crying and we found the boy sitting on a cigar box with the dog under the lid. I guess the dog will get even about two months from now. His mother will be busy darning rompers that the pup has torn. I hope so, because I tried to persuade her not to take the dog.

.... I'm going to Graham this afternoon, one hundred miles further away. You may address my letters to Graham -- next time you write."

Chapter 39 - Practice Continues

"The nephritis looks quite bright and happy, but his urine still shows lots of blood and albumen. He is very much improved in every other way and I think he will pull through without any more trouble. Mrs. Turner is still confined to bed but is slowly improving right along. I'll certainly be glad when she gets out of bed. The nurse is off the case now but comes once a day to inject the gonoccheal vaccine and the Argyrol into the bladder. She called me up a moment ago and asked me whether she could go to Garwood to stay a few days. As I meant to discontinue the Argyrol anyway, I believe I will let her go and will inject the hypo myself.

I think that this month's summary will be brighter than last month's. I may send it to you tomorrow. I feel a whole lot better than I did at the end of last month. It has been 3 weeks since I went home, and it will be at least another week before I can go.

I make my rounds now twice a day like a "sho nuff" physician. It took me nearly all of this morning to do so. In addition to my regulars, I went to see Mr. Boone and Mrs. Winrogard so as to be able to report to Dr. Graves on their condition. I have a bunch of regulars, also, that come to the office for treatment.

You had better leave Cleburne before that strike breaks through; you may have to stay there then. If the thing will come to pass, it certainly will mess up things.

Regarding your genuine linen for tablecloths, etc. I wonder how it would do to draw on me for some of the money to get some of the things you may want to work on now while you are resting. At first though it sounds very improper, yet I do not know that it is so. Mr. Blundell at the YMCA in Galveston used to send his girl a regular monthly amount to be used in preparing things for the time when they were married. As I told you, I am setting aside a definite amount every month for our future household purposes and it will be used sooner or later.

I will have to close this and get ready for a minor operation on Mrs. Willis. She has been troubled with an abscess of the vulvo-vaginal gland and I tried to cure it without lancing and curetting it, but failed. She went to Jackson county for a visit last week after I assured her that I did not think she would be troubled any during the week she was there. Now, Willis phones me he had to go after her as she is having too much trouble with the gland. She is one of my boosters so I do not guess I'll get a cussing.

.... Had another call to the place near Louise yesterday. The call came just before supper and as they said the woman was in a stupor or fit or something, I did not lose much time. I made the 9 miles of rough roads in 35 minutes. That old Ford and myself are getting to be some speeders.

We will have to part manana (tomorrow). My red-devil car will be out by tomorrow afternoon. I will have to learn how to run it; it works altogether different from a Ford.

I will not have time to give a detailed review of past month. I booked some \$325 and all except about 5 - 10 dollars is as good as in my hands already. Last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday I did \$115.00 worth of practice. After two months here I do as much practice as any doctor in town and then all except one. For this week I have had all I can possibly do, the only time to spare I've had was time for meals and time to write you a few lines. So that's the summary. My practice is among the "elite."

Dr. Gray is getting to see pretty plainly where he played h___ when he alienated my affections. I bet he wishes he had kept his mouth shut.

... Do I get discouraged once in a while? Not at all. At least, not for the past two weeks or so. If anything I might feel thankful, but I certainly have no business being discouraged. Country practice is much easier and more satisfactory than I imagined it would be.

Too bad about your feet hurting again, but you must not expect too much and you must be careful. I am afraid you over did it when you went to town the other day. I told you it would take 2 months at the least for them to improve very much. You will have to treat them just as if they were hurting for a long time after they quit doing so. Don't let people talk you into running around on your feet the same as if you were well; they don't know any better.

At last. I have my red car out and running. John came down and got his Ford yesterday. I bet they will be glad to see it at home. For nearly two months and just during the time when they are all at home, they have had to do without it. Jerome hasn't even had a chance to learn to run it. The crop is in and got a good price. I know they must have felt real bad over not being able to spend some of the money riding around.

Brer Boone is doing fairly well. He looks much better and stronger than he really is. I have not made his blood count recently; not since 10 days after the transfusion and at that time it was 4,4000,000 which is very good. I had a letter regarding him from Dr. Graves this morning. I also received my check for \$26.00 for Prof. Services for past month from the old man this morning. It sure must have hurt the old man to jar loose from the money for he enjoys the reputation of being a tightwad. Turner tells me that he is so close when he buys a writing tablet, he will take out several tablets offered for the same price and count the number of lines on the tables and then takes the one that has the greatest number of lines on it. Turner swears it's so. He is worth about \$90,000, too. Well, Dr. Graves writes me he wants me to give the old man sod. Cocad. Injections this week and make a blood count on Oct. 1st. I see where I get some more of the old guy's filthy lucre. It amuses me, too; I

am only man in town can do his blood count and the only one Dr. Graves would trust; so I have the corner on him. To the old man, as I plunge the syringe in his vein, I must appear as a vampire, sucking not his blood, but what is dearer to him, his money.

.... Today has been a real busy day. I am getting to be kept busy on Mondays; as a rule, it does not take me very long to fall asleep on Monday night. I had another fractured arm today; a little boy broke off the inner condyle of his right humerus while diving. A very mean fracture to fool with; a piece of bone about the size of a pecan is broken off, and it is a very easy matter to replace it but it slips right out again. I told the mother the bone fragment may finally have to be nailed to the rest of the bone. I try to keep the fragment in place by light bandaging but do not expect very much success.

My nephritis is slowly recovering. He looks rather worse to me for the last two days, but seems to be ok and the urine seems all right, so I guess it is just my imagination. I will have a nice bill to hand to his father when I get through with the boy, but the father seems to be fairly well off and so ought not to mind it.

John was down here this day. He seems to have played the mischief with his Ford and came down here to fix it. He stayed most of the day and took dinner with me. I am afraid they are going to try to run that old Ford to death now to make up for lost time. I am getting to have quite a varied experience in running cars; I know how to run a Ford and knowing how to handle an R.C.H. enables me to run an Overland or a Krit. My car runs pretty well now but the tires are somewhat ancient and one of them blew out yesterday. I think I will have to get new ones pretty soon. Gee! That's \$75.00. I paid my garage bill for July 10 to Sept. 4 today and it amounted to \$43.00! This included a good deal of overhauling on the car as well as the damage done on the red car about 6 weeks ago. Hope we will not have any such troubles soon. I need the money for other things too bad...

...I am sorry that you will not be able to go home like you used to. I am afraid you will not find things like they were in the past. I firmly believe in keeping a home up as long as possible. A year or so ago, one of my brothers suggested breaking up the home by selling mother's farms and mother and the kids going to some college town where the kids could have better schools. I fought the idea very strongly and insisted that as long as mother lives she have a home on the farm, just what she is now used to.

One of the minor operations I did the other day was on a great big Swedish boy. He is peculiar in that he faints on feeling the prick of a needle or any slight pain. A moment ago, I changed his dressings and found it necessary to replace a stitch. He stood in nicely and about ten minutes later while standing up, began to act as if the hinges of his knees were giving way, and over he went! I am used to him now and whenever

he faints, I just drag him over to the sofa and get a drink of coca-cola for him and he feels all right. I wonder whether he turns pale and uncanny and faints just to get the drink?

I am going to see Brer Boone and give him an injection of sod. Cocadylate per vein and shall continue to do so three times a week for the rest of this month. He shall again have to put up with the vampire.

We have a new boarder at the house, a kindergarten teacher. In her looks she is not unlike Dr. Violet Keiller; her upper teeth especially remind me of Violet quite strongly.

Looks like a gloomy morning. No breeze at all, the skies covered with dark clouds and the atmosphere generally rather oppressive. It is a strange thing that in spite of all the rain we have had; the ground is now as dry as a bone. Those showers were just strong enough to mess up things and that's all.

They fixed my red car again. They are so busy now that one almost has to get on his knees to get them to do a piece of work on a car. The rice harvesting is in full blast now and any time any of the machinery on a rice farm gets out of order, the farmers come over here and kidnap the most competent machinists in the garage and we have to wait till they get back. Some day I'll take the time to take that car all apart and see how it is made up and then put it up again. Guess I'd better take a week to do so, a day would hardly be enough.

Since my car has been laid up, I have not been able to do some of the calls farther out. Some of my patients seem to have thought themselves very much neglected until they knew the cause. I have not seen Mrs. Forceps since Saturday, I know she will feel terribly neglected. She can sit up for about an hour morning and afternoon now, so I do not feel that I have to see her every day. She makes me tired -- always trying to think of some new disease she could have. To listen to her, you would think she was a walking text on Pathology.

9 p.m. I did not get to finish this this morning and have been so busy for the rest of the day that I never got to it again.

I got a case of diphtheria today in a girl 9 years old. Her foster aunt brought her in this morning on account of the child's peculiar breathing. The tonsils were enormously swollen and so were the glands at the angle of the jaw. The swollen glands, the enlarged tonsils, a membrane on the tonsils and an almost normal temperature aroused my suspicions. That did not look like tonsillitis. A swab of the throat showed Klebs-Loeffler bacilli present: I can handle the case all right as far as the treatment is concerned, but I do hate all the red tape of quarantine and isolation of the child.

The rest of the day's practice, in addition to my regulars, consisted of a case of myalgia and a small boy with a cut on the shin. Had to put two stitches in it. Will you need your Modern Methods? Let me know when you do so I can send it to you....

Yesterday was a rather quiet day, not much to do outside of the regular routine. Mrs. Turner has ceased to be the source of worry and even the nephritis is gradually getting to take a back seat. For the past few days I have been somewhat on the anxious seat on account of a 5-month baby with a bad cold. At times I almost feared the child had diphtheria, but I never could find any evidence of it. The mother is a rather nervous woman and seems to be much distressed over the child. Once she scared me up pretty badly. She had her oldest boy about 4 years old, call me up over the phone. When he got the phone, he was out of breath. I answered the phone. "Is this Dr. ____ sky? Yes. Mrs. Wells wants you to come here at once. I came at once; the red car hit the road only in the high places. She met me at the door with a mild smile on her face and said, "I guess I scared you up?" Well, I guess she did.

The nephritis mother just came up and reported that the boy seems to be getting worse. Had a restless night last night. The mischief! Hope he won't start anything. I think he has given me trouble enough; I would hate to think I had to go through it all again. His urine, however, indicates improvement.

Brer Boone actually walked down here yesterday to get his injection of sodium cocodylate -- walked a distance of 5 blocks. I took him home in my fire wagon. He seems to be quite talkative now -- even when the old sister is present. The sister seems to belong to the same church I do -- at least she was at church last Sunday night. The old gent owns a good deal of land near home and seems to be anxious to sell it. Believe I'll let my brother know and see if he can't dispose of some of it.

There is a pretty strong settlement of Swedes in this community. Most of them were born in this country and a good many of them no longer speak the Swedish language. I am gradually breaking in on them. Just at present, I am attending their pastor, Swedish-Lutheran Church. He is well educated but has had quite a number of operations for trouble with his gall bladder and at present shows pretty strong neurasthenic spells. His daughter came down from Kansas City yesterday; she is a trained nurse and took charge of her father as soon as she got here. Glad she did, she seems to be quite competent. Her father seems to have had a mild infection, probably from the old wound left by one of the operations; he seems better now. I don't charge preachers for services rendered; but in this case, anything I may be able to do for him will be a good investment as he wields quite a good deal of influence over his people. Most of the Swedes around here came from Iowa and are well-to-do...

I started to go home yesterday afternoon, but never got there. The roads were just awful; there is so much rice and cotton hauled over them

now and the wagons make them so rough and uneven, it is almost impossible to go over them in a car. After I had gone for ten miles at a tortoise gait, I got into a stretch of muddy road, and the farther I went, the worse it got. I finally decided I had better turn and come back. I had already put on chains, and could have pulled through, but I did not like the prospect of having to come back through that mud at night. As I came back, I stopped to see one of my prospective obstetrical patients.

Not much to do. Mrs. Forceps is trying her best to see if she couldn't develop an endometritis, endocervicitis or some thing. Her boy, too, has been somewhat restless last night. His grandmother diagnosed the condition as colic and kept him on water; when I came up this morning, I diagnosed it as hunger and increased his food.

I am rearranging things in my cubbyhole or office. I put in a small bookcase yesterday and cleared my table of books. I shall have made some improvement in the way of lavatory and sink in the rear part of the cubbyhole. I wish I had more space; or else I wish I could get rid of the operating table. I never use it, even when I do have some operations, and it's in my way.

I ordered a set of instruments for tonsillectomy. They will cost some \$25.00, which at the present price of instruments is not so very high. I got some instruments from Passmore but these are mainly of such nature, as I have no use for at present.

Our landlady took a cold and we had to take dinner in town today. I am not treating her. She seems to be doctoring herself.

... Nothing exciting happening; just a few office patients each day. All my "regulars" are doing all right; Madam Forceps is too, only she does not know it.

I got my tonsil instruments today. Among other things a real nice headlight. I believe it is nicer than the one they have in the operating room. I have seen several patients around here, whose tonsils ought to be taken out, so I am just getting ready for them. As I told you before, a very large part of one's practice consists of ear, nose and throat work. When I stop to think how that course is neglected both at the college and at the hospital, I feel like we have been done a grave injustice. It's a shame that old Beer-Keg should hold as responsible a position as teacher of that subject, at the college and as otologist at the hospital. He knows about as much about his subject as Flautt knows about obstetrics and gyn.

So you don't hear from the hospital either. We are rather stranded in that respect. Since you have left there, I haven't heard a word. I had a letter from Dr. Graves not long ago, but that was from Colorado.

A cool morning -- looks almost like Autumn. I woke up quite ambitious, got up quarter of seven and took a cold bath. If the mornings

continue cool, I believe I will get up early and take a walk before breakfast. Up to now it has been even too warm to do so. I will not have much of a place to take a walk on. Wish I had the seawall and the beach over here. I am afraid I miss Galveston some after all"...

Chapter 40 - Graham

"I got to Graham at 9 P.M. last night. The Morris family met me and took me to their home. They telephoned father and told him that they would meet me and that he need not come for me till next week. He's coming this afternoon, however.

I'm so sleepy I can't think. Mrs. Morris and Lucy talked to me last night till 1 A.M. I thought they would never run down. Finally Lucy fell asleep and still Mrs Morris talked, but she said good night about 30 minutes later. She has three little girls who are very sweet and interesting. All three wanted to sleep with me. The fat one won out; the slim one moved a cot in the room and the baby one was satisfied to stay with mama.

Breakfast is ready. We're going to have broiled dove for breakfast. Dr. Morris said he remembered how fond I used to be of quail and doves were the next best.

Father came for me soon after dinner. He didn't look natural because he had his beard shaved off. I fussed at him and told him he looked ugly but he didn't seem to care if he did. He doesn't look like my daddy atal. Since we have no automobile, we were some time getting home, about 7 miles. We're out on the farm where we lived when I was a kid. Mother is here too. She is feeling better than she did when she was at Annie's. She wants me to stay at Graham if I nurse -- I can't persuade myself to like the place one bit. It's a nice change to be out here -- it's quiet and cool, but there is no mail delivery on this road. I will not be able to get your letters every day -- neither will I be able to get my letters posted more than twice a week. I'll write every day just as I always do and send them off when I can.

The train from Ft. Worth to Graham is as slow as an old time stagecoach. Well, I guess it's a little faster but it doesn't seem like it. There were only about a half dozen passengers who came to Graham. The brakeman was "stawking" around conversing with the passengers and he came by and asked if he could sit by me and talk awhile. I told him it would please me much better if he would sit somewhere else. He was indignant that I didn't care to talk to him. The da____ fool! I felt that I'd like to be a man for a few minutes and give him a good beating.

There hasn't been any rain here since May. The water is playing out every where. Fortunately there is plenty on this place and my brother's also. They were able to buy cattle at a low price because the owner had no water for them. One tank is deep enough for me to swim in it if I could swim. The grass and fields are parched dry. It makes me sick to look at them. The peaches are not good and the watermelons are gone. I wouldn't live in such a country. I'll be glad when my two months are up. My feet are all right now. Everybody remarks about how thin I am. I must have been very fat when they knew me before I left. I don't think I'm very

skinny. There are many people I have promised to visit but I would rather stay at home than "gad" about...

I feel like I'm away from the world entirely except when a letter comes. It isn't so bad after all and I'm getting a splendid rest. There is nothing for me to do except eat, sleep, make my bed, dry dishes if I like and write letters. The evenings are so long. Enjoy the twilight and the old moon is good looking out here, the same as in Galveston. During the day when it's too hot to get outside, I embroider and sleep. I've finished my kimona and it's very pretty; pale pink embroidered in lavender, blue, rose, pink and yellow, yes and green. From the amount of colors, you would think it gaudy but it isn't. I'm going to learn to crochet since mother says she will teach me. Next week I shall make uniforms.

I met Dr. Griffin, the most popular doctor here, and the one who does almost all the surgery. He said he had heard a great deal about me and hoped to see more of me later on. The three best doctors here fight each other all the time. I think they need a course in medical ethics. There is a nurse here but she nurses exclusively for Dr. Griffin's enemy. Sybil Robinson is working in Dr. Griffin's Sanitarium where most of his cases are taken. I don't think I will like any of them very much. Just now, I should worry! As long as I have this cold, I can't be very lonesome. I have sneezed sixty-eight or more times today. This lovely dry climate gave me a full grown cold -- the first I've had since I had tonsillitis last winter.

It's getting too dark to see and I can't think of a light -- out in the country there is no electricity and no gas. I deplore lamps. I'll take a walk or talk or something...

I'm convinced that Gray's and Redwine's knocking about you was ineffectual. I suppose they realise just how much influence they have. If you should make a failure in medicine now you are capable of taking up another profession -- you could make an efficient chauffeur (Is that the way to spell it?) You are very sympathetic with the old Ford since it has gone home. How about those long muddy drives you used to make in it? Every "hack" out here has a brass-nose Ford. They must be getting very cheap. After all, they are better than a horse and buggy.

Last night I went walking in the orchard all by myself. The moon was shining so bright that I didn't feel afraid at all. I kept hunting better peaches and walking on till I went away on the other side of the orchard next to a patch of timber. When I saw where I was, I felt a little lonesome and when a whip-poor-will began to lift his voice on the stillness, I beat it! I actually became frightened for just a while. It's quiet and restful here but I get so lonesome.

I'm going to visit my sister, my old high school chum and several more friends and cousins next week. This will be the last time I'll get to see all of them for I don't mean to visit after I get to work. I haven't seen my chum, Roberta, since she married. She has two little boys and a

worthless husband. As long as her father has ranches for them to live on, there's no use of working. My other chum, the one that I thought most of and one who built air castles with me, like myself, didn't realise any of our wild dreams. She instead of being a journalist, is a clerk in a dry goods store at New Castle. She was quite a student and while at Baylor University achieved a record in story writing. I can think of her only as she was poring over Virgil and Livy (Golda's brothers). I can't picture her measuring such sordid things as gingham or calico...

It is hard to believe; yet I must admit that rain is actually falling! I don't know how long it is going to last but the start is pretty good. The dust is settled and the atmosphere cooled already. If a good rain were to come some of these old farmers would never live over the shock and the thirsty horses and cows would kill themselves drinking.

So you have been engrossed in house cleaning. I'd like to see you when you're polishing your sterilizer and table, you interns used to stand around and look on when we had scrubbing day at Sealy -- so every dog has his day.

I meant to wash clothes today but the weather forbids for which I'm not at all sorry. There's a girl on the next farm who washed for mother last year and who is going to help me. She is 22 years old, and a very pretty girl but has never enjoyed any educational advantages. Her mother is a widow and the girl stays with an old couple for her board and clothes. She is going to the school out here this winter. I suppose she is in the third grade (normally for about 9-year-olds). Isn't her case pathetic? This wonderful Southland of ours has a bum school system. Every effort this girl could make had to be toward making bread for herself and her mother and younger sister.

We're expecting company tomorrow. My cousin and his wife phoned that they would be here. They live on a ranch north of Graham. Because she rides horses and drives cattle, every one who knows her thinks she's a freak. She helps her husband drive cattle and dip them also. She's a graceful rider and with her boots and riding habit makes a very pleasing appearance (not to some of the old country ladies, however)...

My cousin and I went shopping in the afternoon (yesterday) and spent most of the time speaking to old friends. We went to the post office to get your letters. On our way to the post office we met one of the doctors, who played like he was dreadfully glad to see me and told me about his wonderful operation of the morning - a toe-nail extraction. Said I must help him with some of these. Then we came back to the drug store where one of my cousins treated us to a limeade and while there I met some more old acquaintances. We sat in there and chatted quite a while during the time Mrs Robinson whom we know as Sibyl came in. She was very eager for news from Galveston so I spent a good little while with her. Pretty soon Mrs. Morris came as she had promised to do. My cousin had to go so I "gaddened" with Mrs. Morris till I came across some girls among

whom was a nurse who, without consulting me or waiting to explain, ushered me up to meet the doctor she is nursing for, whom I knew before I went away. We stayed a short while, which seemed ages to me, for I didn't want to keep Mrs Morris waiting. When we came down she wasn't there so I went to her home with the nurse and doctor in his car. I hadn't rested long till the Morris family came home and we had supper. The Christian ladies had a home talent entertainment on, so we of course went. The acting was not very good but the music was fine. The performance had one redeeming feature, which was its brevity. We got out of the show in time to ride by the station to see the train come in. About three cotton-pickers, two ladies and a Baptist preacher got off. I didn't see my brakeman friend (?) much to my disappointment...

Soon after breakfast the whole family went to Sunday School. I didn't know my lesson but I wasn't alone in being a know-nothing. I didn't like being put in a class where there were only old maids and married ladies. There was a bunch of them, too. I am not going to be an old maid if I live single all my life. At least this long tiresome lesson ended. The sermon was a great improvement on the S.S. lesson. He's a young university graduate who has a good personality and a great amount of enthusiasm. He has judgement and tact too for his sermon was very short. When I got through shaking hands with all the "brethren" we came home and feasted on fried chicken and etc"...

Golda continues that she has lots of cousins to visit in the area, but will only see those she really likes. She also assures Joe she is not overdoing it and her feet are doing fine. From some of the writing one can see where the stereotype and "typical" times come from. Sunday church and "Fried Chicken"! I am sorry but I do not agree that doves are next best to quail, but each to his own.

It was about 1961 that I drove Golda up to Graham to see her brother in the hospital. He was riding his horse to town and when a truck went by the horse raised up and pitched him off backwards and he landed on his head, of course the only thing he had on his head was a cowboy hat. He seemed to be doing quite well; he must have been around 70 to 80 years old. We went out to the old ranch where she grew up. She showed me where the old house once stood. Only the chimney was left standing and as we looked around on the ground we found an old porcelain doorknob. We walked over to the old storm cellar with the doors half rotted away and the cellar half filled with dirt. They would use the cellar for storage and when the tornado season was going, they would all get in the cellar for protection if they feared a tornado might come down out of the storm clouds.

A little further away was a creek. At the time we were there it was a creek bed with only a little creek in it. The ground was dry and dusty and was a red color, it was, I guess, the first time I saw red dirt. The area was one she used to go to when she was little. After looking around for a few minutes she found the old petrified tree she was looking for. Scratching around we found several large pieces of the petrified tree that was along the bank. She told me that she used to play there for hours and dig clay along the bank and make things from the clay. She also told me how one day when she was walking home from school she saw a little school girl friend that had been

scalped by Indians. She only remembered how bloody it was and that the pretty golden hair was gone. It seems the girl lived, but had a bad scar and had to wear a wig.

Chapter 41 - Two Places at Once

"I had another labor case -- another druggist's wife. I hope I will get through with these druggist's wives sometime. We are not supposed to charge the druggists. I slept for only a few winks last night; when I got in this morning, it was 7 o'clock. I thought I would take a bath and go to bed. Just as I put my bathrobe on, the phone rang and I was called to see a little girl with fever only 10 miles north of here. I ate my breakfast and went. On my way back I had a blow-out and had to work in the middle of the hot road for about 45 minutes fixing the tire. When I got through I was reeking with sweat and covered with dust. I got back here at noon and took another good bath, then ate my dinner. I am so sleepy and tired I can hardly keep my eyes open and the lines on my paper just keep dancing to and fro.

The little girl was sick with bronchitis and gastro-intestinal trouble. It is so unhandy to try to treat patients 10 miles away. I haven't even seen my regulars today. Since I've had to take my car to the garage and since they do not work on cars on Sunday, I don't think I shall attempt to see any except the nephritic boy. I have a blood count to make on the little girl.

I went to bed at 4 p.m. yesterday and stayed there till 6:30 A.M. today. I had to get up 3 or 4 times to answer phone calls, but refused to leave the room; after I once got started I was bound to get enough sleep. I had slept so hard that this morning for a few minutes my mind refused to work. Thus, for instance, I looked for my shirt all over the room and finally found out that I had it on already.

I am glad you disposed of that brakeman in such a summary way. My observation has been that those brakemen that want to sit beside young women always seem to know they are cute and think that every young woman is just crazy to flirt with them. If every one becomes offensive just suggest turning his name in to the R.R. Co. and that will settle him.

So your feet are better. I am very glad to learn that. If I did not believe you implicitly I'd think you are just saying that to keep me from feeling bad, just like the nurse who registered a patient's temperature 3 degrees lower than it actually was because she did not like to see the doctor worried over the patient's high temperature.

... The diphtheria patient's father wanted me to come out and give the vaccine to his other children. It has rained here so much recently that I was afraid I would have a hard time pulling through in the car, so I decided to go horseback. I called for a good saddle horse but the man at the livery stable seems to have thought that I needed safety first. What he gave me seemed to be a retired dray-horse. A slow walk was the best I could get out of him. If I tried to run him any faster, he developed Cheyne-Stokes respiration to a most distressing degree, and as I had no

hypos of adrenaline or atropine, I decided I'd better desist. I made the thirty miles in 7 hours. The funny part of it was that, except for a distance of half a mile or so, the road was very good. When I got back to town it was 11 p.m. I found the boy doing exceedingly well - I think he will be out of bed in a day or two. My patient in town is doing well also.

Today I was kept pretty busy until sun down. To give you an idea of the work, I will mention the cases. 1. Throat examination and treatment of tonsillitis, including prescribing. 2. Tapping of hydrocele of testicle, largest I ever saw, it held over a gallon of fluid. 3. Visit to puerpera of last Sunday. 4. Ditto to Mrs. Forceps. 5. Ditto nephritis. Noon. 6. Anaesthetic for another Dr. for tonsils and adenoids. 7. Call on diphtheria patient. 8. Office treatment of tuberculosis of collar bone by injection of Beck's paste. 9. Ditto of "blood poisoning." 10. Ditto Mr. Boone. 11. Ditto acute gonorrhea. 12. Inspection fractured humerus of two weeks ago. 13. Call on hydrocele of this a.m. supper. 14. Dressings for minor operation of several days ago. 15. This letter. This kept me comfortably busy.

Mrs. Forceps is at last out of bed and doing well, considering I haven't seen her for two days and today was astonished at the improvement she has made. I think she will get well at last. Hope so: she has worried me enough.

While at Hahn the other night, I lost a call in one of my families. Baby had convulsions and they had to have someone quick. They could not get me so they got Dr. Redwine.

I bought me a pair of shoes today -- a \$7.00 pair of Edwin Clapp's. My socks were nearly all getting into winter style and I could no longer wear them with low quarters, so I just had to have the regular shoes...

It has been quite cool here for about five days. Yesterday and this morning it was so cool, I felt funny about getting out of the room with a summer suit on. I will have to get my "professional" black suit cleaned tomorrow and buy a black hat and tie to match it. I am going to get me a rig out that will make me look like a sure enough doctor.

When I woke up yesterday morning, I decided very suddenly to go home. As usual when I act on the impulse, I had occasion to rue it later. I stayed at home about 1 and 1/2 hours, which was 1/2 hour longer than I had intended to stay. I tried to make up the lost time by speeding where there was a stretch of good road. On one such stretch there was a treacherous slippery mud-slough, when I struck it, my car got wild. I lost control of it and jumped across a ditch. All the spokes of one of my front wheels were splintered to "smithereens." I considered myself lucky in not getting hurt. I had to walk five miles to get to the nearest phone. From that place a friend of mine took me to town in his new Ford and left the Ford

with me to use until my "red" is in order again. I think it will be ok tomorrow afternoon. Only the spokes will have to be replaced.

As usual while I was away, I missed a case. It made me feel real bad, as I thought it might have been a labor case, (not one of those I have listed), but I learned this morning that it was not a labor case and so feel much better.

Last night, Cyril and Jerome were on their way to a dance and passed my car and recognised it. Cyril seemed to be much distressed, as he could not see how I could get the car into such a fix and escape unhurt. He phoned me when he got to a phone and said the first thing he did was to look for pieces of my shirt on the barb wire fence right in front of the ditch.

John was the only one not at home. He went away in his Ford to attend county Institute at Yoakum, Lavaca Co., last Monday and had not come back yet. The family is going to break up pretty soon for winter, as usual. John and Alba will teach the home school; Jerome and Amelia a school in Bell County and Cyril is going to be principal of the Rowena (Runnels Co.) school. That will make five of us teaching, one practising medicine and all the rest (except Ma) going to school.

Fireless cooker, electric cooker or stove, flower garden and vegetable garden, of course! As for the home, I am afraid it will have to be a rented one for a while, at least. But the time will come when it will not have to be rented. ... if happiness ever comes your way, it will only be what you deserve.

Sent my nephritic home a moment ago; it will be 4 weeks Wednesday since I have taken the case. I spent many an hour working and studying on that case, and the father seemed quite satisfied to sign that check for \$50.00. That looks big to me; the largest professional fee I've ever collected for one case.

The past week has been exceedingly satisfactory; even that accident of yesterday fails to sully my good cheer. This morning I heard that Dr. Redwine told the case of mine that the convulsions were caused by a cerebral haemorrhage due to my not giving the child any purgatives. The child had castor oil every morning. Made me angry at first but I got over it after a while. The old liar. The child had no more cerebral haemorrhage than I have.

I had better go over and tell my diphtheria patient she can get out of bed now.

.... Yesterday some people came into the office and asked me to take an insane patient to Houston. Refusal would have meant displeasing some of the "best people," accepting meant neglecting my practice for a

day and probably missing a labor case. During a moment of temporary insanity, I decided to take the woman over to Houston.

We left at 3:07 p.m. and got to Houston about sundown. I deposited the woman in the hospital and her husband in a boarding house and then went to Houston Heights to see some of my friends. I spent the night with a Bohemian preacher friend of mine.

This morning I had to go to the hospital to attend to some details that I had to leave undone last night. I missed the train by 2 minutes. Hence the cursing that delays me 8 hours. After giving expression to my overburdened emotions, I had to stop to consider how I could best dispose of the time that was to hang heavy on my hands. I decided it would be best to take the mainline S.P. and go to Rosenberg and wait for the night train there and see some of my former schoolmates and friends. I got here at 1 p.m. and went to the office of one of my university friends, now a prosperous lawyer and county judge, elected. The Bohemian preacher at this place is also a friend of mine, so I think I shall look him up next, and then if I have any time left, I may look up a lady friend of mine.

I phoned Turner a moment ago and he says I have missed only minor calls so far. That is one consolation. He says, however, that one of my ob cases is getting to cut up, so I shall spend the next five hours here in fear and trembling.

When I got to Rosenberg yesterday afternoon, I first started to see my lawyer friend. My other friends who know him have been telling me on different occasions that he can only talk about his law cases. It did not take me long to find it out. He talked to me about criminal law, citations, and the devil knows what for fully 15 minutes and by that time I had enough of it, so I managed to put in a word edgewise and I told him I knew he was very busy and would not detain him from his work and if he would let me have some paper, I would write a letter. He did and I did. As soon as he stepped into an adjoining room, I pussyfooted it out into the street and walked away as fast as I could. I went down to the Brazos River and rested in the shade of the willow trees until it was nearly time for the train to go. I went uptown then and met my preacher friend and he insisted that I go with him to see his family, so I went. By and by the train came and I was awfully glad to get back here. By the time I got in I felt like I ought to be tagged "Barn only" and dealt with accordingly, but I knew I would have to attend to a thing or two before I could go to bed. I etherized that boy on whom I set a broken arm about two weeks ago and found out whether the elbow joint was locked or not. It did not seem to be. Next I had to go and see about the ob woman threatening to have a miscarriage. During my absence the nurse was called on the case and fortunately did what she thought I would have done. Then I went home and read for a while and then went to bed.

This morning I spent mostly in going around and seeing my convalescents. I have practically no active patients except a few office

patients now. This afternoon, the wheel being fixed, I went out after that red car and dragged it in -- no, I drove it in. It ran all right after we got the wheel on. While I was gone I missed a case of broken nose on a football boy. I have missed four fairly important ones during the past week. At first this used to worry me, but now I see that the sooner I get used to it, the better off I'll be. One can't be at two places at the same time.

Old Dr. Redwine is sure fighting me by fair means and foul, chiefly the latter. I am getting used to it, but if he makes me mad I'll just wait till I can catch him in the middle of the street and run over him with that red car.

.... Your disposition must be like mine in some respects. Gossip is very active in any place where nearly everybody knows everybody else. As long as you live in a large city, no one notices you, but as soon as you come to live in a place of 10 to 10,000 everybody is going to watch and interpret your words and actions. It's very annoying to say the least. I've wished many a time that the old-time punishments -- pillory, etc. for gossips and slanderers were still in force. Gossip and slander are about the low-downdest way of attacking one's character I know of; it leaves one helpless; there is no way to defend oneself.

Mr. Turner and I went to the oil fields at Markham, about 20 miles south of here. Mr. Turner owns a farm down there that he wanted to see and I have a prospective obstet. patient down there that I wanted to see. Chiefly, I wanted to learn the way, so that if I should be called out in a hurry some night, I'd know the way. We left here at 9 a.m. and got back at 1:30 p.m. One tire blew out just as we came into town. I got me two new tires, so I don't expect to be bothered very much with blowouts for a while. I paid my garage bill a moment ago - \$25.65. Well, I thought it would be worse, but that's bad enough. It included all repairs and some gasoline for the past three weeks." ...

Chapter 42 - Time Moves Slow

Golda asks who was the nurse that was so considerate of the doctor's peace of mind not wanting to upset him about his patient's temperature. She also asks if maybe the nurse was not just trying to get out of giving the patient a sponge bath to bring down the temperature. She is writing as she waits for a train, she continues....

" There's a little girl sitting by my side asking me what I'm writing and to whom I'm writing. Every now and then I stop and tell her that I'm writing about her. She's a little slick headed girl with blue slanting eyes and she has an inexhaustible supply of "gab." She says her mother has been "oprated" and she has to stay away because she talks so much. I plainly see why her mother would want her away.

There is a report out that Ford autos will sell for \$100 at the Dallas Fair. Just add \$25 to your tire money, come up and buy one in the meantime come to see me just for old time's sake. I advise you to investigate this wonderful offer most thoroughly before you come, however.

I'm going to church in the morning. Do you think I can get through without very much embarrassment for my friends? Do you act something similar to going to a picture show? You don't remove your hat, do you? I'll try to keep my eyes open and catch on. This little twisty girl is so fidgety that I can't write...

... We didn't end up going to church; we stayed home and made ice cream...

We visited the sanitarium this afternoon. Sibyl was not there so one of the boys who lives there showed us through. There are no patients in there now and Sibyl has gone to Wichita Falls. I can't give her much on her house keeping. She never was very careful about the ward at Sealy but I thought she would have more pride about her own sanitarium. There was dust all over the instruments that were carelessly arranged and everything looked topsy-turvy. By the way, she is leaving and Dr. Griffin wanted to know if I would consider a proposition concerning a position there. I can't say that I care for it...

I don't suppose I'll ever be contented anywhere. Graham is too full of gossip to suit me. I think I want to go to Fort Worth. If I don't pass state board there will be no need of going anywhere. Maybe I had better let you send my Modern Methods since I'm getting rusty and will need some renewing. I hate to put you to so much trouble.

Miss Timmons, the other nurse, called to see me and interrupted my writing. She is a third cousin of mine. She is a graduate from Cook County, Chicago and occasionally gives anaesthetics. One of the neighbors came early this morning so I've done nothing but entertain...

Your letters telling of your wild experiences, received. If you had told me that you were the victim for the asylum instead the escort of the victim, I wouldn't have been so greatly surprised since I had then read the account of your accident with the red car. I must confess that I think you are very reckless when it comes to running cars. I can't see any need for so many narrow escape accidents.

I'm fussing this morning about everything so, of course, you come in for your share. I learned this morning that my brother is quite ill. I'm going to see him as soon as I can. I phoned his wife this morning and she said he was better, so I don't feel quite so anxious about him. I feel like the deuce myself. I've a million things to do and I don't want to do any. Babe wrote me that the state board is the 4th of next month. That is about a month sooner than I expected...

... I've been so busy that I've neglected writing you again. Every time I started to write for the past three days some one came to see me without fail. At night Mrs. Morris and the youngsters talked me to sleep. You see there was no escape...

I'm out in the country again. Father came for me yesterday evening and I was truly glad to get home again. I'm tired of meeting strangers and the old acquaintances are so "antiquated." Everything is dull in Graham -- people don't even get sick. There are six doctors there. Don't you wonder how they make a living? They quarrel and tell lies on one another till they are very disgusting. Do they do this way in every town? You have had a little experience your self haven't you? There's one here who reminds me of you in the way he deals with the other doctors. As far back as I can remember most of the other doctors have knocked this one. He never was heard to speak any bitter words about them, but kept on with his work. Doctors have come and gone, but he still stays and has the greater part of the practice in the county. I believe his is the best policy. If I were you I wouldn't waste my good disposition on that old Sourwine. Just let him go to where he is going. My dear boy, I'm afraid you're going to jump a mudhole sometime and wake up singing with the angels. Four - no three years ago I would never have thought you such a daredevil. I thought you were a preacher of a very sober mind -- one who wore suspenders and old-fashioned garments and razors, etc. Now you cuss and race your old red car like a full-fledged sinner. When are you going to begin smoking? I prefer cigarettes to cigars. Can you cultivate cigarettes? If you smoke you can't wear a beard for there's danger of an amateur's catching on fire -- especially red whiskers....

... Babe told me that Miss Dearing had pneumonia and was very ill. Isn't that hard luck. She also said that "our probe" on P.F. had gone home and that the Graham probe was convalescing. I believe that's all the news she wrote. She has about 12 more days. She says she wants a hospital position. If you hear of one let her know.

What did you decide about your teaching at Wharton? I'll bet that those girls will answer with fear and trembling when the dignified professor all dressed in that black suit and hat, and \$7.00 shoes, speaks to them. I remember the first time you wore it.

There's a little yellow kitty playing with a candle bug on the dining table where I'm writing. What must I do with kitty? I'll admit that he isn't a very sanitary kitty but he is so cunning. I'll let him remain and change the cover later (I mean I'll change it). During this last year my old yellow cat that I've had since Texas was a republic passed away. I've fought many a little mean boy because he dared molest old Tom. This was the only cat I ever could like very much and I didn't like him when he would bite my toes to wake me up in the morning.

Didn't I tell you my brother was ill? Well he's all right now. He got well before I got to nurse him. He used to be the sweetest brother to me when I was a kid, I almost worshipped him. Since he has been married so long and has four boys to take my place he doesn't pay me any mind. I loved him more than any of my sisters or brothers and yet I wasn't very nice to him -- was always pouting or tormenting him. I delighted in telling everything I knew about him when I would be with his girl. You don't know how much you missed by being one of the older children. (She was the youngest of 14 children, and he was the 2nd oldest of 12 children).

My being out here makes me recall so many of my childhood scenes. I told you that Mother and Father were not going to stay here. Mother changed her mind. She says she feels more contented in her own home so they are going to stay and have my sister's family live here with them. I think it will be better. Mother wanted to know what I was making uniforms for. She can't understand why I don't stay here and give up my profession. I've always told mother that I would be her old-maid girl. She never thought that there would be an opportunity of my changing my mind.

Do you think that red car is any good? I was talking with a man who knows a great deal about cars and while discussing the different makes, I asked him about the R.C.H. He said it wasn't worth a darn. Now I'm mad at Passmore for lying to you. I think a Ford would have been more serviceable. Try to "bust" that thing to pieces and get a new one.

I haven't heard from you since you were at Judge Sherm___ and were having double died fits over an obst. case. I trust everything was all right when you arrived at home. It was too bad that you couldn't enjoy your little trip. You take your work too seriously -- you'll be old at forty if you keep up that pace. If any one needs you during your absence and you can't possibly get there -- just let them worry. They didn't have you this time last year. I feel certain that you've worried that little lock off that grew above your forehead.

Tomorrow Fort Worth tries again to put out whiskey. Wouldn't it be a miracle if she did? I saw a drunk man today. He came to the fence only, was wanting to buy some cattle from my brother who told him he had no time to waste on him and sent him home. He was almost too full to sit in the saddle. This is the first drunk I've seen since I left Galveston...

There is an interesting argument in session just now. My nephew who is five years old is trying to convince his baby brother who is three that he doesn't want to be a soldier. The little one said he was going to be a soldier and Grant said "I'll show you what you have to do if you're a soldier" so he climbed up and dragged down a history and proceeded to point out the horrible features of a soldier's life that were shown in the pictures. His brother still insisted that he will be a soldier. They are very nice quiet children when they're asleep but the little rascals never sleep when I see them.

I'm so glad that dear Mrs. Forceps is up. What a shame that you can't get even with her by presenting a big bill! By now you've forgotten who the patient with nephritis is - since so many things have happened since he went away. In this letter today I expect to hear about that labor case that old Sourwine got while you were suspended in agony between Rosenberg and El Campo and how you quarrelled at the poor soul because she wouldn't wait till you came back. Is baby Bicarb behaving himself these days? I believe he was one of the charter patients.

.... Brother was so busy with a cattle deal that he went away without going to the P.O. even. When I asked about the mail, he for the first time remembered the letters in his pocket that I had given him to mail. I think this is the limit. Father says he will go tomorrow so I shall not worry about it anymore." ...

Golda decides to break the monotony by filling in at the sanitarium for Miss Robertson with Dr. Griffin. Seems that Miss Robertson was sick and unable to keep things up and he need some help. Golda was on 24-hour duty at first and it took a little getting used to. The case improved quickly and Miss Robertson was well once she too could get some rest. Once off the case she went to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Morris and family.

It is apparent that even back in the early days of the automobile industry their advertising or "reports" that circulated needed a little cleaning up. He was not able to buy a new Ford for \$100, neither was any one else able too.

As far as the description went on Dr. Joe, it did not change much over the years. He always wore suspenders and a dark suit. He always had an air about him that commanded respect and he always had a stern look about him. As he would approach a nurse's station at the hospital they would almost come to attention, as he would look through the charts.

In my early high school years as I started to date, I dated a girl whose mother came into the room to meet me as I was waiting for my date. As we spoke she asked me if I

was related to a Dr. Joe Kopecky who once taught in Galveston. I told her he was my grandfather. She then chuckled and told me a story about when she was in nursing school she took a course taught by my grandfather when he was teaching in Galveston at the medical school. Seems his appearance of a strict, stern, and very serious person was with him at that time. All the students were half scared to death of him. She said she always liked him, and for some reason had a little bit of a crush on him. For no reason; one day out of the blue as she was leaving class she had an uncontrollable urge to bend over and kiss him on his bald head, and did so. She then said she turned 10 shades of red and knew it was all over. He looked up slowly from his papers, smiled, and looked back down at his papers as if nothing had happened. That was the end of it.

By many a patient and friend over the years I was told that inside this stern, hard appearance was a kind, understanding person. I knew him first as my grandfather and only later as a little more discipline was administered to me, as I grew older, did I see the stern side emerge. In later years at a professional level, I saw the tremendous respect afforded him, when I accompanied him to hospitals and consultations. You could tell it was something he had earned, it was not something he forced out of people with fear.

Chapter 43 - The Same

The days seem to turn again into a routine. Not much new and not much different than the day before. But how long will it last?

"The druggist has been selling some "high life" and evidently spilled some of it; it smells strong, too, in spite of the fact that I have a slight cold.

John stayed here most of the day yesterday. He brought in his Ford for repairs, but the garages are so crowded that after waiting for a whole day, he had to take the Ford home unrepaired. He has been taking his vacation for the past 2 weeks or so and so spent most of his time here relating his experiences. He is three years older than I am, but nearly everybody that does not know us thinks he is the younger of the two. That's what hard work has done for me, boo-hoo!

This country is almost too prosperous, if such a state is possible. The cotton gins all run day and night and hundreds of bales of cotton are brought in every day. The price of cotton is very good and the people have more money than they know what to do with. The businessmen are worked overtime; there is great demand for labor, but there is difficulty in getting any help. Thus far it has been mainly cotton money coming in, the rice crop is very good but the rice money has not begun to come in yet.

The people are so busy now that they can't even take time to get sick. I guess the reaction will set in as soon as the crops are in. There has been very little to do for the past few days.

2 p.m. Your short note received. I was astonished at its sharpness in regard to the accidents. You speak of this as if you suspected me of getting into trouble on purpose. You must have slept with a grindstone for a pillow or else got off on the wrong side of your bed. This was the first letter in two days, too...

I was called out on a labor case early yesterday morning to a place 8 miles north of here. I got back to town at 10:45 a.m. and thought I would get to go to a service at Pierce, Texas, five miles from here. While I was at Rosenberg the other day, the Bohemian preacher there told me he would hold a Bohemian service at Pierce Sunday, and I thought I would get to attend it. However, I had to answer one more call and by that time it was 11:30. Just as I started to leave town, something occurred and delayed half an hour more, so I decided I would not go. After dinner I went over to Pierce to see my friend for a few moments before the train left.

At night Cyril, Jerome, Amelia, Vlasta and Ludma and my nephew came over to see me. They stayed till 9 p.m. My nephew has learned to speak pretty well by now; he speaks only English though occasionally, when he gets angry, he uses a Bohemian word or two. He

seemed to like my room real well and was especially interested in the working of the electric lights.

Vlasta and Ludma are going to Huntsville to attend the Sam Houston Normal Institute. Vlasta is going to be a sophomore, Ludma a freshman. I guess they will find it rather lonesome for a while, but still it will be better than if only one went.

While at Houston last week, I met Dr. Hartmann on the street. I pumped him for news at the Sealy, but he said he has been out of the city for most of the summer and so was not in a position to enlighten me. He was on his way to Waco to deliver an address before some medical society.

Old man Boone is getting to be quite "peart." He takes fairly long walks and rides in the automobile as far as 30 miles at a time. I am to take another blood count on him on the 1st of next month. I am anxious to see whether his blood has changed any. He does not look so anaemic as he used to, but is still fairly pale.

Ludma and Vlasta passed through yesterday on their way to Huntsville. Cyril went with them, to help them matriculate and to pass through all kinds of red and other type of tape incidental to entering a school and also to visit some of his old friends. Jerome brought them here to the station. They say that my married sister has been sick for a few days. There is no phone connection between El Campo and Taiton so they get a doctor from Nada, Texas.

I had a call to Louise early yesterday morning -- they phoned me that their little boy seemed to have a fever. I found that he had 106 degrees - malaria. I like a case like that. There may not be much money, it is true, in the acute cases but there certainly is a great deal of satisfaction. What gets on my nerves is old, deaf women with roaring and ringing in their ears. They expect you to cure them in 24 to 48 hours, when the truth is that nothing short of a complete overhauling would do them any good. For the past week I have been quite blessed with patients of just that kind.

I have had quite a time getting the right kind of milk formula for Mrs. Forceps' boy. He refused to grow fat; at five weeks he still weighed only as much as he did at birth. As a last resort I tried evaporated cow's milk. He's gained 1/4 lb. every day for the past three days. Of course I feel much relieved. Mrs. Forceps herself is doing well now; she has been out of bed for quite a while and seems to be attending to her regular duties. She was one of the hardest cases I have ever had.

My Markham obst. case is pretty near due now. Markham is 18 miles away from here. Every night as I go to bed I wonder whether I will have to get up during the night to attend to this case. Last night the phone rang at 4:00 a.m. and I jumped up feeling sure I had a trip to Markham ahead of me, but it proved to be only a question one of my local cases

wished to ask me. I hope this case will materialise before the roads get bad again. They are quite rough now, but they are at least dry.

The University and A. & M. students from here are leaving to attend the opening sessions. It seems strange that I am not going. I have almost gotten the habit during the past nine years." ...

Days and days have gone by and Dr. Joe has not received any letters from Golda. He does not know if she is ill or what is going on and starts to worry. He also admits that he has thought about a lot of their times together over the last several years and realises how much he misses her. In his writing he continues...

"Can't say that I am specially fond of kittens, cunning or otherwise, unless they know their place. One came over to my window night before last and moaned piteously and insisted on being let in through that window. I finally grew tired of it and threw a pitcher full of water over it and felt mean for 7 and 1/2 minutes.

The man who told you about the R.C.H. came pretty near telling the truth. I have learned a good deal about cars during the past 3 months. I have learned how to run one.

As for smoking, I'd rather not, if it is all the same to you. Don't you think you would prefer your kisses unflavoured by tobacco smoke odor? Personally, I prefer to chew gum. The older I grow, the less desire I have for smoking.

Do you remember Gene Dyer? He and his wife passed through today at noon on their way to San Antonio in a Ford roadster. They were coming from Galveston. Dr. Dyer says he has not located as yet. I can't understand how he can afford to run around like this; he must have married a woman with money. I know he never had any to enable him to play a gentleman of leisure.

No, I haven't gone to Wharton to lecture to the nurses as yet. You could hardly call it a lecture, 2 or 3 nurses is all they have in training, I imagine.

I am glad your parents decided not to move; it seems like the better plan to me and I feel pretty sure they will be better contented that way. And you, too, will feel that you still have a home to go to. Breaking up a home for good is really something of a tragedy and has a much more unfavourable effect on old people growing old and childish than people generally seem to realise.

Cyril ought to come in tonight on his way from Huntsville. I don't very much expect him; it will be hard for him to tear loose from his friends that quick.

.... I had another labor case Thursday at 1 a.m. and did not get very much sleep that night. The labor case was at our next door neighbors so I did not have far to go. This eliminates one labor case -- so much less danger of getting two the same night. The people try to play high society - they got them a nurse all the way from Houston -- suits me fine -- since I have such a good nurse on the case, I can afford to neglect it some.

Yesterday I got an old Swede skinned up in a runaway scrape. He had a buggy turned over on him and seems to have broken one of his right ribs and bruised that side pretty bad. He lives four miles from here; I took him home in the red devil wagon and did so without turning over or running into a ditch. I went to see him again this morning; he seems to be doing better. He comes from a Swedish settlement; I have not broken into yet. He may prove a very good wedge.

John came in a moment ago. He does not seem to have any particular business at least so far as I can tell, unless it is to have some more repairs on the Ford."

He continues in his letter that if she and Miss Anderson did move back and practice nursing in Galveston, he would be able to see her every 3 months or so. Mrs. Boone wants him to take Mr. Boone down to Galveston but he doesn't want to go. If she were still there it would be a different story. He also reminds Golda that after she marries she will have to live in another part of the state away from her folks, so she should take advantage of the time she can spend with them now. He then writes about an old bachelor uncle of his...

" Yes, there is only one creature that I know of that is more disagreeable than an old maid, and that is an old bachelor. I have an old bachelor uncle. When we were kids, he used to come to see us once in a while and all that time we felt uncomfortable lest we should do something to offend him and mother would punish us. After we grew up, we were not only not so considerate of his feelings, but actually made it a point to jar him as much as possible whenever we could and that almost cured him. I have not seen him for several years, but I hardly think he has improved very much in his disposition. Whenever I used to think of being an old bachelor, I would think of him and a few others, and then I'd conclude "none for mine" not if I can help it."

Chapter 44 - Yesterday

"The Morris family want me to stay till Saturday for the ball game but I think I shall go out in the country tomorrow. Martha May and I are upstairs in the playroom tonight hence this stationery. Her old bachelor uncle is rooming here in the spare room now so we "kids" come up here to keep from disturbing him. He is about 46 years old and a cynic. Tonight I almost fainted when he took pains to tell me that I was looking well. He has been to Johns Hopkins Hospital, for the past two months for rest so I attribute his general attitude to the discipline administered there. The children used to be almost afraid to speak to him because they thought he was so cranky and disliked them. Since he has been sick and stayed here, they like him a little better. I sometimes wonder if this cold, reserved manner that some people have is affected and not at all the expression of their feelings.

Well my dear heart, I got your letter yesterday. I'm sorry that our woman had to die, but as you say a doctor has to have a few deaths among his practice if he does anything much. Poor woman. I guess she had worked enough caring for the remaining six children, and needed the long, long rest that she's enjoying now.

Martha May is snoring; I'll turn her on her side. She refuses to be turned. She and her little sister had a "falling out" about sleeping up here tonight. Lucy stayed here last night and meant to tonight, but the two kids had an argument so she withdrew her claims. Martha May went to town to get me some thread and a letter. She got so interested in getting a nickel (5 cents) from her papa that she forgot my letter. Shall I push her off the bed for punishment?...

I'm going out in the country soon after breakfast -- then when I get where it is quiet, I can write lots to you. No my cheeks are not any too rosy - just a faint trace of pink occasionally. I'm just as when you saw me last -- but I don't hobble along any more. I can walk as good as you -- wish I could show you...

Dr. Morris brought me out in the country yesterday. I spent most of the day learning how to make tatting. I've learned the stitch perfectly and when I learn the "joining" together I'll make lots of pretty things. While learning I was just as awkward as a child learning to write.

It's nice to be off duty again even though my case was easy. I enjoyed working during those few days. I guess I'm like Watson. She says she enjoyed collecting her money and going home more than any part of her work. Isn't that just like the kid? This sanitarium isn't very conveniently arranged. It isn't as well equipped as a modern home. Until I got adjusted it seemed horribly awkward to me."...

She continues in her letter that she understands he is down now after his septicaemia case died. She wonders what will command most of his time now. She suggests that

she should not frighten his little brother with the big long names, he should just cut his tonsils out and explain afterwards... She writes about her surroundings and the lack of rain. She again points out how much better she is doing and is thinking of nursing. She is staying with her folks for now because her mother wants her to. She then continues...

"The district school began yesterday. This teacher taught two terms at this school when Annie and I were school kids. I remember that she came very near whipping me once for talking during study period. I had much rather taken a beating than the punishment she inflicted later. In order to keep us from talking, she put the boys and girls together. The boy that she chose for my desk mate was my pet of abominations and the old sister must have known it. I tried to impress upon him that I didn't like him very well. Every time the teacher was busy, I would push his books off the desk, break the lead off his pencil and many other equally as spiteful things. I would do all this and he was so stupid he didn't resent it, which made me despise him more. I never did entirely forgive the teacher for this as long as I went to her. Since then she has graduated from one of the normal schools, taught many successful terms, married an old silly school teacher, who is also teaching a country school and she and her beloved are living "happy ever after" and she is still teaching.

The dark cloud in the west has turned into rain and it is getting colder as it pours down. The lightning is getting ferocious -- for a second I imagined I was its victim because the noise jarred the area surrounding me. Now if I should get electrocuted, I hope some one will send you this letter so that you will know that my last thought were of you. Then when I'm gone you will love some other old girl and I will be so jealous! When you're telling her that you never did love any girl except her, just remember that I'm looking down upon you from a fifteenth story window in Heaven, and feeling dreadfully bored and lonesome, just awfully lonesome for you and old earth...

A bright idea flitted across my mental horizon -- I'm thinking I shall cook dinner just for old time's sake. There is something already on the stove cooking -- guess what it is -- turnip greens! I'm sure you held your nose through habit. It does seem that they were made for cows to eat but I think they are good -- maybe I've a cow appetite. I'm going to cook eggs a la golden rod to go with the greens, make some corn bread, cream Irish potatoes and make tomato and pepper salad. This is more than I care to do and I can't think up a dessert. What do you think of custard, a nice yellow custard would complete this country menu? I want to get in practice making yellow desserts because I know you will be grouchy if I don't cook one occasionally when I'm supt. of your house -- head nurse of the kitchen.

My third sister from the top wrote me yesterday. I mean I got her letter yesterday, wanting me to apply for the superintendence of the sanitarium that is being built at Rolls, Texas, where she lives. She said it wouldn't be opened until spring but she wants me to visit her and stay and

practice there this winter. She said there was no nurse who lived there and when one was needed they had to send away for her. Rolls is away upon the plains of the Panhandle. I would like to visit her and wouldn't mind working there, if I wouldn't be so far from home. You would be clear across the state from me and I wouldn't like that one bit. That would be worse than being at Galveston. Such "outlandish" places people want me to go. I know I would like it out there because it's newly settled country and in the west. There is no place like it they think"...

Golda feels that in some ways she is again at a point in her life where choices will effect her direction in life. She reminds Joe of the "what ifs" over the last several years; what if he hadn't considered her a good subject for missionary work, what if they hadn't met in the Gulf of Mexico that evening, what if... and continues on..."Don't you wish we could stop where the road of destiny divide and glance down each one and see ourselves as we would be if we took one? One night during our walk down eight street, I decided to turn into a different road -- one without you; but when I told you good bye at the corner under the palm, I felt a regret, but tried to persuade myself that I was doing right. I wasn't very happy during that year that our lives didn't meet so that goes to prove that that road of destiny wasn't the one I wanted."

"While looking through some old letters and rubbish of mine, I came across some stamp pictures of me which must have been taken soon after I finished high school since I have flowers and a roll of paper. I'm going to send them to you and you can see how they match up with your picture where you have your hair roached back. Among the letters I found one where that school teacher friend of mine had written me asking me to write him a story for his English class while he was attending school at Baylor U. Imagine me writing a story for one of my former teachers! I don't remember what fool answer I wrote him but know that I didn't send him a story. One or two people are so far behind the times that they have asked me about him since I have been back this summer. Just because we went together a few times several of his Baptist Sisterine were certain that we were going to marry and they seem to think I hear from him yet. The last letter I got from him was during the 1st of 1914 and I'm ashamed to say that I didn't answer it. I've learned since that he finished at State U. and also at Yale and teaches at Waco now. He was of a serious disposition like you used to be and spent a great deal of his time arguefying with me but he wasn't in love with me nor I with him...

.... Yes, I suppose old maids are very disagreeable creatures, but when I observe some of these poor imposed upon, neglected "Mrs." I wonder if an old maid's lot is so terrible after all. However, every girl expects to be a happy married woman, which is very natural, of course.

I received a letter from Dr. Story a few days ago. He told me that "Nellie" had formed the habit of overeating since she had left the Sealy boarding house and he had decided to take her to Ennis where she wouldn't have anything but wieners and sauerkraut, which was all he could afford to buy. The have finally decided on Christmas time for their wedding. He said he and his partner aren't getting rich but are doing better

than he had expected. They have done four major operations since he has been there.

Babe finally found time to write. She doesn't seem to be very favorably impressed with those beautiful hills of Arkansas about which she used to rave so much. She gets a great deal of amusement in seeing the "tacky people." Her younger sisters are planning a swell wedding for her in the little rustic church among the broom weeds. She said the Presbyterian Church, which her family attends, is composed of 20 members and has no pastor....

...Today is too beautiful, it makes one wonder what's coming tomorrow. Usually when the weather is warm it is merely a prelude to a norther. The sudden changes keep me busy changing from summer to winter clothing and visa versa. Such a peckloofa climate!

Father is sick today. He says he feels as if he were taking la grippe. Today is his birthday - he is 81 years old (3 ? Nov. 1916). I feel anxious about him for grippe goes pretty hard with him.... (several days later)... Father is doing better but still isn't well. My brother-in-law came to take me to their house but I can't go because of Father." ...

The weather is starting to get more and more like winter. The cold hard blowing northers are starting to become more common. She is still not sure where she wants to practice. She wants to stay in the area closer to her folks so maybe, Cleburne, Fort Worth, or Graham.

Chapter 45 - Trick of the Trade

In response to some of the comments in Golda's letters about some of those still back at Sealy he writes...

"Yes, Miss J always did seem to have designs on babies of the male sex -- one thing sure, she was not guilty of that when she made such designs on Neighbors and on Giles. Neighbors, I know is close to 35. Giles says he is 28. Reckon he will ever see 30 again? I don't see how those Canadian girls can stand to live with that bunch, it must seem like doing penitence or penance or whatever those old hermits used to do.

If you had been in Galveston this morning, I guess I would have gone down. One of the garage men went down to get five new Chevrolets and he wanted some men to go down with him and bring back a car. I am not doing much now, anyway and might have considered going just for a change, but Dr. Gray is at Victoria attending a medical meeting, so I thought I'd better stick around.

It's cold this morning. A cold north wind is howling over these plains and if one ventures on the outside it seems as if it would penetrate clean to one's bones...

Wednesday afternoon an old man got run over by a heavy farm wagon and during the confusion and excitement that usually follows such incidents, they made a mistake and called me on the case. I examined him for injuries. After counting seven fractured ribs and fractured left scapula, I decided that would be enough to kill him, so I examined him no further. He seemed to have no relatives or friends, so I had him moved to a cheap hotel and called Redhead over to take care of him till he shuffled off his mortal coil. He hasn't shuffled it off yet. He is still alive and I know not what to think of his deliberately going against his doctor's unfavourable prognosis. But then, he is an old ignorant Dane and what can he be expected to know about the difference between a fatal and not fatal injury? He seems to have no money, so I may have to get the glory of not only treating him free but of footing his hotel bill. He will be my "pet charity" if he lives long enough.

Except for this diversion, life has been dull enough. I was kept busy nearly all day long yesterday, but it consisted of free work or what we call "dead heads" -- preachers, preacher's wives, druggists' families, etc."

Dr Joe comments on one of the "shows" one of the nurses put on that Golda wrote to him about....

"That trick of making the people believe that if you had been called 4 and 1/2 minutes later, the patient would have been dead, is an old one. It was almost worn out by old time physicians. Another important detail of this farce is to take a very cautious smell of every bottle the

preceding physician has left there, register a look of mingled surprise, horror and disgust, thrust the bottle from the nose and mysteriously cork it up tightly and order the patient's people to take out the medicine and bury it, or better, throw it into a fire. If possible, don't say anything that would be against medical ethics. Medical ethics - the de_____ oh excuse me. I forgot I was a Sunday School teacher...

Turnip greens. You will have to guess again. I do like turnip greens, and can consume quite a lot when I get a chance. It's spinach and mustard greens I cannot stand. If you do put yourself to any great troubles to learn any of those yellow custards and desserts, you will just be laying trouble in store for yourself, for then you will have to eat two yellow pieces instead of one -- yours and mine. That, it seems to me, ought to be punishment enough for anybody.

Your stamp picture is enjoyed very much. I have it here in front of me, so I am glancing at it every few moments and can gather inspiration. When I first looked at it, which was before I read the explanation, I marvelled at your having grown so fat during the past two months. But your facial expression has changed too much since that picture to make me believe that it was a recent picture.

Well, I had some more fool's luck yesterday. You remember that obstet. case 20 miles away from here that I worried about so much? I got the call at 1:45 p.m. yesterday and phoned the nurse at once to get ready. We shot out of town at 2.:15 p.m., got to the place at 3:30 p.m. the case came off at 3:45 p.m., I stayed an hour and at 6 p.m. I was back in El Campo. How is that for a record? The road was dry and hard all the way but in places quite rough. However, I did not mind a little shaking up. The nurse stayed with the patient.

The old Dane died yesterday afternoon. I did not think there was a bit of a chance for him from the very start. I understand he has about \$700 to his credit at the bank and no relatives, so I may get my bill paid in spite of everything.

By the way, I came pretty near tying up all the nurses in town. I have a nurse from Houston on my obst. case of last week, Red was on the Dane's case and Miss Thompson, a nurse from Santa Rosa, San Antonio, went on the obstet. case at the oil fields. That leaves only Myrtle McDonald, the nurse I have worked with the most, and she is engaged for one of my obst. cases which is liable to come off any time. So you see, I almost have a monopoly on the nurses, and that, too, when I am not very busy.

And say, that leaves all but one of those dreaded obstet cases disposed of. Not much danger of a conflict. But there will be some more coming pretty soon. This morning a woman came in and engaged me for her and her sister's cases; her sister expects to be confined next week and she two weeks later. They come from Garwood, my friend Dr.

Halamicek's territory. She said that Dr. H. was drunk so much now and so hard to get, they were afraid to risk it and so would move here to one of their friends until the confinement is over with.

Business picked up today and I have been kept real busy till about 4 p.m. Among other things, I got a lipoma of the neck on a young man -- the tumour is about as big as my fist. I'll take it off next Saturday and along with it about \$20.00 of his bank account. It will be good advertising; too, people have seen him run around here for years with that lump on his neck. This is legitimate advertising.

When I began this letter, my head was aching to beat the band. I took aspirin, but it does not seem to have done much good. Don't know what is causing it unless it is reading the Sat. Post last night while lying in bed without my glasses. Even if the aspirin has failed, I believe if I could get you to lay your hands on my brow (should have said "feverish brow"), it would get much better at once. But that is only to be dreamed about right now. (Thought I would see whether "feverish brow" would be justified but my thermometer registers only 98.4. Guess I will have to make it "throbbing brow." That will still sound pretty poetic....

... maybe you did get grouchy once in a while and unreasonable semi-occasionally, but I assure you I hardly ever recall any of those incidents -- you are a dear, dear, loveable sweetheart and there are too many pleasant associations in my mind occupying the foreground, why dig up something unpleasant from way back yonder in the background? I know that I have been a great deal happier since we made up. I do admit that you play a much more important part in my life than I thought any woman could.

Sunday afternoon. Went to S.S. this a.m. and tried to teach a class of boys, but gosh I got disgusted! I have a notion to resign my place as teacher.

All this time we have been having very delightful weather -- a regular Indian summer...

Yesterday I was kept busy, but mainly writing prescriptions. There are some things in which our hospital training does not do us very much good. It is the small things, but the most common things, such as disturbances of digestion, indefinite pains and aches, especially these blooming backaches in women, etc. These are things too insignificant to have to be treated in the hospital, yet very common on the outside and one has to face them and just because they seem trivial, people think if you do not treat them correctly, you certainly could not treat any serious disease. But the truth lies just the other way. I'd rather treat a case of pneumonia or typhoid than one of those blooming backaches.

I got the Red Cross for the front of the radiator on my car. It is enclosed by a brass circle and has my monogram on it. Dr. Gray has been

running round here with a green cross on his car. His is a plain green St. Andrew cross on a white field, so I am putting one by him now. I like mine fairly well.

I went to see "The Prince and the Pauper" last night. I read the book to a class while I was at the Institute at Austin, and wondered what it would look like on the screen. It was fairly good. The music in the picture show is so sorry; one cannot forget it enough to be able to enjoy the picture.

There is a strong north wind whining thru the bare branches of the poplar trees this morning. It promises to get pretty cold before night....

It is 9:30 p.m. and I have to sit here and watch that sterilizer, so I might as well be busy while I am here. You're moving out to the country always seems to make a difference of several thousand miles between us. I believe I got a letter from you on Saturday and none since then until today at noon.

I have not had much sleep since I last wrote to you. Night before last I was out on a labor case practically all night long. I was not needed there all that time but as soon as I got home and tried to sleep, they would call me up and tell me to hurry, so I decided I might as well move over and save them and myself the trouble. The case did not materialize until 8 a.m. I lost a case of fractured clavicle by being out on this one yesterday morning.

Most of the day I was kept pretty busy. At 3 p.m. I decided I would see the home folks so I struck out and in 50 minutes I got to the Taiton School house. It was just about time to close school or turn out school, or whatever you call the act, so I went in and waited until 4 p.m. and then went home with sister and my brothers. As we passed my married sister's place, we saw my nephew close to the road and so picked him up and took him along. I stayed at home about an hour, took an early supper and got back to town after it got dark.

I had two calls after supper and just about when I got ready to go to bed, a young man called me up to go and relieve his wife's earache. They both looked as if they did not think much of my skill, so I stayed about an hour to convince them. When I got to sleep it was about 12 o'clock. I tried to make it up this morning by sleeping till past 8 o'clock.

There has not been very much to do since I have last written to you. Saturday morning I performed the operation for a tumour of the neck, the case I spoke of in one of my recent letters. The tumour proved to be a large sebaceous cyst of several years standing. I did the work under local anaesthesia. Myrtle McDonald, the nurse that I usually have on my cases, assisted me. In spite of the fact that some of the contents of the cyst got spilled on the wound, the wound looks well, and I think will heal by first intention. The man did not have to go to bed at all, and has been

advertising me on the streets, indirectly, by carrying the stuffed cyst in his pocket and showing it to his friends.

I went to the oil fields Saturday afternoon to see about my labor case over there. Everything seemed to be getting along very nicely. Two boys from town went with me to keep me company.

I went to school -- Sunday School -- I meant, yesterday morning and met my class of boys. They did much better than ever before, and I did not have to knock any of them down. There are fourteen boys in the class, and we have no separate room to meet in, so it is rather hard to keep an upper hand on them. At night I went to the League meeting, they do not have very much of a League over here, though, it seems to me, they have plenty of material to make one. There were no church services at night; there was a union prohibition service at the Opera House. I went over there, it was the usual kind of haranguing -- things that I have heard dozens of times, I was glad when it was over with.

The prohibition election is on today. The town is pretty lively -- the anties are making every effort to keep the booze in this county, and though my hope is otherwise, I fear they will. Anyway it is only a question; this county has to go dry sooner or later, preferably sooner."

Dr. Joe writes that the last number of days he has driven his Bohemian preacher friend from Houston around the area while he is "delivering illustrated lectures at the neighboring villages." He then goes on that he went to Wharton and Pierce. He learned he now has a new niece. He expresses concern about Golda's Father since trivial ailments must be watched with care in a person of his age, especially with winter approaching. He concludes with his monthly update and is sure his month from a financial point of view will be satisfactory.

... " I will sure feel happy when I have my debts paid up and can feel that I have no more notes to pay. It grows old after a while." ...

Chapter 46 - On the Farm

"Poor old Dane! Now don't you see that you never lose by doing your duty, which I've never found you shirking. It's good for you to be busy even though your patients are "charity" and "dead heads", makes you think you are a "very busy man" as Dr. Ed used to say about himself. When you write of being busy, I have a mental picture of you coatless, your sleeves rolled up and a syringe or spinal needle in your hand, like you used to be at Sealy when you were relieving in about three services. Of course you are quite different now, but I can't imagine how you look dashing around in the red car and smiling and assuring the people that you didn't mind being called unnecessarily.

.... Father has about recovered from his sick spell -- yet he looks very thin and pale. I worried myself almost sick fearing that he might develop pneumonia. I can't be happy when any of my people are sick. I know that worrying will do not one bit of good whatever, but it isn't as easy to quit worrying as I once thought. My digestion got upset from eating a raw onion yesterday and I spent a sleepless night and got up this morning with a sure nuff headache. Mother tried to coax me to take a capsule containing brown, bad smelling powders that she said would make my liver more active. I couldn't arouse any fondness for the capsule so I compromised by omitting breakfast and truing to sleep away the headache. It didn't stop till this evening by which time I decided to resort to aspirin if the pain had continued. Now don't think I didn't want you to get ahead of me in having headaches. I didn't think that my caput was capable of transmitting such dreadful sensations.

I'm tired of the country -- it bores me dreadfully, but I try to conceal my feelings as long as I feel that I'm needed. I don't intend to go away till sister comes to live here because I think mother and father would rather I wouldn't. She doesn't mind living in the country and I do. I like "staying" in the country. Don't like anywhere long unless I'm very busy and interested...

... Why didn't you think "any woman" could play an important part in your life? Where you a woman hater? Or do you regard us as insignificant creatures or what?

You have a very good reason for not saying very much about my fancy work for you are not very well acquainted with the subject are you? Don't know how to say tattling -- leave out the "I" if you please. I'm hoping that you didn't let those girls see your specimen of tattling - remember that's only the simplest form of it -- someday I'll call your attention to an elaborate pattern on the edge of a runner for our library table or to that on a doily on the mahogany dining table...Am I going to use pure linen for hope chest articles. Yes, still intend to if I don't become very economical and use flour sack material. Do you know what that is? It's the sack that flour comes in which is washed and boiled white. It would make serviceable table "linen" and dish towels. My childhood

school mates, at least a few of them, had mothers who thought it made ideal underwear for little girls.

Tuesday Oct. 31, 1916 - Tonight the spooks will be in prominence. Suppose I'll have to make some jack-o-lanterns to amuse the youngsters. Maybe if I were in Graham I'd get to take part in some of the festivities but since I'm away out here, I don't know what is happening. Don't care much for parties and doings like that somehow. I've enjoyed being away from social and busy life but now I'm anxious to get back to where people are just as busy as can be. I feel like I would enjoy three emergency operations all on the same day....

You don't seem to be very enthusiastic about your S.S. boys; they aren't very inspiring, as one would expect a S.S. class to be. Why don't you cuss them in Bohemian since it wouldn't sound well in English? A doctor doesn't have an opportunity to devote very much of his time to religious work, does he? I hope his wife doesn't have to take his place during his absence." ...

Dr Joe did not understand why he had gone for 8 days with no letter. Golda then told him that after she had written them, she read them again and decided they were so silly she threw them in the fire. She was now at her sister's house in the country and planned on being there for several days. They would gather pecans down by the river and spend time with her sister's kids. They planned to go to town for the festivities...

"The roads were very dusty and the sun was very warm. There were about 15 farm wagons, 25 automobiles and 10 buggies that kept the dust well stirred up, just at the time when we would pass, we would meet one of them coming. Everything was quiet in the little city -- the calm before the storm, which will come off Monday when all the farmers, ranchmen, dogs and children come to the Big Monday festivities. The Confederate Daughters are going to present a monument to the town. Every old soldier, his wife and daughters will be served dinner at noon.

While in Graham this afternoon I assisted one of the doctors in removing a cyst from a little boy's nose. We used a quinine preparation for anaesthetic, which worked charmingly. The sac ruptured but the contents were not fluid. This same doctor wanted to know if I could take a case next week should he have to operate. I told him that he need not depend on my taking it for I might go away this week.

There has been quite a fight in the medical world of this place and consequently the Bekham Sanitarium ceases to be a sanitarium any longer. There is a private sanitarium being started but there's no telling when it will be finished. I can better understand what you had to contend with when you first went to the small country town. You seem to have conquered your enemies or at least you have convinced the inhabitants that you are all right.

What kind of ink is this? It appears to be violet color. When I dipped my pen in the bottle last night I didn't notice the label. You will not give me credit for preferring this color will you?

Company is coming today and I shall have to help sister make preparations. She let the little Golda go to spend the night with a friend. I'll write later"....

As I remember Golda's sister named one of her daughters Golda and I believe it was after Golda my grandmother. She later married a man who was one of the executives in St. Louis at Anheiser Bush Brewery - Budweiser Beer. I remember meeting them once when I lived with my grandparents in San Antonio.) Golda then goes for a few days over to an aunt's place and stays with her. She then is ready to return to Graham and back out to the farm....

"I'm going to buy me a tooth brush so that I will not be obliged to rely on my hostess' hospitality for clean teeth. I left my toothbrush at sister's when I went to my aunt's. This morning I was cleaning my teeth with a rag when Alice, the hired girl, saw what I was doing and she was greatly grieved that I hadn't told her my wants for she said she had a brush which she had used only a few times and which I was most welcome to. I couldn't eat any breakfast because I couldn't keep from thinking about Alice's brush in my mouth.

I'm out on the farm again. We came out late last evening. There was a large crowd in town, from the appearance of the crowd, there must not have been a child, or dog left at home. I found a great deal of amusement in watching the different kinds of folks promenade around. Every now and then part of the crowd would form into clumps or bunches, something like the typhoid bacilli after being mixed with serum. One desiring to walk down the sidewalk was obliged to stand and wait for the bunch to make up their minds to dissolve, or if in a hurry, the surest way to pass was to walk off the sidewalk into the street. They didn't seem to think that there was anybody else in town except their own circle of friends. I saw people whom I knew 30 years ago and whom I never expected to see again; some whom I had forgotten existed on this planet. One lady came up and spoke to me calling me Golda. I never would have recognized her if she hadn't mentioned something recalling to my mind the time I went in a party to her farm to gather pecans on Thanksgiving Day about ten years ago. I think she is a very nice lady because she said I didn't look 24 hours older. I suppose she is a flatterer or a little deficient in memory but she is very tactful. She must have noticed my care worn lonesome expression and tried to cheer me up a little.

All day I shook hands with people whom I knew when I was an infant. In order to offend no one by not recognizing her as Mary, my pupil, mother or not at the first glance know Sallie and Johnnie, I smiled and spoke to every red headed woman and every freckled face boy and girl that I met...

I'm glad that your work improves with each month. It must make you feel happy to be getting your debts paid and your foundation made. You haven't had a rosy path yourself have you? Yet you overcome difficulties as if they were trifles -- I have never had any doubt about your making a success of your profession....

We are having sure enough winter now. Sunday morning a cold north wind began blowing and kept on blowing until it blew up a light rain which, by evening, froze and mad sleet. Yesterday, a light snow fell, today the sun is shining and trying to melt the ice on the trees and ground. The pretty lilac blossoms are all wrapped in ice and will have to go with the thawing of the ice.

I haven't written to you for the past three days because I have been kept quite busy, cooking, churning, feeding chickens, everything that's done on a run-down farm. At the present we three are all that are here -- we're here not so much from choice as from necessity -- or rather because we can't do otherwise. Father doesn't dare get out in this cold weather and mother is not strong enough to do any housework. You see I'm quite a necessary animal here. If I had a pair of overalls and a big white hat, I'd play boy when I have to bring in wood, feed the pig, and milk the cow. This rough work out in the cold is a little awkward for me for I never knew anything about doing anything like this even when we lived on the farm, but since there is not very much to do, and since they need me so much, I gladly and willingly do my best which is not very good. It's very well for one to have varied experiences and hardships occasionally so that good fortune can be appreciated.

I'm glad that you are so well and fat. 164! Are you drinking beer or is it good sound muscle. It doesn't seem like you to be such a sleepy head because you used to take walks before breakfast when I knew you"...

Golda then responds to a remark in his letter. She would have liked for him to have come to the Dallas Fair but she knew he could not afford the time or the money. She hopes that maybe in a few months he may be able to make the trip so as they can see each other then. She also is very tired of the farm but does not want to upset her folks or hurt their feelings, so she stays. She continues...

... "What if we had to be separated over a year like Miss Neubauer and Dr. Stone? He didn't know whether she would ever regain her health when she went away and yet they waited. Did you know that they were married a short time ago? The wedding took place at Dr. Grave's residence. Miss Anderson said Miss Neubauer looked well. Miss Al also said the new Supt. was quarrelling with every one from the housekeeper up to the Supts. It is reported that she called the nurses "slow sloven southerners." How dreadful she must be!"

Chapter 47 - A Big Scare

"Received your letter about three -- maybe two days ago... You spoke of me so eloquently, I wondered whether I was going to die --- usually such speeches are made only after one's death. If I do die, it will have to be by an accident, for I certainly do not feel sick. I weigh 164 pounds -- about 8 pounds more than I have ever weighed. The kind of life I lead ought to be conducive to growing fat. I am shamefully irregular in my eating. I eat between meals. It is usually candy or stuff like that, but still that is eating. As for sleep, Ima Hogg. I miss some sleep every week, usually 2 - 3 nights, or more correctly, parts of 2 or 3 nights. To make up such losses, I usually sleep late the next morning. This way I have gotten in the habit of sleeping till nearly 8 a.m. I usually eat my breakfast at 8 or 8:15. This ought to suit you nicely, for I know that you are blessed with a wonderful propensity for sleep.

I believe I told you about taking a Bohemian preacher to some of the neighbouring communities to make illustrated talks. He spoke here on Thursday night. I ran the stereopticon for him. He spoke in Bohemian. We had a crowd of some 150 Bohemians...

I am getting quite mixed up in religious affairs. The Bohemian preacher at Port Lavaca 70 miles from here wants me to come down next Sunday during the meeting of the S.W. Texas Presbytery and make a talk to his people and to the visiting preachers. He is an old friend of mine and implores me, for old friendship's sake, to come. I have not seen him for six years. The last time I saw him, he was a student at the Presb. Seminary at Austin; his wife and I were then U. of T. students. I would like very much to go, but am not able to say at present whether I can or not. If the roads are good, I could go in old Red; it would take only 3 and 1/2 hours to get there. A good many of my friends are to be there.

We have been having delightful Indian summer for a whole month. The days are just fine, except for some dust. The roads also, have been in pretty good condition. This has its practical side also; of the bumptious crops practically every bit will be gathered and hauled in before the roads get bad...

I went to a picture show tonight so as to have some way to kill time, but I did not even stay till it was over. There was a bunch of fresh, ill-bred kids there and they raised such racket and made such remarks about the scenes that it became disgusting. The picture wasn't any too good anyway, and all in all, it was more than I could stand. I used to think that some preachers are unreasonable in combating moving picture shows, but if all picture shows were like this one, I sure would join the crusade against them. I feel somewhat disgruntled anyway this afternoon; there is nothing in particular, just on general principles.

I went home yesterday afternoon to break the monotony and to see my niece. The roads were awfully dusty and by the time I got home,

my suit was grey with dust; I looked almost as if I had gone thru a flourmill.

My niece looks very much like any other baby her age, but promises to be a husky kid. I asked my nephew what they were going to name her and he said she had a name already -- she had been named "sister."

John was not at home; he had gone to East Bernard. Presumably took a friend of his to see his mother and sister, but I am afraid John went over to see somebody's sister himself. He is getting to be a regular runabout in his old age; last week he travelled all over Lavaca County, next week it will be Fayette County or some other place. His Ford shows the effects of his hard use, practically nothing but the smell and the rattle left."

Dr. Joe agrees that the countryside is wasted on him for now as it is on her. He also feels lonesome and knows that if they were together they would enjoy the many things around them. He wonders if they will both always feel this way or if it is just an illusion...

"But let us change the subject. I came pretty near having a fatality last week. You will probably recall a case where a young boy broke off the internal condyle from his right humerus. As I told you then, this fracture is a very mean one, as it usually goes thru the joint, or rather into it, and in healing, callus is thrown into the joint and deformity may result. In my case, the joint was left slightly flexed. I felt pretty sure the flexion was due not to any trouble with the joint, but to a contraction of some of the muscles, and I felt that under anaesthesia the arm could be straightened out. Friday night Myrtle McDonald, the nurse, and I went to work on the arm. On a previous occasion, the boy's mother, our undertaker and quite a sensible woman, assisted me, but it proved a little too much for her and she decided to stay away this time. I gave chloroform, all at once the boy quit breathing and his pulse disappeared. Fortunately, both of us kept our heads and the boy was resuscitated. The next day the mother told me that she saw what had happened and stayed away, as she was afraid she would interfere with her presence under the circumstances. I am glad she had some sense.

This happens to be the morning after -- that is, the morning after the presidential election. Nearly everybody seems to be very much excited either because they think one will be or will not be elected. Personally, I do not take any stock in the excitement. I cannot bring myself to believe it would make very much difference either way.

Night before last I spent in watchful waiting over an obstetrical case. The case finally came off at 6 a.m. I knew it would not be much sooner, but they had no nurse on the case and I knew it would be no use to try to go home and get some sleep -- they would have rung for me at the house before I got there. When I got home at 7 a.m. I was well tired and

sleepy; I ate my breakfast and rolled over on my bed. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I had a call to see a sick man. I told them I was coming right away and then went to sleep promptly and slept till they called me up again an hour and a half later. I sure go out in a hurry then. I went to see a hysterical man with the tummy ache; he thought he was dying and seemed quite offended because I refused to believe likewise.

It rained yesterday -- first rain we have had in weeks. I put storm curtains up on old Red and went to see my obstet. case just before dark. Old Red splashed thru the mud like a hydroplane. This morning there is lots of mud but the sun shines brightly. At 5:45 I was called out to see my hysterical man once more; he was just doubled up with pain and cut up like a kid. Gall stone colic, renal colic, intestinal obstruction, stomach-ache or what? Durnifino. He does not look sick enough to be seriously ill but he certainly howls like it. I shall study his case presently.

I envy you in one respect at least -- in the country you do not have to listen to all this political talk with which we have been sorely tried for the past three days. Mr. Turner imagines himself to be a democratic enthusiast and I grow mighty tired of listening to all this talk about Wilson carrying California, Hughes carrying West Virginia, etc, etc., ad infinitum et ad nauseam.

I just played a trick on Mr. Turner. The Western Union operator phoned here and said she had a message election for him. I went over to get it; it said Wilson was elected president. I had the operator type a fake message saying that the doubtful votes in California had gone to Hughes and Wilson's election was beginning to be doubtful. But you know we could not keep the true message from him long.

Mrs. Haynes is still suffering and still blaming clumsy old Edith Anderson for all her troubles. I wonder whether Edith knows it? Maybe if she did, it would be a lesson to her.

There is a football game here this afternoon: Edna vs. El Campo High School. I do not think I will get to go. I am to inject some sod-cocodylate into Mrs. Winngrad's vein at 4 p.m. and by the time I get thru, the game will be well on....

Received both your letters a moment ago. Two at one time. Like the old southern women say "I shore felt proud!"

Which would you rather me try and do, see you in about 10 - 14 days, or wait till Christmas? I could not come at both times... I ordered a new suit of clothes yesterday. It is a rather dark one with some grey interwoven. I thought I would, for once, depart from the routine of blue or black serge; I have worn these for eight years. One must not get set in his ways in the matter of wearing apparel.

Nothing unusual has occurred in the sphere of my professional practice. The man I suspected of having gall stone colic has turned a beautiful shade of yellow -- in other words, has the "yellow jaundice" and is now much relieved. The girl whom I suspect of scarlet fever, failed to develop said fever and is about well. And so it goes...

We are having some sure enuff winter weather right now. I am writing this with my overcoat on, hence the even more than usual distorted characters. I have been tussling with some 16-year-old boys to keep warm this morning. I thought surely last night I would be called out but fortunately my fears did not materialise. I certainly would have hated to brave all this cold weather.

I did not go to Port Lavaca Sunday though I felt very much tempted to do so. I guess it was a good thing I did not go, for it rained Monday and I might have had a deuce of a time getting back. Besides, I have two obstet. cases about at term and I do not like to leave town for any length of time.

Cooper came through here not long ago, but I did not get to see him. He and Gray went over to Wharton and when they got back, the clerk at the store here says they were very drunk. By the way I saw a picture of Mrs. J. Ross Whisenant of San Antonio. Whisenant is physician now at the Gunter Hotel at S.A. One of the girls from here is a nurse in training at the Santa Rosa Hospital at San Antonio and gets to see Whisenant and Starnes often.

Practice is rather slack again this week. Just enough to do to keep me reminded that I am practising medicine. It is cold this morning, but still it is quite pleasant outside. I would not mind a long trip to the country. I feel tempted to go home today. I have not been at home for 10 days.

We had a fire in town night before last. The wind was very high, but fortunately, the house was isolated and the fire did not spread.

.... Have you done your chores yet? If you have not, hurry up so you can read this letter. If I was near I could help you. I'd shuck the corn and feed the pigs and bring in the wood, at least; I can't promise you much on the cow-milking proposition; I am about this like Mr. Jiggs in the funny paper was about playing a bass-violin -- "I don't know, I haven't tried." Do you split wood too? I hope you do, it will come n handy when you come to live here. I already know that you will be able to take in washing, for you must have had some practice while at the nursery. I know a little about this line of industry myself; I had to wash my sox once a month for the last four years I was at college. Really, it would be fun to be where I could help you a bit -- it would be pleasant for both of us.

The Bohemian preacher, who lectured here not long ago, delivered the lecture in English at Presbyterian Church on Wednesday

night. All the protestant churches turned out their prayer meetings and came out. The building was chock full.

Sunday night-- ... I meant as I told you I did, to write to you at night but that's easier said than done. It seems that every other night something happens to make writing impossible, and so I continue to write during the daytime.

Today has been such a busy day that I have not had time to attend a single service so far. I have the sterilizer started and I know before it gets done it will be too late for the league meeting and maybe too late for church. Besides, I swore this morning a blue streak as long as your arm, so I really ought to go to at least one service.

I am getting things ready for an operation for hydrocele on a Negro tomorrow morning; the hydrocele is a very large one and I expect to have a delightful time with it. We will do the operation in the home. Myrtle McDonald will assist me and Dr. Gray will give the anaesthesia. Yes, Myrtle is the first nurse I had on a case after I came here. She isn't at all good looking, but she is fairly capable and strictly professional. You need not worry about my falling in love with any of the nurses here. I really ought to be complimented on my professional conduct toward the nurses. All the nurses, except Redhead are content and seemingly anxious to be treated professionally. As for Redhead, she is not overly bright anyway, and so is excusable. Here at the drugstore, we call her "pest."

John brought his Ford -- or properly, remnants thereof, to the garage Friday night and stayed with me till Saturday night. I took him home then for his Ford was not fixed yet. I came on back as soon as I had finished supper. I came back a-flying firstly, because I was afraid my light would give out before I came to town, and secondly, because I was afraid one of my labor cases might come to pass before I got back. Neither happened.

I went to a certain house today to call on a small child. Yesterday I made a call at the same house to see a little girl. This morning the mother told me she, too, felt bad. I asked, "What are you trying to do, start a hospital?" She said, "Yes, it seems that I will not be able to attend to all this and will have to call Miss Willis to come here and help me." I was astonished to hear this from her; she laughed and said, "Oh, I know all about it!" Aren't you glad people are taking such interest in us?

A few days ago, I was in one of the furniture stores over here. The owner is a good friend of mine; I come in every now and then, and incidentally, study the different finishes in furniture, etc. Well, this time he took me aside and advised me to marry right away; he said he would let me have all the furniture I wanted, on time. I told him where to go to, and told him that I expected to get the furniture from him anyway, next year, and the way things looked, would have to get it on the instalment plan even then. So you see, my friends are getting quite anxious to see you

here. Personally, I am trying to get you here as soon as I can get things so that you can live comfortably and decently. As you know, I do not like to compromise my ideals. Also I want to have our social position in the community to be fairly secure even before you get here.

I am sorry to hear that time drags so on your hands, but I can easily see, how, where you are now, this must be true. Personally, I must admit that with me time flies like a blue streak. You are repaying only a fraction of what you owe the old folks, and if you are needed there till you can marry, good enough. You won't care if you never do any more nursing. You've about had your share of that anyway. It will be fun when you finally come here to me, won't it?" ...

Chapter 48 - Confession

Dr. Joe has sent to Golda several pictures that he had taken of himself. He has asked her for her input in which one she prefers; (he also has a little confession to make in the picture)...

"The time has come --- the walrus said, to talk of many things," principally which version of your confession is the less savage in appearance. No, I believe you asked me to say which one I liked better. I'll endeavour to gaze upon them once more with the unprejudiced eye of a connoisseur.

If you wouldn't tilt your nose in such a disdainful manner, and not look Germanish-important-like, I might be more lenient in my criticism. I'll cover up that moustache -- now you look like yourself. Your eyes look "just as natural." They peep from over the paper like they used to peep from the gyn masks. Does your photographer do barber work: Well, of course it's the moustache that you want in the picture so to please you, I'll choose the one to keep.

How about the one that has the speck by the face? It's better. I don't care for the chair being taken -- nor the speck yet the expression is better. Both promise very good pictures. Have one made for me to keep to remind me how you looked with a moustache, for if I can prevent, there will be no more when I am around. We'll just keep this picture for a remembrance of your "confession." How did you keep your secret so well? You didn't have anyone to quarrel with you all the time while growing it. Enjoy your peace while you may cause I don't like your old moustache one bit.

Picture 11: Dr Joe Kopecky November 1916



It would be more amiable for me to tell you that you look handsome, etc., but I couldn't, truthfully. I don't think I'd enjoy your kisses very much ooh! Not at all. Just think of the contaminated kisses that you've been sending me and I never suspected the truth. 'Twas an excellent time for you to try your luck and after all it's a very nice moustache -- nicer than anybody's else, yet it's not becoming therefore let's don't keep it - when you come to see me anyway.

Joe, I'm going on a case in the morning. When I promised to go this evening, I thought I wanted to go, but tonight I wish I hadn't promised. The doctor was very anxious for me to stay on the case one week and since there was no nurse available and since mother and father thought they could spare me, I just decided to go at the last minute. They are going to have a girl to keep house while I'm gone and I can call them over the telephone p.r.n. (as needed). They are such dear good darling "folksies" I'm feeling mean because I'm leaving them.

So you also tire of hearing politics discussed. I'm glad you do then I shall never have to listen to political arguments when I'm with you. Father takes a great interest in reading about the proceedings of each party. In his childish days, he has turned to the socialist party in most of his views on politics. He reads everything from the literature of spiritualism to the "Melting Pot," which is enough to make any one radical in his opinion. I don't care a snap for any of the parties -- all I want is a change of environment and a chance to do what I plan to do...

...I'm here in this old hateful sanitarium again -- the doctor didn't tell me that the case was here or I should not have come. The patient is a middle age woman that has every symptom of tbc., yet the doctor says no 'tis "small liver." Well, he's the doctor and I have never assumed the responsibility of diagnosing yet. Dear me! I'm sick of the bargain already. He is going to see his mother and will be gone for a few days during the while I'm to rely on my own judgement. Judgement the deuce! I never possessed any or else I wouldn't have accepted this case. He insists that I take care of all his cases that he will bring here in the future. Nx curous! He wants the nurse to nurse on a rate of \$15 per and \$10 to go to the ones in charge of the hospital -- not me! I'd rather do farm chores.

So you think you'd like to help me bring in the wood, feed the pigs, etc. No I never have split any wood yet and don't mean to as long as there are plenty of strong men glad to get the job. I'm learning how to do lots of things that I never intend to put into practice when I live with you. I'm not going to remember how to wash, so you needn't expect me to make your living for you. I'm going to remember how to cook, sew, keep a nice clean house and make myself and home as attractive as possible for my sweetheart when he comes home from work and if he isn't contented with that he can dismiss me from the case and I'll take back this old profession.

I'm keeping my patient disturbed from her slumbers, guess I'll have to go to bed even though it's only 8:30. Poor soul, there was never a more agreeable person. She has been nauseated all evening. She says her stomach will not "detain" any food...

Tuesday morning - Well, the old lady's stomach has been acting ugly all morning. I finally took it upon myself to apply a mustard plaster, which worked charmingly. She is very patient and not at all exacting. Poor soul! Her sober wishes never strayed beyond a dip of snuff and a bath biannually. That doctor is some where between here and Waxahachie (doubtful spelling) -- in a car, and here's hoping that he's in a mudhole. I have lost all my respect for him and don't ever expect to be obliging to him by taking anymore of his old cases. I'm not saying to any one here what I think of him, but I do know that I'll not take another of his cases. He has treated the people who are running the sanitarium shamefully. I'd like to bump them for not telling me before I accepted the case and if my anatomical structure would permit, I'd kick myself all the way back home. There's one consolation. I'll not have to stay but one week regardless of what he wants, for that's as long as I consented.

Wonder what you're doing this morning. I'd be powerful glad to see you. I wouldn't care if you had a moustache and beard also... When one meets up with frauds in this world it's a great consolation to know that there are a few honest, worthy men still in existence. I'm glad I think of you as I do, my exalted opinion of you gives me encouragement and helps me bear disappointment in others. Of course, you can't be perfect, yet it's a pleasure to me to think of you as being so.

Now you will be making sport of me for praising you again. To save myself the discomfort of being teased I'll not continue my words of praise.

...Spare moments are rare at present. About all of my time is taken up during the day. The patient has been nauseated and weak all day. By careful choosing of food and persistent work, she and I together succeeded in keeping down her dinner and supper. She was very much discouraged this morning, and so was I. For a wonder, everyone is in high spirits tonight. She is ready to go to sleep and after she once gets to sleep, she rests very well. I hope she does not call me many times tonight for I feel a little tired.

I called mother over the telephone while ago and told her I wished that I were with her tonight and she seemed to be glad that I wanted to be there. I call them every evening -- that is about all the time I find to talk to them.

Oh dear, dear! I dropped two spots of ink on my white dress! Such a sloppy somebody that I am.

Don't you like to hear rain patter on the roof? All afternoon and evening it has been raining and it is very cold rain, which pierces ones very bones. I'm sitting in the house thinking how glad I am that I'm not a horse or cow. Lots of things a little worse than being a nurse; it would be dreadful to be a tramp without shelter tonight.

I must get the light out so the old soul can rest. I let the light from the hall shine in so that it will not be bright on her eyes but she seems restless and maybe the light bothers her. I'm not sleepy -- guess I'll lie down and think...

Good morning. For some mysterious reason I awoke early -- got up and made a fire in the stove, dressed and made my bed, and still my patient sleeps. I can't understand why she is sleeping so well; yesterday she wiggled and coughed and talked until I was forced to get up. She might be dead for all I know. Here's hoping that she hasn't departed from this vale of tears so soon. I'd like to get her awake and give her a bath before breakfast. She's one of those creatures who has an idea that a bath once every 2 or 3 months is sufficient for sick people. She also insists on wearing her union suit of underwear constantly -- and the fool doctor gave her permission to do so. I suppose she imagines that the underwear is one of her skins. I'd like the job of skinning her and hiding the skin. She is very queer, she is also superstitious, and takes great interest in deaths, funerals and portentous happenings. Sometimes I feel like screaming with laughter while I'm sitting so calmly and interested - like listening to her ramblings about Joe Carson's wife's death, and Mr. ____ hiring a trained nurse, and how awfully abused a "pore wider woman's boy" was by the nurses in the hospital. How her daughter nearly died when she had a forceps delivery -- she didn't call it that, however. And how all the neighbor women came and all the men stayed out in the barn in suspense.

.... I don't remember who disturbed me from the above raving this morning, but who or whatever did, did you a favor... Most of my time has been devoted to the old lady today. I put in quite a while adjusting a gasoline burner which I wanted to use to heat my bath water. The old thing sputtered and spewed as if it would like to singe my eyebrows and bangs off, but I conquered it. In order to get a bath here one has to heat the room with a little oil stove which looks warmer than it feels and either carry hot water from the kitchen down stairs or use the gasoline jet which doesn't always act like one would wish it to. This is some convenience for a sanitarium eh? Imagine a nurse's having as many as three - four patients, 24-hour duty too, and having to contend with all this. Since I've been here this last week I learned that Sybil got \$15 only a week for each case and she had to pay \$20 per month for board. I must say that she was either an angel, or a third class fool, I can't decide. From what the people, the family in charge of this place say, she must have let Griffin beat her out of all the operating fees due her. I'm afraid that she is the only one that he will be able to cheat. She tried to leave the impression with me that she made a good salary while here and wanted me to take her place. I suspected that she wasn't getting very wealthy and I didn't see any

advantages to lure one into accepting her position -- so I told her that I had rather nurse in a graveyard than in Graham one year. I can't understand why she stayed -- why she only made \$10 a week -- that's less than a practical nurse charges.

.... Your letter was splendid. It cheered me so much that I came up bubbling over with joy. I felt tempted to dump the old lady off her bed and have her rag (dance) with me. She has been in high spirits today most of the time and she seemed to catch my hilarious feeling for in a short while I had the woman giggling actually laughing aloud and she drank a full glass of milk shake! I persuaded her to eat a piece of crisp bacon today. She said she hadn't dared to eat a piece of meat or drink a drop of sweet milk for 6 months, but if I said so, she would. I said, "let her go" and she went. She calls me the doctor now and I'm glad to say she has confidence in me as if I were one. Poor old lady! Her mental horizon is so limited yet I believe her heart is good as can be. There are several things for which I admire her. She was left a widow with three girls to support; she remained single and made them a living by hard daily labor. She doesn't find fault with anything that is done for her, and there are many redeeming traits to make one overlook her peculiar eccentricities.

Back to your letter, I forgot where I was... You bad, bad, man. Always swearing and telling people to go to Pechla as if they knew where that is. I guess those curious people get on your nerves a little where they try to manage your affairs for you... I'll write more tonight"....

Chapter 49 - Trust

Golda complains about being hard up at present, as she is not making any money toward their hope chest as she is taking care of the old folks. She does not know about his background in depth at this point. He agrees she has been getting a bit moody but does not think it is permanent....

"Don't be so resentful about being hard up. I know what it means better than you ever will know; I have seen the time when I had to cut out even many a meal that would have tasted well, in order to keep in school. I have had to struggle with poverty greater than you would ever have suspected, yet I can truly say that as I look back over it, I'd rather have it so than be like many of my rich schoolmates. If you had a free hand, you could earn money enough to live very respectably; but remember that you are denying yourself for the old folk's sake, and I am glad you are doing it with grace and as far as they can see, with patience. It is quite unnecessary for you to tell me that they do not understand you and probably do not even suspect what you are going through. Well, I do, girl, if you had on the suit you wore three years ago and do what you are doing, I'd love you a great deal more than if you were dressed in the height of fashion and followed your own selfish needs and desires. I like to see you well dressed; I like to see your hair fixed up right; I like to see you look the best you can look, but there are things that sometimes come before all this and these you had better attend to while you have the chance. The other you still can look forward to -- we both can -- and we will enjoy them together, and enjoy them so much more because of what we have gone through. So let's look ahead, and let's understand each other. If I am what you think I am, if I should see you now where you are and as you are now, you know I would only have to love you more, if that were possible...

.... I have had four nights of more or less interrupted sleep, usually more, and one day when the first meal I got to eat was supper, so you will understand that I did not have much time to write. Two fractures, three obstet. cases, one major operation and one case of scarlet fever, and a bunch of cases of less importance have kept me pretty busy since last Saturday p.m.

Dr. Redwine went up to North Texas to stay a week. While he is gone, Dr. Gray is attending to his practice. I wish he would stay a month. Dr. Gray is attending to his practice in theory, but in fact, I have been getting a bunch of his cases since he has gone, and the funny part of it is that hereafter they will be my cases, for since he has not asked me to take any of his cases, under medical ethics, I need not return those of his cases that came to me.

The three obstet. cases came in 60 hours time, the last coming at 6 am. today. The one on Thursday was a breech presentation in a primipara, and after Mrs. Forceps, the hardest case I have handled in obstet. since I have come here. This, also, was one of Redwine's cases.

Another of the obstet. cases was a 14-year-old Mexican girl, the maternity home being a corncrib almost full of corn, the bed, a pile of cottonseed.

The operation for hydrocele on Monday proved to be a formidable affair, excision of an enormous cyst sac including the right testicle, the patient ran a temperature for 2 days but is doing much better now. I think the operation will be successful -- if the patient lives, and I feel sure he will. Dr. Gray gave the anaesthetic for me and Myrtle assisted. Dr. G. thought he would get even with me anyway so he charged me \$10.00 for an hour and 15 minutes of anaesthetic. I see him giving anaesthetic for me again soon.

I did not say much about that severe case of malnutrition in a 4 week kid; I hadn't the time to sit by it and the mother is too d_____ "nervous" and ignorant to do any good, so I had Myrtle come over to the house and stay with the case until it got straightened out. She left the house this morning. Some people that undertake to raise children haven't enough common sense to raise guinea pigs.

Superstition?! Isn't there a deuce of a lot of it rampant? I am asked about whether the baby may be marked because the mother saw a fire, a black cat, etc. until I feel that some night I'll lose my patience and say "hell no."

A professor from the University of Prague, Bohemia, a political exile, made a lecture to the Bohemians of this place last Thursday. Whenever some such man comes here, it seems to become my lot to entertain him; I liked this man, but I was so busy, I did not get to see much of him. Tonight, the Bohemian Presb. Preacher from Rosenberg is coming over; he is to stay with me overnight and go to Pierce to preach tomorrow. So you see I am getting to be altogether too popular among these men. I like to associate with the men; they are so different from the ordinary run of Bohemian here.

... Yesterday I took something of a layoff. In the morning I took the Bohemian preacher to Pierce and stayed for the services. After the services I came to town and attended to the more urgent calls and then went over to Taiton. I did not get to stay even a whole hour, as a young man from here went with me and wanted to get back here in time to go to see his girl. While away from here, I missed a labor case. It was not one of my listed cases.

Night before last and last night I went to bed early and slept late, so that I have caught up with the sleep I lost last week. Providence, or something, arranges it so that when I lose several nights of sleep, I get a chance to sleep several nights."

Dr. Joe asks what she would like for Christmas, as he does not want to buy her something she may not like. If she wants to be surprised, then send him a list of a

number of things she would like and he will surprise her with one. Some of the other things do not change much for this time of year over the years...

" To save my life I can't think of what I was doing on Thanksgiving Day a year ago. I do remember Dr. Graves telling us the day before to have plenty of castor oil ready, as we would need it the next day. Wonder whether you and I got to go out on the jetties or on the beach that night? If we did, it was more than we can do tonight, I am sorry to say.

Dr. Gray went to Austin yesterday to get to see the game between Texas and A. & M. Dr. Redwine is attending to his practice during his absence - some practice, consisting of one old woman with bedsores.

Dr. Redwine had to call me in consultation on one of his cases, much against his will, I bet. The people must have insisted on my presence, for I know he would rather have called Gray or any other Dr. -- the veterinary, for instance -- than call me.

I had a call to Pierce this morning; the case was a young boy with a very badly neglected chronic malaria. The boy is pretty badly run down and very pale.

This is a delightful day; I hope it will be as nice as this next winter. If you were here, we would go home to dinner and then take a long drive, over to Houston or to Palacios, or somewhere. As it is, I guess I might as well stay in and make out a bunch of bills to be collected tomorrow. I don't even know whether we will have turkey for dinner...

.... Nothing very important has occurred for some time. I have a case that has had me puzzled for over a week. His chief complaint seems to be vomiting. He looks like he might have some acute infectious disease but he does not have any fever, nor has he any other evidences of acute infection. I don't know what to make of him.

I had to go to the Willises shortly after 12 last night. "Son" had the croup. It was about 2 a.m. when I got home. Every time I see one of the Willises we have a quarrel and that always takes some time. Last night we had to fuss over about six different things, so it took unusually long.

My Negro is doing pretty well. He can get up for a few hours each day, but the wound still drains profusely.

Dr. Gray came back from Austin yesterday. He says he met quite a bunch of his friends while there. I don't think Gray will stay here much longer, his practice is growing slimmer all the time.

.... The two obstet. cases you inquire into have both been delivered -- the last one ten days ago. One of the women has a child 4

years old and needs an operation for tonsils and adenoids. Hope I'll get to do it.

Last night I went out to a place about six miles from here to see an old Dane with asthma. He is an intelligent old fellow, but seems to have lived nearly all his life encumbered with these asthmatic attacks. I gave him a shot of adrenaline mxx. Morph. Sulph. Gr. 1/4, atrop. Sulph gr. 1/150 and stayed till I was sure he was relieved and then went home.

Are we going to rent or shall we buy a place of our own? It would be more desirable to have our own place, but there comes the question as to how long we are going to live here. If we buy, shall we buy a developed place or buy a vacant lot and build a house to suit? Dr. Mayfield, one of the real estate men wants to sell me a pretty desirable 60-foot front lot, vacant, in a good location but I do not know that I want it. Whether one buys a vacant lot and builds, or buys a developed place, it will cost money and will take time to pay for it. Property sells fairly high over here.

... During all my struggles I have looked forward to the time when I could love a woman with all my soul and have that love repaid. Some men lead a hilarious life until they grow fairly old and "settle down." Even if such living was not and had not always been against my principles, I believe, from purely selfish motives, I would not indulge in it; I believe it must destroy one's capacity for future happiness. I want to have something to look forward to: love and happiness never tasted or experienced before. I enjoy your kiss because it is new to me; I have not lost the capacity for enjoying it because of previous indiscriminate kissing"...

Dr. Joe continues on in his letter reviewing several things that transpired between them over the last three years. He tells of how a girl he knew in Ft. Worth 3 years ago he almost became engaged to. He didn't because he knew they were and would not be special to each other in the years to come. He always wanted that person to be someone special to him and him to her. He wanted a girl he could trust to go through hell and fire for. He felt that way about her and always would, and was sure she felt the same. So from here he asked her not to worry and to know she will always be first. He then continues...

"Do you notice that occasionally my writing is even clumsier than it used to be? Well, I occasionally write my letters with my overcoat on, and you know that slightly interferes with freedom of motion.

No, I don't think Dr. Gray will turn over the bed sore case to me, for she has taken a departure from this vale of tears and sorrow nearly a week ago.

To your question "aren't some women nervous?" I feel constrained to answer in the affirmative; yes, some women are nervous. My answer is based upon close observation and sad experience.

We have one of those theatrical companies in town. They give pretty good stuff. I have paid much more for worse. The show is held in a large tent. I went Tuesday night. I did not go to sleep till after 11 p.m. At 12 a.m., I had a call to Hillje to see a child with a very bad throat. The people said the child was nearly choking. For once, I came pretty near to lying down on my duty. I placated the people and told them what to do; they did not seem to be quite satisfied and said if I possibly could, come out. I went to bed, but in five minutes the picture of that kid choking had me out of bed, and half an hour later I was at Hillje. It looked a good deal like a case of laryngeal diphtheria, so I injected the antitoxin to be on the safe side. It was about 2:30 by the time I got home and a good deal later before I feel asleep.

Yesterday I went to Taiton to fix up with adhesive plaster, that niece of mine with umbilical hernia. Somewhere on the way I found a 6 penny nail -- found it by running it clear through one of my rear tires. I did not have an extra tire with me, so I had to repair the one I had. It took about an hour, Mr. Davis, a gentleman from Kansas, who owns land right next to mother's, went with me for company.

John crippled his Ford rather bad yesterday and had to bring it here to the garage last night. He went to the show and to be sociable, I went with him in spite of my better judgement and the fact that I had not slept much the night before. Before the show was over my head ached to beat thunder, but by morning it was all gone. John went home after the show. It began to rain shortly after, so I am afraid he had some trouble getting there.

The lull is on now. I should be taking advantage of it, but I do want to see "Within the Law" tonight. I do not know yet whether I am going or not. That depends on how I feel at 8 p.m."

Chapter 50 - Disinfectant

"Some busy man again? I'm always glad to learn of your being busy then I'm assured that you are not getting into mischief. I'm glad to learn that your nurses are professional in their attitudes toward you. Who could blame them when you had that horrid moustache? Maybe you had better keep it. I should not bother about your falling in love with a nurse after you have had such a rugged difficult career with this one.

Mr. Druggist doesn't mind calling the new supt. pet names does he? I suppose that becomes her better than R.N. does. Yes, I'm glad that she can't call me "lazy and sloven."

My patient has been very sick the last couple of days. She had me put out the light at seven o'clock so she could get some sleep. I couldn't stay in the opposite room because it was so cold, so I turned out the light and tried to sleep. There was very little sleep for either of us.

Dr. Griffin came home today. The patient had already made up her mind to go home tomorrow and I'm glad she had. I told him if he persuaded her to stay longer, that he would have to get another nurse for I agreed to one week. I'll be very much delighted to quit this place.

Afternoon. After all the kindred and neighbours of the surrounding country have paid their visits, - one more I'll attempt to write. Oh those people of this woman's run me wild. They seem to think that because they are paying for a room here they are entitled to explore the entire building. There are three ruffians who claim the honor of being of being the old lady's son-in-law, whom I have been doing detective work on. These are the circumstances! While I was at dinner they went up stairs to the patients room. When I went up, I met them coming down. I smelt alcohol on their breath - on one's breath I mean. Later while passing in the operating room I noticed that the alcohol bottle's contents appeared smoky. On examining further discovered that it smelt peculiar and seemed to be diluted with water. For a minute I was horrified -- this morning the bottle was all right. Then I recalled that odor on his breath. They called again, when they departed, I left the room immediately and heard noises in the O.R. I went and looked in upon them with reproachful countenance and one stammered -- "We are just looking around, we'll not pick up anything." I said "Very well" and I stood there and found something to do until they got through "looking around." Isn't this some excitement? I'll bet you shudder with fear. I told Mrs. Wallace my secret. We have lots of fun about it.

... The nurse at the hotel wanted me to relieve her until she recovered from an infection of her thumb. I told her I would run over to see her while my patient had company and we would talk it over. While going I made up my mind to refuse to take the case for I had decided not to go away again. Poor girl, I felt sorry for her in that sloppy hotel. The proprietor's family is a mess. With a bad finger and a pus appendectomy

to look after, but I told her that I thought my mother needed me more than anyone else I knew. They can very easily call a nurse from Fort Worth, if they would. I know she thinks I am heartless, but what difference does it make anyway? I'm going out home tomorrow at noon. I look upon the occasion as a great treat. One misses the freedom of home when among strangers.

...This morning at 6 a.m. I was out of bed getting things ready for our departure from the Sanitarium. My patient was planning to leave at ten o'clock and I saw that nothing detained her 2 and 1/2 minutes over that time. By 9:40 Mrs. Winchester -- sometimes I forgot and called her shotgun, rifle, revolver and numerous other names of weapons -- had on her yarn stockings, yes even her garters, her dress and hood and was waiting for her beloved son-in-law to make his appearance. I gave her a hot toddy and my best wishes and sent her on her way rejoicing. Immediately I went on my way rejoicing. Joe, I never was so glad to quit a job as I was this one. Poor lady, her chances for recovery were slim! However, she has lived 57 years and doesn't mind to die if it's the Lord's will, she says. The ride out here through the wind and the relaxation of mind and body makes me drowsy and a trifle stupid - so unusual! - that I can't keep my eyes open. We'll continue this tomorrow...

I'm as bad as a Mexican when it comes to putting things off till manana (tomorrow) -- There's a great deal of pleasure in putting off a hard piece of work when one realizes that it should be done immediately, but where it happens to be a letter to one's own dearest friend, there's bothered conscience to contend with."

In response to his letters she says she never realised he had had such a hard time. She wishes she could be of more help to him. She thinks it is a shame Dr. Redwine can't stay away a little longer so he might be able to pick up more patients, for she is sure that upon his return he will try some knocking to get even. She feels his association with the ministers seems to have a bad influence on his language since he wants to say naughty words sometimes. Old Red catches the result of his displeasure; and she says, "well that is all right, a car doesn't mind." She continues....

"Thank you for the delicious box of candy you sent me. My brother-in-law came with a load of cow food this evening and brought me the package. They will be moving here during the next week. Then I will not be housekeeper any longer.

My brother and his family spent today with us. We had company last night - also yesterday. Yesterday morning I worked unusually hard, ironed, washed my hair, churned and did many more extra jobs. We had late dinner and didn't have anything more to do. I had taken my bath and was anticipating a good quiet rest, when lo and behold up drove a man and his wife and two of their children. They used to rent land from us several years ago. They had an opportunity to come to see mother and father so they came. Gee, I sure did hate to cook supper! However, I put aside my tired feeling and cooked them biscuits that would make a dog

have colic. I had to get up earlier than usual this morning in order to get breakfast at an hour that wouldn't be mistaken for dinner. When I went to make bread, I discovered much to my consternation that the baking powder can was empty -- and I can't make bread without baking powder. They managed to eat it somehow.

I was very sorry when they announced that they would have to start for home immediately after breakfast. Soon after they had gone my sister-in-law phoned that they were coming. I was glad for them to come for they were just home folks. Oh dear! It's dreadful to have to cook for a large number of people. I lost my head, my shoes and apron too. I'm so glad that you are not a widower with nine children that you would want me to cook for.

I am dreadfully tired tonight - are you at church? If you're at church please put in a petition for your heathen sweetheart away out in the sticks where churches are nothing but schoolhouses where the circuit rider has ceased to make his monthly visits. Wouldn't you like to be a circuit rider? It would be such a grey colorless life, I think. It would be still worse to be a circuit rider's wife." ...

She writes that the days are perfect but she does not enjoy them. Everything is different to what it was when she was there before. She says she does not accept any hospitalities from friends, as she would not care to return them. There is no one in the country that she cares to cultivate, so she has a very narrow simple life. Golda then notes this quiet restfulness seems to suit mother and father. With an occasional visit from one of the children, church once a month and a few other diversions, they seem contented. With so many plans for her future, and work, she gets terribly restless. After being busy for three years and associated with a crowd of girls she feels at a loss to know what to do when exiled on an isolated country place. She continues...

"It's too bad that Dr. "Sadie" is going to leave his extensive practice. You will fall heir to his patients, which will keep you so busy that I fear you'll have no time to write. Too bad! Again, you will lose such an efficient anaesthetist!

Today, the doctor with the big mouth -- did I ever tell you how ugly and ungainly he is? -- called me for a case in Markley somewhere in the north part of the county. I wish they never heard that I ever wore a uniform; it is annoying to be so much in demand. If I were rich -- even if you were rich -- I wouldn't ever wear one of the white dresses again. That's how I feel toward the profession. Tomorrow maybe I'll be very enthusiastic about the "noble work" of the "poor tired nurses."

I'm sitting here waiting, dressed in cloak and hood, waiting for a car to come and take me to the bedside of a little dear friend of mine. The wife of the attending physician called me and asked me could I come and stay with Mrs. Morris tonight and help her watch Martha Mae who is quite ill with a pain in her abdomen. She didn't talk like she was very seriously ill so I told her I could not come tonight but if she didn't

improve, I would go tomorrow. Pretty soon Mrs. Morris rang -- crying and imploring me to come, she was all upset and Dr. Morris is away, so I'm going tonight. I hope that she is nervous and excited and that Martha Mae has only a tummy ache. I was placed in a trying position. I didn't want to leave mother and father alone and there was the dearest friend I have here who was imploring me to come to her. They insist that I go and stay with her tonight until her papa comes anyway and I guess I'll have to go. Mother and father assure me that they will be all right and will call the nearest neighbor over the phone as needed. I declare life is a dreadful proposition sometimes. Wish I could cry.

1:30 a.m. I'm here. The child is sick but not so seriously sick as I expected. Aren't some women nervous? I must not say mean things. Martha Mae's temp. has subsided and her pain is very slight. There is a high white count but the prospects for an operation doubtful. Her papa arrived but they insist that I stay tonight and watch her for them -- as if I knew anything. In the meantime, they made arrangements for a housekeeper for mother and father till I can go.

Dr. Morris was thoughtful enough to bring me some fountain pen ink a few moments ago. He awoke me from my semi-sleep by saying "You don't have to write to Joe with a pencil." I wonder how he knew I was writing to you.

I have not slept a wink today. There is no earthly use of my staying here tonight. Mrs. Morris is so nervous and needlessly alarmed when one of her children get sick. She is perfectly witless. I almost get provoked at her because she will not take any rest.

The little girl gave us a good scare and then recovered very quickly. We were very happy that she didn't develop an acute appendicitis. Her white count was 13,000. She was curious to know what this meant. When her papa explained to her that it was the number of white blood cells of which she had read in her physiology where they compared them to little soldiers attacking the enemy. She smiled and said, "I have quite a large army." ...

How is the little boy whose mother was sensible? What a pity there are not more sensible mothers. I know a few who flutter around the sick room and declare they are "so nervous" and make themselves in the way so much as possible. Some people's ideas of sterilization and disinfecting are amusing. I know one little woman who prides herself on being a crank about germs. She dips dishes that she thinks need sterilizing in water of temp. about 150 degrees F and thinks the bugs are killed. She also imagines that a little cresylone sol. sprinkled around in the yard and bathroom will prevent disease germs invading her body. She "harps" on the subject continuously, while her kitchen safe and china closet are full of dust. She asked me once what I thought was the best disinfectant to use. I thought of those dusty unused or rather seldom-used dishes, so I said "soap and water."

Chapter 51 - Peace on Earth

As Christmas approaches, the letters seem fewer and fewer. The practice is in spurts, as people seem to have more on their mind with Christmas coming.

"My routine for the past week has been somewhat disarranged. For the most part, I went to bed about midnight or later and got up anywhere between 9 and 10 a.m. I did without breakfast. Those nights that my cases were not to blame for it, the Lester Lindsey theatre was. I did not mean to go every night, but nearly every night some of my relatives were here and of course, I had to go with them. Well, it's over with now. I'll go to bed early and sleep all night long -- maybe.

There has been nothing very exciting in the professional line happening. Night before last I had a labor case here in town. This morning I went to Louise to see a little girl with a fever. I do not even now know what is wrong with her, but my guess is malaria. Day before yesterday I diagnosed my first case of pulmonary tbc in El Campo, in a young married man. He is not worth much; still I can't help feeling sorry for him and his family. I believe he has two children. He is poor and so the only thing I can take from him is his thanks.

John came down one night this week and stayed for the show. The night after Alba and Lilly came to the show. That night it was cold like the mischief but they went home that same night. John and Alba are going to Wharton tomorrow to attend the teacher's institute, which is to be in session till Dec. 22. John came thru here a while ago.

Just over a week till Christmas. It will be Christmas for most folks, but it will be just Dec. 25th to me. The next Christmas, if we are living, we will spend in our own home, if it is to be a rented one room shack. I am tired of boarding houses, landlords, landladies, and above all of living alone. I don't think we can tell how much we'll like married life until we have tried it, but as for me, I am tired of this mode of living...

I broke a rear axle on my car night before last and had to hire a jitney when I went to Louise this morning. The axle must have been nearly worn out, for it broke as I was starting the car on level road. I think it will be fixed by tomorrow morning. Now don't get the idea that we have jitney service here. I hired the Ford from a garage and ran it myself...

December 25 - My anticipation that Christmas day would be just December 25 to me came out about right. I was about as busy as any other day.

12:45 a.m. Just got back from seeing a Negro who had been stabbed in the chest. "Peace on earth; goodwill to men." Nothing serious. Let's try to sleep some more.

I did not get very far last night. I meant to tell you how I had spent Christmas. I did not even get to go home. I started to go at 10 a.m. but it had rained the night before and the farther I went the worse the roads got - the last 10 miles out of town, I had to turn back. I felt like a boy sent to bed without supper. The rest of the day I was fairly busy.

December 27th - I left off last night when my brothers, Cyril and Jerome, came in. I meant to say that yesterday afternoon I decided the roads would be dry enough to go home and so I started out. About half way I met Cyril and Jerome coming to El Campo. I told them to wait for me till I got back. I went on home and stayed till dark. The boys stayed with me during the night. We talked till about 1 a.m. The boys brought John's Ford, or what's left of it, to the garage and waited till it was fixed. The left about 3 p.m. this afternoon.

This morning I went over to Wharton to see my patient. She is doing pretty well, but I am afraid she is beginning to have that dreaded hernia. Dr. Davidson said that he noticed it yesterday when he changed dressings.

Night before last I went out at 11:20 to see a man at Pierce with cramps in his stomach. I got back about 1:20 a.m. but could not fall asleep for a long time, thinking about that woman with her hernia kept me awake. I tried to make it up by sleeping till 10 a.m. the next morning.

Yesterday afternoon the weather looked so fine I decided I would go home. I left here at four and stayed till 7:20 p.m. Everybody is at home now. The boys had been hunting and killed a coyote. They said they chased him in a ford for 4 miles.

2 p.m. Cyril, Amelia and her "feller" are here. They came just before noon. I made Cyril a date with one of the girls here and allowed him the use of my car so he can take the girl out riding. I am not trying to keep any track of sister and her feller, don't guess they could care for me to do so, do you?

I hope you have the registered package by now and like it. If you don't it's your fault for not helping me out in selecting a present.

.... Yes, it is cold over here too; your hoping I would not have to get out at night did not have very much influence on the fates, for I had to get up at 1 a.m. to see a man with quinsy. It was cold enough to freeze the shingles off the roof. On that cold morning, I had to go to Wharton at 9 a.m. as I had an operation, actually a laparotomy. It was pretty hard to heat the operating room that morning. The operation consisted of a curretage, double oophorectomy, appendectomy and ventrosuspension. Everything went along all right until I got to sewing up the peritoneum. For some reason, this was so rotten that whenever I stuck the needle in, the peritoneum would tear. I finally had to patch it up the best I could and trust the rest to nature. In the meantime, I live in fear and trembling, for I

am hardly able to see how she can heal without a hernia. I go to see her every other day; thus far she has been doing fairly well. With my trips to Wharton and my work here, I could not get to write to you during the day and it seems that every night something would happen to keep me from writing at night.

What do you think I got me for a Christmas present? A new car. Chevrolet roadster. I was just driven to it. Old Red was so unreliable and so expensive on account of repairs that it would be just sinking good money after bad to try to run it any longer.

You will understand that you were unavoidably neglected when I tell you that I have not had time to go home yet this Christmas; the other folks are all there by now I suppose. I do not know whether I will be able to go today or not.

... 1 Jan. 1917 - Happy New Year! One could write a nice speech, speculating on the possibilities of this year, but let's don't; let's wait and see.

We have had some rain and now have lots of mud. I had to make a call about 8 miles from here yesterday, and I had to drive a buggy. This is the first time I have driven a buggy in about a year, and it seemed that I never would get there. The case proved to be a case of acute appendicitis in a young woman about four months pregnant. Because of the unfavorable environment it became best to pursue a policy of watchful waiting, and this morning the patient seems to be a great deal better.

I am glad to hear that you are kept so busy. One is more content when kept busy and time flies a great deal more swiftly. As for your finding so many things undone when the day is over, you may be glad it is so. It is always so with people who have any ideals and any plans. The more you do, the more you will see to do. I suppose when I get ready to die I will see about as many things that I have left undone as I have done. A busy life is a happy one.

Too bad it was not a bracelet, but by the way, why did you not suggest something when I asked you to? You ought to have known that my judgement along that line is not very well developed.

I will have to put some time on my books today. My cash receipts since I have been here have amounted to \$1336. That's more than I would have received in my whole year at Galveston. I still have about \$500 uncollected. Unfortunately, my expenditures were quite heavy, but this is usually so when a man first starts out. I look for a pretty prosperous year and in spite of the hard luck with the car and some other knocks, expect to stay on my feet.

.... I've had a solid five nights of sleep and have slept so much until it nearly makes me sick. I don't suppose it will take very long before this overindulgence in sleep will have an end put to it.

I went to Wharton today to see about my patient. She is going home Saturday, if nothing happens. She seems to have developed no hernia as yet. Hope she won't.

I have little to do right now. Just two old cronies on my hands. One, an old man about 77 years old, paralytic, senile dementia. The people around him seem to be afraid that if I come to see the patient pretty regularly, he may live a few weeks longer. I do not much blame them for feeling that way about it. He is childish and very unreasonable, and they do not seem to realise that he is a dementia.

The other is Redhead's mother. She looks like she might have general paresis. She is not quite as far advanced as the old man, but she, too, is pretty far-gone. Redhead is not over here any more. She went to Corpus Christi to nurse for Passmore. I don't know just what kind of dementia she is troubled with, but I guess it is plain inability. I am enclosing the letter she wrote me after she left here. I guess she wanted to make me feel bad by showing me how I failed to appreciate her skill. I hope she stays away from here.

.... night before last I was called out at 6 a.m. on a labor case, so I will never know if 5 nights of undisturbed sleep would make me sick. The case did not materialise until the afternoon. I guess night work will pick up again. If it should get both muddy and cold, I know night work would pick up.

Last night after I had gone to bed, for some reason I could not go to sleep and kept being bothered with a nightmare. I wondered what I was going to do about it, but before I got thru wondering the phone rang and I had to go to see a sick baby. The parents both went to school to me 11 years ago. The druggist had gone to bed, so I had to be druggist, doctor, and delivery boy. It was 12:30 a.m. by the time I go back.

.... A moment ago I recalled that I have not had any breakfast. Formerly, I used to eat some candy in the store when I missed breakfast, but towards the last of last year I got to be such a hog at eating candy, I decided I'd have to quit, so I made a pact with two of the boys in here that as long as I would not eat candy, they would not smoke. I finally found half a box of crackers that I put away in my sterilizer some weeks ago, and ate up about half a dozen of those. My breakfasts have been somewhat uncertain of late. Some weeks I don't get but one or two breakfasts for the whole week. As often I prefer to sleep late and miss my breakfast. -- Thinking about eating makes me hungry; it is about dinner time, so I think I'll go and eat my dinner...

... If I were sure that it was you and not your situation that's responsible for my not having heard from you, you would be in for a good blessing out. It seems awful to have to wait for a letter so long and to have to be disappointed every day. The other night I packed my last year's letters from you according to months and if the packages keep on dwindling at the present rate, half a year from now I'll be gettin' just one post card a month from you. I'll certainly be glad when you get to a place from where you can write once in a while.

I've had two more labor cases since I last wrote, and at present am fairly busy. My laporatory went home last Saturday night and seems to be in fairly good condition. So far, she seems to have developed no hernia."

Dr. Joe still waits for his letters and hopes they come soon. Each day he gets a little more disgusted.

Chapter 52 - Christmas Time

Golda writes and agrees that his profession does not provide a lifestyle that allows him to plan out each and every day in advance as he would like it to be. This also applies to some other professions as well, including her own.

"I quite agree with you about being a circuit rider and a country doctor too. A country doctor has nothing on a country nurse. She never knows what will happen next.

My sister-in-law's mother came to see her and broke her arm and strained her back. Of course it fell my lot to look after her since there is no other nurse available and since her daughter isn't able to play nurse. This happens to be my obst. patient also, so you see I'll have two patients on my hands. She came to spend a month or so with her daughter and help her with her work. Now isn't this double died -- concentrated unadulterated ----- bad luck? It seems that I'm doomed to stay in this old country forever. If mother and father weren't here I'd never want to see the old rough hills again. I devoutly hate it! I'm so homesick for you that I'm a perfect old grouch...

... I'd be awfully sad to learn of red's complete destruction, it would disappoint me to miss a ride in red. I guess I'd kinder feel sad and lonesome like when I saw that "little grease spot" in the road.

Well, I guess I would be sad! Please don't get hurt. If you can't go slow, look where you are going as best you can. To drive like that is fascinating. I wouldn't mind taking one of those trips with you. What would the doctor's wife have thought about you being away so much if she had been there? The circuit rider's wife never had to suffer anxiety about her husband's getting broken into atoms by his unruly automobile.

Three days have passed. I didn't realise that the time was passing so quickly. I've been helping my sister get her housekeeping articles in place and every day or so I go over to see how the lady's arm is doing. I'm here tonight. She is up walking around and says she feels very comfortable. The soreness has left her shoulder and back.

Did you have on your overcoat when you wrote Monday? Yes, I notice that your writing is heavy sometimes, but I attributed the difference to your being in a hurry or very sleepy. Don't you have a fire in your room? You're a dear faithful boy to write to me when you have to wear an overcoat to keep warm.

Did you see "Within the Law?" I hope you did and had plenty of rest also. Too bad that you found the nail. Why don't you notice where you are going? You should see nails and thorns before they pierce your tires. Now put on your specs carefully.

You shouldn't worry about my Christmas present. I'm not very hard to please. What am I going to do about what I'm going to give you? I didn't get to order you a pair of suspenders from Montgomery Ward, so I'll just wait till you come to see me. If anyone asks you what your girl sent you for Christmas you can tell them -- what can you tell them? That it's none of their business. Watson is going to get married and I'm not sending her any wedding present. Babe said we would have to confess to her and send something later. Aren't we "poh?"

I'll adopt your optimistic spirit about the future. I've lived so much in the future -- I'll live a little longer and do all I can to make the present bring a happy future. What are my prayers? O! Lots of things. One of them is that -- well I'll tell you when I see you. It seems that I couldn't tell you all that I want to tell in a month's time. I don't want you to go back. I'll wait till you come before I begin worrying about your going home.

I didn't tell you about my new niece did I? She came to stay with us before she was wanted, for it would have been much more convenient to entertain her next week. However, she is here and she is impressing her presence very forcibly by howling during most of the night. I'm nurse or housekeeper, or governess -- to save my life I can't tell what. If the baby were as good as she could be, I'd be busy with the housework and my patients to look after. The grandmother has almost forgotten that she has her arm wounded. I'm afraid she will hurt it trying to help me with my duties. I feel so tired and sick, but I don't complain because they would worry and it is hard to get anyone to help. Just now the kid is yelling and I'm so sleepy.

I didn't get to finish thinking about writing any more last night. That baby was hungry and had intestinal pain occasionally I decided. She has been a very model baby today and is acting very ladylike tonight, all due to a full stomach, I diagnose. I certainly am glad for a few more nights like the last two would have taken all my gained pounds of flesh. I trot around all day and never get anything done. It's horribly inconvenient to be a nurse and housekeeper both.

Isn't this a dreadful cold spell? I hope you didn't have to drive out into the cold, cold night. I'm in a hurry as usual. Maybe I'll find time to write one of these days. The baby did all right until I got her feet cold and she made me get up and get the soda mint and hot water bottle.
"Resolution: Children are not worth their raising." Buster Brown, R.N....

Time doesn't drag with me very much now since I'm so busy. I never get through at night. I can see and think of more things that I've left undone than those done. The little niece is a good baby now. She sleeps nearly all the time and can hardly be awakened for her nourishment. She is pretty and sweet and soft like -- in fact she has raised herself in my estimation the past two days. She had dark blue eyes and the sweetest

little mouth. Her hair is dark brown and too much in quantity -- she would be prettier if she were a bald-headed baby.

December 24th - " 'Twas eve before Christmas" -- it doesn't seem like it used to. Did you hang up your stockings for Santa Claus when you were a kid, I mean? What did you call him in bohemian? I'm glad that my parents taught us about a Santa Claus for my recollections of those days are so pleasant. I remember the big fireplace and the certain place that was reserved for my stocking. Annie and I were the only children of our family then who were young enough to look for Santa Claus.

Now, all of us are scattered about and most of them are playing Santa's part tonight. Annie wrote me that she was sick and didn't have very much Christmas spirit. The poor kid is disappointed also because I didn't go to see her. I will not spend Christmas at home because I'm needed here so much. I shall go occasionally and see them this week.

It's late and I'm tired because I have been busy all day. I did a little more than usual, making Christmas goodies for the little boys -- poor little orphans! They look so neglected and pitiful without their mother's care. Sometimes the little one's face gets so dirty that his big blue eyes look like flowers in a dust pile. They have been lovely children. The smaller one took his first spell today, when he fell down and cried because his mama wouldn't pick him up. She told him to come to her and she would, which made him very angry. For fear Santa comes and finds me sitting up, I'll quit...

Christmas night, 25 December 1916 - Why doesn't today seem like Christmas to you? I hope you have a merrier time than you expected. I'm not having a round of gaiety myself yet I'm not unhappy. I'm busy and feel like I'm where I'm needed most, so I can't complain. I didn't have time to send any greetings to any of my friends and loved ones.

You say you can tell by one's hand writing the mood, character, etc. What do I write like tonight? Can you tell that I have a sore throat? I'm responsible for it; I sat up in a cool draught of wind after a hot bath last night...

December 26th, -- Several gifts and greetings came to me today, and made me feel glad that so many of my friends still remember me. A notice from the post office tells me there is a registered package for me. This is from you I know because there is no one else who cares enough about me to send a registered package. I can't go tomorrow because it's almost impossible to leave my post of duty long at a time but I'll write an order for it. Did you send me a bracelet? I'm very anxious to see what it is. Joe, I got a little ivory clock to match my dresser set. It will look so cute on my dresser with the set you gave me last Christmas. When I get a picture frame of ivory to put your picture in, my set will be complete. By the way! Am I not to get any picture that has a moustache? Is that what you have for me at Graham?

What must I name my niece? She's a very pretty child and of course she needs a pretty name. I have mentioned Zenobia, Oleomargerine and several others "rines," but her mother doesn't seem to fancy such names. The grandmother had her plaster paris bandage removed from her arm today and a light splint applied. It seems to be more comfortable for her. The baby and mother are doing unusually well, so I'm quite happy that all my patients are doing so nicely. I'm a little homesick for mother and father. If they don't come tomorrow, I shall go over there. The weather has been too bad for any one to get out especially old people. Yesterday and today were lovely days.

There was fine sleet falling this morning and a sharp wind is blowing. Brother is going to town so I'll get my package -- my bracelet eh? It's too cold for me to go since my throat continues to be sore. "Polly Ann" insisted that I sit up with her last night between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m....

I didn't have to wait till this evening for your Christmas gift. The postmaster sent it by my brother-in-law and mother and sister brought it when they came this afternoon.

Thank you, my dear, for the pretty lavalier. I think it is so pretty and dainty; you have a good taste in selecting your gifts. I put it on and cooked supper with it around my neck. I'll wear it when I go to the station to meet you.

I feel so mean because I never sent you anything. It seems that I will never get to where I can accomplish what I'd like to. Anything that I could make for you would be "tacky," and as yet I'm not making my own money. I'll just love you whole lot until I can do better. I'm so glad that you bought you a new car. All the time I've wondered if it wouldn't be the wiser plan. What did you do with Red? Poor discarded forsaken Red! I guess he feels like a last year's doll now.

You poor, poor overworked chap. Will it always be thus? I'm afraid you can't keep up under the strain. The lull comes and lets you catch up, though. I'm fearing and trembling with you about your laparotomy. I do want her to get well because it's your first operation of that kind. Your work keeps you jumping I know. I feel sorry for you. My sympathy will keep me from feeling neglected, for I know how it is to try to write when one is stupid for the want of sleep. I haven't had many leisure hours the past week myself. I haven't had a chance to be at home this week either. Mother came today, as I told you before. We, you and I, spent the holidays in similar fashion.

The big mouth doctor called for me again yesterday, Mother told me. He was very anxious about the case and said he would have to send for a nurse from Ft. Worth. If I were free to take a case I'll bet there wouldn't be an opportunity of being called in two weeks. I don't fancy working out here, for the doctors and people expect a nurse to do 24-hour

duty without any relief. I'm not going to kill myself just to oblige them. I'm hunting the easiest, most pleasant work I can find, that will enable me to buy my trousseau and hope chest articles.

Guess it's time for me to get a little sleep while the youngster is good. The little mink is grunting now; she will be yelling by 12 a.m. Here's hoping that the Fates are kind to you tonight that you can rest undisturbed till 9 a.m. tomorrow.... Doesn't 7-p.m. come late these days? It wouldn't be any trouble for us to leave the campus without being seen by the dupts' - and we would have three hours for our walk! ... Have had a 2-hour sleep. The niece of mine was a terror last night. She was restless from 12 a.m. till 5 a.m. I slept from 10 till 12 and no more... Forgot to take off my necklace last night and I dreamed of you. I had nearly forgotten how you looked till I saw you in my dream last night.

12:30 a.m. - Funny time of day to be writing eh? The little lady still insists on staying awake at 12 o'clock at night. She must be getting in practice in order to watch the New Year come in tomorrow. I don't feel very kindly disposed toward her; therefore, after fixing her as comfortable as I could, I put a hot water bottle to her 'tittle tomy and placed her in her bed. There she is going to remain, no rocking or entertaining tonight.

There is no earthly chance of seeing you in 1916. Do you realize that we have gone through this entire year without having one genuine quarrel? We should congratulate ourselves. I wish that we never would have any more misunderstandings... That is wishing too much isn't it?

Today is a rainy sticky day. In spite of the fact that I got a good night's rest my head feels heavy and dull. The baby behaved beautifully when she realized that she had to stay in her bed. It will not be long before I turn her over to her mother in a few days.

The baby's grandmother received a message that her sister is ill with pneumonia. She is going away tomorrow. The arm is much better now, but I hate to see her have to make the trip. Yesterday I told her that I felt like something was going to happen; this evening she reminded me of my remarks.

Just a few more hours left of 1916. I guess "Little Sister" and I will watch the old year out tonight. If we do, we'll write to you... A happy New Year to you, my dear! I'm writing to you this New Year's Day so that I'll be writing to you all the year. There isn't any thing for me to tell you, except that I love you. P.S. The necklace gets prettier every day. I love it because you picked it out yourself...

It seems quite strange for me to have a few idle hours after two week's hurry. Everybody is well and happy now. Nellie - that's the new kid - is an ideal baby now; she sleeps during the entire night. Your suggestion about the "rines" came too late; she are named. She and I are

the only Willis girls in the family now. All the others have changed their names.”

Picture 12: Willis Family

Mary Richardson, Martha Estelle Martin, Willa Rutherford, Anna Donaldson, & Golda Kopecky
Virgil Willis, William Larkin Willis, Prudence Lavina Rogers Willis, & Homer Willis



5 of the Willis girls - top row
2 of the Willis boys - with Mr Wm. Larkin & Prudence Rogers Willis
(parents) in the bottom row.

Chapter 53 - Operations Sent

It appears Dr. Joe has decided to take exams for the regular army to see how he scores in case it looks like it is necessary, or to his advantage, for him to join the army with the War in Europe still going strong.

"I am glad to hear you are kept so busy. It's good for you, and though it may seem a bit unpleasant at first, really it is fun. You don't get time to worry or fret - it beats having nothing to do.

Of course we will own a home of our own sometime, but I am not sure just how long it will be before we do. Yes, I guess you will have something of a time keeping things straight, for you know a doctor does not get time to do anything about the place, so Mrs. Dr. has to attend to everything. But you will learn more about this later on.

I got up at 7:30 this a.m. and it is a good thing I did; I have been kept busy since. It started with that school - mama calling me over to tell her what was causing her backache. By the way, there is an interesting piece of history with this ma-ma. We went to school together 15 years ago, but she does not know it and I shall not tell her. It was in 1902 at Weimar, Texas. She attended a summer normal at that place and so did I. At that time I was a low country gawk and she was a nice "city" lady. At the end of the normal session we had exams for teacher's certificate. During our exam in Reading, a legal-cap sheet covered with my answers blew aside and when I became aware of it, I could not find it anywhere. I had to do the work all over again. That afternoon I went over and found the sheet all crumpled up and laid aside in this girl's desk. I could poison her for it now, but I don't think I shall do so.

I went over to the country to see a man with some broken ribs this morning. This patient is only 70 plus years old and seems to be subject to dizzy spells. Last night he had the spell at an inopportune time and fell over a chair with above-mentioned sad result.

The officer that presides at the examination, and Capt. Spilman, the only other man taking the exam, are not here yet, and here is this piece of paper, so I might as well write you a few lines.

Received your New Year's letter yesterday. One of the Hospital Corpsmen came up and brought my mail with him.

We have been here since Monday morning; we get one or two subjects everyday, and will take our loss on Saturday morning. A whole week of exams; - this seems like old times except for one thing: I am not a bit worried about the exams.

I did not mean to appear inconsiderate in my last letter, but your letters are quite a change in this monotonous life, and when for six or seven consecutive days I am disappointed at noon, there is a chance of my

getting grouchy no matter how much I try not to be. And of late, for the past 14 days, I have had only about one letter a week.

I had to make a call about four miles from town this morning and I certainly found it cold outside. I had my ears uncovered and for a while I thought they would freeze off. Outside of that, it was pleasant out-doors.

It seems that I can not get to write at any length this afternoon - always some interruption... By the way, when am I coming to see you?

This is such a nasty morning that it is interesting. We have had real cold weather for two days and now a messy, drizzling rain sets in and makes it quite disagreeable outside. We have had two mighty bad nights, and I have not been out either one of them. I certainly thought I would have to get out last night to see a sick child, but I finally managed to settle the matter by first giving a little advice over the phone. Still I went to sleep expecting to have to go to see the child almost any moment.

Mr. Boon is sick and I am a good deal concerned about him. He has a very severe cold on grip and he looks quite weak. He was pretty weak to begin with, and it would just take something like bronchitis or pneumonia to sweep him off his feet.

I lost a patient last week, but did not feel very bad about it. It was a man 77 years old who had fallen over a stove during a "dizzy spell" and broke several ribs and apparently sustained internal injury.

My operative patient did recover with a hernia, though it is a very insignificant one at present. She seems to have some kind of ----- attacks, too; but this is nothing new; she has been having those for the past three years. I did not know this until after the operation. Quite sad, and pretty hard on the husband and children, but then it is not my fault, neither can I do anything for it, so I shall not worry about it.

So the Stories are married at last. I wonder how much better Fred's practice is than mine. Did Miss Watson write you in detail about how they furnished their home - whether they got fumed oak, golden oak, or mahogany furniture, gas stove, etc. If I remember correctly, natural gas is available in that locality. I was at Evan's about 3 years ago.

My landlady made a rule that she would not give any breakfasts after 8:00 a.m. That will leave me out, for it is very rarely that I manage to get down before 8. Hereafter, my breakfast will consist of a cup of hot chocolate and a handful of Nabiscos. I have quit eating candy on New Year's and now if I quit eating breakfast, I guess I won't have to take any reducing measures. But my landlady better look out; if I ever catch her old husband in the middle of the food, I'll run over him and make it appear as if it were an accident. But that might be just what she'd want.

When am I coming to see you? It would be nice if I could see you during one of those warm spells that come in every now and then - that is, if any more of them come. But it would not make very much difference whether the weather is nice or not, just so I could see you...

It continues to be nice and sloppy; the thermometer registers 36 degrees F and looks like it was still downward bound. Two days ago it went down to 28 F. The roads are in an awful condition; thus far I have managed to keep from taking any country trips since it has begun to rain, and if I have to go out, I shall hire a rig. I would hate to take my car out in the mud and water.

One certainly does not feel very much like getting up these cold mornings. This morning I debated the question for a while and then I decided I would risk it. I put one over on my landlady; I got down to the dining room one minute to eight. Yesterday I had to make out my breakfast on a cup of hot chocolate, a handful of Nabiscos and two bronchial lozenges. Park, Davis and Co. put out some chloroform lozenges; I believe I will have to get some of those to use on the mornings I miss my breakfast - put my stomach to sleep, you know.

I believe I forgot to tell you that we have some more new boarders at our house. Yep; two schoolteachers from the high school. They are both Germans. One of them is a strawberry blond; the other is a kind of a raw-boned pale blond. The latter is named Hollecamp - I got into trouble about that name before she was at the house two days. I was at one of the banks one day; one of the men working there came out and spoke to me and asked me how things were at the house. He comes out occasionally to see one of the girls. I told him everything was all right, and that we had some new people there. He asked who, and I said one was Felsing, the other was Hell-in-Camp or something like that. The next time I saw Miss H., she knew what I had called her. I am thinking of some way to get even with the man now; he is a good deal taller than I am, but I have a notion to hit him in the back of his head with a brick until he will see stars, something like Jeff does to Mutt occasionally. (Two cartoon characters run in the newspapers back at this time.) Miss H. and I have arranged for truce since then. She plays the piano, and every now and then we play a piece or two together; I have almost forgotten how to hold a violin, so I have a hard time "coming back".

I am enclosing Redhead's letter in mine. I had another from her today in which she says she is going to Wisconsin. I feel real bad about her leaving the state - but she "leaves for the North" so often, I shall shed no tears until I am sure she is gone. She wrote to me in regard to a debt owed her by one of my patients.

Does "Miss Babe" ever have much to say about Rogers? In about four more months his internship ought to be over. In regard to her inquiry: I do not have the need for a nurse that I thought I would have. There are four or more nurses over here, and whenever I do need a nurse, I call one

of those, and pay them for the service. I could hardly afford to hire a nurse of my own, and at present, I do not think I could encourage any of the girls to settle here. The nurses that are already here seem to be idle a good part of the time; people over here do not call a nurse except in extreme cases, and then it is 24-hour duty.

I spoke to Mrs. Shokford over the phone one day last week. I was sending a patient down there, rather the Masons of their place were, but I looked after the details, and I phoned Mrs Shockford about the matter. She did not say who it was speaking, but I recognised her voice. This noon I spoke to Streit, who is Surg. Intern now, in regard to the patient. The man is a patient with enlarged prostate, too poor to pay for an operation. Whenever I get operative patients too poor to pay for the operation but with enough money to pay for the ward, I send them to Galveston. Those that have money, I shall take to Wharton and operate on myself.

I am in the midst of a lull - there is very little to do. Mr Boon is doing pretty well now. I also have a case of heart disease in a young woman.

No, we did not have any snow over here, and in fact, it very rarely snows over here. I would like to get about knee deep in snow once more. The last time I got in that deep is about 22 years ago - the snow did not have to stand very high...

Twice the baby's temperature sill persists; it seems to me you all would be looking around for some complications. Temperature in pneumonia only rarely persists after the tenth day without some complications. There is no special virtue in the amount nor yet in the variety of drugs you use in pneumonia - the rule is the less, the better. The indications in an average case calling for drugs are pain and weak heart.

It would be too bad if you could not get off the case soon; I would like to see you get plenty of rest before I come to see you.

I went to Sunday School this morning, and so far have not felt any untoward effects. I have been to church just once this year, but hope to be able to go tonight.

It seems to me that my laporatorm has no hernia after all. The other afternoon her husband called me up and asked me to come over - something had broken through he said. You my bet I drove over in fear and trembling; I expected to find the patient with her intestines all over the bed. I was thinking hard as to what I was going to do. When I got here I found that the patient had a small-softened area in the incision and this had broken through. When I examined the patient before, I thought this softened area was the omentum just beneath the skin.

It's drizzling again. I am afraid that the rainy season is about to set in. That would mean muddy roads, and muddy roads would mean a whole lot of unpleasant experiences."

Chapter 54 - The Baby

Golda has been thinking about setting up a house and all of the things that have to be done once you have a house. The more she thinks about it the more she wonders if she will be up to it.

"I've been looking at "Aladdin Homes" a catalogue illustrating plans for houses. There are several little cottages that appeal to me. I wish the cost would be no more than the price quoted in this book, but I know it has increased since the war. Joe, do you think we can every get a home and everything that goes with it? Just think of the things we will have to think of -- potato mashers, tea strainers, beds, dish pans, rugs, chairs, egg beaters, clothes pins, dressers, tables, spoons, etc.!!! You will be away administering to the needs of "suffering humanity" and I'll make a mess of the housekeeping articles. You will come in tired and hungry to a dinner that would make old William Warren sick. Poor you will be all time angry and maybe "all time broke." Then you will wish for your boarding house, and good-natured landlord, and fat landlady.

Have you been hunting during the quail season? We had lots of quail during December. One month is a very short, or at least it seems so to the sportsmen, I suppose. For a while during the cold weather I cooked quail and doves every other day.

Mother and Father came and stayed awhile today. They both seem to be keeping up pretty well now. I've been afraid they would get pneumonia, since it is prevalent in this country now.

Everybody, who could, got married during the holiday. So many old worthless boys and tacky girls got married. My old "feller" that I had when at Loving got married this week. Boo hoo, I'm so sad! They say his girl has consumption, what a pity, for he is such a nice boy. He is the goody goody kind.

An old north wind is blowing - the devil! It seems impossible to have pretty weather, long at a time. Now don't look so reprovingly - That's the first time I've wanted to say that since I last wrote it to you. It seems queer that I ever wanted to use those words atal, but that life at the hospital was conducive to such language. This quiet country life never makes one want to cuss, it makes one weary and tired of living though - there were times at Galveston when I felt that saying damn and peklo would have relieved the tension a great deal. Now it seems absurd...

Soon after I had finished writing your letter above, and while I was putting the two little boys to bed when a light from an auto flashed down the road. I remarked that if it were someone wanting me I was going to play sick in bed. Sure enough "twas a call" come quick, one of the men in Graham, a garage man had been hurt in an auto wreck. The doctor had gone to bring him in to town and had left orders to bring me without fail. There I was with nothing to wear but middy blouses and boudoir caps

with my shoes - duty shoes - at home, my uniforms at the laundry, and my stockings in Cleburne. I was confused, and didn't know what to do. I said take me by the home place so I can get a dress or two and I'll go. We went - a north wind hit us about the time we got there. I got my suitcase packed about like a fake Dago prince who was eloping with a rich girl, and in the meantime the man phoned to Graham - the poor man had died before they could get him here - but they wanted me to come to the widow. I'll tell you about her later (Someone is waiting for this letter). We got there; I spent the miserable night. Mrs Morris dragged me down to her house and put me to bed, but I didn't sleep. At noon the doctor phoned for me to go to a baby who was low. I said, "In the eve," so I could have a little sleep in the noontime. Pretty soon they said, "Come!" I came - Lordy -scuse me - and I'm here.

Before I close my eyes for a bit of sleep I'll write to you. I am tired and aching from my head to my feet; have just finished an alcohol rub, which put the baby to sleep, and then I turned my job over to the lady's aunt.

I never did tell you what I'm nursing did I? One of my high school classmates came home from Atlanta, Ga. During the holiday. While here her baby developed bronchial pneumonia. They worried and worked with him till the mother and grandmother became exhausted. The doctor decided he needed a nurse, and while I was in the town they asked me to come. When I came, they were trying to revive him from shock received in a too prolonged tub bath.

Thursday eve. 'Twas this time yesterday when I scribbled the above non-intelligent appearing paragraph. I fell asleep before I had scribbled very much and slept 1 and 1/2 hours - the first undisturbed sleep since last Friday. The baby has been very ill and no other nurse to help me was available. The child's kin women are nervous and excitable till I couldn't depend on them much. Fortunately it's Aunt and mother took courage again, and when I explained that my strength was almost exhausted, they took up the fight again. He runs a very peculiar temperature and a very persistent one also. I sometimes get impatient with the doctor and wish for "Allen G." to have the case. The child has a strong constitution and still displays great vitality so every one of us is hopeful. Last night I was almost insane for sleep, in fact I worked in my sleep.

Every now and then I'd think of you and feel so conscious stricken that I hadn't written to you more often. If you could see the boy's big soft brown eyes appealing for help in his pain and fever you would quite forgive me. When your letter came yesterday my spirits were at a higher tide but if it had come the evening before I never could have composed myself. I was exhausted and had lain down in the opposite room for a rest. The mother was with the baby, who was very much distressed with intestinal fermentations, and all the time she was breaking down into tears and crooning to him. I thought I would scream! I didn't see how I could sit up another minute and no one could take my place. I

went and took a bath and came back to bed where I had a hard chill. Pretty soon I felt warmer and got up and have stayed with my job pretty well since.

I don't see how you go without so much sleep. I know I couldn't last at this long. When the baby gets well I'll have a good excuse for turning down cases - I'll be, or play sick, myself.

I'll rest a while and then you will come to see me. I'm so sorry I had to work all my rest from me before you come. I'll look like I did when I crippled about.

So you anticipate getting one post card once a month a half year from now? Let's hope that such will never be the case. I've been dreadfully negligent during the past month, but there's a brighter day coming I trust. Your faithfulness has been appreciated more than you think. Nearly everyday since I've been here I've received a letter from you and you have no idea how they brighten up the way. This last one was very cool; it would have kept the food in the icebox fairly cool if I had placed it there. I can't blame you however and can only apologise and try to do better.

My Dear Dr. Sarcasm: I trust that you have recovered entirely from the shock my letter gave you. Perhaps it would be safer to break the news gently by sending a postcard telling you that the letter is soon to follow. There's no telling what kind of a reaction that sleepy one of yesterday will produce.

Yes I agree with you about being kept busy, but who in the world wants to work day and night? I feel rested today. I slept about four hours yesterday and three this morning between 2 and 5 a.m. I would feel pretty good anyhow because the baby is decidedly better. You ought to see how pretty he is. I've fallen so much in love with him that I hate to leave him. He smiled this morning. The doctor thinks he is out of the woods now and I know he is decidedly better. His intestines have bothered him during the entire illness - due to putrefaction of the mucus swallowed so I learn. I certainly have learned on this case to rely on my own judgement a great deal. One time his breathing organs refused to work, another time his heart went gad, etc. etc. If he will get well I'll be so happy. His father leaves for Atlanta tomorrow.

He took Sallie and me riding this morning. The ride was very enjoyable until about one mile from town when a sandstorm overtook us. The atmosphere is brown with the dust now.

When are you to come and see me? I will be on this case another week at the shortest. Thus I'll need a week's rest; so to make full measure we will say the last of Jan. Will that suit you? I hope you will be able to get off without any difficulty. I'm going to refuse any more cases regardless of the circumstances so that I can be free to entertain you.

There is a great deal of sickness in this country now. Pneumonia is raging. As a nurse I'm very popular - have a call nearly every day.

No don't "pisen" the school ma'm. The backache is sufficient punishment for her dishonesty. Doesn't she remember you atal? Maybe she has improved her sense of honor during the past 15 years. The work that she is in would naturally make her have a high sense of honor.

Saturday - I'm so discouraged. The baby had a very restless night. Temperature went up to 103 and his cough grew so tight. The doctor says the sudden drop of the weather caused his spell. It is bitter cold outside and is still growing colder. The doctor tells me that one of the high school teachers has pneumonia. He wanted me to nurse him as soon as he thought the baby would be out of danger, but the family objected very much, and I didn't care one bit. I fussed at him because he didn't send for a nurse right away. Three people have died of pneumonia since Sunday. If this baby dies -- I don't know how I could stand it. The chances are fair for him however.

Talk about doctor's wives having a hard time! Yep I have been observing those of the most popular ones here and I quite agree with you. She is answering calls during all hours of the night phoning messages to him away out at some farmhouse, and cooking meals that he never comes to. This sounds pretty hard but it's nothing compared with a nurse's life. I don't think it is one of fun. When I can lay aside my nurse's costume I'll be so happy.

I received a letter from Babe today. She is sick of that place and is desperate to get away. She began her letter by quarrelling at me for not applying for a position there before they were taken up. She seemed to think we might stand it together. She also wanted to know your address, she is thinking of writing to you about private duty there. Do you think there would be work to justify her going?....

Are you going to church today? I wouldn't object to a church service myself, but if I get time for a bath and a few hours of sleep I shall not complain. The baby and I have spent most of this night very quietly. He hasn't slept all of the time yet he lays perfectly quiet and looked around. His mother wanted me to call her at 1 a.m. to relieve me, since he is so good and I've nothing much to do I don't feel tired. Guess I'll call her at 3 a.m.

Good morning! Joe, you should see the snow shower. There is no wind blowing and the great big white flakes are covering the ground rapidly. I wish you were here to sit with me by the fire and watch the snow fall outside. The baby is quietly sleeping, there is nothing to do for him for an hour yet, I have a clean dress on, powdered, and feel quite dressed up as well as comfortable. Yes, I put my lavalier on, and I have a sprig of pressed violets run through you S H N I pin. The little flowers are sweet even tho they had to be embalmed in order to make the journey.

The baby's temp. is rising, for his nose is pink. When he has an elevated temp. his nose looks like a toper's. It seems to me that his fever hangs on a long time. This is the third week of his illness. I get very impatient waiting for his improvement. Poor little boy; he's getting so thin. (I must fill the ice cap now).

2 p.m. Have given an alcohol rub, fed the baby, and eaten dinner. The temp. came down from 103.5 to 100.7; now the little pink nose and cheeks have faded to white.

Still the snow falls. They tell me that the snow will save the wheat from being frozen. I'm glad for this, and also for the fact that the dust will be taken from the air...

.... I didn't write last night or the night before because I was too sleepy to keep the pen in my hand long enough to say over one dozen words. The patient decided not to get well so soon, but keep us guessing a while longer; consequently I've had very few hours rest in the last 36 hours. Every time I lie down and drop off to sleep. The excited mother or grandmother awakens me by saying, "Baby's tem is 104", or, "Baby seems very uncomfortable from gas" etc. They're always insisting on my taking a rest, and then call me in a little while. Now I jokingly tell them to call me within 20 minutes, at least.

I kinder feel like the old Jew who was suffering financial worry and whom some one asked if he believed in hell. He said, "Well, I don't know; business has gone somewhere." Truly, I get the giving-up spirit quite frequently - loss of sleep I guess. I find myself wondering if this doctor knows what he's doing anyway. If there is any virtue in medicine or the quantity given. This child ought to be well and walking by now. I actually get ashamed to ask the poor little one to swallow so much dope. My remarks, I must confess, are very unprofessional, yet you're supposed to share my confidences aren't you? I don't regard you in a very professional way; in fact I never did, particularly when I was N.N. in W.H. I wish you were the doctor in this case; if it were possible. You would get him well, I know. His temp. took a new start and has been racing around 103.0 and 104 for the past two days. I give sponge baths and alcohol rubs till I wonder why he isn't washed away. There's no knowing when I'll get off this case. The date of your coming depends altogether on how soon the youngster gets well.

I had an operation last evening. One of my toes became inflamed from a narrow shoe and had a little pus around the nail. The doctor opened it and dressed with iodine and alcohol seems alright now. He reminded me of Dr. Singleton who used to operate under secret, and ask the foot did it hurt, when there was no earthly reason, why it shouldn't. The doctor probed around the nail a great deal, seemingly unnecessarily and every now and then looks up in a surprised or maybe disappointed expression and asks that d--- fool question "Don't that hurt". Finally I said "Yes,

certainly it hurts, are you testing the nerves?" I was trying to be brave and not complain, but he seemed to expect me to yelp.

Baby is breathing so fast; I must test his temp. Well! I made preparations for a bath while waiting for the thermometer to register for I felt certain that he had 103 - only 102. I'll venture to say it will be 103 at 3 a.m. He's the sweetest brightest sick child I ever saw. During his low temp. he will smile at us and want to play with his comb and brush. Did I tell you that he has wonderful eyes and lashes? Prettiest eyes I ever saw, deep, deep brown with lashes, that are darker and curved. He must have been an interesting child when he was well.

I'm sorry that Mr. Boone is not doing well. Are there many cases of pneumonia there? An old lady here died of pneumonia this morning - yesterday morning rather. The school whom I wrote you about is at a very critical point. So many of the cases here have been fatal. The cold spell continues. The snow that fell Sunday is still on the ground. I don't get out very often. I go across the street to phone mother and father, since their telephone is a different system from this one, and I nearly slip down on the frozen snow and water. I live in constant fear that they might develop pneumonia. I urge them to stay in the house all the time.

4:30 a.m. - Have given a sponge bath, applied a mustard plaster, given the medicines, and am ready for a little sleep. The sponge bath brought temp. from 103.5 to 100. He is resting fine now. His nurse feels kinder weak.

Another letter!.. That old fat red faced loud lady is mean. Don't take your spite out on the poor defenceless husband, run over her. However, that would be endangering your life. Your "landlady" this time next year will let you have breakfast whenever you want it provided you can eat what she cooks. Doesn't it seem queer when you stop to think of our every keeping house and of my cooking your breakfast, and getting your sox and shirt for you?

... I'm in good spirits - baby's temp. came lower to 100.5 and he laughed at me. Of course it will be up at 3 p.m. but I don't mind giving a sponge bath occasionally if I know he is recovering. Ill write a little more later"...

Chapter 55 - Advice

"I feel much better now since your letters are getting in so regularly, and I appreciate it that much more since you are so busy.

It seems to me you have given enough sponges to bring hell down to a normal temperature. What is the idea in giving sponges for temperatures lower than 103? It seems to me that too much of that cold sponging in itself ought to cause some trouble. Oh! I forgot this wasn't my case.

Next time Mrs. Porter, whoever she be, comes to you with some of her advice, tell her "to get herself behind thee, Satan" and mind her own affairs. If she practices what she preaches, I dare say, she would find enough of her affairs to occupy her mind. The shallowness of some people surprises my understanding.

John and two of my sisters, Alba and Lilly, came through here yesterday, but stayed only a short time. They seemed to have been visiting close to Johns Creek and then came down here. John is thinking of quitting teaching after this year, and I am strongly encouraging him in dropping it. He has taught school about 12 years too many already. The sooner he quits, the better off he will be. It doesn't lead anywhere; it is all right to start off on, but I certainly would not want to stay in it all my life.

What kind of a car did Miss Anderson get herself? It would be nice if you were at Galveston, provided you and Miss Anderson were not pouting at each other, as you were sometimes want to do.

I went out last night at 11 p.m. and got in about midnight, but it must have been nearly 1 a.m. by the time I fell asleep. I stayed in bed till nearly nine this morning. Just before noon today I went out, about 2 and 1/2 miles from here, with Dr. Gray on a charity case of his - arthritis in a young woman; we went in Dr. Gray's open car, and by the time we got back, I was almost covered with mud. Fortunately I had my raincoat on.

So Siemin and Babe are going to get married sometime in the fall. That's nice. If all goes well, they shall not beat us to it. If I hadn't had such cussed luck with that car, we could have married next summer. But I suppose it would be nicer to get married in the spring or the autumn than in winter or summer, anyway.

.... This bad, changeable weather is at last beginning to make itself felt; we are having an epidemic of very severe colds and gripe. We have been having bad colds for some time, but now they seem to be getting much more numerous.

I think I shall get rid of Red. I am thinking of trading it on a vacant lot here in town to Dr. Mayfield, one of the real estate men here. I'd prefer to get cash money for it, but good property would be the next thing

to cash money. As long as I keep the car, it decreases more and more in value - a good piece of property ought to rise in value. I am still satisfied with my new car. It is the same make as Dr. Ane's new car.

I have no prospective obstetrical cases in the immediate future, though I have a number of them in the distance ahead; if I leave now, I will not have to be in fear of something happening while I am gone.

The sun is shining this morning. I hardly know how to take it. When I woke up this morning, I saw the sun shining so brightly, I thought it was getting to be real late and got up in time for breakfast - for the first time in about a week.

Did I ever tell you about that man who, after spending a good deal of time at an insane hospital, was told he "could go home tomorrow"? He was very glad to hear the news and wrote his people about it. Just as he was about to stick the stamp on the envelope he dropped it. The stamp fell with its gummed side on a small cockroach's back and stuck. The man began to look for the stamp; he saw it run across the floor and up a wall. He watched it sadly, tore up the letter and said "Tomorrow, hell! I won't be out of here in two more years!" I feel much like he did. I got a fresh case of pneumonia day before yesterday. It is away over at Laiton, too. I was called out at 11-p.m. night before last, and got home at 2 a.m.

There is an epidemic of grippe here now, and I have been kept pretty busy for the last two days. Last night I felt pretty tired as I went to bed; fortunately, I was not disturbed during the night. I went to see my patient at Laiton just before sunset, and then went home to supper. I did not get to stay very long. After supper I took John to one of his trustees and then came back to town. The roads are rather rough - or rather, were rough, for this morning it is raining to beat the band."....

Dr. Joe then switches subjects to discuss the various pros and cons of different woods for different types of furniture that he and Golda have been writing back and forth to each other about...

" Yes, mahogany is rather expensive, though not as expensive as it used to be; not nearly as much so as is birds-eye maple. However, it does not hold up very well in this part of the state on account of the damp climate - if it is "waxed" it does fairly well in the dining room. Old ivory is not as desirable for the bedroom as, say, birds-eye maple would be, for it shows finger prints much more readily and generally, is harder to keep in shape than the maple. In the guestroom, where it is used less often, it might do. Of course, you and not I will have to see about the up-keep, and so it is for you to say. Yes; I wish you would look around and study the different finishes. If you can be well up on the subject by the time I see you, I can bring a bunch of catalogues from one of the furniture stores here, and we can discuss the matter with the different styles and prices before us. The ultimate cost will depend largely on how completely we will furnish the different rooms. By the way, how many rooms? And how

arranged? Send me a floor plan of the house, and I will see if there is anything like it anywhere here, so that I can keep my eyes on it. Decent property is pretty hard to get here and has to be rented or spoken for way ahead of time. (To be continued)...

Dr. Joe then tackles the next challenge given to him in Golda's most recent letter. She feels he does not always answer her questions. With this in mind and him not being sure just which one she is referring to, he goes back into the old letters and starts listing all the answers.

"To the question "Aren't I industrious?" I reply yes, but why "aren't" instead of "am not"? To doesn't the warm weather feel warm like? I must reply that to the best of my knowledge, yes, but it is so all fired long since we have had any, I am not quite sure. To "Isn't it a mess?" I say, yes. To "What are you going to do with him" I expatiate, "nothing; let his doctor do with him." Did my "speckled" suit come? Yes. Do I look handsome with it on? Decidedly no. To "How long is it going to last?" I confess I am unable to say. Did there come near being hell in camp?" The answer is yes. To who wants to eat it after a meal, I reply, scarcely anyone. Am I going to church today? No. Or do I prefer working? No.... after another half page he writes; "Now; I think that's all of them - oh! Wait, here is one. Does a maiden put the violets in my coat lapel? She does not.

(I feel certain it was best to have mailed the above responses or he would have needed a nurse to nurse the bumps on his head. He then continues on and wants some answers to questions raised in her letters to him.)...

"Well, who may it be that's teaching you Bohemian? I am astonished to hear that anyone way out there knows anything about the lingo. And who is it that knows Breuer so well? I am real anxious to know. Unfortunately, he was right about Breuer. Breuer was quite careless about his personal appearance. I do not think he was a freak - he just was not a snob. He lived, not by himself, but with Crockett. Crockett lived in the shack out of necessity, Breuer from choice. When you tell me who it was telling you about Breuer, I may be able to tell you why he does not like Breuer.

... Sunday morning. - I was roused out of bed at 8:30 this morning to set a Negro's broken lower jaw. He seems to have been holding communion with John Barleycorn and does not remember anything except that he came to town yesterday and woke up in the calaboose this morning and found his jaw "all swelled up". The saloons got his money, the officers will get what he makes in the next few days, and I guess I'll just have to charge mine to charity.

We have another one of those tent shows in town. It's punk. I have gone three different nights to give them a chance to redeem themselves for the failure of the previous night, but they did not seem anxious for the chance. Well, I shall not give them another quarter.

Cold as the mischief. So grippe still reigns and we keep on dispensing the dope for it. And that is about all - outside of that people seem to be well. These last few cold nights I have slept undisturbed. This morning I had to get up, rather early - 8:45 - to see a patient. I have about gotten out of the habit of eating breakfast. I have not noticed any loss in my avoirdupois as yet. I am prepared for the worst.

This is Saturday - and as usual on Saturday afternoons, we are fairly busy. Still chiefly grippe or after effects of grippe and patent medicine treatment. Sometimes I feel like treating those people who try patent medicines double fee when they come to me. But then they might not come at all. One can't afford to cuss out a patient like one would a ward patient. If I practice here long enough, I may even learn to be polite to people."...

It appears that both his and Golda's cases are finishing up. He is now making plans to go and visit her in north Texas.

Chapter 56 - Case Closes

"Wake up, you sleepy head! Just because it's Sunday you want to sleep all day. Better get up and eat scrambled eggs and bacon instead of Nabiscos and chocolate. I got up at 3 a.m. I lay down at 9 p.m. expecting to be called at 12 to give a bath for temp. For a wonder the temp. didn't exceed 101. Mrs Cooper called me at 10:30 to examine the thermometer for she was very much worried because it didn't register 103. I assured her that it was correct, since the baby's pulse and resp. didn't denote high temp. It stayed down, so she didn't call me till 3 o'clock. I don't feel natural after having six hours sleep. Just think of it, six hours!

Eleven o'clock - but I'm not at church - I am dressed up, however. Have on a clean uniform that is laundered so miserably bad that the laundry man insisted that I send them back next week for them to redeem themselves. I think I shall.

12 Noon- Babe and I are in the South room again for his sunbath. He is amusing himself by making a thorough inspection of the barometer. This sunshine ought to help him get well; it is so warm and bright.

Monday - We didn't get to enjoy the sunshine very long. A blue norther is blowing now. The above writing looks like that of some of Dr. Grave's dements in nervous clinic. I was so very miserable last night. Mrs. Porter relieved me at 4 a.m. from which time I was insensible to surrounding conditions until 7 a.m.

No letter. I don't blame you for being grouchy when they don't come. Yesterday I got tired of being a nurse; I wanted to be a sure enough human and dress up and go riding with my beau like other girls do. Yes I was a little resentful - now I'm sorry I was. I've made up my mind that I must not be selfish as long as I'm pretending, no not pretending, endeavouring to follow the profession. After all there is very little pleasure derived from this life if we are not working for others. Since I can't devote my time to those dearest in the world to me, I'll try to content myself with next best. In about three days these resolutions will have fallen down and I'll be raving at fate again, but I can start over again can't I?

The train comes in at 10 p.m. and leaves at 6 a.m. which makes it awkward to get off mail or get away one's self. If a telegram is sent here after 5 p.m. it is not delivered till morning, nor can one be sent away during the night. Isn't that a mess?

This morning the baby's temp. came down to 99.5 (normal being 98.6) at 2 p.m. it was 103.5, after sponge 100. What are we going to do with him? I'm afraid he is going to grow weaker instead of stronger. You're tired of hearing about the baby; here's hoping he will recover soon.

Complications? Well, he's been searching for them all the while. For a time intestinal putrefaction gave a great deal of trouble but that has been arrested. The doctor still insists that there is enough infection in the bronchial tubes to cause his high temp. It seems to me that he keeps it up a long time.

What you mean sponge for temp. below 103? Who does? I don't. If I didn't sponge him for 103, within one hour's time his temp. would have risen to 104 and 105. However, he has had no sponge baths for temp. for 36 hours. He looks pretty good to me. Well I know that there is very little medicine given in pneumonia cases yet I'm not the doctor, neither do I diagnose cases - I merely note symptoms and carry out orders.

The youngster had a pretty fair night. What would you do if I were to take another case? I guess you'd be "huffy." Never mind I'm not going to. I told the doctor on this case that I'd need a rest. The sun is shining nice and warm. There is no chance of my getting away from here within a week's time. The baby is so thin and weak that his mother fears she can't care for him properly. He seems to be on the way to recovery now. Maybe you may think I'm not glad! If this little kiddie had died, I'm afraid not even your visit could have dispelled the gloom from my spirits. Somehow I feel like he has not had the proper treatment and might have been spared a little unnecessary suffering. He laughed at me this morning; the smile looked like it hurt his little drawn face. The most prominent part about his face is his big eyes and two front teeth.

In regard to Mrs. Porter. I'll explain that she is the baby's step grandmother. I afterwards learned that she didn't mean very much of what she said about you. She's a very pleasant lady and has been lovely to me while I've been here.

You are right about teaching. It makes people cranky, and old before they are old in years. What is your brother going to choose as his life work? He's the one that was getting so "giddy" in his old days? The one that you suspected had marriage in view. Whom did you intend to marry next summer? Me? I wouldn't have been ready. I'm glad old Red gave out so you would get a new car. It will be more fun to go riding in a new roadster than in someone's old second hand not-work-a-darn car. You'll teach me how to run it - into a fence or ditch - will you not?

The Doctor was speaking of the different boys he knew in school at Galveston the two years he was there. He mentioned your friend Breuer, whom he said was brilliant, but a freak. He said he was a star in his classes yet he "didn't wear any clothes." I expressed my surprise in my calmest manner possible. Then he explained that he dressed shabbily, didn't seem to care for his appearance, and lived in a little shack by himself and did his housework. I don't remember your ever speaking of him as such a person. He asked about you and several of the boys. I told him all of you were brilliant students.

... And such a time! Last night, I agreed with the guy, who said, "life is one thing after another". Since my patient was doing so well I lay down in the room and depended on his waking me when he was awake. He didn't disappoint me about the waking stunt, for it seemed like I was jumping up every 30 minutes. At 12 o'clock he took his milk and went to sleep immediately. Pretty soon I was snoring with him; until 1:30 a.m. I awoke conscious of hearing a noise. The baby was asleep; I looked in the hall, and there a bright light shone. I peeped at the door; there a large flashlight was thrust against the glass panel! I was half-asleep and couldn't collect my wits very well, but I chased down the hall to Mrs. Porter's room and whispered "There's someone at the door with a flash light." Then I went back to the patient. Mr. Porter rushed out and said, "Well what do you want?" Then the intruder explained that he was the doctor and he wanted to see me. He thought that I had heard his car and his knocking on the door, but I hadn't. I was angry because he had frightened me and was more angry when he explained that he was called out to Eliasville and wanted me to stay with a woman who was very low -one of his pneumonia patients, who had to have hypodermics. I came very near balking for I had told him yesterday morning that I didn't want to take any more cases, but the thoughts of the poor deaf woman gasping for breath made me change my mind. I went and stayed till 9 a.m. when the woman who was looking after her during the day came. It didn't take me long to see that the doctor was planning for me to continue with the case. I walked home, rested awhile, then I called the gentleman up and told him I didn't think I was equal to the work that this case would require, that he would have to send for a nurse if he wanted one on the case. He did, so I'm happy again. I'm off this case whenever the folks think they can manage the youngster. I wish I could go out on a mountain and sleep as long as Rip Van Winkle slept.

I went to church. After services we went through the new church building, which is a magnificent structure for Graham. I'm sorry to say that it's costing about \$7000 more than the congregation can afford.

Yes, I forgot to say that I went to the picture show last night. About half the population was at the courthouse listening to the trial of the school supt. for whipping a boy - I mean a man - he was 21. He and his impudent pupil had a fight and the pupil had him tried for using a knife - all of which accusations was a lie. He didn't succeed in doing anything except perjure himself.

I didn't write to you yesterday because I didn't want to send you a snippy letter, for my impulse at first reading your letter of questions and answers was to fuss at you. After I reread it and considered the matter thoroughly, I was in doubt as to whether you were ridiculing me in a fatherly way, or whether you were openly "poking fun" at me. I'll take time to explain that I didn't mean those silly little questions, but I have asked questions that I did expect an answer to. You make me feel so very very silly. I'd get angry with you if I weren't so lonesome for you.

I'm off my case! So far I've succeeded in staying off duty two days. Have had four calls already. I didn't want to take another for fear you could get away and I would be on a case that I couldn't get away from very well. This morning I told one of the doctors that I was going away soon - I am too - guess where - I'm going to Cleburne Saturday, maybe. If I do I'll let you know as soon as I go. If I'm there when you come you will not lose so much time from work. There will be at least a day and a night saved. The train comes to Graham at 10 p.m., stays all night and leaves at 6 a.m. You will not miss very much in your life if you never see Graham anyway. Now I would like for you to meet Mother and Father and they want to see you of course. But you can meet next summer when the weather is more pleasant and when there is less to do in the medical world. While I'm here I'm called upon to take cases, some of which I can hardly turn down without hurting my conscience a little. I'm going to rest when I get to Cleburne until you come; then after you go back I'll practice there. I'll do thusly provided you are not too long getting away - you might feel again like the man in the insane asylum by the time this reaches you.

I'm not gong to tell you who taught me Bohemian, I'll keep you guessing for a while. The person who spoke about knowing Bruce was Dr. E.H. Griffin. He didn't seem to dislike him for he spoke highly of his ability and character, yet he remarked about his eccentric customs.

I'll bet my hat that you are all "puffed up" because no letters have come this week. I'm sorry, but the weather has been too cold for anyone to venture out to take a letter. I had a way to send this one this morning, but I didn't take time to finish it. I'm not going away till Monday. It was too cold for me to go today. I'm sick of this cold weather, wish I lived in South Texas again.

I came to Graham to take the train in the morning. This morning when I started the sun was shining bright, at 2 p.m. a cold north wind was blowing. I'm cold as blue blazes now I dread getting up for that 6 o'clock train! I'd like to get my mail before I go, but it will be forwarded to me...

506 N. Robinson St, Cleburne - I'm here. Got here 3 p.m. I found no one at home at Fort Worth. I phoned out to their homes and found that both girls had gone to California. After spending a few spare moments window-shopping I came down here.

I got your letter. I'll not believe that you are coming until I see you. When you get ready to come send me a telegram and I'll meet you at the station. You will come either in the morning at 8 a.m. or at night at 9 p.m.

It is raining! Yep it's raining and I don't know what to think, for I haven't seen a rain since last summer. This morning the weather looked as if we were in for another cold spell, but it moderated and rained. A Negro woman came by and told sister that she couldn't wash during the cold

weather. She also predicted that we would have six weeks cold weather for the ground hog came out and saw his shadow.

I'm hoping that the "colored lady" is wrong. I want it to be warm and sunshiny when you come - clear so the moon will shine like it has been shining. Last night the moon was beautiful.

Another cloudy dismal day. I think it rained all night. The dust will be settled for awhile, maybe. The dust is dreadful down her. Especially here at this street. A sandstorm blew up Sunday. When I came Monday I found my sister trying to get rid of it by the gallons. I don't think I would like to live here very long. The coal dust gets one so dirty. Do you burn coal in El Campo? I guess you do since wood is so scarce."

...

Dr. Joe makes his quick trip to see Golda. Total time between travelling and being in Cleburne is 4 days. It would have been almost as much time travelling as visiting. Golda writes upon his leaving to him that she is "glad that you came to see me because your presence reassured me that you were the same dear boy that I loved during those three years in Galveston."

Chapter 57 - Busy As Ever

"Sleep-thunder! While I was dreaming sweetly at 2:15 a.m., the phone rang and some people ordered a baby. I never got back to bed any more. I was glad that the case waited so nicely until I got back-if it had come off 6 hours sooner than it did, I would not have been here to take it. But his is anticipating-let me begin where we left off yesterday.

I have never made the trip from Ft. Worth during the day. I did not know that there were so many small mountains along the way; some parts of the country are really picturesque.

When we got to Temple, it began to drizzle. We stopped there for dinner and I enjoyed it, for I had not eaten any breakfast. When I boarded the train at Cleburne, I did not know that I was going on the local. For most of the afternoon I was in mortal fear that I would not make a connection at Rosenberg; but I did, even it was by a very close shave.

At one place somewhere in central Texas - a former classmate (Sam Houston Normal) of mine brought his wife on the train, and as he passed out, I shook hands with him, but he looked as if he did not recognise me, and I did not tell him who I was. He is a lawyer now; 10 years ago we roomed at the same house. At Rosenberg one of my public-school mates got on; a man named Kopecky. He did not recognise me at first, but I recognised him as soon as I saw him.

The boys tell me that the phone has been rattling like everything for me while I was gone. I was kept pretty busy today. The funny part of it is that I did not feel very sleepy.

Over half of this month is gone! I haven't very much to show for it as yet. We have certainly enjoyed a variety of weather this month. We have another cold north wind this morning.

I did not get to write yesterday, as I was quite busy until the last train pulled through. It rained here pretty hard on Tuesday night. The next morning (yesterday) I had to go on a country trip 5 and 1/2 miles out and another 10 miles out. The roads were not as bad as I feared, and I had no trouble whatever getting over them. Since this north wind has come up, the roads have dried over completely.

Red's come back. She got in Monday and as soon as she got in she called for me to see her; said she was very sick. I went to see her and found her with a pulse of 144, no fever, and jerking all over the body something like the old maid of Dr. Randall's. Three Drs. in Corpus diagnosed her case as one of pericarditis. "Pericarditis, hell!" I diagnosed the case as one of neurasthenia, stopped her digitalis and other junk and told her to stay in bed. She never did show any physical signs or symptoms of any heart or pericardial trouble. She seemed to get over her "jerks" pretty well when I began to bawl her out. 48 hours later her pulse

was down to 82 and her "alarming symptoms" have disappeared. I now wonder whether Passmore just got tired of her being in sight and scorned her into going home. If so, he is justifiable, but I object to have her sent here.

The Dr. from Nada phoned me yesterday that they had a new boy at his house and the boy had a harelip and cleft palate. Hard luck. He wanted to know who to take the case to. I was sorry to have to refer him to Jimmie. The Dr. at Nada and I used to go to school together when we were boys.

You may find Roddy for me, and tell the old folks - his old folks - howdy! For me. Ja vas maur rad, a pasicaur so hubicek...

We had some excitement in town Thursday. While digging a hole for a telephone post, some men came upon a skeleton. About a year ago, a man of San Antonio, while very sick and presumably without hope for recovery, confessed that he killed a man here about 20 years ago and buried him at a certain spot. Later he recovered and said he did not commit the murder. Efforts to find the skeleton failed. Now the skeleton, or what is left of it, has been found by accident.

I went to Nada yesterday evening to see that Dr's. child with a cleft palate. I believe it is about the worst I have ever seen- it is really very pitiful. The best thing it could do would be to die soon.

My side still hurts, though not nearly as much as it did last week, and chiefly just after I have gotten up in the morning. In about an hour, I usually forget about it.

I stopped at sister's house yesterday to see how her girl's rupture was getting along. It seems to be about healed.

My pneumonia case has been keeping me on the anxious seat. For two days she looked quite critical, but this morning her temperature is 100 about 2 degrees lower than it has been for four or five days. The patient is a fat, phlegmatic girl, and these fat patients don't always do so well. Here's hoping.

I have another case that gives me lots of trouble; it does not worry me much, but the patient's friends do; they do not allow me very much rest. It is an old man who had fallen some distance and broke his left collar bone and bruised his left hip very badly. Without a x-ray it is impossible to make out whether he sustained any injury of the iliac bone or not, but I think maybe he broke it loose from the sacrum. He is a mean old devil and wishes life miserable for all around him, and they in turn attempt to do as much for me. They are not as successful as he is: as Hedrick used to say, "I can't be bothered" by them.

The sun shines bright this morning. I hope spring is coming, even if it is a bit too early for such hopes. We have had an unusually cold winter so far, and would be willing to release Jack Frost from any further contracts. I want to see these prairies turn green.

I have a case of sciatica on my hands that I went to see for the first time the day before I went to see you. She lives 10 miles out of town; I went to see her again yesterday. She seems to have passed the acme of the attack and is now convalescing."....

As Dr. Joe starts to respond to one of Golda's letters it appears he is not in the best of moods. He had not written for several days because he was busy. She let him know she did not appreciate not being first in his thoughts. The work, the tiredness, and loneliness all seem to be getting to her. He replies....

" Birthington's Washday Feb. 22, 1917 - Yes, I am busy, not sick. In fact I had a person tell me yesterday that I looked the very picture of health. I feel it.

How did you guess that it made no difference to me whether you loved me or not? Isn't it awful to be as forsaken as you are? But don't take it too hard; I may reconsider and come back after while. In the meantime, don't be too hard on the worms. But I guess the worms are safe, for if there is a garden in Cleburne, I did not see it.

Three trade lasts. One from your brother-in-law? One from Annie Lee? And one from who- Paddy? Won't you let me have them? I am especially anxious to know what Paddy has to say.

I have been fairly busy all this week. I have been called out only twice (at night) since I have come from Cleburne, the last time night before last.

There is an insurance agent here for a company that insures Masons only. I have a stack of exam blanks half a foot high and every few moments some one butts in to be examined. Just finished with one now.... P.S. Bird's eye maple is hard to get. Your first choice of old ivory for B. R. may prevail.

We have had simply delightful weather for the last few days. The sun shines bright, the pastures are beginning to turn green, and everything looks as if spring might not be very far away. I have done anywhere from 40 to 65 miles of country trips a day this week and have enjoyed the trips.

I was keenly disappointed yesterday. There was to be a Charlie Chaplin show in town. About two days ago I was at Willise and made a date to take Geo. P. Sr and Jr to the show. When we got to the show last night, we found out that the Chaplin picture did not come. Very likely it would have been some old Chaplin picture that I have seen before, but that would have been better than none at all.

Gray has had some hard luck. He has Allen attending a woman with a large fibroid tumour and had made preparations to send her to some hospital for an operation. About two nights ago the woman gave birth to a child. The people had everything ready to go to some hospital, in fact had everything in the house either packed or else sold so they could raise the money for the operation. The woman had only a cot to rest on. The funny part of it comes here: about seven months ago the people called me to examine the woman. I made no examination per vaginum, but told them that the "tumour" might well be pregnancy, as the woman was still in childbearing age, and the fact that she had had no children for 18 years would scarcely be absolute contraindication to her becoming pregnant. Well, they did not call me any more, and I noticed Gray wrote some prescriptions for her later. I learned now that they became very indignant because I suggested the possibility of pregnancy and dismissed me on that account. They seem to have had a good deal of fun - as their neighbours now tell me - at my expense for thinking that all could be pregnancy. He who laughs last laughs best. Gray can hardly show his face on the street now.

I kicked out of the traces yesterday. The weather looked so delightful early in the morning, I decided to make a trip to my old home in Fayette county. A friend of mine, who knows the road better than I do, went along. We left here at 10 a.m. and at 1:30 p.m. ate dinner in Fayette Co., 66 miles from here. We spent most of the time running up on old friends; shaking hands with them, and then promptly taking leave. We started for home at 6:45 p.m. and stopped at Nada and at home at Fulton. By the time we got back to El Campo it was 12:30 a.m.

It is 13 years since I have been to the place where I spent my early days, and I met quite a number of people whom I have not seen for all this long time. Some of them were just kids when I saw them last; now they have families of 3 - 4 children. Although I was on the run almost constantly, I enjoyed the trip very much. Altogether we have driven 150 miles.

I made the trip chiefly to see the patient (tuberculosis of the bones) of whom I spoke to you while I was at Cleburne. She is in a rather badly neglected condition. She has two open wounds out of which there project two large bones (dead bones.) I believe if these bones were removed, the patient would get well - that is, the wounds would heal; the deformity, of course, would remain. The girl's father may send her down here and have her attended to.

The roads are fair and the weather was delightful. We travelled with the top down, and today my face looks like a Comanche Indian's."....

Golda has written to him again asking for his opinion on a case she is on. He responds and makes several observations and suggestions.

"Compliment #1. Your assurance to the contrary notwithstanding, I think the old lady is showing evidence of the beginning of genome paresis and one of her chief symptoms seems to be grandiose illusions. She ought to be made to choose the medicine (?), ought to stick out her tongue and close her eyes, etc. etc. and if she shows any other symptoms as prominent as her grandiose illusions, ought to be sent down for Dr. Graves' clinic on Thursday at 2 p.m. Compliment #2. Your friend on N. Willsite doesn't show any other evidences of non compos mentis, does she? Watch her carefully and withhold any dangerous weapons: also, watch for any other signs of dementia proecus. Compliment #3. Right; the picture is good. Did you call her attention to the fact that the picture does not look like the original, or model?"....

He closes his letter and prepares for another day. He is tired and knows he has not written as many letters as he should have, he has just been too busy and too tired.

Chapter 58 - Worm Garden

Time has passed slowly in Cleburne for Golda after Joe went back. It has not been easy to get a case, as the need for a trained nurse has not been great at present.

"Pattie is having a gay time with his daddy to entertain him. He has had a haircut, which improves his appearance a great deal. Wish he had got it before you went away...

The youngster disturbed my slumber by throwing both my shoes on my head and giving me a severe scolding for not giving the shoes back so he could throw them again.

Tomorrow I'm going to work all day long so that I will not miss you so much. The first that I mean to do is to finish that job of cleaning the smoke from the walls, then I'm going to let down the hems of two uniforms; by then it will be noon. After dinner I'm going to town to get some material for two more uniforms. While I'm there I'll get some material for hand lotion also. By Wednesday I mean to have soft hands. You will not be here to hold them, I'm sorry to think.

By this time you have already landed in Rosenberg and are speeding through the country in the little car. (I envy that kid who came to meet you) - Here's hoping that no one calls you out in this cold night. I can't help being anxious about that pain in your side. Please don't get out in the cold and get sick. Don't forget to heat up the shoe salesman. (Seems he purchased a new pair for his trip, but when he went to put them on, he later discovered one was the wrong size). Hit him with a gondola to impress his mistake upon his mind. Then when you get time write and tell me all about yourself...

I trust that your pain has subsided and that your heel has recovered from its injuries. It has been two weeks since you went away. During the time I've succeeded in developing a severe cold. It is difficult for me to speak above a whisper, and my throat is quite sore. It's pretty bad to have a cold, still it could be worse - I could have had it while you were here. In spite of my punk feelings, I've accomplished several things today. I'm wondering when you are going to let me know if you are still living, no letter again today.

Pattie has been a good? boy today. He stands around and grins at me as if he would like to say "hello" to you. The weather continues to be bad, consequently the boy is bad also. The sun refuses to shine and warm up the sandpile.

I can't talk at all this morning. The boy thinks its funny that I whisper to him. I want to go to town, but Annie says I must not go in the damp atmosphere. I don't know if I could get more hoarse, hoarser or whatever you would say.

I got your letter. You are not ill I judge since you never made mention of the fact. All of my worry wasted!

Yes there is some pretty country between here and Galveston, but I prefer the prairie minus your picturesque hills. You like hills because they remind you of Arkansas don't you? Babe used to rave about her beloved Ark. Hills, but I remember that it didn't take a long time for her to get enough of them.

I went to town this afternoon. Got myself four dresses - I mean uniforms - and got a book of stamps to send you a letter. I succeeded in raising my voice one-sixteenth note above a whisper, which resulted in a squeak. The clerks looked at me in a questioning manner as if to say "are you a mute or have you recently lost your voice?" This cold of mine is getting very monotonous.

A woman, a bride of last Sept., came to see me this evening. She like nearly every other woman in Cleburne, married a R. R. employee. She amuses me by telling how indifferent her husband is. She says sometimes he is gone eight days or more, and if he comes home and she happens to be at her Father's he goes away again without calling her over the phone. From what she says he must be very "set" in his ways.

I've been faithfully doping my hands until they are fairly decent now. I know you can't imagine their being in any such condition, since they looked so ill kept when you were here. Lemon with glycerine works wonders...

You have my deepest sympathy in your trials with Red - that doesn't help you any however. I'm wondering what you said when you "bawled her out." Neurasthenias deserves a great deal more sympathy than they receive, yet it seems that a good straight talk helps them wonderfully. Not everybody can make their pulse rate 144 and develop spasmodic jerking of the muscles. Some art.

I'm not nursing yet, not from choice, but lack of a case. Haven't left my card with any of the doctors except my sister's doctor. I met him yesterday when we took the youngster to the office for circumcision. Poor "Pattie" thought we treated him mean where we wouldn't make the mean man quit pouring old ugly smelling "gink" on his nose. Ever since he has been absolute ruler of this family. He thinks that things are arranged just as they should be when his mother entertains him all the time and Auntie does the work, or rather that part of the work that she chooses to do.

Got a telegram from Babe today. She's leaving Shreveport Tuesday, and wants to know if there is an opening for her in Cleburne. Cleburne -----! (Your favourite exclamation) I don't think I could conscientiously advise her to locate here. I'd be so glad if we could be together. I'd rather have Babe here than anyone.

Will we or will we not have war? Wish someone knew. When my parents used to tell about the civil war and how it interfered with their plans and happiness. I congratulated myself on not living during those days. Now it looks as if I might realise to a small degree the awfulness of war. I'll not stay at home and knit socks like the old time girls, I'll try to imitate Florence Nightengale. During the while you'll have reached the topmost round in military achievement. Major General Kopecky with bars etc. on his shoulders. I would have a round white pin with a little Red Cross thereon. Now wouldn't that be better than getting torn to smithereens by a bullet or blown to our final resting-place by a submarine?

Picture 13: Willis Family - Golda's Father and Mother



Golda's father in his Union Civil War Uniform - Missouri Cavalry

Golda's mother - centre back row - Prudence Rogers - with her sisters

Gee! I got frightened! By chance the black cat found entrance into the house. Just now he made a noise in the kitchen and I almost thought he was a burglar - O dear -. One of the R.R. employees created quite an excitement at the shops yesterday, by drawing the salary \$112 of another man whose number he knew and called before pay time. They ketched him...

Pattie and I stayed at home by ourselves last night till 11 o'clock. His papa wanted us to come down and go to a show last night but I was tired since I had just come from town and besides I didn't think it would be wise to take the youngster where he could get whooping cough and measles. I proposed keeping him while his mother went. For a wonder he was good - didn't cry at all. Occasionally he would look serious and say "Mama done." At nine he went to sleep watching me draw pictures of cats and chickens.

Annie has been planting flowers this week. I'm sure the neighbours' chickens will feel grateful toward her for making them nice soft beds to scratch in. She threatens to "pisen" them.

Annie and I spent the day with Aunt Mary, Annie's mother-in-law. Yesterday evening Aunt Mary went to see her sick daughter at Blum and her granddaughter and I are looking after her house and boarders. Poor boarders! Don't you feel sorry for them? The boarders are a real Irishman, his wife, and a 2 and 1/2-month-old baby. I'm going back to my sister's today sometime.

Dr. Self has an obst. case billed for five weeks from now that he wants me to take. That's a long way off however. There is very little sickness here now, that requires the services of a trained nurse. In most maternity cases the people want a practical nurse who does the housework and looks after the mother and child occasionally for ten or fifteen per week. I'm already discontented, and tired of this place. If I were busy I wouldn't mind but I get impatient when I realise that time is passing and I'm wasting it. I'm anxious to get all my linen for housekeeping and begin hemstitching it. Annie has a catalogue that has beautiful linen and table damasks. I made me out a list, which I mean to order the first case I get. I compared the samples with the linen here and found the samples much better. Since the war the price has doubled. Wish I had noticed what the diameter of the dining table was. I didn't think about it when you had the catalogue here.

Excuse me a minute - I'll look at the beans. Alma has gone home for a few minutes. The beans are cooking I guess. They look opposite to appetising and smell worse. Alma's here. She brought me some peanuts and chewing gum. Wasn't she sweet? I nearly wish I had stayed in Graham, as much as I hate the place. I at least did not have to establish a reputation there. If I had a home I'd be homesick. I'm homesick for my used-to-be home and for my home-to-be. I'll try to assist Alma with the dinner. Poor Mr. Irishman and his fat little wife.

... We have had hail and also rain tonight. The wind blew hard for a short while. Every now and then the lights would go out - they are still acting contrary by going off occasionally. Lights off. I don't have to turn it off...

O, this "Paddie" friend of yours!?! He just now climbed upon the box beside me and before I knew what he was about, deliberately sat down upon the tablet, pen and all. For about 30 minutes I've been doing my best to direct his attention elsewhere. What do you know about that? He picked up the envelope of your letter and said "Doc." He observes more than I gave him credit for - O, he 's back again.

You don't need those trade lasts. No those I spoke about were not from the family... Pattie was very favourably impressed with you, but Pattie's judgement is rather young... - A friend of mine said she saw me

with a "handsome gentleman" (Yes her eyes are good, and she hasn't displayed any other symptoms of insanity).... Yes Cleburne has a few gardens. Didn't I tell you that sister has a garden? It must be about 10 x 12 feet. Don't waste any sympathy for the worms. I feel like the little boy who said, "Nobody loves me, but dern'd if I eat worms." Take your own time in "coming back," the shock was great, but I think I'll recover as times goes on...

Yes I suppose Birds-eye maple is scarce. The majority of the so-called B.E.M. is birch and ash in the furniture stores. I'm a little disappointed that we can't get it...

Your dream came true: I'm on duty tonight. I slept till 9 o'clock this morning when Pattie came in and waked me. I hurried around to get ready for Sunday school, but my plans were changed when Dr. Self came and asked me did I want to take a case. He's a big fat good natured middle age man, but I wanted to embrace him. I said I would take the case and would be ready in one half-hour. For a wonder I was! Yes, I was ready in 30 minutes. Can you believe it? My patient who is a fat woman, about 160 lbs. has pneumonia. I'm quite busy most of the time....

Patient had a fair night - doing as well as she can this morning. Her father who is a doctor is relieving me. The other doctors have a time keeping him from giving morphine and phenacitine. He thinks she shouldn't feel the slightest pain. Poor old sympathetic man, I feel sorry for him. He kinda got his feelings wounded because the doctors insisted that I assume the responsibility of giving all medicines ordered. It makes it very unpleasant for me to say the least. I've never had one man to dictate to me much less three.

My patient has ugly fingernails because she keeps house all by herself and she has a ten room house. If you every build us a large house please buy me a Negro girl that is built in with the house. I'd never get all the dust cleared away. A little bungalow for rent?

The patient is doing as well as could be expected. Here's hoping you told me not to worry so much over my patients, I'm carrying out your orders. There are three doctors to do the worrying. I'm on the anxious seat.

I'm so hungry for a letter from you. ... even though you are sarcastic sometimes. Send next letter to 823 N. Main - in care of worm garden?"...

Chapter 59 - Chautauqua

"Texas Independence Day - March 2, 1917 - Unless Wiggles had written you, as she promised to do, I suppose you are much in need of an explanation for my protracted silence.

Sometime ago I wrote to you bout a case of cleft palate in a Dr's. family at Nada. The family asked me to go to Galveston. Though it meant a good deal of trouble for me, for old friendship's sake I decided to go. They were to leave Tuesday afternoon from Eagle Lake, so I left here Tuesday morning in my jitney, about 9:30, and got to Galveston at 7 that night. The sun was fierce for this time of the year, and as I travelled with my top down, I was nearly roasted by the time I got to Galveston. The roads were pretty bad, except from Houston to Galveston.

Picture 14: Chevrolet Roadster 1914



1917-Chevrolet
Roadster similar
to 1914 -top can
be up or down -

When I got to Galveston, the Dr. and his family were already there, but Dr. Thompson was up in North Texas and was to stay away till Wednesday night. I decided to wait till he came. He came in about 6:30 p.m. and I phoned him about the case. He "was very sorry" I could not wait till the next day, and said he would be willing to meet me that night and see the case and pass upon it. After seeing the case, he said he would operate on Friday. I could not wait that long, so instead of waiting till the morning, as I had intended to do, I left at midnight and got back here at 9:20 a.m. Thursday. So much for the chief object and skeleton of the trip; now for the incidentals and gossip.

After I got in Tuesday night, I went up to the intern's den, took a good bath, and called up Wiggles. She recognised me at once because I called her Wiggles. I took her out driving and she seemed to enjoy it chiefly because she thought it was so funny that she got to ride in my jitney before you did. Told me some of the gossip. The French girl of whose name we could not think the other day is Coroon. She got mixed up with one of the residents while on night duty and told the night supt. a lie when she came up. As a result, both she and the student, Irvin Pope, a senior, were expelled from school. This happened only a few days ago, and the place has not quite gotten over the excitement as yet.

She also told me that she, Wiggles, had no "feller" and that her present nickname was "dignified".

About 4 of the boys asked me to spend the night with them, but when I came in at 11 p.m. I went to the Reymerohoffer's (after returning from the ride with Wiggles), I was so tired, I decided to stay with Huddleston. Huddleston still goes with Margie. She will be out about the middle of April: I do not know whether she will practice in Galveston after that time...

I took breakfast with the interns next morning and then went to surgical clinic. The O.R. is very much changed; the whole place is so different that you would hardly know it.

Wednesday afternoon I took Miss Hayes out for a ride to Texas City. Poor Miss Hayes does not seem to be very happy. Miss Johnson, as you know, has always been jealous of her and seems to have told all kinds of lies to the head demon and to the Dr's. about Miss Hayes. She told me quite a lot of things that I suspected all the time... Miss Walkes is in charge of the out clinic department. The out clinic is much better organised than it used to be; the accident rooms, especially, is a very nicely efficiently furnished part of this service. After July 1st they will have one intern whose sole duty will be to look after the out clinic. There will be 10 interns in all next year.

Everybody seemed to be glad to see me except Miss Shakford. She looked like it gave her a pain to see me around. Both she and Yellowface seem to grow steadily in disfavour and I prophesy that in less than 20 years they will be hunting new jobs. They are dead weights on the institution in its present size.

I left Galveston after being up all day long. About 20 miles out of town I met up with a North Wind and had to contend with it for all the rest of the way, as I did not have any side curtains along. I got so sleepy and cold, I was quite uncomfortable, but kept on driving, as I was afraid it might begin to rain. I had driven 356 miles in 48 hours, and drove continuously for the last 10 hours. When I got here, I was so exhausted from loss of sleep, exertion and exposure; I staggered after getting out of the car. I went to my room, changed clothes, and was dead to the world in a few minutes. After sleeping for 4 hours, I was aroused, with great difficulty, by a man with a mashed finger. After that I could not sleep on account of phone calls, so I got out and came to town. After supper I meant to write to you and then go to bed, but the phone rang and I had to go on a call all the way to Taiton. It was 11 p.m. when I got back. I did not have to take any trionol. I slept till 9:30 this morning. To make matters more interesting, I have had a boil like the one I had about a year ago and in the same location - back of my neck - for the past 3 days, except that it does not hurt bad.

Since last Sunday morning - in four days - I have driven over 625 miles. I believe I am content to stay at home for a while now.

When I first came to Galveston three days ago, I began to realise what Galveston must have been to you after I left last summer. Though I met friends everywhere, my stay became almost unbearable because everything and everybody reminded me of you and you were not there...

.... Sig: 1. Do you prefer one large bed or two twin beds in the bedroom? 2. Also, there is an all-steel bed, solid foot and headboards, birds eye maple finish put on the market that might be good for guestrooms... Joe

Tuesday -- We have had another cold spell - I wonder whether this will be the last. The wind blew right hard all Sunday. I slept till nearly noon. In the afternoon I went to Taiton on a call - measles. They are having an epidemic of measles at Taiton now. I went home while at Taiton, and found that Lillie and Lada, the youngest two members of the family were also down with the measles.

Ex-Governor Hodges of Kansas spoke in our town on "How Prohibition Ruined Kansas" last night. I was asked to preside at the meeting. When you stop to consider that we have a strong settlement of Bohemians and Germans around here - confirmed antis - you will realise that to agree to preside at a prohibition meeting looked a good deal like cutting my throat. But right is right; and I am a sworn enemy of John Barleycorn and could better afford to move than to sacrifice my principles.

The speaking was attended by a large crowd. The speaker made one of the best talks I have ever heard on the subject.

.... About the only things of note professionally since I have written to you the last time are a burn case and one premature birth case. The burn case is a small girl 4 years old. Her clothes caught afire and before the fire could be extinguished her buttocks and the inner and back parts of both of her lower extremities became badly burned. As is usually the case, the people around her are about as hard to manage as the child herself and this makes things quite interesting for me. It is now three days since the child has become burned, and I am in hopes it will pull through.

The other case came off night before last. I was called out of a show and had to go 10 miles out to see a woman who has been threatened with abortion for about a week. When I got there, it was too late to try to stop things. The foetus was one of about 7 months old and would not breathe, efforts to the contrary notwithstanding.

We are to have a Chautauqua here on 21, 22, and 23rd. I have been honored (?) with a part of the responsibility of getting the matter well

advertised and the tickets sold. I guess before the business is over with, I'll wish I hadn't."....

Note: At various times in medicine, various drugs and preparations have been used for treatment of patients without the socially attached stigma or "against the law" implication we see today. It is those in society that abuse the use - use for other than intended purposes - that cause problems and restrictions. The drug itself is not the problem, like the gun, it is how it is used or abused that is the problem. Today the reassessment of cannabis is taking place in medicinal use, maybe cocaine again will be used in medicine and who knows, maybe heroin will be used again as well. (It has some use now in childbirth during labour in some U.K. countries.)

"March 12, 1917 - Yes, I give heroin in pneumonia for pain, cough and high fever when the fever is due to prolonged insomnia and restlessness. In fact, I use heroin more extensively in pneumonia than any other medicine. If I had pneumonia, I certainly would want to be given heroin for a few days. There is no special virtue in heroin in pneumonia, but the idea is this: what the patient needs most of all is rest and sleep, and he can not get that as long as he has a severe stitch in his side or even a severe cough. The pain, the cough, and the sleeplessness tend to prostrate him. While at the Sealy, I had a patient who had a very high temperature and was almost wild with pain. After getting a dose of heroin he was relieved of his pain, had several hours in uninterrupted sleep and said he felt like a new man. His temp went down several degrees.

You seem to specialise in pneumonia cases. I hope the present one will not last as long as your first.

My burn case is getting along fairly well, though it is quite a troublesome case. I wish I had a trained nurse on the case.

I went to Taiton yesterday (Sunday) and took dinner at home. The Dr. at Nada has not yet returned from Galveston, and I had quite a time getting away from Taiton. I had to go to 3 houses before I left, and finally to get away, refused to go to a fourth one of the grounds that their Dr. would be home before night.

We are having quite an excitement now over the sale of those Chautauqua tickets. There are two organised forces selling tickets, and the side that loses will have to saw wood on the platform the last day of the "chaut." That is, the officers on that side will have to saw wood. Well, I have had previous experience.

It seems hard to find a decent living-room suite in Mahogany. I have looked through a dozen catalogues and not one of them shows a good set. The dining room suites are not so hard to get.

.... Cheer up! You are not doomed to this kind of work forever. Quit worrying. If you nurse much longer, you will leave a great many other things to time to heal and settle. I don't worry nearly as much about

my cases as I used to. After all, its up to nature anyway; all you can do is assist nature.

Things are rather dull now. If it keeps up as it is now, we will have fumed oak instead of Mahogany in the living room and the dining room. Well, it could be worse, couldn't it? I could be out in a trench with all of my lower jaw torn away by a shrapnel.

We had a light north wind last night. I put on an overcoat this morning, but before noon it got too heavy for me. I hope it will not get cold enough to freeze, the corn is up already and in a few days, cotton will be coming up. In a few weeks, this country will look like a garden. A frost could do a great deal of damage right now.

Write when you can. I know it is hard for you to do so; but even if your letters are brief, they are appreciated.”...

Note: }Originally the name of an adult education program in the United States, the term Chautauqua-like lyceum--later came to be used for the travelling popular lectures, concerts, and dramatic productions that frequently were given in tents between the 1870s and the 1920s. The original Chautauqua movement began as the Fair Point Sunday School Assembly, founded in 1874 by the clergyman John Heyl Vincent and the businessman-inventor Lewis Miller near Chautauqua, N.Y. It soon developed a curriculum that ranged from temperance lectures to contemporary science courses. In 1881 it introduced the first successful correspondence education program in America. It founded the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, a home-reading program in American, English, continental, and classical literature and history. The circle still offers four-year correspondence courses in a variety of fields. The introduction (1883-97) of a summer school program (1883-97) under the direction of William Rainey Harper attracted thousands. The Chautauqua center became a university in 1883 but gave up the power to grant degrees in 1898. In 1918 the lectures and other entertainments became commercial, with programs supplied to Chautauqua societies throughout the United States. As much as one third of the U.S. population was participating in some aspect of the Chatauqua movement at its peak in 1924. The movement lost popularity after World War I, perhaps because of the mobility offered by the automobile and the availability of other forms of entertainment. (Chautauqua 1992:[The Software Toolworks Multimedia Encyclopedia](#))

Chapter 60 - Fatigue

"How nice that you got to go to Galveston. I only wish that I had been there too. No, Dennis hasn't written me yet; at least it hasn't been sent over here. I'm glad that there were friends there who could help you pass the time pleasantly, but I'm jealous as I can be. I guess Wiggles did think it lots of fun to beat me out of the first ride. I don't think I'll ever get down to Galveston again. It seems that I'll never get off this case. The patient is an extremely nervous person. I'd like to diagnosis her symptoms as those of hysteria, but I'm not assuming the responsibility of diagnosing. She is evidently very neurotic and the past week of suffering has completely upset her mental equilibrium. Resolution is very slow which keeps our spirits bobbing from hope to despair continuously. There are about three too many doctors on the case and one nurse too less. Last week I was almost "batty" from loss of sleep; every night seemed like a nightmare and every day seemed like we were living in a different place each time. The patient's father is a doctor 70 years old. He is the only one in the family who can make a pretence at nursing. If this continues very much longer I'll be a fit subject for clinic Thursday morning at Dr. Grave's hour. This is the last serious case I'm going to attempt on 24 hours.

My being overworked is the cause of my not writing to you. At night I can't find much time to be idle and when I do I go to sleep; during the day-o well; I'll be glad when my nursing days are ended...

Thursday - Guess I had better write now before I get too sleepy to hold the pen. Annie forwarded your letter to me. She called up and talked for awhile. I'm so tired and weary of well-doing. I'm tired to begin the night, which looks pretty gloomy already. The patient has a dry hacking cough that I fear, will keep her awake. Right now without delay I'll give her some cough mixture. I hate to too because her stomach is so weak. Joe do you use heroin for pain in pneumonia? These doctors and the old doctor row all the time about said drug. As a class I think doctors are messes. My opinion of these is not unlike Dr. Story's of nurses and too, I agree with him on liking individuals of the profession.

2 A.M. - I'm not at all sleepy and can hit the lines on the paper occasionally. The reason is that I've taken a big cup of hot black coffee. It tastes worse then medicine. I see where Ebert used good judgement - provided she got a decent respectable man. This is number two for her. For a wonder, and unlike the average widow down there she lost her husband through death and not divorce...

Let me congratulate you on your having honor enough to hold fast your principles, regardless of consequences. Of all things most deplorable in my opinion is a man who fears to voice his opinion or stand for the right for fear his finances will suffer as a result. I think you are a model man in character, and the one thing about you that I don't especially admire is that obstinacy. I'll never mind that if you're never stubborn with me.

My coffee is losing its effect. I'm cold and weak-kneed. I'll try not to write any more. O yes, you asked me some questions pertaining to furniture. I haven't your letter handy but I remember you mentioned twin beds. Yes I like the twin beds better than a double one. The only objection is that I'll have to make two spreads, sheets, etc. Are they detachable? Since I've been nursing in homes I've become thoroughly disgusted with old wide beds where one has to walk over one side with her feet to reach the patient on the other side. Of course we never expect to be very sick, but a narrow bed would be very convenient provided we should be so unfortunate. Steel bed? I don't understand that. I'll read that over...

Sunday - A lovely Sunday afternoon to be spent indoors! By the way: Watson hasn't written to me any more. I wonder if she and Fred ate too much of the pie that she said she was going to cook, one that would kill Tige Powell, should he eat it. I haven't heard from Babe since she left Shreveport. In fact I don't hear from anyone except you. Private duty isn't as agreeable as hospital duty I think. Especially when the family are so anxious and bothersome.

I'm in the dumps this morning. My patient acts as if she were developing something in her left lung - if so good bye little lady. Yesterday she felt so much better, took her nourishment and smiled quite often. O, time - and time alone - will tell. That's my only refuge for consolation and encouragement, that is, "time will pass away."

I still continue to be an owl; how long I'm doomed for to inhabit the long dreary night hours and wander around in the daytime like a lost spirit is yet to be learned. Your wish does not prevail; this is another long drawn-out case. Do you suppose the nurse on the case could be the cause of delayed recovery? If I thought there a possibility of my being I'd dismiss myself immediately. She never ran a high temp. after the first day I came, she never had any marked crisis. On the 8th day she had a severe pleurisy pain and was completely "let down" by 1/4 morph., which came very near tidying her over. She wore herself to prostration by coughing and suffering pain because the doctors feared using opiates. Finally they began fooling around with Bromidia, phenacitine and all kind of junk that upset her stomach. Yes and during the first five days I was allowed to give no nourishment except bit peptanoids, uh! She is doing as well as she can under the circumstances I suppose. She has a bronchial cough that plays the mischief with her rest from 6 P.M. till it is stopped during the night and suffers much pain in the pleurae. I can't tell whether she is going up or down - up let us hope. I agree with you in the rest proposition and I think if she had got some rest when needed, albumens and milk when not nauseated, a stimulant when indicated, and a nurse who had some sense, as well as a few doctors who knew their business, I believe she would be sitting up today maybe. They let her have heroin now, and I certainly don't let her cough her head off before I administer it. I wish I could nurse for a doctor like you. Now I'm like the mother who thinks her husband knows everything. What "doctor" doesn't know need not be learned. Well, every

woman is that foolish about her husband. I'll have to learn to think that about you I suppose.

It seems that you are quite popular among the society of El Campo. Here's hoping that you win out on the ticket contest; I'd be mortified to think that you had to cut wood before that vast audience - not that cutting wood is so bad, but I don't like to think of your being beaten at anything you attempt. I've been betting on you for nearly three years, except during intervals of misunderstanding, and you're never disappointed me yet. If I didn't feel this way about you I wouldn't every consider marrying you. I'm weary of nursing tonight. If you were here I had a spring hat, I'd go with you "for better or for worse" without any hesitations or troubles. Tomorrow when the sun shines, and the lady can scare up a smile or two I'll feel more kindly towards my present fate. I wish the old gloomy night would never come, it's a perfect nightmare to me.

Morning! Joe, isn't this letter silly? But it goes just the same. Last night was one century packed into a sticky old night. I get dreadfully moody at times. I fear that I'm not going to get away from here in time for the obst. case that I meant to take. I hope so. It will be such a delightful change to be kept up all night trying to quiet a squalling infant. Isn't life interesting with its many and varied changes?... The old doctor is resentful toward the two attending ones because they disregard his suggestions and the old lady is angry because doctor doesn't do the ordering. She gets in a temper every now and then and comes in and tells the patient what she thinks about her doctors. The husband of the patient it seems called the doctors and will not turn them off. He never says a word nor do I. I act like that old owl that Dr. Graves told us about. I think some very strong exclamations, however and wish I hadn't ever come to this place...

.... The weather has been very obliging by raining at night and clearing up during the day. My patient and I wish that all the time were daytime. She is better today. The poor creature spends such miserable night on account of bronchial cough. Her cough gets dry and hacking about six o'clock and lasts till I give her her medicine. I don't know when it would quit of its own accord.

I suppose you see that I fell asleep while writing the above. I had a very restful snooze, so did my patient. I wish I could sleep one week, then maybe my eyes would not look like holes in a blanket and feel much better.

I got a letter from Mrs. Story today. It was sent to Graham then forwarded here. I'm glad to report that her pies are perfectly harmless, for she said Fred ate 1/2 pie one day. From what she says she must be a good cook by now. Maybe Fred is sacrificing his stomach that she might receive encouragement. I'll make this suggestion to her at least just to make her angry. Makes me jealous to read about her keeping house...

Sunday - I wish I could go to church occasionally. Dr. Yates gave himself away this morning. We were discussing hats, he said he liked the big broad brim ones. I told him he certainly had never had to sit by one or try to look around one. He said no because they always pulled them off. I said "not in church." For a minute he stopped to think if they did, then he admitted that I made him tell that he never went to church. Both the doctors are members of the Christian Church. I didn't tell them that I was one of their Sisterens. They both seem to be honest respectable men. Dr. Self wants me to take an obst. case of his but it seems that I'll never get away from here. Anything but pneumonia! Unless the patient gets well quickly. The woman had pneumonia about 15 years ago and had bronchitis one year. She looks as if she might pull off the same stunt again.

Fumed oak for living and dining room isn't so bad. There are many couples starting to housekeeping who would be very glad to get it. You should not try to comply with my extravagant wishes any way. When I say I like things I don't expect to get them every time. One can't help liking the best of things even though they are not available.

Aren't these sunshiny days too perfect to last? I'm wild to get out in the sunshine. It's inconvenient to be in a home where there are no servants to help with the work. The grandmother tries to keep the house and the grandfather brings us the coal for the night, runs errands, does the repairs, works about the place and relieves me. I feel sorry for the old man because he is 70 years old and never has had to bring in his own coal and wood till the past two years. It seems that he has been quite a successful doctor during his time and had plenty of money till he lost it all in recent years. However it's better to have had money and lost it than to have been poor always.

Cheer up; the worst is yet to come. When we go to fighting Germans, and you are called, you will be glad to loaf around in a "dead town" and a cotton patch will look like a paradise. I'm sorry that life is so dull for you now. Don't you think Spring is the dullest season for your profession? If you decide to retire to the farm before the appointed time, don't forget to send me your Rural Route number so that if I feel inclined, I may send you a few farm magazines that might help you in your work. The way I feel toward our profession today, I think I'd like to get a job at hoeing also. Will you let me work along by your side? If I can't keep up you can help me along, can't you?

This poor patient of mine! Today she has an abscess on the lung, yesterday 'twas reaction from the vaccine, tomorrow it will be something else. I'm weary of the whole business! She is worn out, and a neurasthenic to start with. She is very despondent today and apparently gave up for a short time this morning. I wasn't any too cheerful myself, didn't feel in the mood to "smile and scatter sunshine" and lie, so I says says I to myself, "I'll let her solve it the best she can, so I went ahead and mechanically did

my duty." She wore a woebegone expression and sighed, and had peculiar feelings and then went to sleep.

Wish I were in Galveston. Now I'm dreadfully jealous of those girls "learning to run your can." You may take Miss R., but leave Miss H.C. for some other young man to teach. Then, besides, you ought to be ashamed of yourself riding around with one of them there heathenish "Dutch girls." Why didn't Germany sink four of our boats just for the sport?

Joe, I feel quite apprehensive concerning this war proposition. I wish you were not so all fired patriotic! I don't want you to go to war. I know that it sounds pretty to read about the brave women willingly sending their sweethearts to fight for their country's honor and I admire them very much. I almost cry when I see them in the movies as they smile and send their blessings with them, etc. etc. etc., but it works better on the screen and in the story books"...

Golda is getting more and more worn out by her cases going on and on with very little rest. The realisation of war becomes more apparent each day and this also causes worry on her mind. Slowly but surely she is becoming run down and does not realise it herself.

Chapter 61 - Charity Cases

" No, of course, your letter was not silly. Just because you write once in a while just as you think and feel does not make your letters silly. You will get off this case some time and after you have had a few nights of good sleep; things will look more cheerful. You never did stand night duty well; I do not think you could ever get used to it; fortunately, after a few more months it won't make much difference whether you could get used to it or not. Your pneumonia cases seem to be rather severe ones. It seems to me that one serious handicap on your case is that there are too many doctors and relatives and not enough nurses.

I have another pneumonia case, a child four years old. The case is not a very severe one; I think he will pull through all right.

My burn case is doing fairly. It will be several weeks before she is completely healed. She cuts up mightily every morning while we change the dressings, but in between times she seems to be getting along pretty well.

Well, Red has gone back to Corpus Christi. Of course, I hate like everything to see her go.

Don't be too strong on that wood sawing proposition, for you must remember that there are several of us on my side and no certain one can avert failure...

You must be kept pretty busy once more. I continue to look. This seems to be about the deadeast (I am not sure that I am right in using the superlative degree for dead - I understand that ordinarily if anything is dead, that it is the end of it - it can not be deader or deadeast, but in this case the circumstances if not grammar, justify the usage) month we have had yet. If it keep on like this during April, I believe I'll desert the place in May, and go on a farm to hoe cotton or plow or do some other form of honest and useful work. I have another letter from Torbett trying to get me to go to work in his Sanitarium at Marlin. I think I shall refuse for good.

I went to Nada yesterday to see the effect of Thompson's operation on the Dr's. Baby's harelip. I believe I have seen him do better. The mother, however, is perfectly charmed with the results. Middlebrook (!!) specialled the case.

"Helen Camp" went with me; some time I promised to teach her and Robbins how to run a car, so I gave Hollecamp her lesson yesterday. She can run the jitney pretty well now.

My sister "Alba" was at Nada visiting the Dr's. family. I did not stay but about five minutes; came right back to town and got here in time for supper.

Harry Boon's celebrated their Golden Wedding last Saturday night. I was invited to come, but it was nine p.m. before I could get away, and when I came to the house I noticed about 19 or 20 people present, and as I had not had time to get my suit pressed, I decided not to go in but go right on home, and I did. My pneumonia case must be doing well, I have not seen it or heard from it for two days.

Red's won by 61 dollars in the ticket contest. We sure were glad to win, for the contest waxed hot during this last week. Our side alone raised enough money to pay for the whole Chautauqua business.

Will you marry me? How would you like to marry me the latter part of May? One of the families is going to leave here then and wants to rent their home, all furnished, for \$25.00 per month. The house is a splendid one and we could rent it for 5 - 6 months. During that time you could be getting things ready for our own house, we would be together, and could plan our home together. The family will leave either the latter part of May or early in June. What say you? Say what you think about it...

Cold enough this A.M. to drive me into my overcoat. Yesterday I thought I would have to clean my "Cool Cloth" suits, but before the day was over, I was glad I had not pawned my overcoat.

The Chautauqua and the excitement incident thereto are now over. The performances and speeches excepting those of yesterday - were very good and well worth the money.

On Thursday our medical society of Wharton Co. had a meeting here. There were only four members present. Four new one's were admitted to the society. It seemed such a contrast to the meetings we used to have at Galveston with 40 to 50 members present.

2 P.M. yours received. If your patient sure enough has an abscess of the lungs, you are rather up against it. I don't like those lung abscesses. I had a telegram from Dr. Singleton saying that the man the Mason's home sent down is doing rather poorly - infected kidney. Penfield and I may have to go down to Galveston tomorrow. If we do, we'll leave here very early in the morning and try to make it in one day in a car.

How would you like to go to Puerto Rico with me? The Presbyterian mission board asked me to take charge of a small hospital at Mayaguez Puerto Rico, wherever that is. You could go as head nurse.

How would you like to be the wife of a 1st lieutenant, U. S. A.? The army wants me to stand examination for a commission"...

It seems he asks Golda every five minutes to make a decision on their future together. It is because multiple opportunities present themselves all at once. She replies to him....

"Were you drunk when you wrote to me yesterday, or were you just 'kidding?'" I'm forced to exclaim, "this is so sudden!" What do I think about it? I think I'd like to live with you in that house and plan our home together; I'm getting much tired of this being away from you all the time anyway. I'd be willing to get married tomorrow provided I was ready, yet I fear I'll never get ready by May or June. I want to have pretty clothes when I go to El Campo so that people will not think your wife "tacky" and I will have to get some household linen made up. I know the people will not leave us that. If I had nothing to do but sew and get ready I could get through by then, but I'm obliged to work during May and April. It's so awkward to be "po", so horribly embarrassing and inconvenient. How queer it seems to think of my going down there married! Then I can't change my case can I? 'Twill be a lifetime job, you'll be a dandy patient tho!"

"No, I was neither drunk, nor kidding. I just get impatient once in a while; your view is right, I think. But next fall we marry if I don't make anything but my board from now on. One family is going to break up housekeeping next fall and they want to rent me the house furnished, except for linen and silverware. It is the house I had in mind to rent. The equipment includes an electric stove. So if I can't make enough money to pay for the furniture we selected, here's our chance...

I came pretty near neglecting you, but you will see why when I get through explaining. Sunday I went to Galveston, as I told you I might have to do. We left here at 6:30 A.M. in a large car and got to Galveston in six hours - 12:30. We went down to see about the sick man I mentioned and stayed only four hours. What we had to do took up nearly all of our time, so that I did not get to see anyone for any length of time. Hiss Hayes and Miss Gold were on duty in the office and Miss Ratling in Wd I White. I met Wiggles in the hall and just shook hands as I passed her. We had some business with Dr. Singleton. He upbraided me for not being married yet. (By the way, I have to listen to this kind of reproof quite often; the last time, only 15 minutes ago. As if I needed someone to rub it in any worse than it is being done already.)

We left Galveston at 5:30 P.M., had a blowout at Richmond at 8:30 P.M. and lost an hour there; took half hour off for supper at Rosenberg, and got home at 1:15 A.M. I was certainly tired and sleepy. The night before our trip I had to go to Louise on a night call and did not get to sleep till midnight. Monday morning I slept till 8 A.M. and had to get up then. I was pretty busy all morning, and after dinner I felt so tired, I lay down for a while and fell asleep. I had to answer a call after I had slept for 1 and 1/2 hours and sure felt rough for a while, but got over it in 30 minutes and went to Wharton.

You absolutely cannot afford to nurse for less than \$28.00 a week. That is too cheap as it is. You are a first class nurse, and can better afford to stay off duty then nurse for less - unless it be a charity case,

strictly. Don't expect the people to spare you; they won't. They will get all they can out of you.

What one would do with an abscess of the lung depends on the size of the abscess. Small ones may become absorbed - large ones must be drained, especially if they are causing fever and prostration.

There has not been much doing for the last few days, though I have not been exactly idle. Seems like I am developing something of a charity practice of late. That old man we went to Galveston to see has come home Monday and I have to attend to him once daily. Red, who has undergone an operation at Victoria, is here now and has some stitch infection, so I have to look after her, too. And then I have a Mexican woman with a suppurative mastitis.

I went to Wharton yesterday with a patient for an X-ray exam. It is a very old case of metastatic osteomyelitis - I believe I told you about the case before. The process seems to have stopped now, but there is a dead bone sticking out of her leg and another out of her armpit. I wanted to prove whether there was much bone destruction besides these two fragments. There does not seem to be. I intend to operate on her sometime after Easter.

Were you in earnest when you wrote in one of your recent letters that you would go to Galveston later on? If you were, you must stop here for a while before you go down. There are some things here I'd like for you to see before you come down to live here; thus, for instance, it is rather hard for me to decide upon a house by myself, etc. Of late I have wondered how it would do to rent that house (furnished) that I mentioned in one of my recent letters. It is the house of which I showed you a floor plan. The house is rather small, but neat and would do for a while. It is exceedingly well wired for electricity, has an electric stove, sewer connections, and is in a desirable neighbourhood. If we got it for a while, we might be able to hold it till we could have our own built. But would give us plenty of time to plan every detail of our own house. We might be able to rent the house unfurnished - that we can talk about a little later...

This is April Fools day. I got started off right: got some cakes for breakfast that had quinine in them. Robbins fixed them up. I will have to stay awake at night to think of some way of getting even with her. It is up to me to poison her or something - I can't get even with her otherwise for all the mean things she has done. Of course, I have never done anything mean to her.

Yes, Old Ivory would come up pretty high if one had to pay the regular retail price. We will get ours at just a little above wholesale price and can afford to get that much better stuff.

Your case does seem to be a thoroughly drawn out one - almost like a chronic case. The lungs are almost as well as my lung case.

Sunday I went over to Ganado, a place 18 miles from here. I went over to see a cousin of my father's and some second cousins of mine; I have not seen them for about 20 years. They recognised me by my resembling John, whom they have seen lately. I stayed only a short time. Coming home, I had a puncture and had to change tires.

We have another cold north wind - that's what we got in place of the much prayed for rain. Yesterday morning, when the wind came up, I was out on a call, 15 miles from town; for a while it looked like we were going to have a good rain, and I would not have minded it, just so it would put an end to this drought.

In the professional line, I have been mildly busy most of the time. I seem to have a stronger charity practice right now than I have had for some time. I had a lady in labor on Monday morning.

A few more days and we will have Easter. I don't think I will even get a new hat. It is too cold to wear a straw, and I shall keep on my old hat until it gets warm enough to put on a hat that I can wear through summer. I don't feel bad over it, for this is what I have had to do for years; I am used to it."...

Chapter 62 - Worth

"10 P.M. - I'm so thoroughly discouraged! I've been kinder half way hoping that my patient was absorbing that pus without any disturbance to amount to anything. This evening she had a rogor, temp up to 103, profuse sweat afterwards. Her ma thinks it's due to my letting her sit in the chair too long. I wish the Drs. would aspirate. O, cotton patch where is that sting? I'd rather be a boll weevil in a cotton patch with the patch on fire, than be a nurse. Occasionally I feel this way - tomorrow may look better.

I've broken two Luer syringes since I've been on this case. I'm getting so worried. I broke the little one you gave me. I'm sending for another this afternoon. I wonder if it's worth the time to send the piston to the company for a new barrel. The glass runs smoother through the one I bought here.

... Congratulations on your success. Told you you always win. Will you never believe what I say?....

Yesterday afternoon, I went to my sister's. The first time I've been away from this place for 4 weeks. You can imagine how I enjoyed the outing. I ate three pieces of fried chicken, two pieces of pie, and talked a blue streak in-between bites. Annie and a neighbour school-girl's essay on "English Parliament" or some such boresome stuff, to criticise and insisted on reading it to me in order that I might offer a suggestion or two. I rebelled; yet she read. I'll tell you I didn't feel like remodelling any theme the first hours of freedom. She read on and I talked to Pattie. He is a fine healthy looking Irish boy now. He had his shoes off and when the gravel would prick his feet he "raised the mischief." His cheeks were pink as peaches. Pretty soon two hours had rolled by and I had to go back to duty, to that old white uniform.

When I get married I'm going to put blue and pink collars and belts on these white dresses so they will not look like old duty dresses. My patient liked me in my black dress. I guess she thought I couldn't wear anything but white dresses. She embarrassed me by raving over my appearance in street apparel. She, the doctors, and all the family wonder how I keep up so well under such strenuous duty. Annie didn't sympathise with me either, said I was looking well. I don't know how I look, but I know to lose sleep makes me feel wretched.

Your letter came awhile ago. Yes I'll go to Puerto Rico with you. If I get tired nursing those dark skin creatures I'll just marry you and quit nursing. When are you going to start? That would be romantic; we could be together and keep up our work also until we decided to marry, then you could continue to work and I'd play lady of leisure. 1st Lieutenant U. S. A.? That sounds nice but is it what it looks to be? I don't fancy a military life. You're too straight in your morals to be a military success. I'm afraid the association would warp your principles. However, if the life appeals to

you try it; I'm game to try it with you. Most any place will be alright where you are.

I don't blame you for getting impatient; I do myself. Whose house did you have in mind at first? This last one belongs to the gall-bladder case doesn't it?

You had better not pawn your overcoat; there's another norther here that will reach you before this letter does. The wind is roaring outside and makes one feel a little melancholy.

Well, my patient has either an abscess in the lower right lobe or she has fluid in the pleural cavity. The doctors do not agree on the diagnosis. What do you think about draining an abscess in the lung? Would it be safe to depend on absorption or on its bursting and being expectorated. Isn't this doubled dyed concentrated hard luck for the poor little lady? Her doctor's brother came over from Dallas today and advised that she go to a hospital and have the abscess drained. I don't know what they will do. She doesn't feel that they are able to meet the expenses.

Good morning. The norther isn't so fierce after all it's roaring last night. Just cool enough to make one feel energetic. We had a fair night - slept more than usual. The patient and her people feel that its too expensive to have a trained nurse so long - and it is, so they were contemplating getting a practical nurse, mid wife, or whatever they be. Yesterday my patient fearing that they will take her to a hospital as her brother advised, asked me if I'd stay for \$15 per. It kinder hurt my pride as well as my feelings. I've given this case more of my time than is requested - well I've given her all my time and if I'm not worth what I ask, they can get another. I realise that it's hard to pay \$28 a week along with the rest of the expenses. Nevertheless -- Miss Cheney down in town, has beautiful dresses and hats in her style shop, all of these would make me look swell, and I'd feel much more at ease in them than in my simple costumes. I'd like them, but I can't afford them; therefore I do not ask for them. I don't think it would be very well for me to be reducing the standard price of nursing, do you? Of course she is sick and weak and doesn't realise what she does say. I'm going to call on my obst. case today. It's time to get a little coffee....

When I didn't get a letter today, I consoled myself by thinking you were too busy to write. I'm glad to learn of your being busy because I know you are happiest when you're too busy to eat three meals a day. The little girl here who is six years old - unusually bright six year old too - was crying last night because she had no one to "cuddle" her. She has been a very discontented, unhappy child since her mother has been ill, and she leads her grandmother a merry chase. She and I get along well except when she worries her mother too much then I have to be very positive with her. She takes her loving out on me, and I don't mind in the least.

I had to get up and relieve the lady of a pain in her chest. I don't know what's making her chest hurt now. Her temp. behaved better this evening; for the past five days it has shot up to 103 in the evening. The doctor thinks she is absorbing the abscess alright. She evidently is not spitting it up.

O yes, I forgot to tell you that I stuck an ice pick in my finger. It must have gone to the bone, and on its way struck a small artery, from the way it bled. The old doctor bound it up in turpentine and camphor-phenique. It doesn't feel very sore. The ice pick is the sharpest ice pick I ever saw...

Sure enough you were busy. Today I was glad your letter came. The patient refused to smile this morning until I threatened to eat worms, and she forgot herself and grinned. I'm getting impatient about her condition; I don't say or act my sentiments, but sometimes I feel like taking a hot poker and making the doctors get busy. I get vexed at a doctor who comes in, pulls out his spectacles on a long chain, sets them on the top of his nose, all the time looking over the top of them, pretends to count the patient's pulse, looks at her tongue, look wise in general, and does nothing. Maybe it's best to do nothing sometimes.

Here, I've been fussing! Please excuse me I don't get out in the sunshine enough to see the bright side of things. This Morris chair makes one sleepy. There are two new magazines to read, about six letters to write, some crochet work that could be done - all this and yet I must sleep - make me tired!....

Watt wrote she is dreadfully afraid to stay alone when Fred goes on night calls, stays at Story's sometimes, and got up and went out on a call with him the other night to keep from staying alone, then in her own words "felt like Ned in the First Reader" all next day. I asked her if Fred put his feet on the library table and threw cigarette ashes on the floor. She wanted to know how I guessed so well, said she got him an ashtray which he never used unless she carried it around for him to use, and he never had learned to keep his feet in place, sometimes slouched around with his hat on until she would invite him to stay and take dinner with her or removed the hat herself. Isn't that just like him? She tells me that when duty gets almost unbearable to me just think of my little bungalow-to-be - didn't mean to rhyme - but I'll have to tell her that you can't buy sardines for both of us, so we'll have to go slow on the bungalow visions. O, guess where Babe is - Pensacola Fla - talking of joining the Red Cross. Believe I will too. Judging from the sadness pictured on the face of a R.C. nurse on the Woman's Home Companion cover. I know it must be fun to be one....

So you didn't mean for me to be head nurse in that hospital - you said so. If you meant otherwise why didn't you say "head boss?" I'm wondering what wild goose notion you'll have by the next letter you write. I fear that war will come and separate us, spoil our happiness in some way - if it does I'll just die that's all...

Today is April fool's day - I'm celebrating. I don't think the day could affect one's feelings, yet all day I've felt silly and happy as a fool. There's another reason for my joyous feelings; today is my last day on this case. A practical nurse is going to take my place for \$15 a week. There's no telling how long they will need her if they wait for the abscess to be absorbed. One of the doctors has a little boy sick with pneumonia. He hasn't been here for two days...

I came to sister's yesterday afternoon, and have been resting every since. It would be my luck to be called on my obst. case tonight. I went to see her yesterday. She's a little pleasant creature. The doctor expects trouble in her case, he says she has an ovarian tumour which hasn't given any trouble so far. He also says it is a breech presentation. I fear that he will have to resort to those horrible forceps. Dr. Self's boy is very sick and he said he might have to call on me to help them if he got much worse. Here's hoping I get a week's vacation.

You are getting very economical about your wardrobe. I have no Easter frock and hat either. Guess I'll get me some kind of hat tomorrow. I made out an order for linen damask etc awhile ago which amounted to \$30 and its not half what I want. Wish I had got it last fall. Yes I think that house ready furnished would be the best for us awhile. We can get linen and silverware surely - then we can have the pleasure of planing our home together. I'm so glad of the electric stove, for I detest oil and coal. I wasn't joking about going to Galveston but I don't know when I'll ever get away. I couldn't help you out very much about selecting a house should I go - just keep your eyes on this one. I don't see how we could beat it.

Maybe I'll join the Red Cross - that seems to be the latest just now. What do you think about those Germans down there, forgetting their allegiance to the U.S.? It's hard for them to go back on the Fatherland isn't it? I made Chas a tie out of a flag today. 'Twas some loud tie too. This war question looks graver each day. I'm still hoping that they will not call over one million men - you know why....

I have been such a busy creature ever since I have been off duty. I have ironed, cut out two uniforms, made one, swept one room, made up my bed, packed my suitcase, and crocheted a little. The pneumonia patient's mother phoned me. The patient had taken three big cries for me. She evidently thinks there is \$10 difference in a practical and trained nurse. They had better operate before she loses that strength she has gained.

Babe says she doesn't think she'll take state board since she has only about 8 or 10 months to nurse. She says she will not need it unless she has to resort to her profession in later years if left to make her living again, and she declares that she prefers working for Kress instead. I can't be bothered about state board at present. I suppose all three of us will take

"Mrs." in preference to R. N. Watson is still in love with Fred and housekeeping so I guess Babe and I will be happy too." ...

Chapter 63 - War

"April 7, 1917 - Well, we will quit asking that question we have asked for nearly 3 years - "Do you think we will have war?" We have it. Thus far it does not seem to have made much difference. I don't think it will have for a while - not until Mexico comes in, or more properly - not until the Germans come in thru Mexico. The people around here are not going very wild or spasmodic over the war.

I got up at 4:10 this A.M. The phone woke me up and stated there was a child 13 miles out having measles, and - incidentally - convulsions. "Come right away!" I came right away. About five miles out of town I overtook Dr. Redwine. The people became so scared when the boy went into convulsions; they decided they'd better call two doctors, so that if one broke down, at least one got there. Redwine started out first, but I travelled "like h ll" and by the time he got there, I had been on the place for 15 minutes. The boy threw another convulsion for our benefit and edification, and then we both got busy "pronto." As this was Dr. Red's practice I left as soon as the boy became quieter and he stayed. I got back home in time for breakfast.

I believe I told you Dr. Red has been very nice to me recently. I can't make out whether it is because he wants to get a chance to stab me in the back (or whether he decided I could not be driven away from here and it would pay to be on terms with me.) He'll stand watching. I shall be as nice to him as he is to me, but shall keep my eyes wide open ever. "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

... I will have to be needed pretty bad before I go to war. A year ago it would not have been hard to get me to go, but now I have my plans too well laid out and just started in operation, to give up for just any kind of a wild goose chase; besides I am under obligations more than I used to be. I certainly would not want to be conscripted but I have seen enough of army life not to crave it....

What color is your coat suit? You did not get it done in time for Easter, did you? Well, I did not even get my red suit pressed for Easter. And, the way I spent yesterday, it did not make very much difference whether my suit was pressed or not.

I first attended to my regular cases and then went home for dinner. Before going home, I stopped at my sister's house and found the whole family over there, so I did not go home; I took dinner there. I stayed about two hours and then came back to town. The north wind was real stiff, and in going home, I had to face it and almost got cold, side curtains and overcoat notwithstanding.

When I got back, I had to go and see Turner's boy. My diagnosis is rickets. I have been taking care of the boy until about 3 months ago, when Mrs. Forceps, his mother, decided she could do better than I, and

put him on Eskay's. He fattened up promptly. She seemed to be quite proud of having put one over me like that. She even discontinued the limewater that I had assigned to his daily rations. Now she seems to be willing to let me try my hand once more.

At night I had two calls and by the time I got home, it was 1 A.M. So that's how I spent Easter Sunday. The moon was glorious last night; the wind had calmed down and everything was so quiet, I could hear only the sputter of the engine. I am not a millionaire, but I lie in bed as long as I feel like it. This morning it was 10:20 when I got out of the room.

John passed thru here last Sunday on his way to Houston and Liberty country. No, I do not think he looks like myself. Other people seem to think so. He is not as bald-headed as I am.

Cyril threatens to enlist in the U. S. army - says he is "seriously considering it." I'd advise that he "seriously consider it" once more, and wait until he is "seriously" needed; he would get mighty tired of lying in camp, inactive.

Your plaintive letter received yesterday. It must be awful to be facing such a hard fate. Cheer up! I haven't joined the army and don't expect to right away, unless this rapid rise in the prices of everything makes it impossible for me to make a living in civilian life and I have to get into the army to get something to eat.

I have made arrangements for the house furnished - the one I mentioned the last time I wrote about the matter. I took a look at it once or twice every day and I am actually beginning to cultivate a liking for it. It has a number of rose - bushes around it, and these are now in full bloom. The owner says he wants to be given the privilege of changing his mind during the next two months. Here's hoping he will not exercise the privilege.

I was called out on an obstet. case at 1:30 A.M. out in the country; when I got back to town it was 10 A.M. Hence my sleepiness. Sunday night I went to bed about 1:20 A.M., and Tuesday night I took my second degree in Masonry and did not get in until about 11:30 P.M. Me for the hay early tonight!

Received your letter also Paddy's picture. You seem to worry much more about the war than we do down here. For some reason, there's less talk about war here now than there has been before it was declared, and I must confess, that I am devoting very little thought to it myself. You seemed to have overlooked the fact that men between 18 and 25 are the ones that are to be drafted.

Yes, linen and everything else seems to be going up shamefully. That is one reason why I would hate to have to buy things next summer

and next fall - everything will be so unreasonably high. Of course, it may stay high after the war is over; but the chances are that it will not.

I went to bed early last night and tried to catch up with my lost sleep. I think I shall operate on the bone case tomorrow or the day after. I have been putting it off from day to day, but now I would like to have it off my hands.

I found this in my sterilizer. I wonder if I ever blamed you for not answering this.

"February 4, 1917 - Diplomatic relations with Germany severed, says the paper. Wonder what else - is that all of it, or are we to expect something worse? It would be hard luck to have war after we have tried for 2 and 1/2 years to keep out of it. But even if it does mean war, it seems to me that war could not be to us what it is to the European belligerents, for it is not likely that we would go outside of our limits to fight Germany, and I feel pretty sure that Germany cannot do us much harm (unless it be through her sympathisers), for she is kept busy enough in Europe. Well, we'll see.

I went home this morning about 10:30. The weather was so delightful; I could not resist the temptation. Somehow, I did not make very good connection. John had gone somewhere, they did not seem to know just where, and Alba was over at Garwood, nine miles north from here. I stayed at for dinner and then went to Garwood to get Alba, but she had already made a date to go riding with some big-nosed Dutchman - that, too, when we are about to have war with Germany, and I had to go home without her. Lada was with me; when I got back home, John had not returned yet, so I went on to El Campo.

Later. The Germans have sunk one of our ships. They don't seem to give a d__ whether they get into war with us or not."....

Dr Joe then continues in his letter saying that he has noticed the previous month was not as good as before from a financial standpoint. He didn't know if this was because fewer people got sick or because some other doctor got the practice. Competition is pretty hard to fight since low fees appeal to most of the country people, he says, and then continues that what really make him "red hot mad" is to have one of these quacks half-way run a case into the grave, and then the people call him. He then writes in his current letter...

" A case of puerperal infection. Isn't that compound, complex, electrically centrifuged, ether extracted, chloroform concentrated, double distilled, bad luck. The woman had a chill on the 5th day - the fever went to 104. Today is the 7th day. The patient shows no distressing symptoms except the fever, which rambles along 102, and some slight pelvic tenderness. She seems to be cheerful, and I hope the case will blow over without any serious results. I can't understand the source of infection. I used sterilized gloves, and there was nothing unusual about the labor.

Yes, I operated on the bone case Saturday. Dr. Red. assisted, while Myrtle McDonald gave the anaesthetic. Everything went off ok; the operation did not take half an hour. I had been up the night before, and Saturday night the patient began to bleed, and I had to go and attend to her. It was not until 1:30 A.M. that I got to bed. The patient vomited a good deal from the anaesthetic for about 18 hours, but is now doing very nicely, and I look for good results from the operation.

Your suggestion in regard to waiting for the war to end before we marry does not meet with my approval. I did not begin the war, hence I shall not allow the war to interfere with my plans any more than I can help. If the war ends before Sept. or Oct., then we may marry after the war. Otherwise, hardly. September is late enough - later than it is agreeable.

I did not get to go home Sunday. I had two serious cases on my hands and did not feel like I could leave town and go to a place that has no phone connection with El Campo.

I hope the man from whom I rented the house will not change his mind. I am getting to like the house pretty well - it certainly has some fine flowers and roses in the yard. I shall take a picture of it some day and send to you. Some of my friends are getting to be quite anxious to see you. Willis told me the other day "Kopecky, I hope I'll like your wife; you will have to excuse my being personal, but I like you very much, and I hope I'll like her, too." I assured him that both he and Mrs Willis would be crazy about you. And they will.

I feel like I can take a deep breath and write you a few lines. I have had several things to bother me, but right now I feel like I have a clean slate once more and can afford a good night's sleep - provided I don't get a call.

My puerperal infection case has been causing me more anxiety than anything else lately. Yesterday I almost decided she would have to be taken to the hospital.

Yesterday I got a case of appendical abscess and took it to Wharton to the hospital. It was a boy about 10 years old, the older brother of my nephritis case of last fall. This morning when I woke up, I found it raining; I was so glad to see it rain, I did not mind it a bit that I could not go to Wharton in a car and would have to take the train. I got to Wharton at 11 A.M. and operated on the boy. The abscess was well walled off, and the boy's chance for recovery is very good, I think.

I came home at 2 P.M. and after attending to my town cases went over to see Mrs. Puerperal infection. She is very much improved - out of danger, I am hoping. I felt good over it, you can guess. I came home and bit into supper with an appetite - this was my first meal today.

Monday afternoon I got an anonymous telegram from Houston saying there would be an old friend on the night train. After trying to figure out who it might be, I gave it up. When the train got in, I went over and looked all thru the train, but saw no one that looked familiar. Just as I was getting ready to leave, I saw who had been watching me all the while, stepped up and began to laugh. It took me some time to recognise him. He was my friend and classmate when I went to the public school; I have not seen him for about 13 years. Before I was seventeen, he and I went off to school two summers, and each time roomed together. He is married now, has four children and lives in West Texas. He is a brother of the doctor at Nada, 21 miles from here; we drove over to Nada soon after he got off the train, and stayed all night. It sounds foolish, but we sat up till 4 in the morning, talking. He came back here with me and then left on the noon train.

The man happens to live in the town where my brother Cyril is principal of a school. He reports that Cyril is hopelessly in love with one of his teachers and likely will be married soon. That's about the third "hopeless" case he has had in the last 8 months. The way he and John fall out and fall in love makes me tired. They can be dead in love with half a dozen girls in one year, and after that year is over with, they can have a corresponding number of falls with another set of girls. Jerome and myself, fortunately, do not seem to be thusly afflicted.

Every few days I get "mad" because September is still so far away. If nothing picks up in the war line, September will be here by and by maybe. I am glad you find the linen so nice. Look out for your eyes and avoid glasses, if you can. They are a nuisance.

Yes, my puerperal infection case seems to be straight at last. The people are not any too well off, and I shall have to charge only my regular labor case fee; it is some satisfaction, however, to know that all is okay.

My appendectomy case is getting along all right. I went to see him yesterday. I think he can be moved to El Campo Sunday, and then I will look after him here till he gets well. Yes, they are well enough off to be able to pay me a regular appendectomy fee. My burn case does not seem to be healing at all. It will soon be two months old. Third degree burns are very troublesome affairs - here's hoping I will not have many of them in my career. I may finally have to send this case to Galveston for skin grafting.

I went out on a call last night at 2 A.M. I have not been getting up much at night lately. I must be getting out of practice for when I get to bed again; it takes me a long time to go to sleep again.

I suppose you are off your case by now and having a good time - working. How is your hopeless chest coming along?"...

Chapter 64 - Diverted Attention

"You are having a drought down there. Wish you could have shared our rainstorm of a few nights ago. I don't know how much they need rain at Graham, the folks haven't said lately. Usually if it rains in Young Co. no other place will suffer for rain for that's the driest country east of the Rocky Mountains.

At last we are in the war of the world. I'm not very happy and somehow I can't be very enthusiastic about it. Joe, are you going? You never say a word about it. If you go, let me go as a R. C. N. in your division...

After breakfast: The sun is shining brightly, yet the air is very cool - cool enough for a coat. When I was small I always wanted Easter Sunday to be warm so that I could wear my new dress without my sleeved underwear. We always had Easter exercises at the church and I always had a speech, song or something. Once I remember that my big sister worked all day Saturday making me a white dress for the occasion. That night a blue norther blew up and they made me wear a winter dress. I cried and cried, and didn't enjoy the day one bit. Aren't little girls vain?

I hear the newsboy screaming "extra all about the war" - guess we've captured some more boats. Wish I were in Galveston now maybe I could have the opportunity of seeing a ship sunk or some thrilling happening. A norther!?! Its getting cold too. Guess I'll get the oil stove - the one you and I used to burn in here. Best Easter Wishes...

I'm all alone with the exception of Paddie who is asleep. His mother and father went out to see their shade trees out on the interurban. The boy was asleep, so I insisted on their leaving him. I couldn't make myself believe that I'd enjoy the trip very much...

My eyes hurt because I've been reading while lying down and because I crocheted too long yesterday. I have one and one half doilies done for a lunch set that I'm making for our little home - that will never be I suppose. Cause you'll go to war and I'll become a sour old maid in the meantime. Then when you come back you will not care very much for me... Baby boy is awake. His mother came in time to relieve me of the trouble of entertaining him. I'll not have to tell rabbit stories about candy balls and kittens.

I've been trying to play a few ditties on the piano. 'Twas dreadful music that I made, even your photograph looked thoroughly disgusted. Wish I could play, sing, plough, or something. Watson is taking music lessons. She also says she'll send me all her good cooking recipes, and wants mine in return. Do you suppose she wants mine to cook for some cats that she wants to kill? Believe I'll make up some silly recipes and send them to her.

It looks as if we will have conscription yet. After reading the evening paper I felt a little discouraged, but this morning I can't be bothered. Here's hoping for the better, but if the worst comes let it come. You are too young; if you were 40 instead of 30 years old they wouldn't want you - nor would I.

I went to town yesterday morning and did a little shopping at "Woolies." I got the sweetest set of tea napkins at a Jew store. I got them for my hopeless box. Had to send \$5 more on my linen order on account of the rise in prices since the catalogue was issued. It made me very angry.

My suit is green - I can hear you laughing at me - not apple green, emerald green, or olive green - it's just green. A subdued shade, yet very cool looking and pretty. I'd send a bit of the sample but it's at the store. The suit is still being made in Chicago. It's trimmed in white silk. I mean to wear white shoes and hat with it. People up here wear coat suits all summer long. I think they are silly.

When I came home my sister had a cold about like that one she had when you were here and of course I took it. My eyes and nose have been my chief worries ever since Monday. This is two colds I've had since I came to Cleburne and everybody else here seems to have colds continuously - all of which leads me think Cleburne is an unhealthy burg.

I bet you felt funny when you saw Dr. R. coming, or maybe he felt funny when he saw you there. Maybe you regard the old man with too much suspicion - maybe you have converted him.

Sister's art teacher brought three of her pictures here for me to see - and buy, she hoped. Two of them were beautiful but I didn't bite. She had another one, but I didn't care for it much. The title was "A Message from the Front" - the soldier boy who was ready to go was looking very pale and statue-like, and his wife who had finished reading the message was smelling of her handkerchief. This old maid can paint beautiful pictures, yet to look at her, one would never think so, for she certainly does not spend any of her artistic efforts on her own appearance. Sister is out working in her flowers, she let me have the job of hoeing the garden and I'm delighted for I think it would be good exercise.

... I went to a picture show. Mary Pickford in "Less Than The Dust" - which was very good. Shows and church make me miss you more... - About 8 A.M. the next door neighbour aroused me from my slumbers, which the hard rain during the night didn't do, and told me that I was wanted at the telephone. 'Twas my obst. patient. I ate my breakfast, and got ready in 3/4 of an hour then they came for me. At last, it's over. The little lady made her appearance at 11:00 P.M., just did miss the 13th. Both mother and baby are doing well. The baby is very good and promises to be a sweet loveable baby. The nurse is feeling punk...

I've been having an easy time today. The patient's mother is here and there's a housekeeper also, so I've nothing to do but look after my patients. Everything about the house is very up to date and convenient, and all the family very pleasant - even baby is a well behaved chap. We have agreed to make a scientific baby of her. Her name is Helen; she has blue eyes and black hair. I knew that you'd be interested about her appearance. There's one advantage that breech presentations have over the others - the baby's head is perfect. Her leg was bent quite a bit, but seems to be getting back to normal.

Mother, baby, and nurse had a restful night. Baby awoke three times only. This household slept till 8 o'clock. 'Twas a good thing I suppose, for my patient has suffered discomfort nearly all day from haemorrhoids - poor little woman; she has much to try her patience. Finally we got her relieved. If I could have patients as good as she is I'd cultivate - or revive a fondness for the profession. I meant to go home today, but since she didn't feel so spry I decided to stay.

She and her mother know some beautiful crochet patterns, which they are going to teach me to do. My fancywork has been on a lull for the past three days. As soon as she gets better I will have time to crochet, and write to you...

My address is 1002 N. Main. I forgot to tell you in both my letters. This is an early hour to be up; I could be sleeping, but if I go back to sleep I'll sleep too late. The patient kept me awake more than usual last night.

Are you glad that you're no in New York now, or would you enjoy the excitement? I'm glad you're not. Don't you let the Mexicans get you. The housekeeper here, who is about as peculiar in her expressions as Bing Steger, and as droll as Mitch, says she wants to get as near the centre of the U. S. - as she can get so they can't get her from either side. She reads war news like a preacher reads his bible.

I might take more interest in it, if there weren't other things to divert my attention - little complications like retention of urine, haemorrhoids, gorged breasts, upset nerves etc. etc.

Annie phoned me that my linen had come - said it was beautiful. I'm just crazy to begin embroidering "K's" on it.

Last night was the climax. I thought that the patient would go to pieces and drive me to distraction. She suffered intensely with pain in the bladder yet would not consent to be catheterised. Finally I convinced her - and her mother - that the small amount of urine voided wasn't sufficient, and prepared the catheter. Only 3.0 oz as a result. They were agreeably surprised that there was not pain accompanying the operation. One half hour later I asked her how she felt - she answered "Like Heaven." Then I

slept. Today the stitches were removed and she has been comfortable ever after. This is the first time she's been free of pain since I've been here.

I am really truly sorry that you are so unfortunate as to have that puerperal infection to befall one of your patients. Here's hoping that it was a false alarm. It certainly is "gehenia" whatever that means. I never feel at ease when nursing obst cases for fear something goes wrong. Wish I'd never heard of one of the many complications then I'd at least enjoy peace of mind. Sterile gloves, the deuce! I haven't seen or heard of a doctors using gloves in a case like that since I've been out of training. Isn't that risking a great deal? Now, I'll give you back your advice - Don't worry over your patient. You've done all you could and you can consciencely feel that you could not avoid the condition. There. I'll congratulate you on your successful operation. You are getting quite chummy with Dr. Redwine, at least professionally so.

Another Sunday passing without my going to church. Pretty soon I'll be a full-fledged heathen. When I go to El Campo to live I'll have forgotten how to behave in church. The Christian preacher, Bre'r Willis, lives across the street from this residence, but the preacher's family's being so close has no effect on my piety.

My eyes hurt like the mischief this afternoon. Do you suppose I need glasses, or am I using them too much trying to crochet? I feel like Satan before breakfast - and I look a little worse. I don't care if I don't look nice; I never get to see any one 'cepting sick folks, who never notice how one looks and I never get to go anywhere. Makes me so mad. Why couldn't I have been one of those fortunate people who have everything going their way?

How is your obst patient? I trust that she's better. My patient is doing nicely. The baby is very good. I dressed her in pretty clothes today, thinking maybe some of the neighbours would come to see her. Not one, so far. If I had put on a little old tacky dress, she would have had many visitors. She's a popular little lady, the gifts have poured in all week, and yesterday her great uncle in Chicago gave her a thousand dollar bank stock.

My thumb is sore and I can't write very good. The flour bin in the kitchen cabinet fell on it. Today is a real summer day - makes me want to go fishing....

My patient is doing well now. I dolled her up this morning and took her to the living room where she played for me on the piano. She plays anything that she has ever heard which makes it very enjoyable for the listeners. I get lots of pleasure fixing her meals because she enjoys everything; the last thing she has to eat is always better than the preceding one. I suppose I'll be leaving here about Thursday.

Don't you get tired of your work sometimes? You need a vacation this summer; are you going to take one? When I take charge of you I'm going to take you away from your work and make you rest every summer. Then the other doctors will have a chance. The good-for-nothing cheap frauds, why will they work so cheap, when they could ask more? I suppose their conscience would hurt them since they realise they are worth so little...

All day, sister and I have stayed in the house sewing and crocheting until I got so fidgety that I felt like screaming. Finally we came out in the yard where I found a hoe which I put to good use for awhile. The few rose bushes are in full bloom. I threaten to pull every one of the roses. I'm crazy about flower gardens. When we have our own home we'll have a rose garden, a pansy bed, a violet bed, and a hedge of sweet peas. Please don't let that man change his mind about the house.

Too dark out here - very hot in the house. Well I should say hot! Are people planting gardens and food products on all spare ground down there. They are doing that way here - scared that they are going to starve if they don't.

O this hot room gives me the jim-jams. I'll go and sit in the swing - come and sit with me. I'll play like you are there.

The rain ran me in. It's not raining just pouring. All the dust will be settled again. How delightful - I fear the streets will be too muddy for me to go to town in the morning.

8 A.M. Saturday: The rain was a good one; every plant and tree has taken a new start this morning. It is still cloudy. I'm hoping that the sun will shine so that I can wash my hair. I slept on the back porch last night. 'Twas fun to see the rain pouring down and be where it couldn't get me wet. I didn't know when it quit raining.

I might go to Fort Worth next week if I'm still idle. One of the cousins has come home from California."....

Chapter 65 - Dr. Gray

"Yesterday was one more of those lonesome Sundays. There are so many things we could do if you were here on Sunday, that I can't help thinking of them, and the more I think of them the lonelier I feel. I stood it till 4 P.M. and then decided to go home. Only Mother and Libuca were at home. I stayed for supper and then came back here.

I have been fairly busy this morning. All my cases are doing reasonably well. My burn case is still about the same. I'll sure feel relieved when the case is off my hands. No chance of it getting off my hands for the next two months, though.

I examined and recommended another man for the marines this morning. This makes 8 for our burg so far. There is quite a flutter here about the conscripting of men for service.

I really haven't much to write, usually, I have to write my letters to you so hastily that I cannot think - it seems to me that I write to you by snatches. Sometimes I get so all-fired lonesome for you, Sunday was such a day. Now I see from your letter that you felt about it last Sunday about the way I did, it seems to be somewhat amusing; one of us way up there and another way down here moping around and feeling like we could eat worms or whip the German army.

Yes, conscription bill passed; now I would like to know what that will mean. So far, the measure is not clearly defined. Did I tell you I got papers from Washington about ten days ago regarding service in the army? They wanted me to apply for commission in the medical corps. I put the blanks into my table drawer to rest until I am worse needed than I am now. So far, I see no prospect for any active service, and I would not be content just to land out in a camp somewhere on the Mexican border.

The phone's ringing and wants me to "come right away!" Wish they were so prompt in paying up as they are in demanding your services...

Houston - May 3, 1917- I came down to see about an operative patient I sent down yesterday. I came into his room, but he is not here, so I'll use some of his stationary while I am waiting. I am at Northworthy's Hospital.

The case is inguinal hernia. He is a Mason and a friend of mine and I came down to be at the operation as a favour to him. I thought the operation would be pulled off about 2 P.M. and I could take the next train back, but now the nurse in the office (an ugly one) says it is to be about 4 P.M. That means I will either have to leave before the operation takes place or else stay till tomorrow. I think I prefer the former...

After writing you a letter from Houston I brought it to El Campo in my pocket. I was disgusted with myself, and therefore do not blame you. After writing it I got to talking to my friend, put the letter in my pocket, and never thought of it until that night when I was aboard the train.

I did not stay for the operation. I became a little bit disgusted because Dr. Nortworthy put the operation for so late an hour. I got back to town at 8:15 P.M., and after attending to some routine business, decided to go to bed at 10 P.M. Before I got to sleep, the phone rang and I had to go 10 miles out in the country to see a man with measles and a very bad cough. It was 12:30 A.M. when I got in. I tried to make it up this morning by sleeping late, but the phone would ring every few minutes, so I decided I might as well get up and stay up.

I know my letters are rather brief, but this is usually due to my not having much time, or else not feeling like writing on account of sleepiness or because I can't keep thinking about some crazy case. For the past three weeks I have had several such cases; the burn case, the puerpera and the puerpera's misfed child etc.

Dr. Gray has been out of town for some time; I believe he is trying to get into the army. He has been doing very little in practice lately, so he might as well go....

I have a good deal to do, but it can wait a moment; I'll just have to write you a few lines.

Business began to pick up last Friday. In the afternoon I had a call to Louise and found a young man with colic on account of stone in the ureter. It wasn't very hard to make a diagnosis. I gave him a hypo of morphine sulph. And left a few tabs to be given him.

That night I had a call to Blue Creek, 7 miles from here to see a woman in labor. The patient belonged to the po' white trash class. To my consternation I found a transverse presentation, membranes ruptured, arm down in the vagina, uterus in tetanic contraction - a neglected transverse presentation. Now the textbook says that at this stage you must not attempt version, as you would have ruptured the uterus. I knew I would have to have help, so I started back to town. I left the house overheated and sweating; on my way I met a storm from the north and got wet and completely chilled. When I got to town, I called up Red and told her to get ready. I went home and changed my clothes and hired a buggy. We got to the place about 1:30 A.M. I had Red put the woman to sleep and then tried to change the position with one hand outside and one in the uterus. After about an hour of the hardest work I have done for a long time, I succeeded in changing the presentation to a face present. Without rupturing the uterus. Then we waited till 8 A.M. for the woman to recover and start pains. She wouldn't have any pains, so I had to start her by cautious doses of pituitrin. Face presentation and dry labors don't go fast, so it was 3 P.M.

by the time everything was over with. The child was stillborn. I came to town all played out and looked after my cases here till about 9 P.M. I went to bed then and never got out, until 11 A.M. the next day. I then attended to my calls; went to see my ureter stone boy, who was about the same. I had an awful cold, and my neck about the same. I had an awful cold, and my neck developed a beautiful boil, the same old place.

Yesterday morning I had a bunch of calls before I got out of bed, among them a call to Pierce to see about an eclampsia case. The transverse case's house was the dirtiest I have ever been to until I got to Mrs. Eclampsia's. It was awful. The woman had about a dozen convulsions before I got in, tongue all chewed up, unconscious, bloated, bloody foam all over the face. Three neighbour women came over from curiosity and from a desire to assist. I examined the patient - os not dilated, no labor pains. As soon as I started manual dilations of the os, the woman went into a convulsion. I started to give her ether. One of the women watched me, I said "You come here and do this." She gasped "I?" I said "Yes, you; I'll watch you and tell you how." While she kept the patient under, I started a dilation of the cervix, and labor pains. After three hours we delivered the patient of a living child. Patient still kept having convulsions. I filled her on bromides, left instructions, and got to town at 3 P.M. In the meantime Mrs. Trans. Present's people had rung for me about a dozen times. Puerperal septicaemia, was my guess. So I hurried there as fast as I could go. I found the patient with normal pulse, good appetite, temp 98 degrees, and entertaining company. They had noticed that she passed two pieces of membrane about half the size of a dime, did not know what it was, and called me out 7 miles - to tell them. I have sworn more profusely during the last week than for month's previously. You must have felt quite bad since we have become engaged, (Yes, we are - it doesn't make any difference that I never proposed to you) because you would have no bad habits in me to reform. Well, cheer up. There will be something to do.

As soon as I got back to town, I found out that Mrs. Eclampsia was still raising h___ I mean, having convulsions, and for me to come on out. By the time I got there, she quit having them, and showed some signs of consciousness. At 9:30 P.M. I had to go on a call close to Taiton and got to bed by 11:30 P.M.

Today I went home and did some little work here in town. Mrs Eclampsia is conscious now, but still quite dropsical. Ureteral stone is better. I have an operation at Wharton tomorrow...

The lull has come once more; there are no more night cases and I have caught up with my sleep and am getting nervous because I have nothing to do.

Dr. Gray has been away for about two weeks. He returned yesterday. For a while we thought maybe he would get into the army, but

he seems to think El Campo is a lot safer, even if it isn't quite as remunerative.

I had a summons this afternoon to appear before the grand jury as a witness in a case where a man made an unsuccessful effort to kill his wife. I am afraid my testimony will not be of much value. It always makes me mad to be called on these crazy cases.

Do you remember that soldier that used to come to see me while I was at Galveston? He went insane the other day on account of a girl. He seems to have been writing to this girl for the past 2 years, and once in a while would go to see her. Whether she ever gave him any encouragement or not, I am unable to say. Anyway this morning I received a letter from him saying that he had left the Fort at San Antonio without permission, got him a revolver and went to Galveston with the intention of killing the girl and himself. His plans were frustrated, and he surrendered to the authorities at Fort Crockett and was sent back to S.A. The letter was written from the prison ward for the insane, where, he says, he is now under observation. I received another letter from him at noon. Some parts of his letter are quite rational, while others are less so. I'll write the physician in charge of him for information. I am very sorry to see him in this plight, for he is a useful man.

Received both of your letters - the one you wrote at Midlothian and the one from Ennis. Glad you are having a good time. How long are you going to stay?

Yes, we have had some rain over here, too. Night before last about 9 P.M., while it was pouring down, I was telling my landlady about my experience on a rainy night one night last week. Just then the phone rang, and a scared voice said "come out right away, doc; my wife is very sick." I said "The d___l, a night like this?" He insisted his wife had "fainting spells" and was very sick, so I decided I'd better go. I did not stop to put on chains. It looked like posting through a lake. I had to stop about a mile from the house and walk. When I got there, I found the woman in kind of a semi hysterical condition. Her husband drinks a great deal and she seems to have a great deal of trouble and worry. After a fine exhibition of spirits of Ammoniac aromatic and sedatives for the nerves, she seemed to decide to live.

When I started back, the mud was so deep, I could not start without chains. I had to find a board to put my jack, get down on my knees in the mud and put on chains. I got wet coming home, and finally got to bed about 1 A.M.

The following morning - yesterday morning - I went over to Wharton to appear as a witness before the grand jury. After dinner I did the operation I was to have done on Tuesday but had postponed it on account of the woman's cold. The operation was a rather lengthy one as it

called for amputation of cervix, perineonlophy, appendectomy and ventro-suspension.

I got back to El Campo at 6 P.M. and attended to my regular cases here, then after supper, went out on a call nine miles out in the country and got back 9:30 P.M. After that I would have been glad to go to bed, but our Masonic lodge was entertaining some visitors from Wharton, and by the time we got through it was 12:30 A.M.

.... How is Fred's practice? Mine own has been real good last month and so far this month. The good rain we had last week has made the country look very prosperous - the crops are fine.

Spring was rather late in coming, but it's here at last. I went home yesterday afternoon. When I got to Taiton, I learned that they had some kind of school program. There was a great crowd of people there. All of my folks were there except Amelia. I picked up Jerome and went home. Amelia pretended to be cleaning the house. She had hardly gotten started when an old woman came in to pay her a visit. She tried her best to get rid of her, but had no luck. When we came home, the old woman left. I stayed about half an hour, just long enough to learn the family gossip, and then took Jerome to the schoolhouse and went home.

I believe Dr. Gray has about decided to leave. He seems to want to get even with us by putting another man in his place. The man he had here yesterday was a man from Arkansas, 48 years old, long lank, lean, with a face like a peanut on him. The man has been doing country practice in Arkansas for about 25 years. He came in and spoke to me a while. I told him the facts about the place, and if he follows my advice, he will stay as far away from here as possible. Dr. Gray has practically no practice left, so he (the Arkansas-yer) could not inherit any, and judging by the looks of him, he stands very little show to develop any practice by himself.

There is still a good deal of talk about conscription. I never knew that people were as unwilling to go to war as they are. Mothers seem perfectly overjoyed to know that their sons have some physical defect that will keep them from the army."...

Dr. Joe continues in his letter reassuring Golda that he is more concerned at this stage about them getting married and his practice than joining the army. She seems to worry and get very blue about the rising prices and the war.

Chapter 66 - Patience

"Pattie and I have had a falling out. Pattie went out in the mud then came in the kitchen and poured a pan of water on the floor. When he got through dancing in that water on the floor it looked like a pigpen. I've just finished mopping the floor and naturally am not feeling very kindly toward the kid. Boys are little heathens that's all.

Annie and I are going shopping this afternoon. Saturday night: Tired? O, no! There was a sale on at one of the stores, and we wasted lots of time - I got everything but the things I went for. I also got a little white hat that has a little white feather sticking out over the right eye just right to tickle you on the nose - if you were here. Guess I'll have to tickle some other body's nose until I see you. Tomorrow I'm going to wear this white hat and white shoes with my green suit that has white collar and cuffs. Sister says I look fairly well in the costume.

We had cheese for supper - and I can't forget that we did for some reason - it made me sick. Did I tell you that my patient was half-Italian? Her mother, who was Irish, had learned all the Italian dishes from her husband, and every now and then she would prepare spegetti a la Italian, which always had garlic in large quantities. She made these dishes for my special benefit and of course I'd have to eat of them - they were good while being eaten, but afterwards, I could smell my own breath.

My hopeless box, or my who knows when box, is progressing slowly but surely. Annie is going to scallop a tablecloth and napkins for me. I meant to put "K" in the corner of the napkins but while stamping them, the stampers put a butterfly in the corner. I'll put "K" on the others. O, yes, I ordered 1/2 dozen in the figured damask and today when I counted them there were one dozen. One dozen for \$3.50. I don't think I'll bother to send them back, however. I have the edge of a pillowcase finished in Venetian crochet, shall make the other one, Monday. My patient is going to make me a set of tea napkins. I haven't a dresser scarf or buffet set yet. I fear I shall faint and fall by the wayside ere I finish this task begun.

I went to church this morning. The preacher from Magnolia Christian Church at Fort Worth, president of T.C.U. spoke in behalf of the Christian colleges of Texas. Quite a forceful speaker. He didn't keep me interested enough to forget my hunger, and when I came by the candy kitchen I got some candy, which didn't help the conditions very much. Chicken dressing for dinner finished me nearly. This afternoon the folks persuaded me to go to "grandma's" with them. Finally we got back home - and here I be - writing to you.

"Conscription Bill passed both houses" - I see in the headline. Let's hope they take the idle ones first.

The boy and I went to town after 4 o'clock. I took him with me that his mother might spend a few minutes in peace. He got out and fell in the mud twice this morning. He enjoyed the experience immensely but he didn't like the spankin' - you should see him in his little white suit has sure enough little pants to it. Three or four people told me that I certainly had a healthy good-looking boy. I thought of asking them did they think he favoured his "maw." The little rascal made me take him to a movie. Baby Helen McOskorne was playing in a Cinderella piece, so he did enjoy looking at the pictures. He calls me "Ogie." While I was in a dry goods store he would get over on the opposite side of the room and screech out at me, "Ogie, Ogie!"

This evening after we came home, I went to see my used to be pneumonia patient. She seems to be getting well. No fever, no cough, no pain. She has dismissed the practical nurse now. Her husband and little girl brought me home in the car.

'Twas sweet of you to snatch a few minutes time to write yesterday. The letter broke the monotony of the long day and helped my feelings wonderfully. Your letters are getting alarmingly thin; they need a good tonic to help them get fat. I don't know what to prescribe. Maybe a new girl only could be an incentive.

Don't worry about that burn case; you know you can't make it get well quick. I've seen them lie in the hospital eight months or more before the wounds were healed. If she is still in bed when I go down there I'll worry about her and relieve your mind of the burden. I'm a first class "worrier", as you know.

Today, "Pattie" is two years old. He ate too much ice cream and celebrated tonight by vomiting his supper together with the ice cream. The little kiddie was so pitiful when he'd say "Mama det a paper 'omit." I feel mean for getting him the ice cream from the factory out here, for it isn't very good.

Don't you remember how you used to feel after playing ball the first time for several months? That's how I feel after doing that washing all day yesterday. If you were to be an invalid and I had to make a living by washing clothes I'm afraid I'd let you die of hunger. Pardon me - I've been reading and neglected this letter. Will finish manana...

Yesterday while out in the yard I started a letter to you. It was brought to an untimely end by the youngster, who slapped a little muddy hand on the first page, and said, "Doc." He thinks I'm writing to Joe every time I write. He was so cunning that I didn't care if he did spoil my letter.

I've been reading war news. It looks as if the war is going to mean more than most people are expecting it to. Yes, you told me once before about the application blanks; I'm hoping that it will not be

necessary to take them from the drawer. If I have to send you to war, I can, but O, the difference it will be to me!

Friday morning: I'm sitting by the stove with my coat on and still my fingers are blue. It looks like we are going to have northers all summer. We were planning to have the stove taken out, but I guess it will stay for a few more days.

I was interrupted by an emergency call a few minutes ago. I had to administer first aid to the injured this Sunday morning. Pattie who was playing too rough with the kitten received some deep scratches on his wrist. He hasn't learned yet that he cannot squeeze the breath out of the cat without the cat's retaliating. He's teasing his mother now for a piece of "take" - always wanting to fill his stomach with food that a dago couldn't digest.

Do you think Germany will submit her peace term within 2 weeks time? If she does, they will not be very liberal, I'm betting...

Business seems to be picking up with you. I too am busy - "gadding." Spent the day away from home came back and found your telegram letter. I'm going somewhere to visit a few days. I'll not tell you where and see if you can guess - tickled! I'm overjoyed. I'm so busy collecting stockings, handkerchiefs, etc to take along I can't take any more time to write.

Midlothian R. R. Station - May 10, 1917- While I wait - and I have only two hours to wait - for the H. & T. C. (train) to come along. I'll try to collect my wits enough to write to you. I don't guess I can keep my secret any longer. I'm going to see the Stories. Watt said she would be at the station at 9 o'clock to meet the 11:20 train. She's very prompt isn't she? In one of their letters she said they would meet me in their car at Midlothian, but today Fred has to attend Medical Association at Dallas and Watson couldn't drive so far alone. This morning is like a fall morning - so cold that one actually shivers. I'll not be surprised at all if it is raining before I leave here.

I saw a woman miss her train awhile ago. Her husband was already on and for some reason she was delayed. The train went on and stopped a little while further down the track. The jitney driver told her to get in maybe he could catch it. When she got at the rear end of the train it moved on. She calmed herself and decided to go home and polish her shoes, and catch the 11 o'clock train.

I was interrupted by an old man, who wanted to know if I were going South or North. I told him I didn't know what direction it was to Ennis. He then told me about a murder committed there yesterday and soon drifted on the war question. He said he had seen one war and that was enough for him said he told them he didn't have anything against the Germans enough to go over there to fight them. After giving me his

opinion concerning the war he picked up his grips and went to meet the automobile that was coming to take him to his farm. Said he could be walking out on the road and meet them pretty soon. I wish he had stayed to keep my company. This is a little town and very uninteresting in appearance.

I went to the fortune-teller yesterday. I went by the shop and made Charles take me. 'Twas the last house on the south side of Kingdom-come and when we got there we learned from Mr Fortune teller that Mrs. Fortune teller was out of town. I was tired and disappointed too. I wanted to see if you would have to go to war and if you loved me. Now you had better get to deceiving yourself so that the old lady will not give you away. I've heard wonderful stories concerning her fortune telling and I'm determined to see the creature.

O, patience, I have non! Job didn't have to wait for a train at a country station...

Ennis, Texas - How did you know I was coming to see Watt? Did you guess? They both met me at the station. Dr. Story didn't go to Dallas until today. Yesterday afternoon was rainy and kept me in the house all the time. If it doesn't rain again today Watt and I are going to take the car out - mud or no mud. She is looking so much better than when I saw her last summer. You know I never realised that Ennis was only 50 miles from Cleburne....

I wrote a short letter to you last night but it was such a sad mournful affair that I tore it up this morning. I was blue and apprehensive about the war. Every now and then I hear scary predictions about the sacrifices we will have to make before the war is over - and I can't keep from crying a little. Sometimes I feel like the person who said she never loved a flower that it wasn't blighted.

Today is Mother's Day. A preacher, 70 years old, preached a good sermon tonight - 'twas a tribute to the mothers of the land. I haven't any flowers to send Mother, but I'm going to write her a love letter. I get so homesick for her sometimes. It's time to be sleeping - Good night...

Monday - Nellie (I'm learning to call her Nellie) and I are still waiting for an old colored sister to come and wash the dishes. It's now ten o'clock and no Jane yet. The Negroes had a march yesterday so I suppose the hike was too far for the old soul. I'm going home this evening.

Cleburne - May 15 - I came to Cleburne last night. The Stories had planned to take me in their car to Midlothian, but yesterday morning Watson got a telegram stating that her little brother was sick and for her to come and help nurse him. Fred had to take her to Waxahachie to catch the 9 o'clock train and my train left at 6:30. They were anxious that I get a case there, but Dr. Story says he has nothing except charity cases. He wasn't busy atal while I was there.

I received your two letters when I arrived home. Since you mentioned it, I'll have to admit that you have symptoms of a very bad habit - cussing, I'd call it. I didn't want to fuss at you; but I wondered if you really meant all those blanks you put in your letters. You used to tell me it was useless, unrefined, uncouth, and common, and no matter how much I was worried, no matter how tired I was, I should refrain from using slang cuss words. I might have cultivated a weakness for "dam" and "hell" and "devil" had it not been for you. Don't you think your outbursts of temper are bad enough without the garnishing? If you smoked, I wouldn't be silly enough to try to get you to quit because of me, if you drank I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man left after the war. I'm glad that you are as good as you are, and I love you most awfully much.

Wish someone would get sick, cause I need a case. I'd like to nurse three months without stopping then I'd quit forever, never nurse another day - and then I'd have the mostest fun buying my trousseau and then I'd marry Mr. You and live happy ever after.

You are up to 170 pounds. You're getting to be a giant - 170!?! X n! Your cheeks must look like toy balloons stuck on your glasses. Maybe by the time I arrive at El Campo I'll have reduced quite a bit since food is getting so scarce.

I saw El Campo on the map today - also Louise, Hillije, Prince and all those little villages that you tell about calling on. I'll learn to run your jitney and act as chauffeur on some of these drives, then you can sleep while on the way home - until you're awakened by the car's collision with the wire fence by the roadside...

You seem to have a better practice than Dr. Story. Competition is very keen in Ennis - about 20 doctors counting colored and osteopaths. He has had very few obst. patients. You must have had about 30 by now. How are Mrs. Eclampsia and Mrs. Transverse Presentation? You forgot to report on them in the last letter. Dr. Story's star charities are in town; most of his country practice is among the Bohemian farmers. Sunday, while we were riding we met the entire Catholic Church coming home. When we'd meet a little tow-headed boy by himself Fred would say something that sounded like "Yox imash" and the little boys would grin - one said "Dobra" or sompin...

Thursday Evening - I'm enjoying very poor health this evening, couldn't complain of feeling good this morning. I feel achy and feverish, would take my temp. but it's too much trouble to get the thermometer out of my suitcase. Did you ever have the headache all the length of your spine? I need some aspirin, but to get it would be too much exertion. I'm afflicted like Mr. Jiggs' latest butler.

Good morning - I feel better thank you. The aspirins made my headache hush about 12 and when I woke up this A.M. I felt moist and

much refreshed. I might go on a case today. The doctor phoned me from the country inquiring about me, but I never learned what he wanted. Said he'd see me when he came, and last night at 8 P.M. he was still out there.

Did you ever get your Kipling and O'Henry books? Some of those stories of O'Henry's are interesting aren't they? I'd rather call them amusing. Don't read them all wait till I come and you can read them aloud I think it would be nice to read together. You may read Kipling in the meantime - cause I'm not smart enough to appreciate him. You will enjoy "Cabbages and Kings" - I believe that's the title - because you speak Spanish. O yes you have an engagement with me for a lifetime - to teach me Spanish. I'm going to learn it, too. Maybe I'll learn Bohemian, but I have my serious doubts about it. It sounds very impossible. Bohemians look like they are angry when talking. I listened to a conversation between a man and his wife on the train. They sounded like they were quarrelling, but they'd smile occasionally."....

Chapter 67 - Registration

"I haven't had very much to do last week. Last night I went out here south of town to see a hysterical young woman. She seemed to have grown tired of life and tried to hang herself and then to cry herself to death, but had only indifferent success. Finally the people she worked for called me up. I gave her 1/8 grain apomorphine hypodermically, and her physical distress soon became so strong that she forgot about her other troubles.

Saturday I went out dewberry picking. There are several large dewberry patches around here, but the crop is a bit short on account of the drought. I got some dewberries and no red bugs.

I went to Wharton yesterday afternoon to see about my operative patient. She is doing all right except for an infection of the incision. This seems to be of little importance.

I wish this war proposition was more certain or definite. I hate to think about it, but some days it's rather hard to drive the thought of it away. The way things stand now; nobody seems to know anything for certain. I lack a little more than 3 months being outside of the registration age. Sometimes I almost feel like getting into the regular army and have the surprise over with, but each time, after more mature consideration, I decide I'd better just register when the time comes and wait for developments. I'd hate to have all my plans demoralised all for nothing. If I get out of here for a few weeks, I'll find 2 to 3 men in my place when I get back. There were three of them through here just looking for location. I hate the suspense and uncertainty, but after all, I guess I'd better pursue the policy of watchful waiting.

The house will look rather lonesome now. The three teachers leave today, the telegraph operator leaves Thursday, and the milliner on the 1st. That will leave just Schering and me on the place.

I did not go home yesterday. I will have to go over Wednesday to vaccinate some cattle against charbon, some forty head, and I thought I might as well wait till then...

I left fairly early in the morning to go to Taiton and got back about 3 P.M. Amelia went with me and selected her furniture. She will get married the first week in June.

After supper, she and I went out driving. We got in at 9 P.M. and then I had to go out on a call about seven miles from here. It was 11:30 by the time I got to bed. I went out at 1:30 A.M. to see a woman with "haemorrhages" and got back to bed at 3:30 A.M. I slept till 9:30 this morning. After we get married, you will learn that after I have been out most of the night, I do not get up for breakfast, unless I have a call before breakfast time.

Yes, Dr. Gray is too lazy to get into the army; he is afraid he might be made to work. That would never do for him. He has to loaf around and tell his dirty yarns.

What would I be - sorry, mad, or glad - if you wanted to break our engagement? Well, I would be unreasonable enough to demand a reason for your wanting to do so, and what I would feel like or act like would depend on what your answer to my question would be. Why, are you thinking of doing so? Yes, Ja vas marn rada is right"...

Golda has several times wondered what it would be like if she is ill most of the time and what it would be like if her feet hurt so much that she is unable to walk without pain. She sometimes fears that this may happen and it would be unfair on Dr. Joe to burden him with such a wife. During these times when she feels blue, she tries to feel out how he feels and what he wants. He continues in his letter to her.

"I have been thinking more on the subject now that the registration date draws near. Sometimes I can hardly go to sleep. Last night was one of the times. It's a regular torture to be suspended between two opinions like this. I hate war or even the idea of war; I also hate a slacker. It is impossible to tell how much Uncle Sam needs me - it is more than likely that if I got into the army, I would not be doing even as much as I am doing now.

My plans have grown dear to me - how much so, it is not necessary to tell you; I know, now that they are in danger, you feel about it just as I do. In case I do go, I would prefer to marry you first. I know it would not be exactly just to you, but I want you to think it over. In the meantime, I believe I will just let things slide along and wait. Enough of this subject for the present.

They have organised a First Aid Society here. I am to lecture to them once a week. Everything is fairly quiet now.

In the meantime, you might as well go ahead with your trousseau; the reviewing will wait, and it would be too bad to review for State Board and then have no use for it, i.e. not have to take the State Board exam.

We had some bad news yesterday. I believe I told you that my landlord's only son went to war about 3 weeks ago. Yesterday they got a telegram saying that he was very critically sick with meningitis, and about two hours later another saying he was dead. He was the only son - an adopted son - they had, and as you could well imagine, the old folks are all torn up about it. He was about seventeen, and left high school to enlist. The old people's plans centred about him; they have no one left now, and it seems like there is no further purpose to their lives. The body will be sent here and will get here about Wednesday.

That "dress I never saw" has figured so much in our correspondence; it would almost make a good subject and material for a romantic short story. When you get - whatever annex you are working on now - finished, I may come up to see the dress. Of course, I would not care to see you; it's just the dress. But lest you try to turn the joke, I hereby specify that the dress must be on you when I see it ---- Really, it is about time we'd see each other again, no te parece, querida mia? Are you coming down to see me, or will I come to see you?

It seems an age since I have heard from you. Of course, I enjoyed babe's letter that you sent here for me to pass on - hope she enjoyed mine - but really I would have preferred to have mine.

Today is Memorial Day. Nearly all the stores in town will be closed this afternoon to observe the day and to attend the funeral services of Jimmy Truitt whose body got here yesterday at noon.

I had a telegram from Uloster this morning that Ludma would be here on tonight's train; the train gets in about 8:20 P.M. I think I shall take her right on home.

John and Jerome were here yesterday. John came through on his way to see about some land on the south side of town. He seems to have a mania for investigating farms for sale. He never buys one; he just seems to want to know what the owner wants for the farm.

Had a labor case yesterday. I am to do a circumcision this afternoon - if I can find a nurse to give the anaesthetic. Myrtle has a case over at Wharton, and Red is attending to my labor case of yesterday.

I hope the second batch of cape jessamines came in in a better condition than the first did, though I know it got there a little too late for your birthday. After I sent the first ones, Mrs. Wheeler, the florist here, told me how to send them. Mrs. Truitt has two large bushes in her yard. If those I sent you came in good condition, and if you have none where you live, I'll send you some more some day. I did not think of your birthday until at the eleventh hour. I have been rather busy in attending to the details of the funeral of "our Jimmy." Several of us men here in town took it upon ourselves to make the funeral something of a demonstration, and with success. The funeral procession was over two miles long, and everything came off in excellent order.

Ludma came in last night. The past session was her first time away from home; she certainly seemed to be glad to get back. I took her out to Taiton, and after we got there, we talked so long, it was nearly 1 A.M. when I got back home.

About 3 A.M. my phone rang. A crazy galoot about 3 miles out of town said his wife was very sick and wanted me to "come right out, quick." I happened to know that he has been having Harper and Gray on

the case; as you will recall, I am about tired of these cases that fool with some other Dr. and when they are about to "cash in" call me, so I informed the man it was not my case and refused to come. I went to sleep promptly. About five A.M. the phone rang again and the man told me Dr. Gray was out there and wanted me to help him. So I decided I'd come. I rolled over on my bed and went to sleep some more. I woke up about six and went out in a hurry. When I got there I found a woman nearly dead from uterine haemorrhage. Gray had gone; he told the people he could not take the case, anyway, as he was going to war. The woman has had haemorrhages at intervals for the past few months and has been to see about 1/2 dozen doctors, every one of whom told her she was "passing through change of life." Gray told her he thought she had cancer. Exam. showed she had cancer too far advanced for operation. I don't think she will live long.

No te parece? Means "doesn't it seem to you?", or don't you think so? Querida mia means - I told you once upon a time what that means. See if you can't guess.

Did I read the letter to Babe? Well, I guess I did! How else could I put my stamp of approval on it, or what else did you send it to me for?....

It seems about a month since I heard from you. I thought I would get a letter today sure, but was doomed to disappointment.

Today I am my own boss, but tomorrow I will have to register, and after that Uncle Sammy will be my boss. I think registration will go through at this place without any trouble or interference.

I went home yesterday; got there in time for dinner. After dinner, mother came back here with me and stayed for a few hours. John came through here later in the afternoon and took her away.

We had some kind of a patriotic demonstration here yesterday afternoon, but I did not participate. It was too hot to get out, and I thought it would be nicer to stay at the house. I prefer to show my patriotism in some other way. This flag and brass band stuff doesn't go very strong with me. I notice that those men that clamoured for war so loudly before war was declared are now not hurting themselves hurrying to get into the army. Also, because a man's car is all draped in red, white, and blue, that's no sign that the man inside of it would not cross over to Mexico on registration day when drafting comes along.

Another of my sisters - the only one away from home now - is coming home tomorrow. I think I will have to take her home. Cyril is also coming sometimes this week...

I have had my sleep broken into every night for the past few nights, so it won't be necessary for me to use higher mathematics to figure out how you feel these mornings. I have one ounce of annoyance that you

do not have to put up with. If I lose sleep during the night, it is practically impossible to make it up next morning. That cussed phone will ring every time I fall asleep. I felt like kicking it off the wall this morning.

John was up in Fayette last week and brought one of our aunts with him. I haven't seen her for 13 years, so I went home Friday night to see her. I came in about midnight and had to go out to see baby that was having "fever and looked like it might have spasms." It took till 2 A.M. to put the baby beyond the pale of spasms. This is the good old summer time - the time for babies to fill up on all forms of indigestible stuff and get intestinal troubles; the time for doctors to sit up nights with the aforesaid babies, trying to keep them from shuffling off their mortal coils and passing over to the land where green bananas flourish not.

Saturday was a pretty busy day. Some more babies with bad tummies; in the surgical line, a Negro boy with a "haid burst wide open by a mule kicking him"; a Negro girl's head busted wide open with a live-oak fence rail - the rail being operated with skill by another Negro girl; a submaxillary abscess.

Yesterday, Sunday, I was fairly busy till 11 A.M. then my prospective brother-in-law came in from Refugio Co. and I took him home. I stayed at home for dinner and got back here by 4:30 P.M. by that time several more babies had eaten green bananas, shinola, etc. and I was kept busy. In the surgical line, I circumcised a boy and sewed up a baseball player lacerated by his opponent's spike. At 10 P.M. I went out to see an 8-week baby who didn't have any better sense than to object to a diet of straight cow's milk from a cow fed on weeds, niggerheads, and cockleburrs. At 12 midnight I went to see a baby that thought green tomatoes would make a choice article of diet.

Later: I came near poisoning that child yesterday. I had some powder made for her with grl Dovers powder in each. I meant for her to take about four powders. The mother kept on shooting them to her until she got six of them - 1/2-gr. opium in 12 hours. About that time the mother thought she had better phone me that the child was very drowsy. Drowsy; I guess so!

When you get off your case. I believe I'll make an attempt to see you." ...

Chapter 68 - Hard Luck

"You lucky man! You get to go home often. I haven't seen my mother since February. I'm glad you have the opportunity of getting to see your mother occasionally, and I know she is glad. Does she want her Joe, and John and Jerome etc to go in the army? I'll bet she had rather you were bow-legged and cross-eyed. In today's paper I see that June 5th is registration day. My two brothers are over thirty-one and married also.

There's a dark cloud rising in the west. We need a good rain to settle this dusty dust. Too dark for me to see out here, guess I'll move into the house. The new Yale theatre opened last night. It seats 1300 people. All these seats were occupied and many went away because they couldn't get seats. We went. The pictures were good: Marguerite Clark, in one, Chas Chaplin in the other. Pattie enjoyed Chaplin as much as a two-year-old. When Chaplin would pull off his funny stunts Pattie would scream with laughter. There's a chautauqua to be here June 2nd. If I'm still idle I'll attend some of the numbers.

My patient went to heaven and I'm still among the unemployed. Guess I can hem table linen etc.

Why Didn't Dr. Gray join the army? Was he too lazy? I wanted him to go from El Campo so you wouldn't feel it your duty to go. You shouldn't care if Dr. Greyhound does locate there - then you'll not be hampered with competition. I wish you'd get busy again. I like to read your fat letters telling of your thrilling experiences. Of course I don't want you to work too hard.

We had a fine rain last night. I sleep on the back porch on a cot. When it began to rain Annie came and woke me so that I'd come inside, but I enjoy hearing the rainfall. There happened to be a leak in the roof even with my pillow and I had to get a parasol to keep the water off. The folks think I'll die if I continue sleeping out in such weather.

Sunday Evening - I'm weary of this long day. Will it never end? I'm going to powder my nose and go somewhere I don't know where. If you ever go away and leave me alone all day Sunday I'll greet you with the rolling pin; the one that you intended to lock up and take the key with you.

This town is so very dull, no business, no excitement, not even sickness. All one can hear is hard times, and war. Makes me wish I had lived one hundred years before now.

You have a pretty hard problem to solve. For some time I've been trying to think what would be best for you to do. I don't want you to act in haste and join the army unnecessarily, and yet I don't want you to be conscripted. If you think it best to enlist, go ahead, don't let your plans hinder you. One's plans are never realised fully anyway; if so all the world

would be happy. I hope you haven't let my foolish words influence you in hesitating to do what you feel your duty. If so, forget 'em. I'd hate to see you have to go, but if you do - why I'm no better than others who have to make sacrifices. My plans will be altered, also. Instead of making a trousseau I'll begin reviewing to take State Board and become a full-fledged wholehearted nurse. I'll admit that my upper most thoughts and efforts have not been in my work, I've merely used it as a means to bring me nearer to your and my plans for the future. But if Uncle Sam needs you more than I do, I've about made up my mind to make the best of it. So, dismiss me from your plans and consider the army, then see what you prefer doing.

I'm going to spend the day in West Cleburne. The picture of the little house looks very pretty - it's the one you've been telling me about isn't it? I think I'd like to live in it alright. The little car is quite "fetching" also, and I wouldn't mind taking a ride in it.

Is your sister's fiancé within the registration age? If Uncle Sam takes you away from me I'm going to work at Galveston. I wasn't thinking of breaking our engagement, I just wanted to know if you'd care. There are no reasons for my doing so. If you think you'd prefer being a married army surgeon, of course I'll marry you before you go. I didn't think you'd want to be hampered with such a nuisance as a wife, during war times. I can't see that it'd be less just to me than to you. I wouldn't be happy without you anyhow...

What you spose I got? A bunch of cape jassamines! You dear sweet youngun, how come you to know how I love them? The moment I picked up the package I recognised the odour. You must have remembered that tomorrow is my birthday. Thanks beautifully!

I'm called on a case. My patient has erysipelas of the face, nose and throat. The infection started in the larynx. She has been sick one week. They have checked its spreading, however. Her eyelids, throat and nasal cavity, are suppurating. Some case! They are very considerate of my rest. They are going to bring me home every day and come for me in the evening. I'm on night duty now. Look out for a grouchy letter in a few days.

Where in the d___l - excuse the French - did you get that letter you sent me with your stamp of approval thereon? O, Joe, please tell me you didn't read that silly letter. Did you, Hon? I've made a bust somewhere. I wrote a still more silly one to you when I wrote to Babe. How could I have sent her yours? I never could bear for anyone to read a letter I had written to another person. Did you think I was calling you "Babe"? Some pet name. Babe will laugh at me always for that silly babyish gushy letter I wrote to you.

I haven't failed to appreciate your letters while I've been too busy to write. I don't have any spare time on duty and I feel too rotten when off.

There is no other nurse so the husband and his sister relieve me. I didn't get away till 10 this morning. Grouchy is my middle name!

There's a cousin of ours from Sweetwater in the adjoining room. I haven't seen her yet. I told Annie to tell her I was asleep. I don't feel like making favourable impressions on strange relations.

The Chautauqua begins tomorrow. I'm not sorry that I didn't get a ticket. Annie means to attend a few numbers, but I'll venture to say that one or two walks out to the High School will convince her that she got her money's worth.

I get a ride in a surrey twice daily. Hate to come back in the morning because I look like a witch. O, this series of things called life! I don't like to be idle and I don't like to work. During these long hours of the night I try to get a little cheerfulness into my despondent mind by thinking of you. I console myself by thinking this time next year will find me with no more hours on duty and the privileges of doing about what I please.

Yes, I've been reading about "Charlie" and the University. Isn't he an impudent crook? It's a disgrace to Texas to have such a governor. This excuse for disliking Vincus is about the weakest thing imaginable...

I wish my patient would hurry and get well. To add to her misery now boils are appearing all over her scalp. The glands of the neck are getting back to normal slowly however. Her eyelids are still suppurating. Her face has a frightful appearance. Her little 4-year-old son will not venture near the door for fear he will see her. She had her husband get her the mirror and when she saw her reflection she asked him if he could ever love her again. He is very kind and devoted to her now. Her mother, a cynical, grouchy, spiteful old woman is there. She is so quarrelsome that she's quite amusing. She's the only person outside of stage land that keeps up an exaggerated grouch continuously. She's a twin sister to the old woman who went about cheering up people by telling them they looked very much worse than the last time she saw them.

The patient rested as much as I expected her to, I got to lie down at times, but I hadn't planned to have a sore throat so I didn't sleep any. I feel like I have tonsillitis and I can't keep from wondering if the infection is from this case. I feel like I'd like to have you come by and paint it with iodine this morning as you used to do in W.H.

Today is the 6th - please tell them that you have fits and have a wife and fifteen children to support. You might look a wee bit cross-eyed, and bow your legs....

For the past two days and nights I've suffered agony from tonsillitis. I stayed on duty by taking lots of aspirin and gargling faithfully. It's a trial to be trying to relieve another's suffering when one's own bones

are aching to beat the band. I went home yesterday not expecting to be able to return on duty but a hot bath and liberal doses of aspirin helped me a great deal. I'm feeling so much better today; I can swallow better and can turn my head without any pain in my neck except the back of it.

Well, if Uncle Sam is your boss, you're not alone. How does it seem to be subject to someone's power, and to be unable to direct your own undertakings? I'm still hoping that we will not have to send many to war. They say they have sunk a sub. Good work!

I'm so angry because I'm not going to get to go to Annie's today. The old sister who relieves me during the day has been trying to have erysipelas in her toe that she might get a chance to attend the chautauqua this week. I'm tired and sick of my job, and penitent for the way I've neglected you. My patient is quite ill tonight and I will not be able to rest very much.

I got your letter at sister's last Saturday and never got a chance to go back till Wednesday afternoon. I've neglected writing to you mostly because I've been busy, sick, and overworked. At night, the only spare moments I have, I am obliged to sleep a wink or two so that I can last during the long tiresome day. The sister-in-law who used to relieve me took a cold after her toe recovered from its illness, and has not been able to come back any more. She stayed here Saturday while I went home - when I came back patient's temperature was 103.5 and she was all upset - said the woman was too busy, making socks for the soldiers and doing red cross work to try to relieve her in any way. Made me so mad I wanted to say Red Cross H____. My patient is so deluded that she thinks no one can administer to her needs as I do. Therefore I don't get away very much. Her throat is giving her more trouble. Sub. Max. and sub. ling. glands swollen very much, a boil on the cheek, eyelids still discharging pus. Lordy, when will she get well? Please write me something to do as I get impatient with this pokey doctor. He orders old antiphlogestins plasters. She gets tired of them and I take them off and use formentations to rest her. I have "compressed" eyes till I'm sick of eyes. She's now sleeping from the effects of a prescription capsule. I'm hurriedly taking advantage of the spare moments. She told me last night that I certainly had chosen the right "calling" and that she could not live without me etc. She says, "Child don't marry, keep up your work. Married life is a series of troubles." Shall I take her advice? I thought, "Could it be any worse than what I've been thru this last week?" There's no housekeeper here, the girl who is 16 years old enjoys the illusions that she is "not strong" and can't work very much. She deplores dirty dishes, had rather ride around in the buggy or read. She depends on her poor old grandmother 70 years old to wash the dishes and do most of the cooking - what is done. The grandmother and she both make enough fuss about the dishes and fool away enough time to wash dishes for three banquets. The house is upside down - gives me the itch to see the lazy kid poke around, peel onions and cucumbers and leave the peelings on the stove - leaves the dinner dishes on the dining table, "sasses" her poor sick mother and tries to boss her little brother. I feel like

giving her a paddling myself. I have always enjoyed the reputation of being lazy, but I know I did better than this when I was sixteen. You see under what favourable conditions I'm working.

You poor tired doctor! There's one thing certain your wife will be able to sympathise with you when you're tired and busy. I think I can thoroughly appreciate your work. I've known so many doctors who seemed to be neglected by their families - come in tired and hungry and no one took pains to look after their comfort. This I've resolved shall not happen to you unless I'm unconscious or crippled. And I'll kick the phone off the table for you any time you request me to.

I wish you could come to see me. I'm quite anxious to see you too. I don't know how much longer I'll be on this case - not long I trust - for her sake as well as my own. She's had enough suffering for six strong people. I thought I had ended my stay here yesterday when I dropped a can of boiling water on my foot; fortunately I pasted it with wet soda and not one blister formed. I felt that it was Nigger luck. Patient's awake...

Friday - Such a miserable night we both spent! I had to resort to sedatives in order to get her quiet. Her jaw and throat look like they are ready to "bust." The doctor is hoping so at least.

I'm glad your work is getting quieter for you've been overworked I fear. No, the general practice isn't any snap. I've about decided that no phase of a physician's work is a snap - it consists chiefly of self-sacrifice and anxiety. Same way of the nursing profession. Don't bother about your discontent - maybe you'll have a change pretty soon when Uncle Sammie needs you in France.

Sunday - My patient's nerves are very much upset and I have used every means to keep her comfortable. That abscess in her throat is something fierce.

Tired? O no - I wouldn't mind dying very much tonight because I could get a little rest-maybe. I get so weary watching people suffer that I would almost rather do the suffering myself.

The doctor was lamenting the fact that my patient couldn't spare me for his pneumonia case. I'm thinking that I wouldn't take it anyway cause I could sleep one week without opening my eyes. Wish I could sleep one week without opening my eyes. Wish I could go out in the country and eat peaches and sleep to my heart's content.

There comes that squalling kid who is certain to wake his mother. Wish I could stuff a pillow in his mouth. Still the hot weather persists. Vegetation up here is beginning to look sick. I dread for the hot winds to begin blowing. Why couldn't I be lucky enough to have a patient who would take me to Colorado for the summer. One that isn't very sick -

just "nervous." Or why couldn't you and I be rich and married and go to the Ozarks for the summer? It's dreadful to be po' during hot weather...

Your letter came yesterday afternoon; you seemed to be in somewhat of a rebellious mood, sarcastic as it were. I don't blame you about feeling unkindly toward those people who think they are so much desired in your practice. This can't be applied to my patient, however. She isn't at all that way and is very appreciative of any favour shown her. The poor thing has been so unfortunate that I wonder how she ever could possess one bit of optimism. Since she had been married she has had typhoid fever, diphtheria, tonsillitis in every variety, measles, eclampsia, erysipelas in short every thing except puerperal infection and small pox. They also suffered financial losses, lost a little girl, and had a hard fight - keeping this other one from going too. So you see she was justifiable in her opinion of housekeeping. I ought to be ashamed of myself for discussing my patient's affairs. Anyhow, I was merely commenting on her. Yes I get my weekly check without a day's delay. They are not po' white trash at all - just up against hard luck that's all.

I didn't sleep very much last night. I get up these mornings feeling like Rip did after his sleep on the mountain. All my joints seem to have rusted in the night air. She seems better today. O I'll be glad when I can get my honourable discharge! Autogenous vaccine the mischief! I've been wondering why he doesn't try it, but it wouldn't be at all becoming for me to suggest it to him since he hasn't solicited any advice from me.

If you could see me today you wouldn't think me very professional, in my appearance at least. As you know perhaps, Monday was "Nigger day" consequently I've no ironed uniforms. The wash woman had to celebrate of course, and naturally she would have to recuperate the next day. I'm very much "misput" but I guess I'll get by somehow. My costume doesn't look so out of place in this uptown house anyway."....

Golda continues on with her case and overcomes her disgust with the help. She couldn't help but be disgusted when she knows how hard she and Dr. Joe work, not just for themselves but for others, and some "folks" have to have not only a special day off but another one to recuperate from their celebration.

Chapter 69 - Disgusted

"I am beginning to realise how men being put through the 3rd degree by not being allowed to go to sleep feel. Last night I went to sleep feeling so tired that I could hardly fall asleep. About twelve, just when I became sound asleep, I had to go out to sit up with baby and his mother - tps. going up. The way I felt when I got out is impossible to describe; I felt like I would give up a few years of my life just to be allowed to sleep till morning. I came back about 1:30 A.M. I could not sleep soundly for the rest of the night. I don't know why, but here of late if I get called out after midnight, I can't sleep well when I get back. And gosh! Tonight I will have to go to my sister's wedding. If it was my own wedding, I believe I'd just postpone it that's all', as it is, I'll have to be there, for not only will I have to take the preacher over, but also the marriage license. It was ordered over the phone and came here with the envelope addressed to me, so that it would be sure to get there. That's the first time I saw one. In about 3 months you will get to see one with your name on it.

I sent a patient to Galveston while ago and spoke to Streit over the phone. He says four of the interns are going into the army. Melbane, Streit, and someone else into the regular army, and Wieners into the reserve corps...

This is one more hot, dry day. It is bad enough when the wind is from the South, but today the wind is from the north, and plant life - and more or less, animal life - just shrivel up under the heat. The crops are a sad sight. A good deal of the corn is past all hope, and unless it rains in another week, all of it is a goner.

I went to the wedding night before last. The preacher and I got there about 9:30. The ceremony took place shortly before midnight, and by the time we got back to town, it was 2 A.M. It was nearly 3 A.M. by the time I fell asleep. I had to get up before six to pull a steel splinter out of a man's eye. I had lost sleep for four nights, so did not need hyponotics last night. I wasn't disturbed last night.

Not so very busy right now. One of my intestinal cases became nervous and went to Houston. I have a case of missed abortion (i.e., dead fetus, unexpelled) on my hands now that I expect to give me some trouble.

I have been feeling rather discontented for the past few days; I don't know whether it is because I need a vacation, or just why. This general practice isn't any snap. Sometimes I get rather tired of it...

You are evidently having a deuce of a time - how long have you been putting up with it now? It must be over 2 weeks. Why the deuce don't you all try autogenous vaccines? If for no other reason, simply to be trying "something else." I hope the people have a little money so that you can at least get paid for your trouble. I guess I ought to be ashamed of it, but I might as well confess that I am not very enthusiastic about "po' white

trash" charity practice. It is hard, unappreciating, and unsatisfactory. A laborer is worthy of his hire - well, so is a professional man.

I had to take one of my patients; the one with missed abortion, to Wharton Saturday. She did not seem to be getting better here. I had to dilate her uterus - or cervix, rather - and pack the uterus, after curettage. I go to Wharton once a day. She is getting along all right.

I had two circumcisions yesterday morning, both in the same family. This and the trip to Wharton delayed me so that I did not get to go to Taiton. I believe I told you that Cyril came home last week. He has been down here twice since he has come home. It seems that he too has given up teaching and will go to work in a bank - or else, go to war. Ludma went away to school, so things are rather quiet at home now, I guess.

Yes, I suppose your patient thinks it is "such fun" for you to be sitting up day and night nursing her, and probably even thinks she is doing you a favor by letting you have the case. They get that way once in a while; once in a while, also I lose my patience with this mode of thinking and speak my mind. I don't know much about housekeeping; I hope you do, but I do believe that it would have to be very much harder than it is, to compare with nursing. Also, be very careful in fooling with this case; since I have not heard from you so long, I was beginning to fear maybe you had contracted the disease. I hope you will be able to get off the case soon. I would like for you to have time to recuperate, so that I could get to see you in July.

Juneteenth began promptly after midnight last night. The phone rang - for the 3rd time that night - and a scared Negro asked "Dat Dr. Spatkey?" "Yassuh; my wife's daughter she done got cut on her bress"; "Yassuh, she cut puddy bad; she bleeding fast." The woman had a stab in the epigastrium, but through the luck common to "no count" Negroes, her stomach was not pierced. She also had a bad stab in her shoulder. This is the second time this Negro woman has been cut up since Christmas.

June 19th and no rain. Things look awful. The corn crop is ruined.

Dr. Gray came from Galveston this afternoon. He left here last Saturday morning, and I thought sure he would get examined for the army, but he seems to be in no great hurry to get. What in the blazes he is doing here is certainly more than I can understand. He certainly does not seem to be practising medicine.

June 24, 1917 - We have had a shower! True, it wasn't much, but still it looked like a rain, and that is some consolation. I got full benefit of it too. I had to go out in the country on a call; I had a "pam" beach suit on and got soaking wet, and then had to get down and put on chains. You can

imagine I looked fine when I got to town. One consolation: I did not skid off into a ditch, as I have seen about half a dozen teams and cars do.

About 10 more days and the fourth will be here. I believe I told you I have consented, during a fit of temporary insanity, to address a Bohemian audience at San Jacinto grounds on the 4th. I think I shall also go to Galveston while I am away, and take a surf bath. I feel that I could enjoy one immensely. You come, too.

The burn case is still here, but you are right in that it has ceased to be of much worry. It is gradually getting well. I have now a case of pleurisy with effusion that is causing me some anxiety - and always at least one case of that dear intestinal trouble in children. The latter, "we shall have with us always" - at least, as long as summer lasts.

We have been having a revival meeting in town for the last two weeks, but I have not gone a single time. I was either too busy, or else catching up with sleep.

"Brevity is the essence of wit," says some guy. Your letter was quite witty. You get up at an awfully unearthly hour to write your letters. Who in the mischief wants to get up at 6 A.M. - in the middle of the night, as it were - to write a letter?

It has threatened rain all this morning, and as for that matter for several mornings. We can see it rain all around us, but so far, we were not included in the shower of blessings. But all things come to him who waits. We are waiting.

I went out into the country on an obstet. case yesterday afternoon and got in about 11 P.M. I had just taken my clothes off, when the phone rang. Some po' white trash - you can always tell them by the way they talk over the phone. "Hello!" "Is this the Dr?" "What's the chance to have you come out here right now, doc?" "Come out where?" "Oh, here to Defuer's." "Where the deuce is that?" "Oh, don't you know? 5 miles out of town." "Which way?" "Oh, east." "Well, there's a dozen roads going east, which road are you on? Can't you be a bit more definite?" By the same enlightened method of questions and answers, inductive, deductive, Socratean, or whatever method she be, we get located the place and also facts, as follows: Dr. Redwine has been attending the patient, but 'we' (the meddlesome relatives, bless their hearts) did not think she was doing well, so we called Dr. Harper; he's given up the case, so we would like you to come out. You tell them half a dozen times - positively - that you are tired of being called on these cases after they become ready for the undertaker and that you will not come! Then you kick the chair - or some other piece of furniture, if you prefer, - viciously, and put your clothes over your pajamas, back old jitney out and go. You arrive at the place, in due time, find a woman about 117 years old, skin and bones, and not much of that, with one foot in the grave and another on a banana peeling - uraemic poisoning. Your attempts to extract a history from the woman's

hookwormy progeny ends in a flat failure. You finally decide that under the circumstances, the case is hopeless, and back out from the scene, and get home at 1 A.M. Selah!

This morning John came in about 9 A.M. and woke me up. John was in a grouchy mood because it hasn't rained at Taiton yet. Cyril was here yesterday. He applied for the Officer's Training camp, but I think stands very little chance of getting in on account of being less than 31...

I am very sorry and somewhat alarmed to hear that your feet are giving you trouble again. One thing sure: as soon as you get through with this case, you will have to quit nursing, and take plenty of rest and time to recuperate. You just simply can't afford to take another case get into the condition you were in when you came home last summer. It's about time you quit nursing any way, don't you think? I am glad to hear you are on a comparatively easy case.

The man I had the house rented from went back on me. That will not make much difference; if we can't get his house, we can get some other one, and it isn't the house that makes a home, anyway.

Yes, I would like to see you, too. I have a few cases slated for this month and do not know just when I would be able to get away. These obstet. cases are always so delightfully (?) indefinite. We will see, however, how your time will stand after you finish this case, and then we will be able to say more about it. I can hardly realize that it has been 5 months since I have seen you - I can also hardly realize that it is only two months before September is here. You may gradually be thinking about the date for our wedding, for it is near.

I wonder if you could not go to your sister's, recuperate, and come down here and see how you like things before you come here to live?

I forgot to give you a summary of my first year here, which closed Saturday. I have collected cash from last years practice a little over \$3000, and still have about \$1000, or over, on my books. I have cleaned up a good lot of my debts and now will get busy laying up money for starting a home. I think I will collect at least 50% of the money yet due me, so that my last year's practice will come up to \$300 a month, cash.

I went home yesterday morning. They have had no rain; everything is as dry as a bone. Just to look at things withering before the scorching heat is enough to make one want to curse. It's sickening. Just five miles away from there they have had plenty of rain and everything looks fine.

It has been rather quiet. A good many people are away on their summer visits. Douglasses are going away on their summer camping trip next week and will stay about 10 days. They wanted you and me to go

with them, for a part of the time, at least. If you can go I will. It seems, though, that they are selecting their place in a forlorn corner of the state...

The drought continues. It's sickening. The air burns one's face as if it came from a dessert. I have a lively tan on my face now, from driving out in the wind.

I have not been very busy since I last wrote to you. A case of incomplete abortion came near bleeding to death and somewhat livened up things for a while. She is all right now - or, at least, out of danger.

I notice Dr. Lincecum is moving in. I do not know whether he is going to practice here or not. He has threatened time and again to come back here, but he is such a liar, I never could believe anything he says. I am beginning to realize that there are about twice as many Drs. as the world needs. It's about time we had a war to thin them out a little...

Well, it is your privilege to decide when you want to get married. I wish you would decide soon, for the time is not very far off and it's time I'd be getting some things arranged, such as renting a house, ordering the furniture, etc. I have another house now, a two-story house arranged like this. It is really better than the other one. As for the money for the furniture, don't you bother: I'll have the money to buy some kind of furniture before the time comes.

The Douglasses have not come home yet, but I expect them in almost any day. One reason why I would prefer to have you come down to my going up there is that I have a jitney here and can go where I please. If I go to North Texas, it will be as hot as Hades up there, we won't feel like going anywhere, it will be too hot to stay at home - and, in general, everything will be inconvenient. I do not think it would be such an awful breach of propriety if you accept the Porscy's invitation. We will have to get our furniture from them, and you might call it a business trip if that suits you better. No one except they and we know that they are strangers to you."...

Chapter 70 - Rheumatism

"Sleepy!? I got up at 6 A.M. and dressed; my patient still slumbers. She is going to get well sometime between now and Christmas and I'm so delighted because I can rest my weary bones one more time and sleep till 8 o'clock. If you were here and asked me to marry you at the present moment, I'd go with you and leave all this worry. I'd get married in a uniform I believe. I get such long drawn out tedious cases that try my patience to the limit...

Already yet I've spent one and one half days of freedom. Impossible to tell you how glad I was to be released from duty again. I came home at 2 P.M. threw my shoes as far as I could send them pitched my uniform out in the yard quarrelled at Annie because she insisted on my eating fried chicken and peaches, took a plunge, donned my old rose kimona and fell upon the bed and there I remained till they aroused me for supper. I'm sorry to tell you that I strained my feet by wearing boudoir slippers too much and my "feets hoit me" again. I turned down a pneumonia case yesterday, but agreed to go to Ennis Monday and nurse an operative case for Drs. Story and Thomas. She leaves the hospital Monday and will need a nurse a week or ten days. It will be easy, and a change for me. I decided to do this after reading your letter telling me that you'd go to San Jacinto on the 4th. I reasoned that you would hardly have time to come to see me and get back for that, at least I didn't want you to have to be in a hurry. So I "calculated" that I could run over to Ennis and stay on this case then come home and you could run up to see me.

I got your letter - the last one - yesterday. You seem to be bothered a great deal by po' white trash. Haven't you a speck of sympathy for the poor unfortunate pieces of humanity? I believe you are getting quite hard-hearted, or is it because you have no heart? Guess I got it. Your description of the hurry up call was amusing anyhow.

Babe finally decided to send me an epistle. She has changed her address; and since she didn't mention that letter I sent her by mistake she evidently didn't get it. Thank goodness! She is in Pensacola doing private nursing and trying to get away from it. She says she can swim and dive. She's begging me to join the navy should you enlist. Lienen has enlisted in the reserve Corp and is going to training camp. If you were to go to training camp without coming to see me I never could forgive you. I've got all the nursing I want and I don't think I'll "jine."

Joe, did you ever take castor oil? If you ever do, I know you'll never order it for any of your patients. I took a tablespoonful of the awful stuff this evening - it wants to stay in my throat instead of my stomach. Never again! I also washed my hair - this and taking the castor oil are the sole things that I've done today....

This dry weather is awful. They have had no rain in Young Co. and corn is ruined cotton suffering. I know just how dry and hot it is there for I experienced it last summer. The fruit crop is scant also.

Friday noon - All morning I've tried to get up and go to town - didn't succeed. I don't know what ails me, my temp is 101 degrees and I can't make myself feel better. I wonder if I'll be able to go to Ennis Monday. This case was a little too much for me, I guess. If I can't go Monday, I'll take all the time from then until you come to rest in. This hot weather is enough to roast lizards. I certainly would enjoy the swim in the gulf with you. You're mean to tantalise me by inviting me to come along. They have a swimming pool here but it has no water in it. Would you like to take a plunge in it?....

Monday - This morning 5:30 I didn't care very much whether I caught the 6:45 train or not. Never was so sleepy since the mornings when Miss Perry used to ring the bell. I was busy most of the day, but both patient and I slept well last night She's getting along fine and will not need me over a week.

Thursday - I came home at 9:30 and my patient was sleeping soundly. I got up about once during the night. It's such a delightful place to be and I wish I were able to enjoy it. My feet didn't get over the strain of last month, so they hurt me so much - feel like they did when we used to go walking. I'm counting the days till I can see you. That might be the last time I'll ever see you again because they might take you away to France. I do hate the old war!!!!

The prospects are that I'll be here until the middle of next week. She doesn't need me, but she'd rather I'd stay till then. My feet have certainly acted up while I've been here. If I could detach them, I'd trade them off for cow's feet. Your advice is very good; I shall follow it as far as circumstances allow. I meant to rest after I left this case.

Do you still insist that I come to see you? If I do where will I stay? I can't make up my mind to accept the hospitalities of those friends of yours because they are strangers to me. What about it if El Campo doesn't suit me? Would you want me to back out? I'll try to come to see you if I possibly can. You write and tell me where I get off, and when you prefer my visit etc, etc, etc, etc. No, it doesn't seem 5 months since I saw you. These 5 months don't seem as long as those first two weeks when you first went to El Campo because I've been busy.

Your letter, also Mrs. Douglass' came Monday. I answered hers yesterday because I had to save my manners, and I put you off till today. Bless your dear heart! Haven't fussed at all about my not writing and I've neglected you, sumpin awful the last few days.

Later - Mrs. Story's - I got off this evening. This certainly has been an easy pleasant case for me. Wish they were all this way. If so, I'd

feel like a grafter. I'm going to spend the night with Nellie and go home tomorrow. When I get there I mean to elevate my feet and take life easy. I'll be in Cleburne Friday.

Today is the first cool day we've had this week. Yesterday was 108 degrees. I nearly died. Everything is withering. I'd hate to be a farmer. Well I think you've done unusually well in your practice. I should think a very few doctors starting out do that well...

Midlothian - Had to walk over to the depot because the jitney had taken a doctor out in the country. Isn't he a reliable jitney man? A very pleasant young lady walked with me. We had a drink at the drug store and rested awhile. It's hot and dusty here. Not as dry here as you describe there, however.

The Story boys are still wondering if their numbers will be called. What is your number? Uncle Sammie has it alright hasn't he?

This evening just before we started Frank came and told us that my patient's husband shot a man. I certainly am sorry to hear that because his wife needs no worry just now. These strong-headed men make me tired! I'm glad I had left before it happened. I'll bet he is sorry he did it right now...

Cleburne - I got home last night at 10 o'clock. Slept so hard that I almost grew to the bed. Got up for breakfast at 7 o'clock, and went back to sleep, slept till 11:30. I'm taking life easy not trying to get back to normal again. Don't you think September is too hot? You see I'd have to have a summer or early fall costume and if I waited till latter part of October I could have a winter suit etc. If we marry in September you will have to buy me a winter suit later. Now just think how expensive that would be! Where will our wedding trip be - in Leon Springs Training Camp? When I see you we can decide when we'll go to training camp, can't we? Now you'll call me pessimistic again, but I felt like when I was born, that I'd grow up to hit a war, just my luck! Have you heard from your commission yet? I wish they wouldn't have you then you'd be all mine again. This is the hottest place this side of purgatory, takes all the pep out of one. I want to get me a few fragments of clothing, but I can't persuade myself to go to town. I'd rather go to Fort Worth, but I know I never could get that far. Do you realise what a lazy worthless wife you are going to have?

Joe, all this war business still seems like a nightmare to me. I can't realise it. I'd give my week's wages to see you this evening. Poor Evangeline! She has my heartfelt sympathy...

Good Morning - I can't write very well cause my wrist is sore. It feels like it had been sprained but it isn't swollen. My left wrist was a little sore while I was at Watt's and she said it was rheumatism from bad tonsils, said hers got that way occasionally. It doesn't seem that my tonsils

are bad enough to cause any rheumatic trouble. Nevertheless, I can't bend my wrist without pain. Makes me tired!

It seems that here of late I never write to you without relating a tale of woe. I'm actually getting ashamed to be always telling you my troubles. I told you about my wrist; well the pain switched around to feet, and a little in my back. This morning when I got up I discovered I couldn't walk I got concerned and called the doctor. He says I must have had a streptococcus infection when I had trouble with my tonsils, since I had rheumatic symptoms in about the required length of time. He gave me those nasty salicylates etc. and is going to give me the vaccine tomorrow. Worst of all, he orders me to stay off my feet maybe two weeks. Boo hoo! He also says it's a pretty serious condition if neglected. If I had suspected that I had rheumatism in my feet instead of the muscles being strained I certainly would not have remained in Ennis very long. I'm worried yet I think that the treatment will bring me out of it. Woke up last night and cried and cried because I couldn't walk and of course the mosquitoes were biting me. Annie almost spanked me for not calling her, but I hated to disturb her. So much for lamentations."....

This is the first time any of the doctors that have examined her have started to go down the right track on what is really wrong with Golda. A number of them have given no more than a passing diagnosis and passed it off as being tired, fallen arches, flat feet.

"I've been reading the war news during the past few minutes. Russia seems to know how to fight the Germans better than the English, or maybe they're weaker in that line. It's getting too dark for me to see. The stars are bright in the clear sky. What would I give if I were well and with you tonight! I hate for the night to come because I know I can't sleep. One thing I'm thankful for - my hands are at my service so that I can write and sew. Yes and my left foot and leg doesn't hurt...

Have you forgotten how a rain looks? If you were here you could see a fine one falling now. It's one of those slow gentle rains that usually last most of the day. Didn't come before it was needed either. The crops around here are holding out very well, that is cotton etc. - corn was ruined. O that pretty rain! Wish I could play out in it.

Yes, I realise that it would be more convenient for me to go down there, and I'm perfectly willing to do so if your friends are still willing. I don't blame you for not caring to come to this hot burg. I felt like your visit last winter was very tiresome for you and I fear summer would not improve affairs any. When I'll be able to come is yet to be learned. Dr. Yater gave me my first dose of vaccine this morning. He said there was a faint heart murmur, but nothing to be alarmed about if I'd stay in bed. This staying in bed is a trial. Guess I can pass the time away hemming my table linens and sewing on lingerie. I wish you lived near and could run in to see me. I can write you a letter every day now, provided my wrist doesn't get sore.

The plan of the house suits me alright. Of course a second floor makes it a little harder to keep, but since we don't mean to live in it a lifetime I shall not object to that. I was joking about the furniture - don't be so serious. I'll be very glad when I'll be house keeping with you. What do you think about the last of October or somewhere about that time? Think. You'll be getting one more month of freedom.

Joe, I don't like it one bit for the papers to always be telling how much they need doctors in France. I wish they'd take the good-for-nothing ones first. Here's the paper "Four German Ships Sunk" - Good!...

Morning - I hear the water melon man out at the front and the kid is very much elated, so I guess his mother is buying a melon. She has a time trying to keep him from eating melon like a pig. He wants to fill his mouth to its greatest capacity and let the juice trickle down his chin and neck. He's most awfully happy now because his old black cat brought a baby kitten to the door yesterday. He didn't like the idea of her owning it too, so this morning when she brought another to the door he ran and got the other one and said "Tat got one kitty, and I got one." The poor little thing can't live very long and have such ferocious lovings and squeezings as he gives it. He brought the nasty thing to my bed and I told him he would get the bed dirty if he got on it with the cat. He said, "I dot on them wompers", he thought I meant he was dirty. He's the best child I ever knew, for everyone teases him and pets him. 'Tis time for the postman... Latest news: Pattie gave his Kitty a bath and it must have remained in the water too long. Result - dead kitty. Funeral at noon."....

Chapter 71 - The Draft

"Well, well, well, my dear girl, isn't that a deuce of a come-off. Streptococci infection. Let us hope it won't get to be any worse than it is and that you will not have to stay in bed any longer than your Dr. thinks you will. In the meantime, make virtue of necessity and enjoy staying in bed as much as you can. You need a rest anyway. As soon as you get well enough, I'll come over and see you, and, I if I think best, marry you against your wishes and bring you down here. Be as cheerful as circumstances and painful joints permit, and all will be all right again.

I had a case of broken neck yesterday. The man got into too close a communion with John Barleycorn, and while driving home, fell off his wagon and broke his neck. At first, it was hard to determine the extent of his injury on account of his being so much under the influence of alcohol. By midnight he became conscious and partly sober and it became evident that he was completely paralysed in all his extremities. He finally became fully conscious and suffered great pain; about 18 hours after the injury he died from paralysis of respiration.

He came from Taiton. Ten years ago, 3 of his girls went to school with me. John Barleycorn got him.

At last we seem to have prospects for a rain. It has been raining all around us today and right now it is clouded up and thundering like it meant business. The Douglasses came home yesterday and report a good time, and regret very much that it was impossible for you to come. Send me your physician's address.

Pretty rough on the kitty. The bath seems to have had much the same result as one hot bath had on an old drunk when Wieners was relieving at Sealy once upon a time.

Heart murmur. Here's hoping it will soon chase itself off the face of the earth. The Dr. is giving you stock vaccine, I suppose.

I have a letter from Washington saying that I have passed the exam. and will receive the commission later. I have not yet decided as to whether I will accept it or not when it gets here. Anyway, there is no necessity for deciding now, so I shall not worry about it. Gray does not seem to have heard from his application as yet.

I am glad to know that you are no worse now than you were when you wrote last. That may mean that if you stay quietly in bed, you may recover without any further complications...

Well, I am afraid I do not have much sympathy with the boy that began to cry when he found out that his number was drafted. The chairman of the registration board told me the other day that a young man came in to inquire about his number and was so scared that his knees

almost knocked against each other. He asked me whether I did not think it was pitiful. I told him no, it was disgusting. A man like that ought to be sent to the front - he ought not to be allowed to stay here and propagate more cowards.

We are just beginning to realise that we are involved in the most terrible war this world has ever seen. The sooner we wake up and steel ourselves to the gravity of the situation, the better off we will be. The war will not be over soon. I do not believe it would be right to keep this truth from you any longer. When my commission gets here, I feel that I will have to accept it; when I accept it, I mean to apply for immediate active service. This business of indecision is getting to be intolerable.

Three hundred years ago the Germans have done to the nation of my fathers what they are now trying to do to the rest of Europe and then to the rest of the world. Ever since I was able to read, I have read about the awful oppression of my forefather's country by the Prussians; I have learned to hate their name and have time and again said that if my country needs me against Germany, she will have to call me just once. When my father came to this country, he came here seeking freedom, and he found it. What this has meant to me, I can only realise by comparing myself and my lot with that of my cousins who stayed in Europe. Now the Germans are trying to do to my country what they have done to that of my forefathers 300 years ago. It is now no longer a question of tradition or of sentiment in regard to the past, it is a question of my own native land. In offering me a commission, Uncle Sam is offering me a sword with the hilt towards me; he wants me to stand by him, to protect this country - and you.

To prepare a cozy home where I could bring you to rule and be my partner for the rest of my life; to call this home with you in it my own, has been the fondest dream, the passion of my heart for the past year. I have had my heart gripped by loneliness time and again, but I only needed to think of this fond dream, and my loneliness disappeared as if dispelled by a charm. I love you with all my heart; you are the centre of my thoughts, my plans, my life. We are now only a few weeks from the time when our dreams and our hopes are to become realised. But, Golda, my dear heart, when this country calls me, as it now seems it will sooner or later, - though my heart is breaking every time I see that little house and think of you and my dreams. When Uncle Sam offers me a sword in this hour of this country's greatest danger, you know me, and you know what the answer must be. You will never be a slacker's wife. With tender love and hundreds of hugs and kisses, Joe...

Well, the draft is over with as far as I am concerned. My number is 1073 and 1073 was drawn as the 1556th number, and as only those that were pulled out on the first 500 or 600 numbers are likely to be called for the first army, I, if I were subject to draft, would likely not be called out until the 3rd army was drafted, which, if the 3rd army is ever organised at all, would be sometimes next year. But I guess my commission will be

here pretty soon, and as a member of the medical reserve corps, I would not be subject to draft. Also, I could get exemption from the draft even if my commission never got here.

I am a great deal more concerned about my younger brothers than I am about myself. As yet, I have not learned whether they have been drafted or not. I know what numbers have been drafted, but I do not know what my brothers' numbers are. Oh, well we will know all this sometime in the near future.

Yes, I suppose the latter part of October will do as well as any other time, and while I am not anxious to postpone it any more than necessary, it might really be best to wait till all this draft and other military business gets settled and I know "whereabouts I am at." Anyway, a month one way or the other ought not to make very much difference to us after we have gotten as trained to it as we have. Don't understand me to say that I find it any too pleasant; I only mean that I can put up with it, if I have to. Nothing like making virtue of necessity."...

Dr Joe then spends time writing several lines with different pen points, stubby, fine, extra fine, medium and so on. He usually just grabs one, only to regret it later, this time he wants one he likes. He thinks the fine point. John had come by to get a ride home with Dr Joe, but the area had so much rain he decided to go with a man in a surrey instead. Dr Joe thinks that if the weather breaks, he may go home, just the same, to see how everyone is doing. He continues...

"It hasn't rained any yesterday and doesn't look much like it might today. Saturday afternoon I had to go out on a call about seven miles away from here and got into some mud, but I had a broad tired car running in front of me all the way and so did not find it very hard to drive. While I was out there, the farmer gave me two large watermelons to take with me. I left them here at the drugstore on ice and yesterday while I was gone, the boys gave the smaller one of them to Turner and opened up the larger one themselves. They thought they'd trick Turner, but were disappointed when they found the larger melon unripe.

I started home yesterday morning and took a friend with me, as I rather expected to get into a muddy place somewhere. I did not tell him why I took him along. I was glad I took him. I got into a treacherous place where my rear wheels sank into the mud clean to the axle, and we had to work for two hours before we got the car out. We had to walk home, about 1 and 1/2 miles away, to get a horse and pull the jitney out. My arms are real sore this morning from all that pulling and lifting. I stayed on high and dry places for the rest of the day.

Your estimation of John is not very far from right. At times he is disposed to be rather slushy and then again he gets hypercritical, grouchy and the rest of it, until he is hard to get along with. He is very much disposed to being autocratic. I have no trouble getting along with him, but he and Cyril get along best when they are out of each other's sight. Each

thinks that when it comes to the others common sense, brains he has nix. I can see where both are prejudiced and mistaken. John is too conservative, and Cyril too radical, which, considering the difference in their ages, is natural.

You do not say much as to how you are getting along, so I take it for granted you are getting a long okay. I hope that the heart trouble you mentioned in your letter yesterday is the only heart trouble you are afflicted with.

Paddie's name reminds me of a joke I read today. A little boy had a dog-named Paddy. Paddy got run over by a jitney - killed. The boy's mother broke the news to him, and he seemed to take the news remarkable cool. But that night an awful wail came from the nursery. The mother hastened to see what the trouble was. The boy informed her that the nurse had just told him Paddy was dead. She said "why I told you so at noon, and you did not seem to mind it." He said, "I didn't know you said Paddy. I thought you said Daddy."

No letter yesterday and none today. Are you worse? I imagine it is rather tiresome to have to stay in bed now, unless you have a cool room. If you have a cool room, you ought not to mind it very much. I have a real cool room where I stay; towards morning it gets so cool that I have to have a thin blanket.

Cyril came down here yesterday. He was taking a horse to John's farm at Blue Creek and then meant to stay in town for a while. There was a girl from West Texas visiting here and he was to see her. She wrote him twice last week about being here, but he could not come on account of the rain. When he got here yesterday, she had gone, so I had to take him home. I did not stay at home long.

There is not very much doing now. The people seem to be so absorbed in the results of the draft that they do not get sick. I suppose there will be quite a number of them that will feel pretty sick - figuratively speaking - when the drafting or calling out of those drafted, begins in real earnest.

Cyril is trying to get into this Second Officers' Training camp. He is to go to Houston for a final exam, Monday. He does not know yet how he stands on the draft proposition; he registered in Runnels Co and has not heard on his number yet.

It seems to me that a good many people have lost some of their former enthusiasm about the war. It is amusing and sometimes pitiful to see how scared some people get. If I was scared, I don't believe I would want to show it.

Not sure as to whether Dr. Gray sent his application in or not, but I believe he did. If I have to go, I would not like to see him stay...

We got our order for appearing for exam in this county. The quota for Wharton County is 147. I am to be the 313th to appear for examination. As more than half of those called will be either unfit or else will claim exemption, I am sure to be called for examination. I do not know as yet when the examination is to be held. I'll certainly feel relieved when all this mess is over with, let it come out as it will. It is beginning to get on my nerves, the uncertainty of it is.

I did an adenotomy this morning on a child about 3 years old. Redhead gave the anaesthetic. There was nothing unusual about it, except a meddling grandmother. I got along with her by just simply ignoring her. Once or twice I felt like telling her to close herself out of the room, but I reconsidered it. I thought I would be complimenting her to even notice her.

So you are up and about. That's good news. You will soon be well enough to come down here, or else so I can come to see you. You will have to take good care of yourself for a while so as not to encourage a relapse. As for the tonsils, you would probably be better off without them. How do you look and how are you outside of the joint trouble? Your case progresses much better than those cases usually do. The disorder is a serious one at best, and you may as well get to looking at it from that viewpoint.

Yes, I think it would be best to have the tonsils removed, but I warn you not to expect too much from this procedure. This will not do away with the infection already in your system; you will have to fight that out. I'll see you as soon as I can possibly get away, and if you feel that my presence can cheer you up or help you in any way, say the word and I'll be up there on the next train; other things can afford to wait...

Just got back from Taiton. Cyril came with me. He is going to Houston to take his exam for the training camp tomorrow morning. I guess he will come back either tomorrow night or Tuesday morning. Jerome, who is at School at Huntsville will likely come back with him.

I had a letter from Dr. Graves last night telling me that Drs McNeill and Leary had been called out and offering me Dr. McNeill's place for the time of the war or until McNeil comes back. I spoke to Dr. Graves last night and told him that I would likely be called out in the first draft, and, as I have claimed no exemption, do not think I can get excused. He is going to wait till the draft is over with before he looks for another man. I don't know what I would rather do, go into the army or take McNeill's place.

I am not doing much of anything and don't expect to do much more during my stay here. Since the people know that I am going away, I suppose they will turn to some doctor that is going to stay. Then too, a good many families are away for the summer. It seems that I have very

little ambition left right now. It may be the summer heat; on the other hand, it may be the chaotic condition of things and it is, of course, also your suffering. As soon as I can get away, or, if you say so, even as soon as you say so. I'll come up and see you for a few days. If you are sick in bed, I can visit you and read to you. You seem to be having some visitors most of the time anyway...

You poor darling. I can see from your handwriting that you are suffering with your wrists. I have thought several times that I am treating you real shabby in not having come up to comfort you. I believe you would put up a better fight and would get well quicker if I stayed with you a few days. As soon as this crazy obstet. case I am waiting for now gets over with, I will feel free - for a while. In the meantime, my dearest, remember that I think of you all the time...

What joints are now involved?

Cyril and Jerome came in on the noon train from Houston. I don't believe I told you that Cyril was going to work a scheme to get Jerome home. Cyril will not stay at home long if he gets admitted to that training camp; Jerome has been doing good work at school and was to stay there till August 15th, but wrote Cyril if he writes the principal that he (Jerome) is badly needed at home, they'd give him his credits and let him off two weeks ahead of time. Cyril wired from Houston and the scheme worked. Both came in about an hour ago. Things kinder brightened up when those boys got here; this usually happens when they get together. They can act more different kinds of fools than anyone else I know of. I am quite anxious for you to meet the boys.

Later: Was called away to attend to a woman "flooding." This usually admits of no delay, so I had to leave your letter unfinished. When I came back the train had already gone through. My jitney has been acting contrary today. This morning it positively refused to start. This afternoon I had a blow-out and ruined an inner tube as if I did not have garage expenses enough already.

Miss Taylor, the telegraph operator, who has been boarding at our house for the past year, is going to Oklahoma. Her substitute arrived a day or so ago, and when I first saw her, I told Taylor, "I believe you'd better stay; let's let well enough alone." Taylor is ugly, but this new one is much uglier. She is about forty, fat and French. One of her eyes has a tendency to run away into the north west corner of her eye-socket. That's as close a description as I can give, for after the first look, I could not muster enough courage to look at her face again...

My garage bill for the past month was \$50.77. Wouldn't that stagger you? Still I believe I have done less driving than any preceding month.

As to this draft business, the modus operandi will be as follows. If I am drafter before my commission gets here, I will have to respond to the draft and then transfer from the army to the Medical Reserve Corps. If my commission gets here before I am drafted, I will accept the commission and then can not be drafted anymore. That would be the procedure in case I claim no exemption. If I claim exemption the mode of procedure would be as follows: When I am drafted, I may claim exemption on the strength of having accepted that job at Galveston. My claims will then go up to the district exemption board to be passed upon. If the board does recognise my claims, that will end it. I can accept the job on strength of the claim that I am already rendering the nation a valuable service by teaching in a medical college. If my claims are not recognised, then I can accept my commission and wait for my call.”...

Chapter 72 - The Inevitable

"I'm tired of working myself, but I didn't plan this kind of a vacation. The bed grows monotonous, yet I can't complain because there are many things that I have to be thankful for and there are many ways of entertaining one's self. So I'll take your advice and make the best of it. My few friends here have been so very thoughtful. One dear old lady across the street, whom I've laughed about so often, brings me the loveliest roses, and fresh bread. I told my sister I felt real guilty when she came with them.

Well, I'm sorry the old man got his neck broken, but they have to pay the price when they commune with J. B., it seems. Oh! I recall how repulsive the sight of one of those old drunken patients in the hospital! I haven't smelt alcohol on anyone's breath, with one exception, since I left Sealy.

Here's the paper. Drawing to be at 9:30 Friday. That's tomorrow. What is your number? I'm praying that it will not be drawn. Then you can go when you feel it your duty and can take your own sweet time in deciding where your duty lies.

O, why does that sister of mine always remember that horrible medicine? She never lets the time run over 2 minutes. It tastes worser and worser. I fear this will not be mailed till morning then you'll get no letter tomorrow. O, Dr. Lee Yater, Henderson St. Why?...

If we could ride away out of sight of this ugly town, away out in the cool evening. I'd forget I ever had "rheumatics," and I think the ride would cure my heart...

Lady caller ----- quick with the spirits of aromatics, Ann! I thought she never would leave. Isn't that a polite way to speak of one's caller? She's a little pretty spoiled child 15 years old, who thinks she is prettier than she is and thinks every one appreciates her as she does herself. She has boys on the brain, which makes it impossible to keep her interested in any other subject. She comes over here nearly every day and unfortunately, for us, she never knows when to go. I had another little girl caller this afternoon. She was 16, yet a sensible sweet girl who's company was enjoyed. What a pity that some mothers train up such sweet little fools as the former one. If you compliment her she will come to see you three times a day. Medicine time!!!!

Yes the Dr's giving me Strepto - 8 Staphto vaccine (combined) put up by Parke Davis. He's coming this morning to give me the third dose. I'm a little sceptical about its merit too.

Let's see what have I done today? Read, slept, ate, took medicines, and played with Paddie. My bum hand refused to let me sew or crochet. What have you accomplished today? Eleven o'clock is a long

time rolling around these mornings. Sometimes when it finally comes, "Kiddo," the postman, passes me up. Then I want to throw bricks at him. This morning I looked out in time to see his blue skirt and straw hat pass the window and I didn't hear the mailbox click.

Fort Worth is having a great time now with her training camps, new resorts etc. I meant to run up there to do a little shopping before I went to see you. Under the present conditions I can't say what I'll do. Maybe I can stop when I come back from having my tonsillectomy.

Today is the day that Dr. Y. said I may go to town. I might hobble down there if I could use my hands to dress. Don't think I care to go. My wrists and thumbs are swollen sompin awful they hurt too. I don't think I'll ever get well enough to go to Dallas. Guess I'll have to phone the Dr. this day. Sister isn't well today. Nearly a hospital here. Wish I were nurse instead of patient.

I saw a Capt. Chandler's picture in the Star Telegram - said he was from El Campo. Do you know him?...

You were very thoughtful and sweet to send me a special today. The day will not seem so long. O, yes, the candy came yesterday and was joyfully received by Ogie and Paddie both. I'll have sister to bring me a piece or two right now. I like chocolates that are cold from being on ice.

I hope you get to go home and have an enjoyable time. Don't eat too much fried chicken and pie and goodies. I guess your brother John will be gone to Blue Creek. Judging from the numerous trips he makes out there I'm inclined to think there's a girl at Blue Creek as well as a farm. Don't tell him I said so because I imagine he is a cranky old bachelor who would think me impudent. I've never anticipated meeting him with much pleasure, for I have him in mind as a hypercritical old maid schoolteacher. Don't tell him tho, cause I guess I'm mistaken. At least I'll not condemn him until I shall have made his acquaintance.

Do the thrilling adventures of the Sammies in France make you want to go also? I've been reading about their learning to speak French and how the French maidens are teaching some of them. Now I don't want you to go atal.

The neighbours didn't contribute anything to the cripple today. The old lady pulled all her roses for me. She takes part of her roses to her daughter's grave. I'm glad she doesn't put flowers on my grave...

So the last of October is the final decision of us. I'll be kinder glad when that time comes. I've always thought of my wedding as I did my funeral, inevitable, yet far indefinitely in the future. Charles is going to town; I'll send this now with him.

You will get no letter tomorrow because I entertained company when I should have been writing. I got up early this morning and helped sister peel peaches that she wanted to can. Before the peaches were finished I felt finished too. I went back to bed and slept so long that I didn't have time to write you a letter before "Kiddo" came.

Well I must admit that you have your share of perseverance when it comes to making a trip through the mud. If I were that friend of yours I'd be a little suspicious when you asked me to go with you after a recent rain. You seem to be in need of better roads down there. Were your brothers' numbers among the first drawn? Or have you learned yet?

Yes I'm getting along as well as could be expected. The Dr says I'm getting off light. Dr. Yater was telling me yesterday how well I was doing, and began telling about several severe cases one that hadn't walked for 10 years. I told him he'd do me a great favour by giving an overdose of morphine should such a fate befall me. I'm worried for fear this will recur. He advises that I have my tonsils removed as soon as convenient. I don't know whom I want to do the work. They are buried and will be hard to get. I wouldn't have confidence in the specialists here. I'd rather have Yater than them. I must get well 'cause I couldn't live and be so useless.

Don't worry about flowers. They are very scarce now I know. Don't waste your money on flowers for me. You hear most people say "If you can't give me flowers while I'm living, don't put them on my grave." But I differ with them. I do want a bouquet or two sent to my funeral so that the old curious sisters can't say "Poor thing; she hadn't a friend." So if I should be mistaken happen to die, you must make every effort to get me a rose or two.

It's time to take that horrid medicine. It seems worse since I fix it myself. I got up yesterday. Dr says I may go to town Saturday, maybe. I told him he was having me stay in the house so that I wouldn't gad the streets so much. He said yes, he was afraid someone would see me and want to marry me. Then they would have no nurse in Cleburne. I took all this seriously and decided to abide by his orders.

Your joke about the kid and the dog make me think of another ungrateful youngster I read about. The father at the head of the table was saying "When I was a child I was glad to eat dry bread at times." His youngest daughter: "Well, Daddy, you are getting a great deal more since you have come to live with us."...

I can't write very well because of my swollen thumb. I have no favourable report to make this morning. I've had four doses of vaccine and not well yet. I seemed to respond to the treatment at first, but now I'm not improving like I should. Dr. Yater says I must go to Dallas to a specialist whom he recommends very highly, and have my tonsils removed as soon as I'm strong enough to go. I'm wondering if I'll ever get able to walk well enough to go. I wish you were here to go with me. He insists on my

having a local anaesthetic - so I suppose I'll have to submit to it. Says I must stay in the hospital one night. What do you think? Ever since I entered that old training school ill luck has befallen me. I'm in a dreadful mood can't write for "squalling."...

After I had finished my cry and powdered my nose, I began sewing on a garment, which kept me busy till some Irish women selling lace came by. They gave me some lace for a hand made garment that I made too large for myself, and they sold me some extra lace that looks like spider web. It is the hand woven lace like the Mexican women weave on pillows. After they left the woman living on the corner sent me my dinner. While I was eating in came Paddie with a piece of pie on a plate that the woman next door had sent to me. Paddie got the pie and a chicken leg from the tray. He was very much pleased. After dinner I took a short nap. I received a letter from Watson; Fred's number was the 450th drawn.

Yes, I have a very cool room. Ever since I've had to stay in bed the weather has been very pleasant. At night one needs light cover. I don't mind staying in bed; neither do I mind the pain, which isn't so much, if I knew that this staying in bed would help me any. But when I see everyone about me busy and read of everyone's doing something that the world needs done, and when I think of myself sitting here idle, and when the thought that I might not ever be of any use in the world haunts me. I get blue - you'll say I'm pessimistic, but you never have had rheumatism.

Yes, it seems that the enthusiasm has faded considerably since the stern realisation is brought upon them. One boy here went away crying when he saw that his number had been drawn. Poor old boys, I feel sorry for them. I've read so many horrible descriptions of the war that I shudder at the thought of it. I believe I had rather go than have anyone dear to me to go; it wouldn't seem so terrible at nearer range. How long will Germany last I wonder - a few more thousand are wondering the same, I suppose. Someone has prophesied that peace will be declared in September. Wouldn't that be convenient. It would be just before our wedding day and we would marry to celebrate the great event.

O I forgot, I might yet be crippled and couldn't marry you. I'm not going to build any air castles to be blown down in my face...

I've felt so peculiarly about this war business; when I think of it and your connection with it, I think of you as being so far from me and I feel my helplessness in aiding you. If we were where we could discuss these topics, it wouldn't be so bad. As it is every thing seems so indefinite, and you seem so far away that I'm haunted by the fear that you'll be taken away from me by some uncontrollable force before I'm aware of my loss. Why are you being examined again? I wish they'd leave you be. I know that you've been under a nervous strain. The uncertainty alone is enough to give one D. T's. Never mind, I know that you deserve all that's good and I'm still betting on your success. Fate couldn't be so cruel as to make you go to war and let that good-for-nothing Gray stay at home.

How do I look? A little paler except when my temp. is above 99 degrees, a little thinner than I was two weeks ago. I'm 5 feet 4 and 1/2 inches tall, have freckles, grey green eyes and black hair. If you were to meet me do you think you'd like me?

Sunday morning - your special delivery letter just received. I like your little patriotic speech even tho it makes me sad. I've thought all the time that you'd accept the commission. I'm glad that you have manhood and patriotism enough to answer what you think your duty. I couldn't have a slacker heretofore I've evaded the seriousness of it all because I loved you so. But quoting your own doctrine, "We mustn't resent the inevitable." This I guess I'll learn to swallow like medicine and learn to take without water before all this trouble is over.

I can't blame you for feeling bitter toward Germany. Wish I were a man and could go with you to help defend our country.

I can't write much to you because my elbow and wrist are swollen...

Where did you spend the day? Out in a mud hole pulling your car out for the exercise? We need a few mud holes around here. It's getting very dry....

I guess I'll soon have to give up my boy, my lover, my ideal of manhood, to horrible cruel war. It looks like too great a sacrifice that our best men should be taken. I can't hardly become reconciled to your going, yet if you were a man who didn't answer his call to duty; I wouldn't have much respect for you. The war prospects are not very favourable I admit. I was reading an article yesterday that told how many men Germany still had and we'll have our hands full, but of course we will win. I don't know whether I'll be a Red Cross nurse and go to France or stay at home and knit sox. In truth I'm stumbling along in the dark.

I must see you soon because I'm afraid you'll be called away. I almost wish we had married last July and kept house with the operating table and gas jet, then we could have been happy a year if never anymore; yet it might have been harder to give you up. So there's no use of regrets. I am glad that you've made your final decision so that you will know how to plan, and have a little peace of mind.

Tuesday - I'm actually anxious about you for fear you will have a nervous breakdown. Come on to see me and forget about all your cases everything is uncertain anyway - life itself. Will you be free to come by the first of the week? I'll have my Premier to take you riding and we'll go to Lake Worth for a plunge. Now if my hands are sore you will have to run the car. Are you going to sell your car and other paraphernalia? I hope that you soon decide you tried to become reconciled to it. Let me know when you think that I may see your dear all sweet face. Well I'll be a

Dutchman. I didn't know I had all this space at the bottom of the page. Will you get your commission if you are drafted? I don't understand all that anyway...

Since my hand is about normal I'm very industriously inclined. About 11 A.M. I attempted to cut out an apron. There didn't seem to be a breath of breeze blowing until I got my patterns laid on the material. From the way that tissue paper fluttered and scattered over the room, one would have thought there was a sea breeze near by. I tried to work slowly, and kept assuring myself that so little exertion would not be harmful, but it seemed that the mere thought of work fatigued me. Finally at 3 o'clock, I, was wet with perspiration and hurting in every joint, folded the patterns and material to wait some more opportune day. I got it all cut out. Have been in the bed ever since.

Joe, I'm never going to get well it seems, so you might as well come now before I become a chronic invalid. August is here, and here I be. I'm trying to make a brave fight, but I miss my aim sometimes...

I hope that life has taken on more cheerful aspects in your vision. It sounds so unnatural for you to be gloomy, and indifferent toward your welfare. Your being unsettled makes you feel that way I suppose. When you get in your new work and real busy your interest in life will revive. This work, and travel, along with the varied experiences will add much to your life. And I suppose, if you are fortunate enough to return to America, I trust that you are, that you will never regret the time spent in the war. So cheer up, you've a great adventure in store for you, a great work too. You are healthy and well-blessed in intellect, capable of accomplishing much. Why should you be moody? I know that there's a place worthwhile waiting for you somewhere sometime. Love Golda."...

Chapter 73 - Melon Patch

"To tell the truth, I am not worrying much about what's coming; though one can not help thinking of it. After all, it does not make so much difference, and for some reason I am beginning to feel strongly that it will all be for the best, though I am unable to see why. The reaction that comes on one after one has his immediate plans shattered is just temporary. Out of the old one can reconstruct the new, if one has any brains.

You certainly do not seem to want for company. All these sympathetic, solicitous inquisitive neighbours will have to be sidetracked for a while when I come down. I know it will be pretty bad on them, but they can wait.

I do not know just when I will be able to come down, but if convenient, likely Monday or Sunday. The obstetrical case I mentioned recently has not come off yet, but I cannot wait for it indefinitely. I have been putting off seeing you long enough. It will soon be half a year since I have seen you.

Isn't this beginning to be an awfully hot month. Cotton is coming in now at the rate of over hundred bales a day. The town is beginning to put on a prosperous look; the cotton has such a good price, the farmers feel like lords. They seem to be getting more money than they know what to do with...

"No" is might "dern" right; I'll see you again before I leave for war. I'll come to see you then with my uniform on, so as to add to the local color and give it a touch of romance. Only don't speak of my "enlisting." Only common soldiers enlist; men like your "fiongsay" ahem! are commissioned instead of enlisting. Their commission has Woodrow's signature on it and is fixed so that it can be framed and in later years pointed out with pride to the second generation.

A Danish gentleman came in and asked me to give his wife something to relieve her of "being in family way." Those offers come in so often that I can't even get angry anymore when I refuse them. I used to resent the insinuation on my integrity.

So the gentleman in "high heart" lost his right arm. Too bad; but maybe in consideration of the experience he has had in France he is willing to part with his arm. Cyril and I were discussing the prospects of going to France the other day and he said it would be nice if one could go and live to come back and tell the fellers about it. I told him yes; that I believe I would even be willing to get wounded and get well. John did not seem to like the idea of one of us coming back minus a hand, and thought it would be much nicer to serve in this country.

I am glad to hear that you are doing better. It takes time for these cases to get well. Con mucho amor y un mil besos, Joe.

Have you an electric current (lights) in your house? To save my life I can't think whether you have electric lights or not.

Had an adeno-tonsillectomy this morning. It was so hot; I sweated and spewed like Dr. Breathi. At that, it took only about 20 minutes. The patient is still alive, and I hope will continue to stay so. The smaller a child is the harder it seems it is to handle the tonsils. This was a frail little girl of 4 years and her tonsils were quite hard to extract.

The draft numbers are out, I understand, as far as no 300. I hope mine will be out soon - mine is 313. Somehow, I have about quit worrying about the matter, have become reconciled, I guess. For the last few days, much to my astonishment, not to say disappointment, I have been in a real cheerful mood. I feel amused about one phase of this business; it has occurred to me time and again, I wonder if it has to you. That is, that if we were to read about our present status in a novel, we would think it real romantic and interesting. There's enough material here for a good story or a movie plan. Right at present it is rather hard to see any humour in it; it would hardly do for a comedy. It has not reached - and I hope and believe, will not reach - the point where it is a tragedy. It would make a mighty good drama. Some day we will look back at this time in our lives and though we will be glad it is over with, we will be glad we had the experiences of going through it.

Dear Ogie: Got to Rosenberg at 7 A.M. and then got to come with a man from here in his car. The man's wife, a former obst. case of mine, was on her way from South Dakota and he met her at Rosenberg. As I was going to the train in Ft. Worth I heard the lady call out "Hello Dr. Kopecky!" I was certainly surprised to hear my name. I got home about 9:30 A.M.

The obst. case I waited for so long came off the very night I left here. Dr. Gray got it.

Cyril took Mother to Refugio Co. to my sister's while I was gone. He went in my jitney. He left Mother there and he and Olaster came back. I went home and to John's place yesterday.

I certainly enjoyed last night's sleep. Did not sleep any the night before. Feel like I could sleep 2 years, including legal holidays and Sundays, when I got home.

Don't attempt to write long letter, while your wrist is swollen, but let me have a few lines after it's train time.

Ogie won't get a letter Monday. The reasons therefore: a little tack lying in the way of my tire. It is remarkable what a lot of mischief a little tack can play when it gets out of its jurisdiction. And it seems that I incurred all this trouble unnecessarily, too. A few days ago John asked me

to come and get him this morning and take him over to Taiton. When I got to his farm today, I could not find him anywhere, so I came on back to town. When I got back, Turner asked me, "Did I tell you John told me yesterday that he would go home sooner than he thought he would, and that it would not be necessary for you to go after him?" I felt like murdering him, and gave him a look that implied as much. When I got to the house, I found the flat tire and the tack, all of which made me still more wrath. I was to go over to Taiton to get John, but he got back here before I left town.

Well, your beloved is now 1st lieutenant in the U. S. army, that is, if he chooses so to be. The commission got here this evening. By Wednesday I shall have decided whether I am going to accept it or not, though I guess I will. I see in today's paper that Drs. Allen Heard and Boyd have been ordered to Washington. That Sealy force is going to be altered some the next thing you know. There will be no one but the old codgers left.

I fell asleep about 3 P.M. this afternoon and slept till 7 P.M. It seems that I get more satisfaction from sleep than I do from anything else now. I never did care especially about eating, but I do enjoy sleeping about 8 hours out of the 24 hours. I'll have to sit up till about 1 A.M. now, as I will not be able to sleep."...

It has been almost a week since Dr. Joe has returned from his quick trip to see Golda. She still remains in the Harris Sanitarium in Ft. Worth recovering from having had her tonsils removed. He continues...

"You might be able to assist the probes by putting an inked thumb print right over the place where the radial pulse can best be felt. From your description, the probes must be about as apt as Misses Able and Peterson used to be. One of these days some probe never will find your pulse and you will be pronounced dead.

In speaking of the Medical Brigade, you said they said something about a vaccine and a rabbit and you wondered whether you were going to get it. Sure; I hope you will, if you like rabbits, I don't see why you should not get some. There's no need of your being on liquid diet now. If you have to take the vaccine too, let the rabbit get the vaccine and you get the rabbit.

The latest "war news" is that Cyril passed his examination for the training camp and will leave home for Leon Springs in about one more week. Also that Dr. Gray got his commission.

I went home yesterday afternoon to see whether Cyril had received his notification about the Training Camp. Cyril and Jerome went to a dance Sunday night, though I do not think they danced any. Things must have not been entertaining, for they found it necessary to leave the dance and attack a man's watermelon patch. Their excuse was that they

gave the man plenty of chances to invite them over for the melons, and he refused to do so. Of course, I would not like to see the boys hurt permanently, but I would certainly enjoy it if they got a handful of birdshot apiece next time they get into some other man's melon patch.

Did that operation for adenoids this morning. Myrtle McDonald gave the anaesthetic. The patient was a 10-year-old girl; she kicked like an old mule until she got under the anaesthetic.

I went to see John over at Blue Creek last night. He has two bales of cotton out now. He seems to be getting so used to the batching that he likes it. He goes home every Sunday.

It's getting dry again. It is not quite as hot and dry as it is in North Texas, but it is getting to be real dusty. The roads are rough and all cut up by heavy farm wagons coming in with cotton. There's lots of cotton and lots of money here now...

Mother came in this morning from Refugio Co. She did not get the letter I wrote to her the other day and so went over to Placedo and stayed overnight. This will save me a trip to Blessing tomorrow. I took Mother over to John's place at Blue Creek and this evening shall take her home. They are not expecting her at home today.

I got my notice to appear before the local examination board, on the 20th of August. I'll beat them out of that by accepting my commission before that time comes. I'll just beat them to it.

As to your not having university education, I do not think that's so bad. I never thought of that very much. I think your training as a nurse is worth a great deal and your store of commonsense will prove of more service to you than a university education would. Anyway, if you miss it much, you may go to a university while the war is on."...

Chapter 74 - Sanitarium

"Have just finished your letter. Yes there are electric lights in the house. I'm feeling better this morning; maybe I'll be well by next Christmas.

I finished "High Heart" yesterday. They had no more difficulties to overcome; nor any more romance than we've had. The heroine had two lovers and loved only one. You see our story would be lacking in that phase. She had to give up her sweetheart to war, but fate brought him back to her. She's nursing him back to health again in a hospital in France. Maybe he will not have to go back to the front since his right arm is gone and one leg is badly injured. Let's hope that she keeps him and lives happy ever after.

Well I should say hot! The last two days have been almost unbearable. The air seems so oppressive. I get along better than those who have to work. I wear few clothes and lounge on the bed all the time. The evenings are tedious for me because I don't get out of doors much and at this time the rise in my temp makes my skin feel so dry and parched. I prefer the "sweating."

It's consoling to learn that you are cheerful under the existing circumstances. The boys must have worked a charm on you. Well we know that it's best to be cheerful no matter what our lot, but we don't always abide by the theory. Now what do you mean by getting a number with "13" stuck on it? Jes like ye, to be so rash. Keep up your high spirits; if necessary, go to see your brothers. I suppose you will spend Sunday at home, provided you don't take Miss Operator riding.

Hurry and get your business arranged; I'm getting anxious to see you. Will this be the last time we'll be together before you enlist? No!!!"...

Dr. Joe has gone to North Texas and seen Golda and returned. The time spent was only a few days as that was all the time he felt he could afford to take off. Golda writes to him...

"Harris Sanitarium, Ft. Worth - August 10, 1917 - I didn't get to write this morning because there was no back-rest available and my left elbow was too sore to lean upon. My throat feels much better today; my speech is still impaired. I talk like people from Georgia and Mississippi. You should have seen the big bowl of milk-toast that I had for breakfast. It felt good to my throat as well as to my hungry stomach. I think my appetite is going to come back.

Well, Dr. Bursey came hunting you last night after you were gone. It seems impossible for you two to appear on the scene at the same time. They removed tonsils and adenoids from a girl in room #31 this morning. I heard her crying when the Novocain began to lose its effect.

Poor girl. I wanted to tell her that that intense pain wouldn't last more than an hour and a half. I guess she's found that out by now, however.

The night nurse assumed a more cheerful attitude later on last night, and was very obliging. I called her every 2 hours for a glass of water. I couldn't sleep, so I drank. The flowers are still pretty. They are on the dresser where I can see them every time I look up. Every time I look at them I think of you. I missed your visits today. I'm so thankful that I had you yesterday. When I was in the greatest pain I stood it better because I knew that you'd be back soon. It's wicked for me to be so wild about you.

How did your operations come out? I don't think you would feel equal to the task after your night's ride. It's so hard for one to work when there's no incentive to guide one. I hope you will soon learn your destiny, and be able to pursue your "phantoms of delight" once more. If I were permitted to choose, I couldn't have chosen a more inappropriate time to be sick. I ought to be healthy and able to make life a little more cheerful for you in the hours of your trying decisions, instead of being sick and adding to your worries. I'll try to get well then if I do you'll have one star in your crown for saving your patients...

Today is almost like yesterday except for a swollen knee and foot, and a cooler atmosphere. It seems like the first few weeks of fall, makes one look to see if the leaves are turning gold.

Dr. Bursey came to see me a few minutes ago. He said that perhaps Miss Bursey would come to see me tomorrow. The little boy in the lab came and talked awhile yesterday evening. I never get to making their exit. They are very busy, or I am repulsive to them one or the other. An occasional visit is made me by a probe who takes my pulse on the ulnar side of my wrist. She's good to look at although she's homely, because she always has a smile on her face. A real pretty golden haired probe came in this evening. She too had a desperate struggle in finding the radial artery and sure but that she meant to take the blood pressure. O, well, I guess I used to do just as awkwardly when I wore the green dress and weighed 150 pounds...

Sunday morning - The right side of my throat persists in remaining sore and my "jints" hurt pretty much. My appetite is keen and in general I feel improved. Honey, I believe I'm going to get well yet. This morning while being here thinking I'd wish that every footstep of the different visitors would be yours. On the second day Dr. Boyce came to see me and remarked how clear my voice had got. I told him I didn't realise it myself for I hadn't had anyone to talk to. He wanted to know where Dr. Kopecky was.

Here comes the Medical Brigade -- Did you ever notice what a broad gleeful grin Dr. Harris put on? They said something about vaccine and a rabbit; I'm wondering if I'm going to get it...

If yesterday was August 11th, today must be your birthday. I've been a little incapacitated for shopping here of late, but I still want to give you a little token that will remind you of me when you're away. Here's lots of love and best wishes for you anyhow. If good wishes would be of any use, you'd be in good fortune.

Miss Bursey and her little niece called. I told Dr. that the kid was tow-headed. He didn't resent this at all, said all of his life he'd been called that. Said I had to stay here and nurse with her when I got well and she added, "Then I know I'll get to see Kopecky." It sounds odd for one to call you by your last name, yet I used never to call you any other. Dr Bursey says I am regaining my color and look better. Here's hoping. I'd like very much to be strong and able to "june" around.

I had a new nurse this morning. She's a nurse after my heart. Tall of medium weight, light brown hair and fairly good looking. She is strictly business yet courteous and pleasant. I couldn't help noticing how she attended to every detail and remembered every little thoughtfulness. I told Dr. Bursey what a hit she made with me and he said she was excellent, said she was chief of police's daughter. She doesn't bore one with her personal affairs, yet she conducts herself in such a way that one becomes interested to know about her. I admire sensible people even though I'm senseless myself. Joe, I wish I were a little better educated about four or five more years than I am. Don't you kinder regret that I'm not a University girl? I do. I got cheated out of lots when I never got to go through college.

This thumb is very fat and like all fat folks has grown tired. Love and a hundred kisses. Golda...

Monday - Right wing out of commission; left on the bum. I want to cry, but your words come to me: "Be a good patient, Jim." I'm drinking mineral water now. Last night was 48 hours long. I slept during 2 of them. I'll tell you more when I can write well...

Tuesday - Quite an improvement in my writing eh? I slept last night too. That aspirin and codeine tasted good to me last night, and O that good sleep! Didn't wake till 2 A.M. when I got another dose. My fingers, elbow, and shoulder were paining me night before last and yesterday. All the swelling is not gone, but the aspirin controls the pain.

Dr. Bursey came and listened to my heart. He says the murmur is about one tenth as loud as it was and the second one is gone. Now isn't that good news? My cousins came out last night, one is staying at Mineral Wells. She wants me to go over there with her and take the baths. She has a cottage rented and has her car there. Since it would not be near so expensive there as it is here, and since Dr. Harris recommended the Wells I thought it would be the best thing to do. I asked Dr. Bursey about it this morning and he said I would not be quit there and I ought to be where I couldn't go anywhere - well this is the place then. So I suppose I'll have to

stay over my week here. What do you think about the Wells proposition when they dismiss me from here? I don't seem to know what to do any more. Maybe by then I'll be myself again. I already feel better and have an appetite. Ruby brings me buttermilk, home made bread, fruit etc. and comes to see me every night. She also looks after my laundry. She's kind and sweet like her mother was. It seems that I'm getting more attention than I really deserve. There's no reason why every one should be so good to me. I'll always feel grateful to you, honey. I was so tired and weary that I let you take the responsibility. I can't help noticing how thoughtful you were in helping me. So few like you. Do you think it strange that I allow you to help me instead of calling on some of my relatives? There's no one that I would ask except my oldest brother and my father. I know this drought has hit my brother hard, and Father is so old and getting feeble that I know that he has no more than will keep him and mother comfortable. If I said I needed anything he'd do without everything that he might help me, but I'd rather stay in a ward than have that. After all maybe the 55 will nearly cover expenses and I'll not have incurred such an enormous debt. I don't like to be dependent on anyone, but since I am, I'd rather it's you who does me the favour.

Mrs. Morris of Graham wrote to me and in her letter she told me about Dr. S. M's. visiting them. I suppose she was "quizzing" him about you because she has always taken a great interest in me. He told her that you were an excellent young man.... Mrs. Morris and I nearly fell out about you once. She fussed at me because I was going with a Bohemian. The Dr. came to my rescue and said that was alright if I liked you it was nobody's business and he knew that you were a fine young man or I wouldn't care for you. I never did tell you this before did I? You see they always called me their big girl and expected me to do wonders when I got grown - disappointed I fear.

I slept a long time after breakfast, dreamed I was carrying a watermelon from the patch and Dr. Bursey yelled at me to put it down that I was taking too much exercise, but I kept going. I'm so hungry for some watermelon.

Old Spillman came with the staff yesterday. Isn't he a crazy looking nut? Does he still work here? I've my opinion of an institution that would employ him.... Are you drafted? I dread to get your letter and learn the facts...

1st Lieut. U. S. A.! Ahem! That sounds nice. Today is the day of decision; well I know which way you've decided. You couldn't resist accepting because of that framed commission that is to come in later years. When you get old and cranky I'll have to hang this certificate of your high rank and honor in a very conspicuous place where you may point it out to all your friends and bore them by relating incidents that it will recall.

That tack did almost as much mischief as those that Tish scattered by the roadside. Your letters come in the afternoon here. I didn't think I would get one yesterday when the nurse tickled my nose with it as I was falling asleep. It waits yet to be seen whether or not I get one today.

Father phoned that he was coming down today. I'm looking for him about noon. I suppose he was afraid I was sicker than I told them. I told them I wasn't very sick and not to worry.

6 P.M. - Father came and stayed till 5 P.M. He didn't get to see either of the doctors. Dr. Bursey came about 15 minutes after he left. Father is quite feeble and my heart stays right in my neck for fear he stumbles on the car step or somewhere.

My cousin and husband are out at Lake Worth camping until Friday, so they are not here to bring him back and forth to see me.

I told Dr. Bursey about your advising me to eat the rabbit. I don't care for stale rabbit; it died day before yesterday. He injected the culture from my tonsils in the poor little rabbit and it "kicked the bucket." He brought the heart for me to see the congested condition of the valves. He said the rabbits elbows and knees were swollen and red.

Miss Bursey came out last night again. She went on duty today in Arlington Heights. She also had a call from Snider. I was telling her about Jeff's love affair and do you know I couldn't think of the "rich banker's" name.

Dr. B. said he saw Mr. Johns today and he said he was coming to take me riding when I could get out. That is very nice isn't it? You know I told you that Bursey said he hadn't much faith in the bath treatment at the Wells - well when I told him Father wanted to know if I'd be able to go out to Young Co. to recuperate, why Dr. B. said they wanted me to go to the Wells for awhile.

A dance on Sunday! Why those brothers of yours had better go to Sunday school and learn about the bigger man who gets little boys for hooking melons and dancing on Sunday. Since he must go, I'm glad your brother got into the officers' training camp.

8:45 - I've been talking to Mr. Jenkins. He and some of the nurses went to a Negro Holy Roller meeting last night. From his report of the affair it must have been pretty fair vaudeville.

Lieut. Kopecky, when will you get your soldier boy suit? Please hurry and come to see me so I can see how you look in it. Hon, how can I give you up? I guess I'll have to, but I never expect to look like anything anymore. Now come down to real hard facts, I can't see any happiness for me without you. Even though you come back I can't bear to look into those years that intervene. I just can't - I'm strongly considering going too.

If I had only used enough judgement to take the state board. Does one have to take entrance exam, to become Red Cross nurse during war times? I'll go and be your guardian, well I couldn't say angel.

My appetite exceeds the rations; the food resembles the Sealy boarding house too much to suit me. I'd give my slippers for a good sandwich now. I'm tired of buttermilk so tomorrow I'm going to squeal for sweet. You said you didn't care for eating - well I differ on that respect; I'd rather eat than sleep right now.

I'm going to go to sleep. I know how dope makes one feel now. They gave me codeine with the aspirin the other night. I felt like I was floating away on the air the most peculiar pleasing sensation. I didn't think I was breathing atal. Yonder come some more aspirin for me. Good night...

Did you write this last letter and the first one while riding in your car? Your writing looks like it was written by a very "shakey" hand. Are you nervous, or are you scared about going to war? I suppose you were in a hurry.

Father is going home tomorrow. He felt so tired this morning that he nearly decided to go this evening but he changed his mind. He seemed to be pleased that I was getting well so fast.

Guess when your beloved leaves? Saturday, Cr. Bursey says I may go to Mineral Wells. Somehow I don't anticipate much pleasure to be derived from this trip, but maybe there will be benefit at least. I'm well now, don't need any mineral water. The right side of my throat is still sore. Chief complaint is hunger. That old probe who promised to bring me some watermelon hasn't made her appearance this evening. I guess she ate too much herself. When I get out of here I'm going to get the largest melon I can find and eat it rind and all.

I thank you very much for giving your consent for me to attend University during the war. The chances are that I'll be street working or running a plow so that we can send a few more boys to help out over the sea. People will be too economical to hire a nurse during such precarious times.

I woke up with a pain in my joints, and a grouchy feeling in general. Don't care a what? - How things drift today. 'Twas a great effort to grunt at the nurses this morning.

Yesterday morning and this morning I had a tub bath, the first for a week. I would have enjoyed the privilege immensely had I not kept wondering what kind of a patient took a plunge before I did. Three years in a hospital makes one a crank. The nurse brought back the backrest that she took away to use in #32 where the patient is dying. I've no further use for a backrest. I don't want them to know I feel this way about things in

the hospital, for it's tedious to waste on a fastidious person. I don't know what the nurse would have thought had she seen me scrubbing the tub with Dutch Cleanser after she had already prepared the bath.

I saw the undertaker come for the patient in 32 and also a patient in the ward. Both were cancer cases. Dr. Bursey came just now. He says I may go in the morning or Sunday. In the morning suits yours truly.

Saturday - I've already had my bath and am dressed for breakfast. I'm fond of the breakfasts here and wish every meal were breakfast. Guess I'll go to Mineral Wells Monday, you may send my letters to Ruby's till you hear from me again. I think I prefer the train to an automobile to go to Mineral Wells since it's so hot and dusty. I'd like to go to town for a little while then I'll be limbered up so that I'll move along something like a cow.

5 P.M. - Ruby's - I'm here. You may send my mail to 702 Houston St. that is Cliff's office no.; the mail isn't delivered out here. I'm felling "kinda so" after sitting up most of the day, but am so glad to get out of the Sanitarium." ...

Dr. Joe is concerned that she may have left the sanitarium too soon. He feels she still needs more rest and not running around.

Chapter 75 - Out of Touch

"You seem to be overjoyed at being able to leave the hospital. I wonder if you are really in condition to leave; I hope you are. If Bursey let's you out of there before you are fit to go, I'll have him drafted into the army or something.

I went home yesterday. Cyril is going away day after tomorrow, and as I am likely to be called out while he is at Leon Springs, I thought I had better see him once more. I stayed longer than I intended to. The Dr. from Nada was there, and we got to talking and before I knew it, it was 6 P.M. John came back with me and I took him over to his Blue Creek farm. My lights were out, so I had to drive very cautiously, and by the time I got in, it was past 9 P.M.

I had a bloody tonsillectomy on Saturday on a girl 16 years old. She bled like Dr. Breathi's patients; almost made me homesick for Special Service. I was to remove adenoids on an adult yesterday (Sunday) morning, but I wanted to go home, and postponed it till next Sunday. His wife made the diagnosis on him, and I am not absolutely sure that it is correct.

I had to go to Wharton this morning to see about the draft business. I am glad I am rid of that.

In one of your letters I left an unanswered question as to whether I now regretted responding to a certain note of yours. Not now, or any other time; if I never have any more cause to regret my acts than I have that one, I shall live happy. Sometimes I think I ought to reprimand you for showing so little faith in my love for you, but then I think you do not really mean that, at least not all the time. There are times when all people have their doubts about what they believe and even know, but those are times when the people are more or less depressed and therefore to that extent abnormal. I believe that deep down in your heart you know that I love you more dearly than anyone or anything else...

Whether you get to use any of the money or not, it seems to me the logical thing to do. You have slaved since you have been out of the hospital getting things ready for our home; your work and thoughts have centred upon that much more than on the interests of any of your blood relatives; it seems hardly right to me that you should call on any of them now. The question of propriety hardly enters here, for you will not mistake my motive, and as you and I are the only ones that know about it, no one else can. How much joy and pleasure there is in being able to be of service to you, you will only realise when I am sick and sorely demand (need) your service.

No, I have no idea when Uncle Sam will call me. It may be in 2 weeks or 2 months. I ordered my uniforms last Saturday - two khakis...

Not very much doing right at present. One of my obstetrical cases came off last night; had good luck with it, for 1 and 1/2 hours from the time I got out of bed; I was back in bed again. Had a circumcision this morning and am to remove some adenoids manana por la manana.

It is getting awfully dry and dusty here; my sandals take in lots of dust every time I go a few blocks. Day before yesterday and yesterday I had my jitney in a garage and had to do more walking than usual. By night my ankles were so dirty, I could hardly wait till I could wash them. All the Bermuda grass on our lawn is dried up now. If we could get a rain soon, it would do the fields and meadows lots of good. My people have made no hay yet, and if it keeps dry, they will have to spend most of their cotton crop on hay and feed.

I believe I will get me a course in French and learn some French. I may not get to go to France, but in case I do, it will come in handy. I don't like to have to speak to people through an interpreter...

Yes, you guessed it; I am waiting for your address. I haven't heard from you since Sunday, I believe it was. It occurred to me several times that it would be rather-er-romantic- if during this time I had been ordered to duty and had to leave without seeing you because I would not have known where to look for you. They don't usually allow a man much time to look for anyone or anything else.

What do you mean when will I become lieutenant; I am lieutenant now; according to my commission have been "it" since July 20. Several times - usually about 39 times or so, I have to answer the question when do you think you will have to go? To save time, I have cut my explanation to saying, "I don't know; I am not my boss any more. I think it will be in ten days, 2 months, or 6 months, something like that." That usually forestalls any further quizzing.

I am afraid very much that you did more romping around than was good for you before you left for Mineral Wells, but I hope that it had only temporary bad effects. I had a letter from Bursey written about the middle of last week. He said you were doing nicely; I do not now remember whether he said anything about your going to the Wells or not.

The monotony of our life here has been broken by a light rain this afternoon. It certainly was welcome. The dust has been simply unendurable for the last few days. This afternoon I went downtown right after dinner and found the drugstore so hot and dusty, I came back home and fell asleep.

Didn't the Negroes play hell at Houston, though? I'll be very much disappointed if any less than 100 get what they ought to get - shot at sunrise. Sunset would do as well, just so they get shot. If the government does not shoot them, the chances are someone else will. That beats anything I ever heard of in this country. Feeling ran pretty high in this part

of the country, and if the Negroes had not been protected by the government, there would not have been many of them left to move from Houston. I see that one of the U. of T. students Dr. Mitelmer, intern at St. Joseph's, came pretty close to getting shot while driving in an ambulance."...

Seems that at this time in Houston, and several other cities around the States, a number of protests were held in opposition to both the war and the draft - some flat refusing to go; some refusing to obey orders.

"John came in this morning; he was on his way home from Blue Creek. I meant to go home tomorrow, but believe I will wait till Monday morning; as John wants me to come then and take my married sister over to his place. I think my brother-in-law is going to rent John's place at Blue Creek.

I am anxious to get my orders and get out of here. I don't feel like staying here any longer than I can possibly help - things don't look right now that I know I am not going to stay. Mr. Turner is trying hard to get a man to take Gray's and my place, but does not seem to have very much luck. Nearly all the younger fit men are in the same boat as Gray and myself; he would rather not get an old fogey; there are too many of those here already. But I believe he will have to, as that is the only kind available.

I cannot tell whether I would rather be stationed in Texas or go to France. It would be pleasant to stay here, but it would be much more of an adventure to go to France. Luckily, I will not have the choice of deciding - it will be up to my Uncle Sammie. If I am ordered to any point west, I may have to leave with out seeing you. Points east and north would make it handy to stop in North Texas...

You say you haven't had a letter in a week. Not my fault, for I have written five to you during that very week. If you weren't sick, I would just tell you it served you right for being so thoughtless and delightfully indefinite about your address. Of course, you have a great many things to think of, but don't you think you could have taken 1 and 1/2 minutes before leaving the Sanitarium and given me some definite address - c/o Gen. Del., for instance and instead of just saying that you would send your address later? It seems too exasperating to be out of touch with you for a whole week; every letter I get from you, I see that you have not yet received my letters though I have been writing almost every day. No, I am not fussing at all, but it is very unpleasant and I want to impress it upon you so that you don't pull off a stunt like this again. Oh no; don't pout about it; if I did not love you, I wouldn't give a darn whether your letters came or whether you ever got mine or not. If you haven't already done so, write for your letter to the Sanitarium and another at that dear cousin's husband so that the chain of letters may be complete, then take a strong hug and a kiss right on the mouth from me, and - "sin no more."

I don't believe you are very favorably impressed with the Wells, the massages (?) etc. You are too susceptible - if you have any doubt, you ought to read some of the advertising matter. There you will have it black on white and will no longer be able to doubt.

It would be interesting if you picked up a stitch you dropped somewhere and tell me who the lady you are staying with is. I am glad to know she spans her boys - glad to know some boys are being brought up right, and if I had a chance, I'd tell her that next time you butt in while she is administering justice, she spank you too for interfering with draft-administration of justice, I meant to say.

One poisonous bite (presumably snakebite), one gyn. case, and one premature birth, is last night's toll. This morning I slept till 10 A.M., and then got up and very leisurely shaved, took a bath, and prepared for dinner this afternoon. I'll have to remove some adenoids from an adult and do not relish it much, as I am afraid it will be a tough job. I am going to do it under local anaesthesia, or at least, I shall attempt to do.

You are right about the pouting; you would be wasting your sweetness on the desert air. Anyway, don't mind what I said; I felt sorry I said anything as soon as I dropped your letter in the mailbox. All right; you go ahead and refuse the peace kiss, but you will accept one that is not a peace kiss, won't you hon?

You do not want to the responsibility of settling that Negro trouble at Houston. I wouldn't mind it. I would have all those that participated in the riot shot for mutiny and murder. Then I would have the rest of the battalion shot on general principles. It makes my blood boil to read about how those Negroes behaved previous to and during the riot. The only thing I can't understand is how white people anywhere, and more especially in the South, can stand for anything like that.

I am shocked to hear you doubt the efficiency of the crazy water. I saved an advertisement that I clipped from a paper to send you as an absolute proof of the miraculous power of this water, but I can't find the clipping now. They also said they would send a dozen half-gallon bottles to any address for \$4.50, \$2.00 returned upon returning of the bottles, and I was just wondering if I ought not to invest \$4.50 in this Fountain of Youth.

I want to know how you are getting along. I know that the rate at which you are improving is disappointing, but still you are improving. I know you feel resentful about it sometimes; even I can't help it at times, and I am not the one that's suffering; but you will get well, because you are just bound to; it's unthinkable that you should not. And you must not try to move about too much; it may result in permanent changes in the joints if you do. If Dr. Graves wasn't on his vacation, it might be best for

you to go to see him, but as he is away, I don't think it would do you much good to be looked after by Stone or some intern.

Yes, I applied for immediate active service, but that is no sign I am going to get it. Anyway, as long as I have a practice that pays, I can afford to stay here, I guess. The chances are that I will get good and tired of the service after I get in, especially if the service should consist chiefly of "watchful waiting," as it is very likely to do.

I had an adenoidotomy this morning on a boy about 8 years old. By the way, the case I was to work on last Sunday, the one I had some worrying about, proved so refractory that I had to quit before I started. It was just too ridiculous for anything. I had to get out of the house so I could laugh. I was afraid I'd get kicked out if I laughed in the house...

I went to Houston to do some shopping and I had just between trains to do it in. Houston seems to have quieted down since it had its little excitement with the Negroes. I did not notice any Negro troops, though; - or "colored" troops, either. That investigation over at Houston seems to be developing some interesting facts, among others, the fact that white officers commanding the Negroes must have a mighty wide streak of "yellow" in them.

I got a number of books from Washington about military affairs. I guess I will have to sit up now and study about what to do when a private salutes me, etc. Right interesting, hey? At night I believe I'll put on my uniform, and stand in front of the mirror and practice saluting.

Your handwriting looks a great deal steadier than it used to a few weeks ago, and your frame of mind - to the outward appearance - seems to be more cheerful. Your philosophy in regard to taking care of yourself is smart; I have now only come to this realisation that you not only believe but also practice it. No matter how much people seem to appreciate what you do for them while you are doing it, they soon forget about it when they get well. The answer to your question, when a nurse gets sick, who cares? Is - not a d___m soul, as far as your patients go. To the great majority of them you are just a person who gets paid for your services. They will try and get them as cheap as they can and get the best of you. Take care of yourself if you won't, you needn't think your patients will.

My address is 1st Lt. Joseph Kopecky, M.C.R. Got some matter from Washington, and that's what they called me, so I guess that's right.

I had my dreams disturbed a bit last night on account of having to go to see a lady with cramping pains in her left side. She called me out at 10 P.M. and again at 3 A.M., when the first dose I gave her quit working."...

Chapter 76 - Mineral Wells

"Mineral Wells, Texas - I've treated you like a stepchild here of late. When I was at Ruby's I never could find a spare moment. I was going nearly all the time Sunday. That morning we drove out to the army camp and out to the lake. With a generous quantity of aspirin I stood the trip fine. That afternoon company came and cheated us out of our naps, then in the evening we went riding again. I didn't sleep very much that night. Monday, yesterday morning, I spent getting ready to come to the Wells. At 4:20 I started, got here at 6 P.M. It's hot as Hades here, and I'm feeling wretched, but I think I'll be better when I get rested. Those three days at Ft. Worth nearly did me up. I felt so worthless this morning that I feared I could never get out of it!

I haven't heard from you since Thursday, five days. I suppose you are waiting for an address. It seems like one month. I believe a letter would help me.

Address me in care of Crazy Wells, Mineral Wells, Texas. When will you become Lieut.? Must I address you thusly. I'm wondering how you will look...

How long will this silence last? I feel like I'm writing to an isolated human who can't answer. I hope you will soon learn my address,...

Today is another scorcher. We have very pleasant rooms upon the hillside. There is a sleeping porch that we live on most of the time. We are five in family - Mrs. Lewis, her two boys, a lady friend of hers, and myself. We went out in the country yesterday in a vain search for peaches and frying size chickens. Regardless of our failure, we had quite an enjoyable time. After supper we drove out to the Negro "holy-roller" meeting and listened to the preacher expound the gospel and to the members testify. They didn't get very happy and do very many vaudeville stunts. The spectators were too numerous - more white people than Negroes.

We got up early this morning and went to the bathhouse. The doctor put a stethoscope on our shoulders and threw a sphygmomanometer at our elbows and decided that Mrs. Lewis and I couldn't take the vapour baths. She had been taking them a week already. After we had had the scrubbing and shower a "hefty" mulatto woman gave us a nice rubbing, what they call massage. We've decided that since we can't have the vapour, the other isn't worth the money; so no more of that graft. I can take hot baths and scrubbing here for less than 75 cents.

Every time I turn around there stands one of those crazy women offering me a glass of "crazy" water. O, there she comes with one now. It seems that everybody soon becomes very fond of the water after they stay here awhile.

What are you doing? Have you gone to France yet? I'm getting nervous about you. If you don't write soon I'll get out a search warrant for you. I saw two officers on the train the other day. They look quite trim in their uniforms. I'm anxious to see you in yours. Would you like to be at Camp Bowie or had you rather go to Washington or some Northern camp?

There are two bookcases full of books here, I guess I can read whenever I want to. These apes are clamouring for me to come go with them for a ride. One is combing my hair so I guess I'll have to quit...

One week ago I got a letter from you. This week has been long. I stayed in the house all day yesterday until late when we went for a ride. Of course we came by the Negro meeting. I like to hear them sing, and dance - see them dance I mean. Mrs. Lewis threatened to send Tom her younger boy and me home for giggling at them. When one squeaky voiced female was testifying we about disgraced ourselves laughing. One girl in her praise talk said the Lord had sanctified her and changed her "nature" said she used to be unable to keep her feet still when she heard a piano and now music didn't effect her atal. When they began singing those raggy songs her feet kept perfect time and when the "dude" a dressed up Negro man had made his speech and they began a song with a catchy tune you should have seen that gal dance, some dancer. Another got up and danced round a circle about fifty times. I still wonder how she kept from falling.

Jim says "no mail." I'm going to quit looking for one then maybe I'll get it. It's very disappointing to look for a letter that never comes. I'm wondering what you have been doing and what has happened to you since you last wrote. Lots of things can happen in a week's time. It seems time enough for me to get well in but I haven't. Don't believe I'm ever going to feel like I used to before this. I hear stories of miraculous cures from these waters, but I don't believe them. I'm going to drink the crazy stuff anyway since I'm here. I haven't gone to the wells yet because I can't dress up or walk very well. The boys bring the water up to the house to drink.

Mrs. Lewis is going to spend the day with a friend. The boys and I prefer staying at home and reading and eating ice cream. I'm reading "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde;" Jim's reading "Tom Sawyer" and Tom "Huckleberry Finn." Tom spends most of his time feeding his stomach. I mean for the kids to do just as they please today while their mother is away for she certainly makes them walk the chalk line. They are exceptionally good boys; wash dishes, make beds, and run errands with good grace. They will do any thing to save their mother the worry or work. She gave them a spanking for quarrelling this morning. I sure hated to see them get a whipping. I told her I liked good children like hers but I didn't want her to whip them. She said they wouldn't be good if she didn't whip them when they needed one.

5 P.M. - The Morris family came by to see me. They were in Ft. Worth and found where I was. We're going to watch the boys swim in the pool - not because we want to but because they want us to...

At last the suspense is broken, two letters came last night. While we were at the Crazy last night. Mr. Umphries the postman motioned for me to come to the window and handed them to me. He remembered that I had been inquiring in vain. I wonder where those two in Ft. Worth are. That fat Miss Emory got the address wrong. She told the Morrises that it was 1314 and it was 1341.

You sure had me guessing. In spite of my resolutions not to worry, to look for the "silver lining" etc. I would find myself wondering what could be keeping you from writing. I imagined you were sick - just imagine you getting too sick to write! Then I concluded that you were called out, that you had written me telling of the change and Cliff had sent the letter to the wrong address. Yesterday I awoke from a disturbed fitful day nap with a feeling of apprehension about you. This cast a gloom over my spirits all the afternoon. We dressed and went to town' your letters dispelled the cloud and I enjoyed the evening. This week of silence has given me a faint, just a tiny remote, idea of how it will be when I'm waiting to hear from you in France.

Well you may call it romantic if you choose. If you had been called away without my seeing you, I'd have had another name for it and it wouldn't be synonymous with romantic.

It's a little dusty and hot here, but it bothers me little because I can usually find a cool spot in the house and I never walk very much. All day we lazy around on the beds and chairs. Then about 7 o'clock get up and dress. I don't know whether its good for me to go around much or not, but I get tired staying in the bed all the time. I don't know what to tell you how I'm are. I feel worse than I did in the sanitarium. When I left there I felt little pain in my joints, now it seems that every joint hurts when I move. When in Sanitarium I took aspirin grains 10 every 4 hours, here I take it only when I want to go to the Crazy Well or to the Negro meeting. I grunt all day then about 6 P.M. I take the aspirin and at 7 P.M. I'm at the Crazy walking around trying to keep from limping so no one will know I'm a rheumatic. Next morning I know that there's not a chance of my getting well. Well it makes little difference to me. I can't worry about so trivial a thing. "Well it am de truf an how" - we know more pretty quotations that we learned at the Negro meeting.

Old "Sticks" brought your special delivery to me. "Sticks" is what we call a long-legged sorrel-topped ape-faced boy who wears breeches three sizes to small, and sells tickets at the Nat. We have almost all the prominent people here nicknamed - the soda jerkers, and visitors whom we see frequently.

Well as I was saying I got your letter. When I went to dinner Mrs. L. had it placed at my plate. I read it before I could eat a bite of hen and gravy.

It's hard to be waiting as you are, I know. I hope you will not be called West, then. If they do call you where you can't come by to see me, I'll bless out the whole war department. Have you a uniform? Or do you wait till you are called to wear the khaki? Must I address you Lieut. Kopecky, or Dr. Kopecky? Or shall I say Mr. Dr. Lieut. Kopecky? Now don't you fuss at me for asking so many questions, like you do your friends. I'm going to ask anything I want to know about your welfare, so you may expect to answer every one. If you don't get to see me any more I'd regret that your last impression of me would be a tallow-faced, stiff-jointed, sore-throated, tongue-tied person. Such an image to take in your memory to France! How do you like it? Well it's de truff anyhow.

This hot wind burns my eyes. Guess I'll go inside the room and lie down to pleasant nightmares.

5 P.M. - A meddlesome lady mosquito awakened me by dining upon my arm. I hope she takes the rheumatic statium.

Pretty soon I must get up and doll up a bit. I don't feel like going, but I feel less inclined to stay at home. No I'm not under any physician's care. When I left Ft. Worth I didn't need to be I don't suppose, and after I got here I didn't have any desire to look one up.

Yes I guess the Negroes played what you said they did. To be strictly honest with you, I don't know what they did. We've been neglecting to get a paper this whole week. Mrs. Lewis ordered the paper sent from Ft. Worth but they didn't send it, and we didn't think to get one when in town. The little newspaper here didn't say anything about it. Now laugh at my being back woodsy. Whatever they did, I know they need shooting because the majority of them need that anytime. I'll get a paper this evening.

We got a paper yesterday and are well informed today. As I suspected the trouble in Houston was caused by the Negro troops. A good shooting would be fair enough punishment for them. I wouldn't want the responsibility of settling this affair.

We went riding last night. Should have been at church I'll admit, but I couldn't wear my shoes. We drove by to see what the Negroes were doing. The shouted and danced more than usual, all of which we were unable to see because of the throng of white trash that crowded around. The sight was so disgusting that we left, resolving never to frequent the place again. I prefer looking at frantic Negroes instead of curious white trash any time.

I feel so weary today, almost tired of living. A week ago today I came. I feel worse than I did then. The pain gets on my nerves more than it did when I had fever and the joints were swollen. I cried this morning. Mrs. Lewis was playing "Forgotten" and I hurt my elbow. She said she was afraid I was going to hurt my elbow when I insisted on her playing such ragtime music. This is the first time since I've been in Mineral Wells; anything to break the monotony.

I've been sleeping. If I could sleep with comfort I'd like to pass away most of the time in sleep. Since I can't get any I get up and act the fool. That's about all we do anyway...

Your lecture received and duly considered. I didn't pout; what's the use when you're so far away? If you were here I certainly would not take so much sarcasm from you without retaliating but quarrelling by letters is too slow. I'll end the discussion by saying no more, and refusing your peace-offering kiss.

It seems to me that I told you in one of my previous letters whom I was staying with. I wrote you my plans before I left Ft. Worth. The lady, Mrs. Lewis is my cousin, because her mother was my Father's sister. She has two boys Jim and Tom, who are here with her. (By the way, I need no spanking and refuse to take one from anyone.) She has been here three weeks to receive benefit for her hayfever. She rented rooms ready-furnished from a widow who is away on a visit. There is every convenience to be desired in a home, which makes light housekeeping very easy. She does a little cooking and the boys clean house. I dust the dresser. We're going back to Ft. Worth in a few days. If I had improved like I expected to we meant to go to Young Co. overnight. She decided I wasn't equal to the trip and backed out. I guess she is homesick. We wanted to chase around and see every one of the relatives and I don't suppose it would have been very pleasant for old crip. My Ft. Worth address will be 2004 Nellie St.

Everyone here strongly believes in the efficiency of the water, or at least they play like they do. I suppose it takes time for results and then perhaps nature does the greater part. I'm tired of staying here already and I know I would be restless if here alone. I'm going to drag some of the condensed water home with me...

Still you ask me to let you know how my condition is. I'd like to be a Christian Scientist and ignore the fact altogether. Last night while sitting in the Crazy a man from Graham came and talked to us. He was surprised to see me here and wanted to know how I was enjoying my visit. I told him very well for a sick person. He thought I was joking and I let it appear as a joke. I don't look sick when I'm not walking.

In this way I've improved it seems. They say I look better and have a better color. My heart seems to be behaving alright - pulse slow and regular. No temp. my fingers and feet continue to become swollen at

times. All joints are painful on moving. The pain is more intense than at first; worse during early morning and day - better in evening - uncomfortable sitting or reclining most of the time. Now this is all I know about the case. I do know that you were about right when you said removal of the tonsils would not give immediate relief.

Did you apply for active service? It would be pretty hard on you if they let you stay there 6 months or more, when you are so disinterested in the place now. How are you getting along with French?

How do you like the norther? Makes one think the summer is almost ended. The cloudy weather made us think it might rain, so we've decided to go to Ft. Worth today. We would be handicapped if the fall rains were to begin while we're here. I suppose we could make the trip out - it would be risky over that road.

The boys are hilarious with rejoicing because they are going home. Three weeks of Mineral Wells satisfied them. I don't care where I am any more. One place is as good as another. Mrs. Lewis wants me to go home with her and will not hear to my going elsewhere. If I stay here she says she will not leave me, so I'm going with her for I know she is anxious to get home because school will start soon. I think I'll do just as well there if I drink this water.

We had a fire at 3 A.M. not far from here. This makes five fires since I came. The first four were started by a half-witted boy who enjoys seeing fires. I don't know whether he started this last night or not but I hope he got to see it since it was a nice big one.

I can't write very well this morning. My index finger and thumb are swollen. I'll not get your letter this evening but I'll see that he gets the correct address to forward it to - 'cause I'm scared that you'll scold me again (?) I'm so afraid of you. If we were married I know I would fear you like some poor fool women I know who tremble at their husband's command. I just want to thrash the old husbands and bump the silly wives for letting them run a bluff over them. I'd hate you if you scolded me like some men scold their wives. I'd just swat you one, and make my departure. But you wouldn't would you? I never could imagine you as being quarrelsome or fussy. To me you appear almost faultless so maybe you could be a holiness member...

We made the trip alright; started at 3:10 and got here at 6:30. The north wind and recent rain made the journey very pleasant. Tom and I would have enjoyed our part of the trip better if we hadn't been piggish and choked up our carburettors with boiled ham and mustard at lunch. We were kinda sick all the way home. On our way into town we passed the army camp and saw the soldiers drilling. The kids were so glad to get home they could hardly wait for the car to stop.

They are busy cleaning house this morning. About one half dozen boys who seem to have nothing to do but play on the streets are out on the back fence waiting for Jim and Tom to come and play with them. They don't seem overly anxious to join their friends, however. While the boys were at M. Wells their dog, who was living with their grandmother, disappeared. They are very much distressed about Teddie, and intend making a search for him today. Tom shed a few tears over his lost comrade.

No I never have got that special delivery letter. I'll call out there and see about it. I'm anxious to know what you were gallivanting around in Galveston for. I'll bet you have a girl there. Well I'm not dead yet, so if I find you are looking out for another, I'll live for spite. Yes, and about the letter sent to 702 H. Clifford forwarded them in care of Crazy Hotel. He thought that and Crazy Well was all the same place, but it isn't.

Hurry up and get your accessories to match your uniform and send me a snapshot of my Lieut. I have some Kodak pictures of you in uniform when you were in the Med. Corps at Galveston, but they are too small. Are you going to wear your hat a la Teddie Roosevelt like you used to?

Nearly two months I've wasted! It's easy to contract trouble, but not so easy to get rid of it. When I get well again I'm going to be real selfish; that is when I'm working. From now on, Miss Willis takes rest due her, she quits the case whenever she doesn't feel able to keep it and if the dear patients do not like it, they can look out for another. I'm going to be a devil on wheels when they don't treat me fair. Of course I'll be pleasant when everything runs along, as I desire. You know the people who are this disposition get along so much better in this world.

I'm going to stay close at home this week and see if rest will improve me. Rest and Negro meetings didn't seem to work. Mrs. Lewis says I'm better. She also says I'm going to stay with her till I get perfectly well. I told her she could prepare to have me with her always as I don't ever expect to get well.

I'll have to quit - my shoulders are screaming for a rest. They awoke me last night because the pillow got too monotonous. I stayed awake a long time and looked at the moon and thought about you...

I was pleasantly surprised yesterday that I should get a letter so soon. You're pretty hard on the "colored folks" aren't you? It is maddening to have such things to occur. I wish that every Negro man could be sent to the front right away, and it makes little difference if they never come back. I wish you could have heard that dude Negro preach; you would have felt like shooting him full of holes.

Today is almost ideal not too hot, nor too cold. I'm glad autumn is here again. To me it's the most pleasant season of the year. When I get

to feeling better, I'm going to a dentist and have my teeth examined and "repaired." I'm glad that I have no cavities of any importance. Only on errands like this will I go to town until I'm well.

Mrs. Lewis is so kind and sweet to me, yet I feel so silly to be sitting around while she is a frail little creature who waits on me. The only place where I'd feel perfectly free would be at home with Mother as my nurse like she used to be when I was a kiddie. I've never yet found anyone who could take her place especially when I'm sick. There was never any doubt about her willingness to do, and untiring patience. But now I ought to be caring for her instead of her for me. So I must make the best of circumstances, and hurry and get well...

When at the Sanitarium I expected to be wholly recovered by now. My expenses there almost amounted to the \$55, lacking three dollars. I've spent all that which I brought with me, and now it's up to me to get well quick or draw on the borrowed one hundred. This I hoped would not be necessary. It's easy to make debts - not so easy to pay them. Don't think that I don't appreciate your kindness. I can't ever forget it - but I wish that it didn't have to be that way. So I'm going to spend as little as I can make out with." ...

Feelings still ran high at the beginning of the 1900s. People were still around who fought in the Civil War, such as Golda's father, and who remembered the hardships of the war and reconstruction for abolishing slavery. If then and now it was good enough for white men to put their lives on the line then it should be good enough for the Negroes too, in defence of the country that set them free. In reality many of the Negroes set free had nowhere to go, had nothing, had no skills or education. The separate but equal idea was coming into reality. The truth is the Negroes did not know what, if anything, they belonged to and thus what they did have to defend and die for. Any past culture, tradition, and history the Negroes had was destroyed when they were taken and placed in slavery. They had no pride in their past. They had yet to learn to take what they had, start over, and go forward with it.

Many years before the civil war President Thomas Jefferson not only wanted slavery abolished he wanted funds to buy and ship Negroes back to Africa. He said that in years to come, the Negroes would be a constant and major problem for the United States. He did not get the government to do it, but he and a number of private citizens did. That was the foundation for the country of Liberia, mainly started from freed slaves from the United States. Many went to Liberia between 1820 and 1865. It became a Republic in 1847. The idea to "send them back" was once truly acted upon.

Chapter 77 - Preparing

"We've had another rain yesterday, and I shall not be able to go home. I was to go over to Blue Creek and get John and then go home, but now it is all off. Anyway, this rain is needed worse than my trip home is, and I am willing to stay here one Sunday.

As to the borrowed money, don't let anything interfere with your using it when it can possibly be of aid to you; I should consider it sinful on your part if you should delay your recovery because you hated to use the money. And if you run short let me know; there's several hundred more of it here that was to be used for buying bird's-eye maple furniture, etc. for a certain couple whose plans were upset by a little affair over in Europe. Your misgivings to the contrary notwithstanding, I feel that you are improving right along. As I told you several times ago, your recovery must of necessity be slow. It is so slow that it is rather hard for you to notice it from day to day.

Yes, it would be rather nice to be with your mother if she was stronger, and after you get to feeling better, it may be best for you to go home.

Isn't the moonlight bright? Last night it was so clear, I had a notion to shoot our neighbour's dog from my window. The dog seemed to be bent on serenading...

Oh, no; Uncle Sam does not furnish suits and things to his commissioned officers; that he does for his enlisted men only. We have to pay for our clothes and board, and pretty near for everything we need. That's why a commissioned officer never gets rich.

Yes, Huddleston is in the same training camp with Cyril. He and Cyril used to go to the Normal together several years ago. There is a whole bunch of Cyril's former schoolmates in the camp. I don't know whether he will get to meet all of them as there is going to be men from several different states. I haven't heard from Cyril since he has left home, but he writes home and I hear from him indirectly in that manner.

I couldn't bear staying at home all day yesterday, so about 4 P.M., I drove out to John's farm. Much to my surprise, the roads were dry after I got about a mile out of town. John and my nephew then went home with me. One of Jerome's schoolmates is visiting him, and it seems that Jerome is making use of him on the farm. Jerome was to go to his Institute at Temple, but decided there was so much work to do at home that it would be best to cut the Institute. I asked what he was going to do about it in case the Co. Supt. decided to refuse to let him teach in his county for disobeying rules like that, but he does not seem to be worried. So you see I am not the only one in the family that's bent on doing as he darn pleases.

Last night Ludma, Vlasta, and I went to Nada to see the Dr. there. Vlasta will have to go to her Co. Institute at Columbus this week and she will stay over with the Dr.'s family.

I am certainly sorry you did not get to come down here before the family scatters out over the States; I was and am very anxious to have you meet all of them.

Wednesday - A light shower? We are having showers every few hours now, and you'd hardly call them light. The roads are so muddy, I don't even take my jitney out; fortunately, I have few calls to make.

Night before last I had to go out on an obstet. case; I did not have to worry much about the rain, though, for I had only 3 blocks to go. I got back about 1 A.M., then read Saturday Evening Post till about 2 A.M.; then went to bed and slept till 10 A.M. We should worry about the clock!

Day before yesterday I had two cases of anthrax. A man's cow died and the veterinarian surgeon told him the cause of death was "choked stomach" whatever that illuminating term may signify. So the man and his boy went ahead and skinned the cow, and as a result, both developed charbon on their hands. I had to cauterise both places after cutting out the charbon; the boy gave every evidence of beginning septicaemia, but seems to be getting along all right at present. I guess they will be more careful next time. Said veterinary knows about as much about his business as you and I know about Greek; he is about up-to-date as some of these dear doctors in this town.

So you don't trust me when I say I love you! Isn't that a mell-of-a-hess! What in tarnation do you think I want with a woman that can't trust me? Someday I will have to put the matter before you squarely; either you love me and trust me or else you don't. I'll do you like a little boy in a touching story by Kipling did his little sister. (I learned later that the boy was Kipling himself; I suppose that's why he wrote more feelingly than Kipling usually does.) This little boy, 5 years old, and his sister, 3 years old, were taken by their parents who lived in India to live with some relatives in England. His mother impressed it upon him that he must not let his sister forget her (the mother). So every now and then he'd ask, "do you remember mother?" She'd say "'Cose I do." Then he'd say, "you'd better, or I'll thmack you one!" ...Joe...

How often will we write when I get to France? Well, I am afraid I never will go to France. All this talk about the need of medical men in the army must have been tommy-rot, as most things in the daily papers are anyway. Here I have been waiting for nearly two months to be called out, and I am still here. If I did not want to go, I guess I would be called out right now. "If this be treason, make the most of it."

I had the pleasure of patching up a Dr. yesterday. Dr. Rennels of Louise got too near one of these gas tanks in a cold drink stand while it

was exploding, and as a result had his right radius broken, his fingers and shin bruised. Dr. Rennels is an old fogie; still I felt complimented that he called me in preference to any of the other El Campo Drs. He exercises pretty good judgement on some matters, you see.

I went out to Pierce this morning to see that woman that came near bleeding to death some two months ago. She had an operation done at Cuero about one month ago, and did not seem to be doing well, so Mrs Borden had me come out and see her, chiefly to reassure her.

Yes, Ludma will go to school. But I guess she is going back to the Normal. It seems that the work at the C. J. A. is so different from that at the Normal, she would not get credit for her last year's work.

Well, I think it is encouraging that you feel well at least at times. Can you get about better without becoming so fatigued? If Uncle Sam doesn't get a move on him and call me, I am coming to see you pretty soon.

About 5 boys left here yesterday for A. & M. The people around here seem to be very strong believers in A. & M...

You needn't apologise for writing about your condition; I want to know how you are getting along, and if it weren't for your getting blue once in a while and telling your feelings, I never would find out just how you are getting along...

Yes, the school season is here once more. This time every other year someone is getting ready to leave our home for school, but this year everything is torn up, it seems that no one is going. Jerome, Alba and Vlasta are going to teach; Ludma was to go either to Huntsville or to Arts and Industries College; it doesn't seem to be settled yet where she is to go, and school opens next week, so she may not go at all. John thinks she ought to stay at home, but the rest of us think she ought to go to school. About the middle of next week, I believe I'll just tell her to pack her trunk and get ready to go to Denton.

No, I haven't bought a wristwatch yet; I don't want to until I have to. I looked at some the other day, but they were unnecessarily showy and expensive - a radiolite will do.

The theory about rheumatism leaving the body makes me think of a joke Dr. Graves told us once. A Negro barber was telling him how to get rid of a wart by passing it on to the next man. Dr. Graves asked the Negro if it wouldn't be treating the other man a bit unkind. The Negro said: "Well, pusservation am the fust law of native." So if you should notice the "Rheumatis" clinging to your finger tips - or toe tips - don't hesitate about passing it on to the next person; what they do with it is their lookout.

Afternoon - No letter. Well, you did not get one either. For the past two days I've neglected to write.

I went out to Louise on a call this morning. The roads are still pretty rough.

Sorted and packed in order all my letters from you last night. I am slowly arranging my things so that I will not have to lose much time in case I am called out. I arranged my books yesterday so that I can easily pack and box them. I wish I could be called out about the 15th of this month...

And what the devil was the special delivery letter doing over at Wharton, I would like to know? I remember very distinctly that I mailed it here in time on Saturday; I am sure I did not carry it around in my pocket, and I do not think the old postmaster would derive any special pleasure from carrying it around.

I cannot find my fountain pen and have not much time to look for it, so I will just use Mr. Turner's typewriter.

I went over to John's at Blue Creek last night; Ludma is over there this week, and I went over to take her out for a ride. She has a friend of hers with her whose name, curiously enough, is also Ludma Kopecky. I took both of the girls for a short ride. We did not go to town, as the girls were not dressed up any, I wore my uniform, showing off, you know.

I had to go over to Danevang this morning on a call. I had a slight mishap with my jitney about four miles out of town and could not drive as I was afraid to do too much damage to the car, so I had to call a mechanic out there and have it fixed. It seems that my jitney is beginning to act like a second-hand jitney. If it keeps on getting out of order, I'll have it insured and then hope some night it will burn up. If I ever do any more country practice, you will have to ride in a Ford roadster for awhile. I will not fool with any other cheap car any more; they are simply too expensive to run. If I can not get a Dodge, I'll get a Ford.

I intend to go to Wharton tonight to see how my patients are getting along. If you were near, I'd stop by and get you.

I am glad to hear that you are able to run around so much. Your case may not be so hopeless after all...

Well, I saw yesterday and today what it looks like when conscripts leave town. Sixty of them from this county passed through here yesterday on their way to San Antonio. It would all have been all right if the wives of the few married one's had not come to the train. They got to lamenting and shedding tears, and that had a somewhat sobering effect on the crowd. Evidently, these women's sisters did not give them the injunction Ludma gave her older sisters: "The first one that begins to

bawl when Cyril is leaving, has a good beating coming from me." Today the Matagorda County drafts passed through here. I certainly would have liked to been at San Antonio yesterday when the trains brought in thousands and thousands of men.

I noticed that scarcely any of the men got exemptions, unless it was on account of physical defects. Some that I was sure would be exempt were on that train yesterday.

Jerome passed through here on his way to Blue Creek. He brought several ducks with him; we had a good dinner today.

My recent laparotomy came in a while ago on her way from the hospital. She seems to be doing pretty well. I do not know whether she will show much any permanent results or not...

I suppose you are getting to feel neglected here of late. You will recall that I spoke of going to see my sister in Refugio County. Well, that is where I have been and why you have not heard from me sooner.

John and I left here on Sunday afternoon and stayed at Victoria overnight, then we went over to Refugio, Woodsboro, and to my sister's, who lives about six miles from Woodsboro, but it takes a whole lot longer to make the trip than it does by setting it down. For one thing, after passing Victoria there are hardly any public roads and one just has to guess what way to turn or which one out of a dozen similar roads to take, we had to feel our way several times and drove about thirty miles out of the way. At one single place, we got twenty miles out of the way. Nearly all of that country is just ranches and every half-mile or so you have to open a gate.

We started home yesterday morning at 10 A.M. and got here about dark. I got sunburned... Thursday afternoon: As I was saying we got here about dark. We had some trouble about nine miles from Victoria; our engine stopped and we had to have a man haul it into Victoria. We lost only about two hours.

I was pretty busy yesterday, the first day back. Business began to pick up in the morning with an obstet. case at Louise. The rest of the day consisted of a collapse on Mr. Boon's part, a burn case at Danevang, and a bunch of cases in town.

While I was gone, Ludma left for the Normal at Huntsville. Jerome went with her as far as Houston, and came back on last night's train. I took him over to Blue Creek.

Dr. Gray and myself caused a sensation this morning by appearing at our usual places of business with uniforms on. We are going to wear them regularly now until we are called - or until the war ends. We have to. We did not have any winter clothes made.

There is a tropical storm listed for our part of Texas. It looks somewhat stormy now. Well let it come.

I have a call 15 miles from here, and I guess I had better start out.

September 28, 1917- So you are back at work. I hardly know what to say. Maybe I'd better not say anything.

Congratulations on the new arrival. His brother must feel awfully bad to have to take a back seat now. I am some Dr. I never even suspected the Donaldson's had in an order for a baby when I last saw Mrs. Donaldson.

Too bad about your hair. That must be the result of the constitutional effects of your trouble. However, I do not think that bobbed hair will distract any from your looks. Besides, hair will grow. You did not find any local cause for the falling out of your hair such as dandruff, did you? If you did, you would have to treat it pretty energetically to get rid of it. If the cause is constitutional, local treatment, of course, would not do much good.

I have a case of hysteria on my hands. I wish Gray or Oldburn or someone else had her. Hysteria be blankety-blanked. I don't see what they want to invent such diseases for, anyway. No sense in them.

Old man Boon has been sick again. He had a kind of a "weak spell." I do not think he will linger in this vale of tears much longer. He smells like an incurable.

Went out on a call to Taiton yesterday but did not get to go home. I feel greatly tempted to go home tomorrow morning early and kill some ducks. I haven't taken a crack at any for a week.

I shaved off my moustache this morning. Did you not know I'd had one? Well, I did. I had my picture taken yesterday morning, and when I saw the moustache on my proof, I decided it was a flat failure. It's no use trying. It was abominable.



Taken in his uniform after his moustache was shaved off

Picture 15: Dr. Joe Kopecky in uniform

Well, I will have to close and count old man Boon's reds...

Once upon a time, Jimmie warned us against operating on a certain class of patients. He said "if you do, you will be bothered by them for the remainder of your life, and every time you see them coming in at the door, you will feel like going out through the window." That's how I feel about my hysterical patient; she lives about 23 miles away from here, and I'll sure be glad when she recovers sufficiently to go home. I feel sorry for her, for she seems to have a basis for her hysteria; but my feeling sorry for her does not seem to do her very much good.

I want to see you as soon as it is practicable to do so. I thought I could do so this week, but I suppose you have your hands too full to let me come. I shall depend on you to let me know as soon as it is at all possible to see you. I regret I allowed you to put me off as long as you did the last time; I should have come to see as soon as you began to have trouble with your joints. The chances are I could not have done much good, but sometimes I believe if you had had your tonsils removed right at the start, it might have done some good.

I did not go after those ducks this morning. I had to go to Danevang last night and got back at 9 P.M. and then went to see Womanhood at the picture show. It took till 11 P.M. to show the reels, and then I had to read the paper for a while, so this morning when I woke up, I felt that if any ducks were figuring on my shooting them they would just have to be disappointed.

While I was over at Danevang, Dr. Gray got one of my cases. It was a Negro badly cut up. I got up, the Negro's relatives wanted me to come and see him, but as Gray had already taken the case, I refused.

We came near having a hospital at our house yesterday. Both Mrs. Truitt and Miss Robbins got sick. They seem to be right pert this morning.

Sunday morning - Going home. Going over to Blue Creek first to get my married sister who has not been at home for a month and then go home."...

Dr. Joe is starting to again become concerned about Golda's health and has decided to start making a few enquires about her condition. And possibly taking steps to get her treatment.

Chapter 78 - Overworked

"Your Saturday's letter sent by special delivery made its appearance this morning, Monday. It must have played on the road somewhere. I didn't write yesterday because we had company all day. There was no time that I could steal in which to write you.

We had a light shower this afternoon. I've been sleeping ever since. While I was asleep, Mrs. Lewis went to her mother-in-law's house where a lady who had a five weeks old baby was visiting. She brought it up here for me to play with. It was a pretty blue-eyed bald-headed youngster but he insisted on sleeping through all of our remarks of criticism and admiration. We finally aroused him from his slumber and played with him until he went to sleep again. She took him home without his cap. I know his mother will search every where for that cap.

I wish I could get well enough to go to a picture show. I haven't seen one for nearly three months. Isn't that staying at home pretty close? I read until I grow weary of books at times. I'd like to do a hard day's work, I don't care what, and lie down tired from physical exertion so that I could enjoy sleep again. My cousins are foolish enough to wish for my pale hands. I told them I wish they were brown as ginger cakes, and strong as a blacksmith's.

O, you do do you? Well to save my life I can't believe you sometimes. In spite of your assurance, doubt steals in and disturbs my trust. Good bye, I'm going to supper. My knee says "no!" but I must because I'd be a stick in the mud if I didn't.

I got up feeling better than usual this morning. I told my cousin I felt quite hopeful, and thought I would get well by 1919. I appreciate your well-wishing dream, where you dreamed I was well, and will add that like most dreams it can be interpreted to the reverse; when you dreamed it. I scarcely could walk at all, my knees got crazy again. Yesterday evening I was carried to and from the automobile Ford I mean - I could have walked, but the effort caused great pain.

After supper, we went to the park to hear the band concert, which was postponed. Then we decided to go riding. O the ride coming back from the army camp was delightful! That moon, and the silvery clouds that surrounded it! Mrs. Lewis' brother and wife and two children were on the back seat. The little uns had the whooping cough. Poor little lambs, sometimes it seemed that they'd never get their breath again. They're the first cases of whooping cough that I ever saw. Don't remember much about it when I had it.

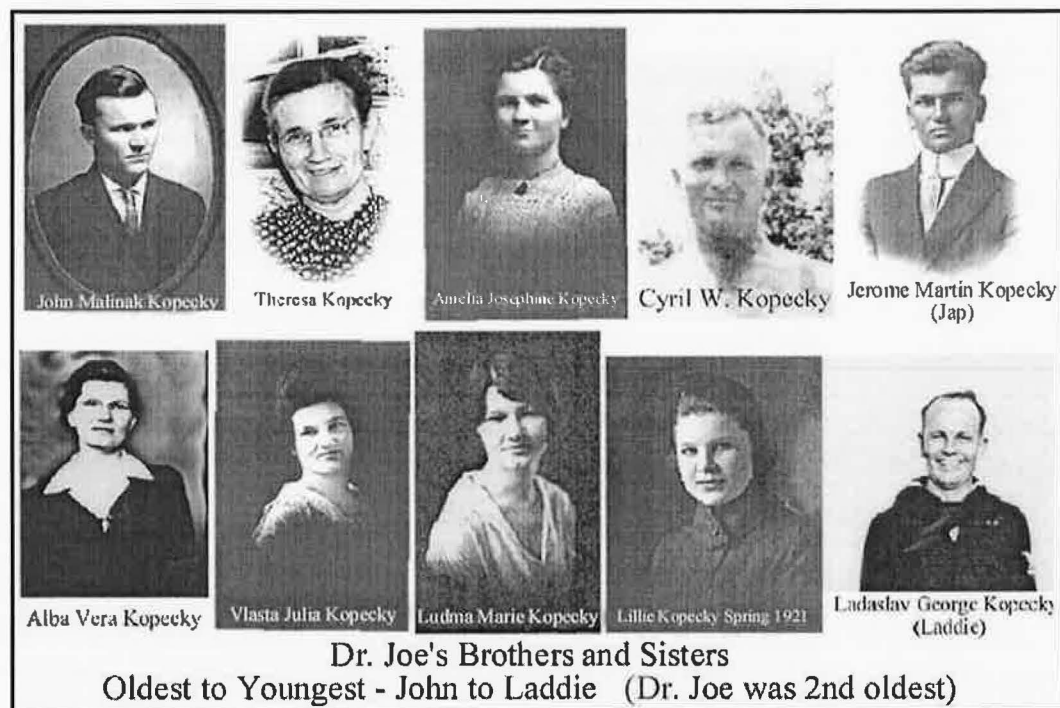
We're getting a fine rain, one that is gentle and continuous. I'm glad because Mrs. L. wanted to take me to consult her physician and I didn't care much about going today. She has great faith in him, like most people, in their family physician. Since I'm under no doctor's care, I shall

not object and maybe he could give me something that would lessen the pain.

This rain is ruining the pretty crepe myrtle blossoms at my window. The bush is loaded with clusters of them. Tom also likes to gather flowers. We have lots of fun gathering them. The boys are delighted because their mother is making them some of their favourite cookies. This morning Tom came in from playing ball to ask if he could go with one of his pals and make their tent down in a park somewhere where they had a "big hole dug." Because he whined and cried when she refused to grant him permission he was assigned the duty of cleaning the barn. All those little "deadbeats" came and helped him get through quick so he could resume his ball playing. I'll bet they would have felt greatly imposed upon if they had been required to do so much work at home. Hard luck for the boys that it began raining immediately after they had finished their job.

Yes, I would have been glad to know your family, at least to see someone who was dearest like your own sweet self. This spree of mine was so inopportune - very unnecessary to get it again.

Picture 16: Dr. Joe Kopecky's Brothers and Sisters



It rained again yesterday morning, and I tried to wash my hair while my cousin was attending a funeral, and I made a mess of it. My hair is gummy and sticky caused from insufficient rinsing I suppose. Anyway she is going to do the job over today.

Who mailed the special delivery letter for you Saturday? He must have carried it in his pocket because it didn't reach here till this morning,

Wednesday. The Wharton postmark dated the 11th. The special stamped letters are getting to be a joke at least the last two. Last Sunday's came Monday morning. Nevertheless, I was glad to get them.

O, what do you know about Dallas' going dry? It's up to Fort Worth to do as much. The chances are more favourable now since the army camp is here.

I'm as irritable as a tiger because the weather turned so warm. It seems hotter than ever after the norther is gone. I've worn a dress all day today. The first time I've remained dressed all day at home since I came back. I'm getting into savage customs - don't like hot dresses and shoes any more.

We're going to the parade in the morning. Didn't see the other parade last week and can't afford to miss this one... I'm down in town so early this morning. We came to the parade. I'm so excited because I'm going to see the elephant. It's lots of fun to watch the people who are waiting for the parade.

I was very "smart" today. I slept till after breakfast and I got up and cooked my breakfast and washed the dishes. Now what you know 'bout that? Didn't get your letter today, will not get it till tonight since we are going to take lunch downtown and go across town to see a lady...

That horrible jitney! Well I should say Ford, if not an expensive car. Fords look tacky, but they do the work. Why not have a Dodge along with the other air castle plans?

Our po' old Ford is in the hospital now. We didn't get to go riding yesterday because we let the oil get low and burned out a connecting rod. While riding Saturday evening, all of a sudden a loud knocking sound came from the engine, and all of a sudden we thought of the oil. All day we thought of places we would like to go in the car - but no use.

Last evening I felt so much better that I thought I was going to be well in a few more days. I could walk with ease, and my arms and shoulders were less painful. In fact I was afraid to go to sleep for fear I would wake up with aching joints again. Sure enough in the middle of the night I woke up and found that I had discarded the blanket and was almost frozen. Much to my dismay, I couldn't use my arms to recover the blanket! I feel better now, so I suppose getting so cold made my joints seem so sore. I think I'm improving anyway. Here's hoping my hands will swell no more.

I hope your sister goes to school. It sure is a disappointment for one to stay out of school when the class is going on. Why don't you be boss and tell her to go? You're nearly as old as John, and you say you look older.

Well if you can't stop by for me, you needn't mention it. I never have had the pleasure of riding with you in your car. It makes me angry to think about you going around by yourself. I'd rather you'd take another girl with you - provided she is your sister.

Did you send another special delivery? If you did you wasted another dime, for the crazy postmaster kept it in his pocket again. It will get here about Thursday. How often will we write when you go to France? Once a week, two weeks or what? We will have to make a week's diary before we mail it. I'll bet I don't know when you sail, because they don't let it be known about the troops being transported till they are landed. You must let me know, I would die of suspense. Will you?

My ding-busted old shoulder keeps aching till I can't think much less write. There will be plenty of time before collecting hour.

I thought you needed a short vacation - a few days' rest from my tiresome monotonous letters. For the past three days I have refrained from writing your daily letter that you might have the needed vacation. How do you like it? This miserable existence of mine is so uneventful that it bores me to write about it. To read about it must be enough to make you "billious."

It is a bit disgusting how the government keeps you waiting. If I were you, I would send them your uniform and inform them you had resigned also. I read of an enlisted Irish farmer who did something similar to that. He had been in the army awhile; he received leave of absence to go home for a few days. While at home he sent his khaki back to headquarters, and wrote them that he was tired of being a soldier and meant to change his job. The article stated that Pat was soon back at his soldier job and was realising that this was one job he couldn't quit.

Don't send your khaki away before you come to see me, 'cause I want to see how you look in it. If you are coming to see me, you had better come pretty soon, for I'm going to go on duty in ten days or maybe less.

I'm going to stop and assist Jim with his Algebra. It's very well that he is not far advanced in this subject, if he gets any help from me.

Thursday morning - My rheumatism is better, thank you. That's what I have to answer almost every time I greet any one. Mrs. Lewis thinks it a joke how people inquire about my health. She says she knows I like to hear that question again and asks me how my rheumatism is several times a day.

Sometimes there seems to be an irregularity in my pulse. At the same time I experience a disturbed depressed feeling in my chest around the region of the heart. This usually happens when I am tired and try to lie

down without any pillow under my head. Yesterday was a "bad day" - as Hattie used to report - but today I'm feeling spry.

Last evening Auntie (colored) said to me: "I'll bet if dat beau of yours is a comin you'd get off dat bed in a hurry and get some glad rags on." I told her I wouldn't take time to doll up I'd run out to meet you without my shoes on. So I played like you were coming. I got up and dressed in my white dress and wore some red roses. It's no fun to be all dressed up and have nowhere to go. We had no car and I couldn't walk very far. When they were "hurrahing" me about going no where, one of their friends phoned and said they were coming to take us riding. So all of my efforts were not in vain.

I was really disappointed that you didn't come. Guess what the Lewis family is going to do? They are going to move to Los Angeles for at least one year. 'Twas quite a surprise to all of them. The headman in the business out there was drafted - so it was either Chicago or Los Angeles for this year and they chose the latter. They will leave in about two weeks. Tom cried and said he wasn't going. Jim was worried for fear he would lose a few days from school. Think they have about become reconciled after they learned that Chas. Chaplin lived there. They want me to go with them, but I can't. Maybe I'll go out there one of these days. Now and then an actor can be seen on the streets. Haven't they freakish- looking costumes? Their caps resemble the old fashioned dunce caps.

Just when you're not expecting they'll call you. I'm getting anxious to know just where you are going to report. This waiting wears on one's patience.

Isn't this weather delightful? Makes me want to get well and get busy. If you don't send me a letter today I'll get so mad...I'm going down to Cleburne today - at same address as before - 506 N. Rop.

I went visiting last night - came over and spent last night and today with my other cousin - the one you called for me when you were here. I've been putting off coming to see her because I had to keep Mrs. Lewis company while her husband was away. She played like she would be too lonesome if I went away. You can imagine what pleasant company I'd be - a grouchy rheumatic.

I'm feeling fine today. Actually I dried the dishes and fried the chicken! We're going to church this evening. The first time for me since June, I believe.

We are going to town manana. Maybe I'll get a hat provided I can find one adapted to my face and pocketbook also.

So you don't like the wives weeping and wailing over their husbands' departure? I'm sorry - I had planned to pull off a big show - I was going to squall and wave my arms and faint. I thought you'd be glad

that I cared so much - since you don't like any demonstrations in public. I'll not act like I care 'tal - don't 'speck I will care much. I'll have forgotten you before you go if you wait much longer to go. It seems like forty months since I saw you and I get lonesome for you...

I didn't find any time to write yesterday, was so very busy. I came down to Cleburne Monday at noon. Paddie had not forgotten me and condescended to kiss me "howdy." Yesterday he heard a car stop outside and he said, "Ogie, is that Joe coming to take you away?"

Paddie has a little brother that looks like him, and looks as if he might be a big in a year or two. He is a pretty good youngster and if he will continue so, I'll forgive him for being a boy. Lyle gets very emphatic when everyone insists on his giving them his "ittle brudder" - he sometimes treats them with silent contempt.

I'm here pretending to be nurse but I fear I'm making a bum job of it. When I agreed to come, I thought with the help of an efficient housekeeper I would at least superintend the work. Alas, the Negro woman whom we were depending on went to the cotton patch. I don't blame her, for she picks 400 pounds per day and gets \$1.00 per hundred. Well the little mess that is in her place is the pokiest creature in this world - except the snail and myself at present. She said she could cook. I turned over the kitchen to her today. Most of the dinner remains in the kitchen. She is all morning washing dishes and spent the afternoon washing the same dishes again. She distracts me!

How am I? These three days have been full of misery. I do more than I should because there's so much that ought to be done. There's no one here that could take my place, but if I see that I can't continue I'll get someone in Fort Worth. I know you think I'm crazy. I didn't dream that help was so hard to get here. It's torture to realise that I'm needed and unable to do my duty. I'd like to cry, or die, or something. I didn't know I was so helpless and useless...

Please pardon me for neglecting you so long. I'm sorry as I can be. I don't do much, but I'm so slow that I keep employed most of the time. When I do get through then I'm too tired and sick to write to you because I would write too complainingly, I fear.

At last we're rid of that sloven Negro girl. I phoned my cousin at Fort Worth to send me a practical nurse who could help me out with the housework and nursing also. Then I took that darkey and had her help me scrub up the smoked cooking utensils, mop the kitchen floor that she had "gummed up" and a few more things then I dismissed her. When we tried to get help here, someone recommended a colored nurse. I said, "Excuse me please." I can't tolerate Negroes with their filth. The nurse came and is very satisfactory. She is an industrious, sensible woman. Sister says she's a better housekeeper than a nurse but of course that's what I was looking for. She always consults me about what she does anyway. Every day I got

a little bit worse until I got almost unable to move. My joints hurt me so much that I had a rigor so I squealed for help. I'm thoroughly, completely disgusted with myself because I don't seem to be worth a _____.

All day I've been wishing for a little cottage away on the mountains where I could rest and see not a person for a long long time. Well yes, I wouldn't mind having a nurse, who would massage my feet and prepare tempting dishes. I wouldn't want her to talk very much and never ask me how I feel.

The new baby is an ideal baby, never cries much and is very good looking and fat. Paddie consented to his going away yesterday because he said he wanted his water bottle. He coveted the nursing bottle that the baby gets water from. Paddie is a problem. He's usually sweet and amiable but since his mother has been unable to look after him he takes wild spells. I told her he was like a pet pig around this place. He turns over all the mats he can find, gets in the mud, has the neighbours kids to turn the hose on him etc etc etc. The poor kid doesn't get his bath as usual so every now and then he gets in the bath tub, clothes on, and pockets full of sand and turns the water on. He calls it taking a swim. I spanked him the other day. O, felt real mean after I did. His cousins took him to church this morning then came back and said "I went to church and heard the band." Such a little heathen.

Moustache? You always tell me after it's done gone and been out. Why didn't you come and let me see it? Now I will not get any picture! I'm mad as I can be.

You ought to see that pretty moon tonight. Makes me want to shoot at dogs, also...

I'm wondering if the hysterical patient is your recent laparotomy? Does she require your presence like old sister Martin in Surg Wd W. H.? You have my sympathy as much as she has yours.

O I do want to see you. Of course the household is a little deranged and I have some duties, yet I suppose it will be better to have you come while the nurse is still here. There has never been a time that we have been in a position to entertain you on your visits. Yet there's no use to wait for that for I may never get to see you if I did wait. I want to see you and have your advice about what to do. Believe I'll send this off tonight and tell you you can come Wednesday. Could you come tomorrow night? I'm afraid you will be called out and I will not see you. Maybe I could meet you."...

Chapter 79 - Galveston Transfer

Dr. Joe had written off to his friends and fellow doctors in Galveston, looking for help and input on Golda's condition. From Dr. Graves he received...

*"Dr. M. L. Graves
Galveston, Texas
October 1st, 1917*

*Dr. Joseph Kopecky
El Campo, Texas*

My dear Doctor: Your letter has been received. I regret to know that Miss Willis has had so much trouble with her arthritis. I would consider that in all probability it is an infectious arthritis, and think it has continued too long to be due to the ordinary streptococcus rheumaticus. I should by all means make a blood culture, and see if you can grow any organisms. If an organism can be grown, it would be advisable to give her the autogenous vaccine. I see very few cases of rheumatic infection that do not respond promptly to the salicylates, and I never see one that goes on like the case you describe. It would also be advisable to have a blood count made and a urinalysis, because she ought to show a leucocytosis and polynucleosis. If the organism itself cannot be determined, and no other focus of infection can be found anywhere, then it would be advisable to treat her along lines of general tonics, good food, fresh air, and attempt to build up her own vitality and resistance until she overcomes the disease.

If I can be of any help to you I shall be glad.

*Sincerely yours,
M. L. Graves*

Dr. Joe then writes to Golda -

"How would it suit you to come to Galveston at once and go through the procedure Dr. Graves Suggests? If you can possibly do so, I would be very glad to have you come; it seems like the proper way to go about it now, and you would be so much handier for me; I could see you oftener.

I will not be able to go for the next few days on account of a patient and also because I have no clean clothes right now.

Let me hear from you soon. If you decide to go, I'll meet you at Rosenberg. If you can start, and if you do not think the letter could reach me in time, wire me...Joe...

Just before I got Dr. Graves's letter last night, I was considering a trip to Cleburne. Before I had fully decided to go, one of my constituents

came up and asked me to hang around, as the missus was having labor pains. Myrtle McDonald was on the case. The case came off promptly, and as I came to the office, I found a boy with a broken clavicle waiting. Before I got through with him I had to call to see a patient delivered by Dr. Harper, the chiropractor, 5 days ago. I refused to go out on the case at first, but they called me up again, and after I had allowed them to beg me for a while, I decided to go.

I found a woman with an abdomen tympanitic and tight as a drum. It was a rather peculiar case, one that I did not quite understand. I have never seen an abdomen as distended in a non-operative case, yet the woman did not look sick enough otherwise to have ileus or peritonitis. She vomited a good deal, yet not like they do in intestinal obstruction. I went back to town, ate supper, and went out to work on the woman. I washed out her stomach, gave her pituitrin, then passed a rectal tube and left it in position. The patient became relieved enough to stop vomiting and go to sleep.

I got home about 11 P.M. and was just trying to go to sleep; I was thinking about you when there was a sound at the front door as if a shrapnel had struck it. "Baby has the spasms!" By the time I got to the place - and I did not lose much time getting ready, for I just pulled my interns suit over my pajamas - the baby was quiet, but by the time I got the family quieted, it was midnight.

This morning the bloated woman seems to be feeling better, so I hope she will pull through. I am going to see her this afternoon. Right now I have a trip to Louise, 10 miles from here; then one to Danevang, 14 miles, and in opposite directions. So you see I'll do a bit of driving around today.

Removed some adenoids on Monday. Myrtle gave the anaesthetic.

I am not sure that you could derive much benefit from going to Galveston, but it seems there would be a greater likelihood of correct diagnosis and hence of more intelligent treatment. Could not do any less for you than is being done now, and there is a fair prospect of being able to do more."...

Golda then writes... "Both your letters just received. The one containing Dr. Graves' letter should have come yesterday I suppose, but it did not.

What I'm going to do, I do not know. If going to Galveston would hasten my recovery I would not hesitate, but it would be a useless expense if no benefit would be derived. I haven't hardly had time to think about it, and don't know what to tell you. I do know I want to either get well or die - one or the other for I'm tired of the existing condition. It

seems too bad that I'm such a persistent case. What under the sun could be the cause? Well going down there will be a sure means of finding out.

Shall I go down at night, or during the day, I'm wondering. Which would be most convenient for you to meet, morning or evening? Since I must go there, I wish I had gone there at first and had my tonsils removed. But this isn't saying what I'm going to do. What I decide, I'll wire you. During the meantime I'll be arranging my belongings.

Joe, I'm a millstone around your neck. I'm tempted to break our engagement and run away where I'll not worry you and cause you so much anxiety.... Golda." ...

"Your note just received. In case you decide to go, it would be best for you to go at night; leave Cleburne on the Santa Fe Limited that leaves there about 9:30 P.M. In this way you would spend most of the trip in a Pullman sleeper and it would not be so hard on you. I would go to Rosenberg in a car and meet you there.

I do not think it would be best for me to go with you all the way to Galveston; you see why. It would give you too much notoriety; so many people know us in Galveston, and this would furnish such good material for gossip. After you have been at Galveston for a few days, I can come down and see you. You may be rested by then enough to be able to go riding. I can arrange with Dr. Graves and you may write to the Hospital for a room ahead of time, and so you will have very little trouble after you get to Galveston. I believe the change alone would do you good.

Buck up; everything will be all right. Have been real busy this week."...

Dr. Joe then receives... "I've decided to go. One more attempt at getting well - here's hoping it will be a success. Since my letter will not be delivered to the hospital until Monday, I shall go Monday night. I'll get to Rosenberg Tuesday morning.

Don't let your car get crazy on the way, for I'd be disappointed if I didn't see you.

I'm a little better now. Walked to town yesterday which was a little too much exercise for me.

You may expect me Tuesday A.M. - if anything happens that I can't go, I'll wire you.... Golda."....

Dr. Joe and Golda make their meeting as planned and she goes on to Galveston to the Hospital. Dr. Joe then writes to her upon his return to El Campo....

"Had to wait a while at Rosenberg till my jitney got fixed. The ride back was uneventful and quite pleasant as far as the weather is concerned. I got to El Campo about 3 P.M.

Came across a piece of tragedy at Rosenberg. A young man had been drafted a few weeks ago. He got a 24-hour furlough, came home, and he and his wife both took carbolic acid. They have been married just a few months. The funeral was in progress while I was at Rosenberg. Will write later...

Two letters at once. I feel quite stuck up. Yesterday I felt rather mean and grouchy because I have not heard from you for so long; now I see that one of your letters must have been hung up somewhere.

Damn that intern! A man as clumsy as that ought to read up on the technique of puncturing veins before he attempts it on patients. Your veins, if I remember correctly, are visible, and there is no excuse for missing them.

I am sure that the girls will make things pleasanter for you than if you were somewhere else. Wish you'd tell them "howdy do" for me; don't forget to give my compliments to Habig, Boker, Wiggles, Maxwell, Whiting, Staton, Mosely, and the others that I know.

Yes, you might have expected that Wasserman; I am surprised that he did not also order a gonorrhoeal complement fixation test. He will, after while, as a matter of routine in arthritic cases.

Your mentioning Miss Monk makes me think of her asking me at my last visit: "Do you ever come up to anyone any more and ask 'Where is Miss Willis?'" So Miss Johnson hasn't come to see you yet. Don't you feel slighted?

No, I did not know that Huddleston was back. Ask him whether he saw Cyril while he was there. I suppose not, for Cyril would have mentioned it. Cyril and he know each other.

The county judge of Fort Bend Co. came through here yesterday and said that the man that took carbolic acid got his exemption papers back the day after the funeral - exemption claim granted. Don't you think he must be feeling rather bad about it now?

Well, I hope Huddleston is right about one's being called out when they least expect it. I am just trying to leave the impression that I do not expect to be called out so as to fool Uncle Sam and get him to call me out. When Cyril and Jerome were boys they used to go jack rabbit hunting. They had all kinds of theories. One of them was that when you saw a jack rabbit, you must act like you did not see him at all; just act like you were going to pass him, and he would not move; then when you got

near enough, suddenly face about and fire. What I am trying to do to Uncle Sam is somewhat on that order.

Nor very busy this week. I have a bunch of insurance examinations to make tomorrow... P.S. Does Dr. Graves have you stay in bed?...

I am sure you will be pouting about being neglected so much. I am sorry to be guilty of neglecting you but this is Sunday, my day to go home, and stayed at home longer than I intended to. Jerome and Alba are going away this week and are going to be away till Christmas, so I did not feel quite right about leaving too soon. In the morning I thought I would get back before the afternoon eastbound pulled through, but just about the time I decided to go home, Jerome mentioned ducks, and of course I couldn't stand for anything like that. By the time I got home from the duck hunt, it was too late for the train.

There was a family of Kopeckys from East Bernard visiting at home and when I got ready to come back, John and Alba decided they would ride with them as far as Blue Creek. Alba rode with me as far as town. When I got here I found your letter waiting, also one from Dr. Graves. He does not say very much besides what you have already told me, but as to your getting off so easy, I agree with you rather than him. You have had enough, dear girl. Anyway, he has to come to our original theory as to the focus of infection.

I saw a letter from Cyril while I was at home today. He did not seem to be in a good frame of mind when he wrote the letter; he says there is too much partiality turned loose in the training camp. Not that he has much of a kick coming, but he does not like the way some of the boys in his company, his former schoolmates, have been treated. For himself, he doubts that he will be able to hold out much longer, as the number of men will have to be cut 50% and he thinks he will be one of those dropped. Well, he needn't take it hard; there will be plenty left for him to do outside of the army. He doesn't seem to mind the hard work as much as he does the fact that partiality rather than effort counts.

Your reference to the broken vase, etc is more poetical than one I have heard several times, yet I think this one covers Miss Deering's case better. "You can take some girls out of the country, but you cannot take the country out of some girls." When John was a little boy, he had to go to school to an old, old Bohemian teacher for writing-lessons, this teacher used to write witty sayings on the first line in the copybook for the pupils to copy. One of these sayings John occasionally repeats. It loses its form when translated into English - "You might send an owl to Rome, and still he wouldn't turn into a mocking-bird."

It must be refreshing to have at least one of the head nurses preserve her youth and spontaneity (?). This "professionalism" may be all right, but I doubt whether it isn't plain stiffness we meet about as often as

the professional air. In fact, most nurses seem to think that to be professional you need only to be stiff.

I have not been very busy the past week until yesterday. Yesterday I have done about as much work as I have during the rest of the week. The star case was a young man kicked by a Ford crank. It broke both bones in his forearm and almost doubled the forearm on itself. The young man is the owner of a garage. His father skinned me on my car last winter. Here's my chance to get even. I feel as if the Lord hath delivered him into my hands. Haynes, who works for this man, told me today "If you don't get even now, you are a fool!"

A few of your recent letters were gloomier than usual. Brace up! You will get all right...

I am very glad to hear Miss Watson is over there. That will make it easier for you. Since it is quite some time since I have seen her, I am rather glad that I will get to see her soon. I am sure she will still be there when I come to see you the first part of next week. I am sorry to hear that her mother-in-law will have to have an operation for cancer of the breast.

I thought you would be pouting because I did not write, and I am sorry I did not. I am very glad to get your letters every day.

Don't let Huddleston fool you; your diamond may be small but it is a first class stone. Next time he comes around with any such tales, hit him over the head with a chart holder and send him down to the incinerator.

Sorry to hear you changed to a room without any view of the outside; it seems gloomy enough with something to look at once in a while.

You seem to get into the same frame of mind I do once in a while. Of the two, of course, I have less excuse. Still, occasionally, as I pass the furniture store and see those bird's-eye maple dressers, etc. I can't keep from swearing gently under my breath. Tough luck, yes; but don't let it prey on your mind too much. What's the use? You can't change things. It is making me stoical enough to make a pretty good soldier out of me.

I am going home tonight. I'll have to go to Blue Creek first and get John and Alba and take them home. Alba and Jerome are going to teach in Bell County and are going to leave home about Thursday.

I went to Wharton yesterday afternoon. I have a patient - charity patient - at the hospital there; a Swedish Lutheran preacher. He is an old man, over sixty, quite a grouch and something of a neurasthenic. I am afraid I will have to take him to Galveston with me and inflict him on the nurses and Dr. Graves. I never went to hear any of his sermons, so do not

know whether he ever preached cheerfulness; I know he is not practising it.

Don't you worry about my not having time to spare to read your letters. Or were you trying to be sarcastic? By the way, your last letter came in not sealed. This foggy weather we are having now must have affected it.

Fight this down-heartedness. Read some of the New Testament occasionally, if you get a chance.”...

Dr. Joe then continues to make his plans to go to Galveston the next week.

Chapter 80 - Treatment

"Yesterday was an all day reception - as you said it would be. I certainly enjoyed seeing all the girls again. Mosely was the first to come, then Wiggles. I've seen the following: Habig, Whiting, Rhotig, Gold, Thompson, Maud White, Sedgwick, and Curry. Huddleston came to see me. Did you know he is out of training camp? He got exempted.

I was greatly surprised and grieved to learn that Miss E. Anderson was ill. She is here in the hospital with a very bad knee. I didn't see her. They suspect tbc. (Tuberculosis) Isn't it sickening? Miss Shackford is gone for good. There are rumours that old Cone is to be supt. (Here comes Dr. Graves)

Dr. Graves has a subtle way of encouraging his patients, and making them take heart again. He's had several years of practice in this art, however. I slept all night except when Miss Able awakened me for temp. I'm running no temp.

Isn't the lawn pretty now? The present interns don't have to plough through the sand like you boys did. These familiar scenes and faces intensify my lonesomeness. I miss you more than any body else I used to know here. Strange, isn't it? Seems like you ought to be passing from Isolation to Main B. and wave your hand as you go by my window.

I'm not overly impressed with the two interns that I've met. The lab. Man made about 17 and 1/2 punctures trying to get into my veins, and failed. Last night when he came back I felt like jumping through the window. Finally after a dozen more attempts he secured enough blood for his old culture - but he certainly incurred the ill will of the patient. I think he needs a little more experience in finding veins.

My little ring is so pretty, wish I had a good-looking hand to wear it on - one that didn't ever have rheumatics in it. I can't help resenting being sick. I think it's almost a disgrace. I'm making this last effort to recover. I mean to do everything that I can to help - because I do want to be well and live a useful life - but if I don't succeed this time I think I had better die and give my place to some one more capable of filling it. Don't you think so?

It's 12 o'clock - who would have thought it? I must get this off this P.M. sure...

Yesterday was another continuous round of visits. I seem to be quite popular - some come through interest of course, and others through curiosity. Everyone looks the same as when I saw them last except Miss Staton and Mrs. Stone. Staton is painfully thin and seems so quiet and grown up. Mrs. Stone was here to see me yesterday. I must have appeared rude, but I could not refrain from exclaiming my surprise when I saw her. She is immense! She used to be a good-looking woman - now she looks

like Gooie. She still has the gift of gab, as of old. I think I told you. I preferred Main Bldg. But the only vacant room there was \$5.50 so Miss Clay said I could stay over here until a room over there was vacant. Tompkins says Miss C. is as mean and crazy as ever.

Here is my breakfast?!?!? They believe in serving plenty here. I'll tell you what is on the tray: Hot cakes and syrup, egg, toast, bacon, cereal, cream, milk, coffee and fruit. Nough for a farm hand. My appetite is very good however.

Wiggles went to town yesterday. She got me this writing material. She and Deering went together. Old Deering cultivated an extravagant taste when she chummed with Rock. She wears \$68 coat suits and \$20 hats - but she still looks countrified. "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the Roses will cling round it still." Eh?

I'm trying to write while lying down and I'm making a mess of it.

A letter from you! I'm glad you made it home without any car trouble. Too bad about the Rosenberg tragedy. I'm inclined to think they were a weak-willed couple if they couldn't face their misfortune any more bravely than that.

I found the little envelope. 'Twas thoughtful of you - as you always are. I'm getting deeply in debt, but if I get soundly well 'twill be a pleasure to work and pay it back. I think I'd like to work here after I get well. I must admit that I still like Galveston.

Mosely came in. She was off duty yesterday. She said Miss Monk asked her "Did you notice Miss Willis' left hand?" I'm surprised that anyone would be surprised at our being engaged when we've been sweethearts so everlastingly long.

I saw my chart yesterday. I'm humiliated that Dr. Graves should order a Wasserman test. I might have known he'd never be party to it however. Have not heard from blood culture yet...

I've read magazines and a sloppy novel until I detest fiction. The nurses have contributed to my store of periodicals until I have a varied collection, all of which I most sincerely appreciate, but I'm tired of reading just now.

The new is gradually wearing off and I'm getting restless. Visitors still continue to come, but even they get monotonous. I saw Chas. Stone yesterday. Dr. Chapman and Miss Johnson were the visitors of note today.

Dr. Graves after making every test in the laboratory has decided that my arthritis is due to streptococcus infection of my tonsils. I'm taking

sodium salicylate four times a day. I'm very grateful to Dr. Stone that he had it flavoured with cloves instead of mint. I don't think I could tolerate mint.

Mosely came up this morning and we had a pleasant hour or two recounting the dormitory days. She evidently has not very much to do, judging from the time she has to spend with me. Her exalted position hasn't brought to her the self-conscious dignified air that some other head nurses have acquired. Miss Monk, for one. The manner that she assumes almost paralyses me. I wanted to kick my pillows off the bed and say something shocking every time I looked at her!

I smell fried ham. I'll bet you a cookie we have it for supper. I enjoy the meals and my sleep at night. Wonder why I sleep so well here. Why are my joints less painful? Is it the climate?

When are you coming to see me? I'm "powerfully" afraid Dr. Graves will not let me go riding. I'll slip off and go - like I used to do. You will take me will you not?

Your letter received an hour or so ago. It helped a great deal in making this grey day seem cheerful. We're having typical Galveston weather, which makes one feel uncomfortably cool and a trifle gloomy. Yesterday was a trying long space of time.

Wiggles came at 7 P.M. and stayed till 10. I'm ashamed of myself for being such a beast, but she gave me the fidgets. I wouldn't have her know it for anything, for the little kid is so sweet to me. I want to spank her sometimes because she never talks with any sense, of which she has a plenty too. She never says what she thinks or thinks what she says.

Yes Huddleston saw Cyril. He said he was getting along fine. Huddleston stayed only two weeks and said he enjoyed the time. He's brown as a berry now - looks better. I don't care if Uncle Sam finds out your game and keeps you waiting just for contrariness. I know you had rather be over there chasing the phantom of adventure, but I feel better to know that you are safe in the quiet and peaceful town of El Campo. I don't like to have imaginary pictures of you slopping around in the dark murky trenches. So here's hoping the "old rabbit's" too wise for you.

Joe, I detest a nagging woman; for this reason I'm not going to quarrel at you for your strong language that you offered to the intern. I'll have to think of some punishment to inflict. Maybe I'll have decided by the time I see you.

Tr. Digital MT three times a day was added to my menu. Dr. Graves says as soon as I recover from the acuteness of the arthritis I can take some exercise. He said it would take about 30 days to get entirely rid of the arthritis, and said I was getting off light. The past three months don't remember light to me. Don't you worry. There was a report from a

Gon. Fixation test. The order wasn't written but I saw the report. I never heard of that before, I must confess my ignorance.

Did you know Fred Story had accepted a commission in N. S. A.? He was drafted so he applied for a commission and accepted it. After doing so he was exempted because he was married but he had already sealed his fate. I guess he's feeling about it like the old man who got himself a passport to the vast beyond - like kicking himself back to earth again.

Joe, if I ever get as fat as Mrs. Stone, I'll not feel hurt if you quit me. If I were a man I wouldn't live with a woman that fat. I'd roll her down the stairway 18 times a day to reduce her or desert my post of duty. Wouldn't she Cha! Cha! Cha! If she knew I said this.

Lunch is waiting. I'll see what I can do to this portion of a wild Texas steer. No kisses today 'cause you cussed...

Huddleston came by and tried to convince me that he was not engaged and that he never gave Mosely her diamond. He furthermore asserted that my ring was cheap. I told him he was a fibber.

I'm pouting because I can't go anywhere. Mosely and Huddleston are going out tonight. Wat and Fred are prancing around the campus. Miss Shaw is going to ask permission to take me in the rolling chair to see Miss Anderson tomorrow. So I guess I will get to go somewhere.

Monday - Main Bldg. #5 - While coming, I came to stay. This room is a dollar and one half-cheaper than the one in W. H. so got transferred. It isn't quite so pretty and there's no outside view, yet I don't think I'll occupy it long enough to grow tired of it. (Dr. Graves came just now.) He said he wrote you concerning my condition so I'll not have to.

I didn't get any letter off yesterday. Therefore you get none today. You have no time to write it seems, so I don't suppose you could spare the time to read letters either.

Miss Shaw brought me a book "The Thirteenth Commandment." It doesn't look very interesting to me - looks a little Cosmopolitan or Red Booky - I hate those stories.

I'm not in a reading mood no how. I'm a little grouchy because I don't hear from you. Don't I want lots? Every now and then I get to feeling terribly mistreated by this mean old world - when I see everybody else having things go their way. When you go away the only happiness that comes into my life will go too. Seems like things are so unevenly divided. It's not that I don't want you to answer duty's call - I'm selfish enough to miss the happiness that we planned. O, I'm gloomy as the weather. Better quit...

I can't deny missing your letters, for I am decidedly unpleasant when they fail to come. The special delivery came at 9:30 last night and cheered the "chronics" a bit.

It rained nearly all day Sunday, and I was afraid you would find it difficult in driving home. Am glad you didn't. Am glad you got to go, and stay as long as you did. Didn't mind missing the letter since I know you got to go duck hunting. How many ducks?

Dr. Cook called this morning - he almost crushed my poor sore fingers. He says he will send "the old lady" out to see me. Played like he was mad because I didn't send him word that I was here. Old Hattie Hawkins came and also crushed six metacarpals for me. She had a Red Cross pin as big as a plate attached to her collar.

I'll take back what I said about Miss Monk. She is very pleasant now and the girls say here of late she borders on being humorous. She's nice to me. Hang it! Everybody's nice to me but I'd rather be strong as an ox and have people to quarrel and fight with.

They have finished with Mrs. Story. The operation was not very successful. The doctors are not at all hopeful for her recovery. She will remain an invalid until the end.

Mosely came by with her South'en gab. She's going to bring me Corra Harris story. She and I are Corra enthusiasts. The crazy ape came in and assisted with my bath. Scrubbed my back with one of those stiff hard brushes. I made her get on the floor and wash my feet so we'd be even. I enjoy her "pop calls" which usually last from one to two hours.

They said Dr. Graves was in a "rampage" this morning; had the nurses crying and Miss Monk explaining. He seemed to be in a placid mood while in here. He took time to assure me that I would recover with only a mitral regurgitation as a lasting result etc etc etc.

Well I must say that your "undivided love and attention" is a help. I'm inclined to think it does more good than tr. digitalis and sod. Sal. If anyone's love has been tested, yours has. I don't want you to ever suffer being very ill, but if you ever do, I sincerely hope that I'll have the opportunity of trying to express my gratitude to you by nursing you to health again...

After the 1st you will not get a daily letter because letters will cost three cents a piece then. Of course I couldn't be so very awfully extravagant as that.

First of next week you're coming? How do you know that I will not be well and gone by then? It seems that I ought to be well by that time. O, I'll be so glad to see you! Already I dread your having to return to El

Campo, you see it's more pleasant to look forward to your visit than to realise that you have already come and gone away again.

You will think I did not read some in the New Testament, but I did last night. I guess I need to read my bible about as bad as any heathen in a Christian civilisation ever needed to. I'm glad you suggested it, I hadn't thought about it much. Do you remember my promise - not to express my feelings when I'm blue? I forgot didn't I? You're the only person to whom I express myself very much - poor you - and sometimes I nearly explode, and this outburst upon your defenceless self serves as a safety valve. Forgive me again -...

Miss Monk came to see me and rearrange my bed. As it stands now I can see a rectangle 1 and 1/4 by 2 and 1/2 feet of blue sky, some boxcars in the distance, the dog-hospital and the tops of four young cottonwood trees. With a special effort on my part I can see the Children's Hospital.

I went to visit Miss Anderson yesterday. She looks very thin, and not very happy. Seems to suffer great pain. I think she needs a doctor more than anything else right now. Why is he poking along when he has decided she has tbc. knee joint? Dr. Lee is her physician.

This nasty medicine is chasing my appetite. Middlebrook stops in every day asking me what I'd like. She and her trays make me sick. I actually hate to eat. Everything tasted so good when I first came. All I want now is hard sour apples. I don't care if I don't eat, then I'll not get too fat.

I hear Dr. Graves' voice. His presence always kinda excites me, makes me forget what I want to ask him.

After lunch - the sun is shining gloriously today. I hope he continues to shine during this week and next. Might get a chance to go riding with a 1st Lieutenant of the army - provided he comes in his car.

Here's the dear sod. Sal. Dr. Graves is trying to see if he can make my ears ring, I think. Makes me sick at my stomach. Ugh _ _ _ _
Hoping you're the same....

Friday evening - Did you come last night or did I dream an extravagant dream? Your little farewell visit this morning was so brief that I didn't thoroughly wake up. I remember seeing you as you went out of the door you had your hat on. Then I went back to sleep and slept till Miss "Cutie" woke me at 7:30. All morning I felt drowsy, and slept every spare moment I had. I stayed awake a long time after you were gone last night.

My arms look like I've been gathering roses from every thorny bush. Those military fandangles don't go with the hugging very well. You didn't mind my telling Dr. Graves how I came to get them did you? Of

course Hastings was present also and Miss Monk. Dr. Graves told me your orders, he grinned and wanted to know if I were happy.

Just now one of his society girl patients came in to see me. She's been out here since July - looks as well as can be and is pretty. I kept thinking to myself - "You poor deluded creature, go home and enjoy your good health."

I want to see you just as much as I did day before yesterday evening. You're getting to be such a stranger that I don't know how to talk to you any more. I wish I could overcome the tendency to shut up like a clam. I think and take it for granted that you're a mind reader.

Am sorry I was a bawl-baby last night. You must have enjoyed the sunshiny (?) visit, indeed."...

Golda and Dr. Joe evidently discussed their plans while he was visiting her in Galveston. It appears that not all issues are agreed upon. Golda goes over and over in her mind their conversations and writes....

"I had entertained quite different plans. Now, I'm in a muddle. I refuse to think till I get well - then I can see where I'm at."

Chapter 81 - Orders

"Got home OK Friday at 1 P.M. Did not seem to have missed very much while I was gone; found one patient waiting when I got back here.

Last night I had a call to see a woman suffering with "cramp colic" - sixteen miles from here. I found a case of "food poisoning"; the patient was about 3 miles from home, so I went home for the night. I got mixed up in the roads out in the prairie, but fortunately got out of my way scarcely any. It must have been about 12 o'clock when I got home, and my feet were so very cold - literally speaking - I thought I never would get them warmed up. I slept till past 8 A.M. this morning, took breakfast at home, and then came to town.

Jerome and Alba had been gone for two days. That leaves only four out of my ten brothers and sisters at home.

Too bad about your hands getting scratched up so; it seems that if my glasses are not in the way, my insignia are. I am sure you told Dr. Graves how they happened to be so scratched up. I do not remember what order I asked Dr. Graves to deliver to you. Tell Staton I was sorry I did not get to see her. Does she still go with Brown?

Missed a case while I was browsing and such. A Dane with a cut head came in, and as the drugstore could not find me - guess they didn't hurt themselves looking for me - they turned the case over to Dr. Gray. Oh, well!

Heard about the grouchy preacher patient yet?

Aren't you feeling cold? A cold norther came up last night; I bet you are trying to be comfy by curling up until your knees are under your chin. I don't feel the cold, except for the effect it has on my face. I have been driving around in the cold wind so much, my face feels sore, and when I get into a warm room it just burns.

I guess you will have to wait a few more days before your wish for going out is granted. I am sorry that bunch at Harris's Sanitarium did not have sense enough to keep you in at least a month, as I always felt they should have done. Dr. M. L. seems to have the knack of refusing his patients the favours they ask for and still make them feel like they have really been granted the favour.

So Fisher likes my uniform. Just let him wait till I turn up with that \$55.00 woollen olive drab that came in yesterday. That ought to catch his eyes. I haven't tried it on yet, but I shall tonight.

I went home again last night. I had to go to Blue Creek first and get Mother; then I went to see the sick widow, then home. I took supper at

home and came here a little after 9 P.M. I meant to go to a picture show, but I got back too late, besides I had to read a letter from my girl.

You just keep up that habit of writing every day, I rather endorse it. I am glad you are at Galveston; I believe you will admit that it is not quite as monotonous there as at Fort Worth or Cleburne. A visit or two many a day with a friend, is better than not enough or none at all - it's a change.

So my Hon. Reverend is living up to his reputation. I really feel sorry for the old man. He has seen some useful days, and he resents very strongly being thusly discarded as worn out and good for nothing more. Still, he is very exacting, unreasonable, and somewhat suspicious.

I did not know you had any nephew old enough to be in the army. I have no doubt but that they will be glad to hear from you. It is true that soldiers in an army have almost an abnormal craving for letters. Cyril kicks every time he writes about not hearing often enough from home. I remember that a soldier expecting a letter and not getting one is one of the saddest things I've ever seen. They will just get to some lonesome spot, sit down, and brood.

Did you observe the change made in the working of the draft machinery? I rather like the idea of taking those least needy first. When the draft was first proposed, I thought that's the way it would work...

I wonder if, somewhere in your English course, you were not required to read the diary of one Pepys. It just occurred to me that my letters are getting to be very much like Pepy's Diary - except for the style, which would be about as follows: Sat. - Again went to see widow Prosser and found same in considerable pain. Changed diagnosis from food poisoning to inflammation of appendix. Was in considerable doubt whether to take patient to hospital and operate or pursue conservative course of treatment. Latter course decided upon for reasons as follows: 1) Patient too far from railroad; would be dangerous to move her so far, as the jarring might cause rupture of the appendix. 2) Patients temperature low, pulse good; was no evidence of suppuration; conservative course promised good results.

Back to town and so to supper. Played Miss Tankersley five (5) games at checkers, who is an average player and beat me. Read the paper. To bed.

Sunday. Rose early account landlady decided must come to breakfast before eight A.M. Washed my face; decided against a bath account cold weather. To breakfast and beat all the others to the table. Came the teachers and fussed account came down so exceeding early. Fussed back and landlady took my part of quarrel. And so the apothecary's shop.

To Widow Professor's and found some complaining of feeling better. Gave instructions to lie still etc, and so to my mother's. Dinner, after which to widow Prosser once more and found same feeling worse account having been rolled all over bed by kindly neighbours while making up hair. Scolded widow and gave more instructions. And so to my married sister. Along came Mrs. my mother. Self said mother at married sister's and so to town and read all funny pages could find account did not feel funny. Etc, etc. So much for Pepys and his style.

I had another letter from Cyril. In my last I told him of the responsibilities of a subaltern (2nd lieut.) and told him if he got his commission it would very likely cost him his life, as nearly all the trench warfare is carried on with platoons (32 men) as units lead by 2nd lieutenants. He had forgotten about that part where I said he'd very likely get killed and began his letter by saying, "Your letter was very encouraging." I could not keep from laughing when I read that.

The High School is preparing a circus. One of the High School girls is to be the queen of the circus. The contest for electing the queen is now on and the town is quite excited over it.

I believe I forgot to tell you that it seemed to me you were much improved when I saw you Thursday. It seemed to me that there was quite a noticeable difference in your condition...

No letter ayer, and noe esta manana. You must be gallivanting with some intern or medical student and neglecting me on this wise. You'd better not let me find it out.

Windy and dusty. For a while this morning I thought we were going to have a storm, the wind blew so hard. It was from the south, I felt pretty sure it could not have been a tropical storm; those start with a blow from the north.

So the preacher has been operated on. His wife phoned me yesterday and said she was going down to see him. I am rather anxious to know the nature of the operation.

I have been reading Ivanhoe for the past two days. I was supposed to have read that in my English course, but I did not get to read all of it, and the other day I began to become curious as to the fate of that Jewish girl in there. I have finished the book now, but I am still somewhat in doubt as to what became of Rebecca. I do not like the story much; I do not like the religion and the prejudices of the times.

The appendicitis case seems to be getting along all right. The woman's boy was here a moment ago and said she was doing well...

So you did not believe I meant it when I said I was coming to see you.

Sat. morning - I meant to go on and say that since you did not believe it and would not ask me when I was coming, I would not tell you; at the same time, I thought I would go to that Grand Opera at Houston tonight, and then go to see you Sunday morning. But even while I was writing that, something occurred that made it impossible for me to leave today, and probably for a few days to come. So I will not be able to punish you for your lack of faith in what I say - at least, not right now. I will have to bide my time.

About all I have done for the last few days was make insurance examinations. I have three more to make today. I had to go to see my nephew Joe one day. He had a boil on his knee and was running a good deal of fever with it.

Your letters would indicate that you are gradually improving. Of course, I know one reason why your letters are much more cheerful is because you just refuse to let it be known when you feel discouraged. You seem to have a mistaken idea that you must not tell me any of your troubles. I do not see why you should not. To me it seems a part of the game...

After getting out of the way of about 60 freight and passenger cars, a dozen or 20 hand cars, etc (etc, said etc you mentioned, being a term that covereth a multitude of seems, and is quite convenient) we finally got to El Campo at 9:30 P.M. - more than one hour behind schedule time. I was very tired of the trip from Houston; it seemed endless.

One of the prominent men of the town - the garage man I sent who had 6 spinal injections by Dr. Graves for 600.00 - died while I was gone. He had locomotor atoxia, etc. etc in this case standing for what Dr. G. would call, "the symptom complex" - a term that sounds well and means anything you want it to - or nothing at all.

I know no more about the draft business than I did when I saw you last. The people at Austin seem to be in no hurry, and neither am I. A carload of Negro conscripts passed through a moment ago.

I am sporting my new overcoat today. I thought I would make Gray feel bad, but I don't see him anywhere. I guess he must be staying in bed - it's too cold for his khaki today...

Fort Sam Houston
Base Hospital No. 1
November 5, 1917 - 4:30 P.M.

My Dearest Golda: I got my orders from Washington Thursday to report to San Antonio by telegraph for orders. I did not tell you about it in my last letter because I did not know where I was going and thought I might as well wait until I knew definitely. Several days before that I had a

message from Washington stating I would probably be called out in a few days. So you see I had a warning in plenty of time. Friday night I got my orders to report to Fort Sam Houston for assignment and come right on out Saturday on the noon train.

I am waiting here for assignment. There are about twenty men ahead of me, so I am likely to wait here for one or two months. All I have to do is report every now and then about 10:30 A.M. and ask if there are any orders. A nice vacation, you see. Maybe you think I am worrying, but I am not. We'll all get into war sooner or later, and for my part, I am in no special hurry. In the meantime, there's lots of things in an around San Antonio that I'll find interesting.

Will write you a long letter - the longest I have written you in months - as soon as possible. I'll have the time and also the material to do so. With Love & a hug, Joe."...

Chapter 82 - Whereabouts

"Beautiful day? Yes - I wouldn't object to a little run in the sunshine. I'd be most pleased if I could make the trip home with you. I asked Dr. Charlie Stone if I might go out this afternoon. He said it was too cold that I must wait for a "balmy" day - perhaps a "palmy" day he meant. Hello Dr. Kopecky, how is El Campo? We have 8 inches of snow in Galveston today.

As I was saying, Dr. Stone came to see me this morning. He went to Dallas to see his son play football yesterday. Charlie is such an old grandpa I don't like to talk with him.

O yes, what were your orders? Dr. Graves said you told him that - here's that old fat mosquito who ate midnight lunch at my expense last night. I'm going to murder him. He will sing no lullaby tonight. O yes, as I was saying Dr. Graves said you told him to keep me here in bed until I was thoroughly well. Then I "snagger." Did you tell him you were capable of knowing when to dismiss your patients my dear Marvin L? To which he said "Well you know doctors sometimes agree in consultation," with a big haw-haw and a glance out of the southeast corner of his spectacles. I clamoured no more for a second hearing.

Mrs Fred S. came by "freezing to death" and ordering me to close my window, which I did not do. They are a little spoiled but let them enjoy life, while they may, who knows what troubles await them. After all this flurry of war has subdued and our nation has come back, victorious fortune might deal us a fair hand and you and I might be happier than any of them. Forgetting that which was unpleasant, war, arthritis, disappointed plans etc etc., we will have our "lilac-time" too. If not, there will be some satisfaction in knowing that we meant to.

This chapter of our romance has been grim and woeful. I'm anxious for something to happen that will be more exciting and interesting.

2 o'clock! Wiggles and Watson have spent their hours off duty in my room. After they left I read the "Galveston News" that Miss Anderson sent me, and then slept a long time. When I awoke I felt so queer that I should be down here. I nearly always wake up with a startled feeling, weird and lonesome-like. My knees are aching to walk on the seawall or somewhere. I'll be thankful that you were not on the transport Antilles and that I'll not be an invalid - lots to be thankful for after all. You see I read Jay-Jay and have caught the wonderful spirit of Henrietta.

Yes, the nurses speak in not very endearing terms about the Rev. friend of yours. I believe his name is Flyn or something like that. I'm in love with my nurse, Miss Gillooly. She reminds me of a little sparrow with her quick little chirpy remarks and flitting to and fro.

Here comes Staton with that everlasting ham on Sunday evening. Didn't you recall it garnished with parsley every Sunday night?...

"Habit is a cable; each day we weave a thread," etc etc etc. Each day I've written you a letter for so many months that every day I find myself with pen and paper starting on the first line with My Dearest Joe. I actually believe if you had passed from this vale of tears I'd forget and write you a letter, and expect you to lay aside your golden harp and answer immediately. Writing to you is the next best pleasure I get out of living nowadays - reading your letters is the bestest. Mosely came this morning and asked me to go to vaudeville with her this afternoon. When Dr. Graves came I asked him could I go to town this P.M. I didn't tell him I desired to attend vaudeville, however. Nevertheless, notwithstanding, he refused my wish. Then he began to sermonise on the problem of self-denial from individuals on up to world-wide sacrifices, until I solemnly resolved to myself never to ask to go anywhere again. I explained to him that it was not a disappointment at all to me, that he need not apologise for his denying me the pleasure. Still he was intent on expressing his newly discovered (?) truth.

Just now little Miss Gillooly came in pouting because Dr. Graves was raking them over the coals concerning an unordered blood count. She's very attractive when she is angry. Poor girls! I'm glad I'm through training and don't have to take scoldings from any of the head demons.

O the smell of the cabbage! The kitchen odours permeate the entire hospital. When I build my hospital the kitchen will be on the fifth floor with an exhaust pipe reaching up into the clouds. Dr. Cooke stopped by a minute. He has a patient - a nurse who has scurvy. Said she only ate bread and ham six weeks while on night duty.

I hear Marvin L. sweeping his linen duster through the halls again. He's dismissing a pellagra patient who seems to be well after four months' treatment. It must be gratifying to a physician to be able to dismiss his patients and at the same time feel like his efforts were not in vain. It must be most enjoyable to collect the bills. This is a long morning - an hour yet till hash is served. I'm actually hungry.

Dinner is here - nothing on the tray that I like so I'll finish up this before P.M. mail goes out. I didn't get a letter from anybody today. I've cut down my lists of correspondents until I write to one sister, Mother and Father, a niece, and you. Annie seems to be very much engaged caring for Pattie and his brother. Hasn't given him a name yet.

Did I tell you I have three nephews in the first army? The oldest is the one I used to play and fight with when a youngster. His twin brothers are the other two. I must write their mother and find what their addresses are and write to them. Guess I can do that much good. Cheer them up a bit? Miss Moore, a grey haired head nurse here comes to see me every day, and almost invariably about three nurses - Mosely always - are

in here cutting monkey shines. When Miss Moore sees them she backs out explaining that she thought she'd drop in to cheer me up a bit. Why she imagines I need cheering is beyond my comprehension for she has never come in that we weren't on a spree. She looks like she's the soothing-brow kind of nurse.

The deadhouse door is open and I smell formalin. I can shut my eyes and see the brown bodies floating in the salty-formalin smelling solution.

Miss Blue Eyes will be in here pretty soon to tell me to cut out the writing and take a bath. She bothers me all the time, wakes me in the middle of the night to wash my face for breakfast. This morning in my semi-slumbers I heard her threatening to bring the cat in to lick my face. I just had to wake up and laugh; hadn't heard that expression since I was a child when I was threatened with the same old cat.

"Pepys" adventures are always interesting to me so you need not worry about the style in which they are related. Do you mean to operate on the appendix case when she recovers from this attack or wait till she has another? Her neighbours are very gentle as well as kind, I'm thinking.

You certainly did some jumping around if you went to see your married sister that same day. Didn't you tell me she lived at Blue Creek? Here comes blue Eyes botherin' me! She's gone again. My foot is asleep. That shows how much I've improved because I have not been able to sit on my feet this summer or bend my knees that much. This morning my arm was cold and aching sumpin awful. When Miss Manger came with my medicine, I put my arm out and asked her to rub it. She laid an icy hand on my elbow and says, "Yes your arm is nice and warm." Then made her exit. I meekly said "Thank you." Her deafness is a great handicap to her - and it could be used to an advantage if she grew weary of the patient's whims and complaints.

I should say cold! My feet have never got warm since the north wind began to blow. I asked for a hot water bottle yesterday and two nurses told me there were none available. You may know they have not learned much about nursing or else they'd never tell a patient that they couldn't procure as common an article as a water bottle. Why I used to hook them from one floor for patients on the next floor when I was on night duty. Tell them "Sure there are plenty of hot water bottles." Then go and raise old Ned till I found one. Miss Blue Eyes puts up a good bluff, but most of the time she gets one's wishes or makes a dandy substitute. She's not here all the time, however.

Your Rev. patient went to the operating room yesterday. They found an abscess, I don't know where, and gall stones I think. Cora Big Foot is specializing him. She came to see me a few minutes, still the same old Cora with her bumps on her face. (Miss Monk's here.) We had quite a

confab this morning. She said she got a long letter from Miss Shackford, who expects to sail in December. I'm wondering if you will go about then.

Now I'm crazy to see you in that new suit. I'm not going to ask you when you are planning on coming because I don't think you are planning at all about such a visit. You looked to me like you were almost telling a falsehood when you said you meant to come back. Therefore I do not intend to inquire about your future visit.

Goodbye Joe dear - I'm going to die of heart failure I know. Miss Blue Eyes announced that Miss Clay was seriously considering visiting me this A.M. My feet are already feeling cold and clammy and my fingernails are cyanosed. The mitral valve is leaking profusely. I believe I'll feign a state of coma... All the excitement for nothing. She didn't come. Who cares?...

This afternoon, Miss Watson got permission from the nurse on duty to take me to third floor porch in a wheel chair to see Mrs. Story. Then we came back to Miss Anderson's room. Miss Monk came by that night and scolded me for going. I felt like I was unjustly treated so I turned the light out at 8:30 and went to sleep so I wouldn't think of any of them.

Guess what I was doing in my dreams last night. Trying to keep books and I was worried because I had not the least idea how to begin. I hate to dream. I hate this old bed. I hate this old medicine. I hate hospitals! November will soon be here - four months gone where and how - I can hardly realise...

Alas, no Wat today! I don't see Mosely quite as often as during the first two weeks. Some bench-legged, nosy old maid headnurse reported her frequent visits in the "sick nurses'" rooms to Miss EDAC. D.F., which important personage gave Mosely one of her yeller-faced lectures, as she was wont to do in days gone by when Mose wore the blue and white. Mosely came by to tell me she could come only during her hours off-duty and she took her own sweet time getting away just the same. She said "It make me so mad fo' someone to always be tellin' me what to do and what not to do. Why that's why I grew up so folks wouldn't always be bossin' me." I told her I didn't see why their unsuccessful attempts should worry her, for I never knew her to heed any of their remonstrances. She giggled and said "Now when did I didn't mind?"

We had the freakiest little stormy shower last night. The electrical display was gorgeous. Then all of a sudden the rain ceased and the air became warm and sultry. Kept my joints disturbed trying to become adjusted to many changes of weather.

You're getting very classical in your reading. If I remember correctly, Rebecca lived on with a lonesome and sad heart that yearned for the love of a knight whom the fair Rowena won. I read that when I was

about 12 or 13 years old. I never could bear to think of the poor old Jew on the baking grille. Yesterday, Miss Moore asked me if there was anything she could do for me, get me any thing to read etc. I told her I would like a book that I hadn't read since I was a barefoot boy. She asked me what, and when I told her H. B. Finn she departed and returned immediately with the book. Borrowed it from one of the preachers - evidently not the one from El Campo.

He had a pus kidney and an abscess surrounding area of kidney, also gall stones. Dr. Singleton was operator. The old man was semi delirious last night and told Miss Anderson that you had deserted him that you were here and refused to come to see him. She couldn't get the connection because she thought you were in the north. You had better come down and square up with your patient or you will get in bad with him. Not saying anything about your lady patient. I want to be able to go riding when you come. When, O, when will I get out? Schonka came to see me. As brown as ever and still possesses a morbid desire to circulate gossip.

I've only a few more minutes in which to conclude. It looks like a dreadful extravagance to waste all this paper, but I have not time for any more writing before the postman comes. You may write your answer on the blank pages and thusly we will help in the conservation of supplies...

Don't you worry because you fear I've forgotten how to write those bluey-blue letters. I have not. Yesterday evening the epistle I prepared would have put E. A. Poe's "dark musings" far in the shade for somberness and melancholy. Because Miss Gilloolie was off for her afternoon and Miss Staton had relief in the D. K. - which relief forgot to serve my tray and because the floor nurses didn't come in my room till after 3 P.M. - I felt greatly neglected and most miserable. I'll have to disappoint you this time, for this morning before breakfast that letter met its fate.

Dr. Graves gave me permission to knit that he might see how exercise affected my hands. He also said that after I knitted awhile I might play hands. I said, "You mean shake hands." He insisted that he meant play hands that I must get me a sweetheart and play hands. He thought he was acting real cute. I don't mean to carry out his orders atal!

I'm anxious to see the paper. I want to read about our boys who are in the fighting line. Today is the day chosen for the National Prayer for Victory. I feel a little like Huckleberry if I thought my praying would do any good, "blamed if I wouldn't do it or bust."

Didn't you say "olive drab" was the regulation color for sweater, sox etc? Cora said they used grey also. I don't think that would harmonise with olive drab. Do you? I'll enclose a sample of the olive drab thread and you see if it's alright.

Cora is going off her case today. Came and asked my advice about her charging a preacher for nursing him. I didn't know what other nurses do, as I told her I never associated with the members of that profession, scarcely ever. I suppose he is able to pay is he not? He seems to have a knack at paying his nurses floozy compliments. Miss Anderson was laughing about his telling her she was just like a mule. The old man wasn't far wrong on that, for Cora is very obstinate when she lays her ears back.

Did you see Dr. Lyon Heard's picture in the "News?" I guess she's happy now. I'm going to quit reading the descriptions of trench horror that the men write. That stuff gives me the jim-jams - kinda sickens my enthusiasm. I prefer reading about our victories and the "Star Spangled Banner" being played etc.

The "etc" was a useful addition to our language. It can take the place of so many words and saves useless energy and space. In my course of English I was taught that it was not good style to use it in one's writing, but later I've discovered the convenience of the word and decided the author was too precise."...

To the surprise of Golda, Dr. Joe shows up. This is around October 29th, 1917. He took time for a one-day trip to go over to Houston and down to see her and then back by train as quick as he can. She writes part of this as he goes around the complex to see both patients and friends.

"I don't know what I started to say about today; I do know I got a surprise - you little rascal you! While you're over at Isolation I'm tempted to hide so you can't find me. I'm feeling pouty because you chased off to see the preacher and Tom, Dick, and Harry, before you say boo to me. I'm jealous too and I believe I'll sue you for neglect. Just now I see you going by the Children's' Hospital walking like detectives were on your trail. To be perfectly honest, I think you're so good-looking in that new suit. I'm nearly sorry I didn't kiss you. I hope you didn't think I was stuck up, or putting on airs.

Well - I didn't know your feelings got hurt. I'm dern sorry; if that will help matters any. O Misery! I'm always doing the wrong thing. I feel like an ungrateful snappy old cur. Well I hope you don't ho home tonight. If you go away without coming back, yours truly will go home tomorrow. I'd cry if I thought much, but to avoid the publicity I must now, so I must not think. If you come back I'll send this with you, maybe. If you do not, well that depends on whether you want a letter, whether I send it or not. Yours most unhappily...

Good morning! All my worry for nothing! I'm glad you weren't angry when you came back. I think you're the mostest, dearest, bestest, wonderfulest man ever was and is... Love.... Golda...

Through the kind generosity of my physician I am enjoying the privilege of sitting up one hour in the big green chair. Pulse rate to be taken immediately before and after getting up. (Glad he doesn't know I sat up three hours in a wheelchair not long ago!)

All morning I wasted the time trying to read the newspaper and a little bit of "Kim" - as I told you earlier. I felt peculiar. Dr. Graves was not in my room this morning. This business of staying indoors is getting to be monotonous to me. I can't express the joy that getting back to living will bring me. I'm most awfulest sickest of being kept on a rectangle called a bed within four walls of stone. Some how I'd prefer the scorching old sun and green leaves and reddy-red flowers growing in the ground. I fear I'd be a bum nurse if I retain this aversion for pale unhealthy things - because as you know, the material essential to our profession is pale and sickly humanity.

Well we can't be bothered about that old draft board. If they don't know their business they needn't expect the citizens to. I guess they got your name mixed up. Don't you guess."....

Golda writes that things are much the same. She doesn't know where the days go but seems to run out of time to write some days. Can smell the food cooking down the hallway and by the time she gets her tray she has lost part of her appetite. As she wrote... "Just now I smell stewed pork. Oookie!" She visits with some of the other patients and has picked up on some knitting as well. She forgot to scold Mrs. Brownel for bringing her some fresh flowers during these "days of conservation." As she was writing, Dr. Graves came in and caught her sitting upright in bed. He said she was cheating. He gave her permission to get dressed and walk out on the porch during the day. She then writes ... "As busy as I am, I've been cutting out paper dolls. Now doesn't that show the symptoms of a failing mind? The page looked so interesting that I cut it out for one of the grandchildren. I'm saving the sand man stories for Paddie." Dr Graves again says she may dress and walk some more. She hopes in time, he will let her go walking out on the lawn. She continues...

"I finished "Kim." Peculiar story. I'm glad it was not a tragedy. Miss Moore has promised to bring me "Going Some."

Such a gay afternoon! I feel dizzy from the pleasant golden hours. After working for one hour trying to make one's self look respectable if not stylish, in one's spring clothes in November, and after expending the last bit of energy and courage in trying to "do up" stubby, bobbed hair, unless very beautiful, the said one, has no vanity concerning her appearance left. When I got myself dressed and ready to "walk around in the hall" as my physician advised, I felt like walking through the door and on, and on, and on. The nurses were busy and no one, not even an orderly was near for me to talk with. I don't think this "picket-guarding" affects my heartbeat in the least, but it certainly arouses a rebellious spirit in me. Since I considered myself a responsible patient I stroll out on the porch and watched the people come and go in cars and kept on feeling miserable and lonesome. Then I came back and stood and whistled and

laughed and (have you a whistle?), tomorrow, if he doesn't tell me to go out on the lawn, I don't mean to dress to parade up and down the halls...

My eyes are still burning - punishment eh? You had better say no if you don't think no, or I'll poke my finger in your eyes when I see you.... no letter today....

Since a peep out of the screen door on the porch did not cause Cheyenne Stokes respiration, Dr. Graves says I may look over the porch railing today. I'm so overjoyed because of the wonderful privilege of being allowed to look upon the beautiful pavement. Isn't it horrifying to think of our soldiers being prisoners of those darn descendants of Attila?

Here's Huddleston. Don't his ears look like sails? I'm pretending that I'm too busy to notice that he's here. He sure is a lie-teller. Doesn't know much, says this garment looks like a sweater, and it's a sock that I'm knitting.

Yonder on the campus is old Henkle. Wish I had a gun I'd take aim at him for not bringing my letter... no letter today....

Have just read in the Galveston News the following:
Dr. Kopecky, an El Campo physician who enlisted in the medical corps reserve, left yesterday for duty at Fort Sam Houston.

Well, I'm glad I discovered your "whereabouts" somehow. All day yesterday I felt a portentous omen in the air. There's no where for me to send this letter; guess I'll wait for one from you. Where is Fort Sam Houston? Near El Paso, or San Antonio?

I'm sure you are glad something has happened, whatever it be. I feel dreadfully lonesome and I know you are too. I'm sorry that I couldn't see you again before you went so far away; maybe you will get a chance to see me later on. The "palmist" Miss Manger read my hand last night. She tells me there's only one real love affair in my life so this one must be the "it"...

Chapter 83 - In the Army Now

Taken from the diary of Dr. Joe are the recollections of what it was like when he reported to the army in 1917. When his orders came through he didn't have time to see or contact Golda until after he was settled in at his new assignment.

"The next day, Sunday, November 4, 1917, I reported to the adjutant at Fort Sam Houston and started on the inevitable army routine of signing papers, answering questions and going from one office to another, consuming the whole forenoon in this manner, but not getting through all the red tape. At noon I decided I had enough, so I decided to go to Leon Springs and Camp Stanley where my brother was in an officer's training camp. After walking all over the camp with C.W. (his brother), I came back to San Antonio late that afternoon. The next day I resumed the ordeal of getting into the army and getting all my necessary equipment together. After I had gotten all the forms filled out, papers signed and running around from office to office completed, I was shown my way to an old home shack where the incoming officers were living while waiting for their assignment to duty. There were about a dozen of them there; some of them had been waiting there for two months! Among them were some of my former schoolmates. All we had to do was report at the Adjutant's office at base hospital no. 1 once a day, to see if there were any orders for us; if not, we had the remainder of the day to dispose of as we pleased. The shack in which we slept was a few hundred yards to the rear of the main building of the hospital. Long before I got there, some of my forerunners dubbed it "Hotel de Bunk (punk)", and that was its name ever after that. We only slept there: we had to hustle for our meals wherever we could find them. Part of the time we went all the way to the city; at other times, we made out at some of the sorry eating places near the Fort. As in every war, San Antonio was overcrowded by the military, hotel space was very scarce and all eating places worthy of the name were overcrowded. Food was expensive, and I could not see how I could make out on the pay I was going to receive.

At first, the prospect of just lying around with nothing to do but wait for orders did not sound bad to anyone who had been working hard for several years. But it soon got tiresome. At night, the men would talk, argue and rant up to rather late; the atmosphere was heavy with tobacco smoke (I was not smoking then), and it was hard to go to sleep. But I soon got to where I could sleep fairly well in spite of all this; but there was always an atmosphere of tension and uncertainty. Every time someone got his orders, he greeted them with a feeling of relief; the remainder of us would envy him and would be left wondering when and whereto we would be going.

After a few weeks of this inactivity and uncertainty, the adjutant's office informed me that, while I was waiting for my orders, I would be put to work looking after two medical wards containing chiefly cases of measles, pneumonia and cardiac disorders. This was a great relief. It kept me so busy that I did not have much time left for worrying

and idle thinking. Also, I became assigned to an officers' mess quite near the hospital.

The work in the wards was interesting. Many of the patients were drafted men from Camp Travis where the 90th Division was training. These men came from Texas and Oklahoma, many from the rural districts of these states. So many had never been exposed to measles before, that a regular epidemic of this disease broke out in the late fall and early winter of 1917. Unfortunately, in many cases, they did not receive the care they should have had and developed pneumonia and other complications. The more serious cases were sent to base hospital no. 1. These kept us rather busy; in fact, so busy that I did not get much time to think about my permanent assignment. This kept up to December 18, 1917.

On December 18, I was called to the office of the adjutant of the Surgeon of the Southern Department at Fort Sam Houston and was given orders to proceed to Camp Stanley to report for duty with the 19th Field Artillery. The adjutant, Major Fregold, asked me how I felt about my assignment, and I told him I was glad to be assigned to a combat unit. He then told me that when he had phoned the adjutant at the hospital about my orders that morning, they told him that they had just about decided to ask that I be assigned permanently to the wards I was looking after. I told him I did not want to spend the war working in a hospital near home. So, I quickly packed up, took the train for Camp Stanley, only about 20 miles from San Antonio, and reported for duty there on December 19, 1917.

With the 19th Field Artillery, 5th Division

On arriving at Leon Springs, I went over to Camp Stanley, looked up the area occupied by the 19th Field Artillery, looked up the regimental surgeon, Major Spilman, and reported to him for duty. He lost no time in enlightening me as to my duties and putting me to work. Most of the work was done at the regimental infirmary, the staff of which consisted of Major Spilman, Lt. Patten, myself, and about 20 enlisted men of the medical department. My work consisted of taking my turn at holding sick call, making out reports, conducting sanitary inspections in the regimental area and instructing the enlisted men in our detachment. Part of my time, about 8 hours weekly, was taken up by taking lessons in equitation. This was conducted by Capt. Shugg, a West Pointer, and the course was so rigorous that I shall remember it as long as I live.

We were quartered in a frame building hastily constructed for that purpose after war was declared. In these, each officer had a very small room furnished with a cot, and that was about all. The rooms were not heated, and when cold weather came, we nearly froze.

It fell to my lot to have one experience in equitation before I had had any instruction under Captain Shugg. Soon after I arrived at the camp, Major Spilman informed me that the next day the regiment was going out

to the hills for target practice and that I would be expected to go along. On the march, the regimental commander, Col. Lanza, rode at the head of the column and behind him, side by side the adjutant and the surgeon. On that memorable morning, the Colonel struck out "posting" on his steed, and those of us behind him, followed suit. Now, I had ridden horseback since early boyhood, but I knew nothing about posting. But my horse did, and I had to adjust myself the best I could. It was not easy; most of the time, when the horses back was jolting upwards, I seemed to be coming downwards; by the time we got to the end of our five mile, or so, ride, in spite of the winter weather, I had cold sweat pouring off of me; and was I sore all over the next day!

But I soon got used to the routine, even the equitation. There was enough work to keep me busy, and that was just as well; it is not a good thing for a man in the army to be left with his mind and hands unoccupied. As is customary in war during the training period, we knew we would be going into combat, but had no idea whatsoever how soon that would be. Slowly, but systematically we were preparing for our trip to France and for active combat. Our artillery brigade consisted of the 19th, 20th, and 21st F.A. regiments. The whole brigade would go out into the hills for service practice, sometimes in the daytime, sometimes at night, and make the hills ring with the command from our 3-inch field guns. And thus December 1917 and January 1918 passed."...

Dr Joe continued writing during this time but became concerned about Golda from the tone of her letters. The letters she wrote to him had a hint of depression from time to time. He tried to convey to her what he was doing each day and wanted to encourage her to get better. She expressed she had some fears that she may be a burden on him if she did not recover almost completely, to which he assured her she wouldn't be.

Chapter 84 - Ft. Sam Houston

November 5, 1917 - " I got in about 8 P.M. Saturday night. I was in doubt as to whether I should go up to the Fort right away, or wait till morning to report for duty. While considering the matter, I slowly walked down Houston Avenue. I came upon a man studying the contents of a show window quite intently. It was Lt. Brihan, M. C. R. of the class of 1914. I dug him one in the ribs, so as to attract his attention. He was told to wait till Sunday morning to report. He and I roamed about disconsolately for about an hour and a half, I steadily plying him with questions and he giving me a lot of useful information in answers to above-mentioned questions. About 9:30 I went to look for a room to stay overnight. All the hotels were full. I was directed to a semi-hotel as about the only place I could find a vacant room. Yes; they had a room. Price \$6.00 for the night, or if I was willing to let them put four others in the room, \$2.50. As a second thought, they volunteered the information that they had several "nice" cots on the sleeping porch for \$1.00. (It's always "nice" - "nice rooms" - "nice beds" - nice everything.) I inspected the room and the cots and decided in favour of a "nice" cot. I slept well.

In the morning I started on my final routine to be made from the civilian to the military. The routine is very simple, as all government routines are. I first reported to the So. Department Surgeon's office at Fort Sam Houston. He gave me the once over, asked questions of such varied interests as whether I rode horseback, was single or married, etc. He filled out several blanks, had me sign my name to enough things - and seemed to satisfy himself that I could, after a fashion, write my name. After that he gave me a handful of papers and directed me to report to the adjutant at the Base Hospital. The road was about two miles long, crooked as a corkscrew, and as easy to travel as the Bible says that of the transgressor is. But finally I got to Base Hospital No. 1, and even to the adjutant's office.

The adjutant is a young snipe, a 1st lieut. he looked up at me crossly, as if he suspected me of stealing his watermelons once upon a time. But after a minute or two he seemed to become reconciled to the idea of my being allowed to live, asked me some questions, filled out several blanks, gave me some papers and sent me to a certain room, unfortunately for yourself and posterity, I was getting dizzy about then and forgot the name and number - but not the smell - of the room. Here several blanks were filled out, I wrote my name down several more times, got another handful of papers, and was told it being so long a time since I have been examined, I would have to go to a certain room and stand a physical examination. A snippy lieutenant examined me after a fashion, had me sign my name to a lot more stuff - I never look at what I am signing my name - if they don't know, I am sure I don't know or care - gave a few papers, and did not tell me where to go to next. So I went back to the adjutant's office and asked him, "well, and what now?"

One of the guys wrote down my name himself this time; several more blanks were filled, I was provided with a guide who took me to a place where the vaccines were being dispensed. I took my typhoid vaccine and, much to the disgust of the men giving it, refused to show or admit any pain.

I went back to the adjutant's office. He told me several other things I would have to do, and then I was to report for orders each morning till I received an assignment. By that time I decided that the evil was sufficient unto that day, went downtown and after eating a good dinner, decided I'd go to Leon Springs to see C. W. (Cyril).

He was expecting me, as I sent him a message that I was coming to San Antonio. He and I went all over the grounds that afternoon, as he wanted to show me everything. It was all very interesting, but the walking nearly got me. I have not done much walking for the past 16 months, and when I got back to town that night, I felt like I had walked 99 miles.

While I was out at Leon Springs I got to see Breihan again; also Michner of the class of 1917 who is in charge of the camp hospital.

As soon as I got to town I beat it back to my "nice cot", and I did not need any chloral hydrate to settle my nerves, either.

Monday morning I went over to the Fort and resumed the routine, as much of it as I remembered, where I had left off the day previous. To my joy, I found out that I had forgotten some of the things that I was to do. Nor am I going to put myself to any trouble to learn it over.

I had to get my equipment. I got my cot, my mattress, sheets and pillow at one place, then had to go to another place 5 miles away to get my blankets; then to another place still to get some other stuff.

C. W. resigned yesterday morning and came to town at 6 P.M. After that we ran around together till about 11 P.M. Then back to the Fort and to our shack. Cyril had previously instructed me how to put up my cot, and when I got back I went right on the "cot", but not to sleep as there were several of the men still up and talking. It must have been about 12:30 A.M. when I went to sleep.

I forgot to tell you that the first man I met when I came back to the shack Monday morning was Tom Vaughn. He has been waiting here three weeks. Hoggun, 1917, has been here for the past 2 weeks. Putnam is on active duty in the Hospital here; so are Gaugh out of my class and B. F. Smith of 1912.

I met Mrs. Eabert on the street yesterday morning; she was all dolled and painted up. She is married, and I do not know her present name. Yesterday afternoon I met Miss Riley out on the street. Yesterday

morning I passed an El Campo nurse on the street but did not get to speak to her.

So much for the present. I haven't heard from you for days. Write me a long letter and tell me how everything especially yourself, is getting along...

I'll be glad when my mail finally gets in and brings a few letters from you. It seems to me as if I had been cut off from you a long, long time.

Yesterday afternoon Cyril and I went over to see the San Jose mission. We had to walk about a mile and a half after we got off the carline. I have seen the mission several times, but Cyril saw it for the first time.

After that we went over to the Insane Asylum. Cyril wanted to go through some of the wards. I found a Texas man on the asylum staff. Dr. Witte is now Asst. Supt. He was intern at Sealy when I was a freshman. Bleary-eyed Johnson, who was an intern when you were in training, is one of the physicians. B. R. A. Scott, 1916, is the laboratory man. Dr. Witte took us through and showed us some of the wards. He also took us through the art department. Here the more manageable patients do all kinds of artwork. The work done by some of the women is very artistic; some of it is simply beautiful. I wanted to get something, but really did not know just what to get. The remarkable thing is that some of the finest work is done by patients who are completely demented.

Next we went to Camp Travis, the camp occupied by the drafted army. They certainly have things fixed up fine. They do not live in tents, as do the National Guard men at Houston; they have quite substantial wooden barracks. We tried to trace up some of the men we know, but we came in rather late in the afternoon, and as we did not have the address of any of the boys, we did not see a single one we knew. By the way, are your nephews in this camp? If they are, you might send me their address and I could look them up. I would be very glad to meet them.

I hardly know what to say about this draft army. It seems to me, however, impossible to train those men in 3 months. It seems that everything is moving along so awfully slow.

At night C. W. & I went to a show. Coming home, I lost my way and walked 4 miles out of my way. I certainly felt tired when I got in....

November 8 - Yours received. It certainly seems a long time since I have had a letter from you.

Cyril left last night. He is very much disappointed in not getting a commission, and though he does not say very much, once in a while he makes an unguarded remark that shows that he feels very keenly about the

matter. He is very resentful about not getting a square deal. How much rottenness and politics there is in the army, you will not be able to realise. Every man that I have met while at the camp had to say something about the unfair way in which Cyril was treated. But he is only one out of many hundred that have been treated that way. What galls the boys most is that while they themselves in spite of all effort, have failed to get commissions, many incompetents are allowed to stay and will get their commissions - just because they come from rich families and have pull higher up. Yet we are fighting for democracy. Democracy, h___l!

Cyril made an application for admission to Kelly Field - the aviation camp. He says if he fails to get into that, he will just wait till he is drafted.

Tom Vaughn got his orders yesterday. He was ordered to Brownsville, Texas. He has been waiting here for a call for three weeks. That seems like a long time, yet day after tomorrow I shall have been here a week - I can hardly realise that, for I haven't even got all my equipment together yet.

I met Lowry of my class on the street this afternoon. He was on a 7-day leave of absence. He is stationed at Ft. Clark; way out on the border somewhere; if I remember right, he is with an ambulance unit. From all appearances, his organisation is soon to be sent to France, for their commander told them if they wanted any leave of absence, better take it right away. He seems to like it at Ft. Clark real well.

So you are going to be discharged. I hope you will not have the same sad experience you had after leaving Ft. Worth. You did not tell me much in your letter how you were feeling.

I am sorry, too, that I did not get to see you before leaving, but even when I was at Galveston, I felt pretty sure I would not get to see you again before I left. That was really the main reason I came to see you then; I knew I would be too pushed after I got my orders.

While I am not doing anything, I feel tempted to run up to Austin next week and take advanced Masonic work - Scottish Rites. The Scottish Rites section will be in session from Monday till Tuesday. I do not know yet whether I want to do it or not. Austin is only about 80 miles from here.

So your eyes burned. Did you cry? Do you still get to feel very blue, my own dear girl? Get over that as much as you can; it's no use. I try to be reconciled to anything that comes along; I believe it would not make much of an impression on me if I was to be told I am to be shot at sunrise. I hope for the best, but in my heart I have long been prepared for the worst.

I did not know you were about to leave; I don't think you will have money enough now. Please, let me know how much the bill was, or

how much more you will need and I'll send it to you at once. You are exactly correct about Dr. Graves's bill: don't assume anything.

If one were to judge you by your own confessions, one would come to the conclusion that you are getting to be real lazy. Well, I don't think you are; I think you are tired. If you are lazy, don't admit it; no man in camp would ever accept that as a sufficient reason for not writing him. Letters is all that an army can live on, as far as contact with loved ones goes.

So Mosely resigned. I wonder what she is going to do. Yes, I believe it will do her good to be away from Huddleston for a while.

I went over to Camp Travis again day before yesterday. I tried to find some of the men I know, but did not have very much success. I finally found one man from El Campo. Incidentally, I found a man named Joe Kopecky. He comes from Williamson County. It is pretty hard to find a man unless you have his address. Hereafter when I want to find anyone, I shall go over to regimental headquarters and look his name up first and then look for the man.

Two more men got their orders this morning; Gough from my class and Haggard from '17 class were both ordered to Douglas, Arizona. Tom Vaughn left for Brownsville night before last. This cuts down the number of Texas men here. One more arrived day before yesterday: Captain McLeod of the class of 1898.

Your remark about the writing duly noticed and registered. Sorry you are having trouble in reading my letters; shall try to do better hereafter. Here in camp we have no quartered oak desks, and with a dozen men in a shaky shack, it is not very easy to dot the right I or cross the right t, especially when most of these men insist on moving up and down and scuffling...

This is one more long, weary, tiresome Sunday afternoon. Sunday afternoons were bad enough at El Campo when I did not get to go home, but there one could at least get the mail several time a day.

This morning I thought I would go to church and so I went over to the Travis Park Methodist Church. The presiding elder preached or rather made appeals for some cause or other for money and told some of those pathetic stories that make you wish you had stayed at home or gone to a moving picture show. The pastor had to throw a few bouquets at the elder, and then the elder had to throw a few at the pastor. Of course, they had to use lots of superlatives; it was "the best pastor in this district," and "the best presiding elder I have ever had, etc. etc." ad nauseam. Altogether, an affair that could have been attended to better in 10 minutes had to be strung over about an hour and fifteen minutes, and I should not be surprised if some of the people that meant to contribute had finally gotten so tired of the matter that they changed their minds.

Last night someone was always coming in, and we talked until about 1:20 A.M. This morning someone had to get up very early, so we got woken up about 7 A.M. When you get a bunch of people and herd them together like this, you can always bank on their being a good deal of their individual habits; as a result, there will always be more or less disturbance going on.

We have in our shack at present some eight men. One of them ' "Dad" must be close to fifty years old. He has been waiting here for over two months; a few nights ago, probably to break the monotony, he got pretty well stewed before he came in at night. There is a blustering, big-mouthed guy - "New York" who is constantly shooting his mouth off. He is only second to "The Big Chief Heap Wind" from Oklahoma. These latter two are the men that keep us awake nights. Monk comes from Refugio Co and is a rather quiet fellow. "Lizzie" is something on the style of Adair; fat, rosy, and easy-going. McLeod, a nice man, 43 years old, comes from Palestine, Texas. With the exception of Monk and McLeod, the bunch is about as coarse and profane as only some Americans can get to be."...

Chapter 85 - Checking Out

"Miss Monk brought me a telegram. Ha! Ha! I beat you to the news, you see I had known it about 2 hours when your message came. Now when in thearnation and thunder didn't they send you to Camp Bowie instead of Ft. S. H., diagonally across the state from me? If Uncle Sam's officials would consult us they would know how to situate you more favourably. Did you have time to go home before you went away? Here I am writing to you, when I have no address to send it to. I'll quit and finish my letter to my mother.

Tuesday - One month ago we were together. Here I'm still in J. S. Hospital! The doctor says I will be able to go home in two or three more days. I don't care, because I feel so lonesome since you're so far away. Your letter seems long in coming. I don't want to send any to El Campo, for they would very likely be longer on the way.

I wish I could see you to ask a question - I know that Dr. Graves never charges nurses for treating them yet I don't want to assume so much by thanking him, and I can't think of how to offer my gratitude - either in words or money. It seems awkward. Well maybe he doesn't remember that I'm a nurse. I wish he didn't - I shall go ahead and ask as any other patient eh? Assuming nothing. If he charges \$600.00 I'll not mind such a trivial amount.

He's letting me go sooner than I expected. He says I may go provided I follow his instructions closely and don't get too gay. It makes a lump come in my throat when I think of going away off up there still farther away from you. If you were able to get a furlough the trip would be very expensive for you. I guess I'll content myself to a quiet peaceful life of knitting and reading until health is regained. Then you'll be gone, and I'll not be interested in anything except army news and letters from France. When you win high rank and honor will you get promoted above me too? I know that you will get a high office or get a little white cross somewhere in France, one or the other, for you're not a man that will stay long in one place. I'm expecting to hear your praises sung one of these days. If they are not, I'll know it wasn't because you weren't delivering the goods.

Your letter is here! Hinkle brought it up. I'm glad I have your address once more. O, you sent another registered letter, you poor boy. If ever in my life I cared to be rich it is now - no I had rather be as strong as an ox. If I should ever forget my obligations for once I deserve the same months of illness to be repeated.

I'm glad you're having a free from care vacation - it's a well-deserved one and the first for over two years. How restless you will be after the novelty of the life wears off isn't hard to tell, because you have been in the harness of work too long to not miss it. Can you go hunting?

There are lots of interesting places, such as missions, parks, etc there to visit. You must tell me all about your experiences.

Aren't you glad you can speak Spanish? Staton's brother is there in training.

Was Dr. Gray called out? Maybe since you are gone he will get enough practice to enable him to buy an overcoat...

Nearly all morning someone was in my room so there was not a chance for me to scratch you a word till after lunch; then I was too tired - or lazy to write. I didn't dress this afternoon I just acted "plum 'ornery and lazy."

Miss Monk brought your big fat letter, and said, "Here's the letter that 'will follow'." (I told her what the telegram said.) You ought to feel a great relief from getting all that name signing and paper toting finished. I'm thinking if you had tried to investigate each paper, and stop to find a reason for signing your name, your mental equilibrium would have swayed. I can't say that the practice improved your penmanship, because in your names of some of the people you met there, I couldn't tell whether the attempt was "h" or "li" or "lu." Well we don't care about your learning to write; I can read it anyway. I wonder if those men weren't having you write it, so they could learn to spell and pronounce it.

There ought to be plenty of amusement for you idle officers. Meeting your former schoolmates and used-to-be-sweethearts (Willie May) and lady friends (Mrs. E. etc) help to take the strangeness and lonesomeness away.

I can't write at all. There's a clinic case below my window, and some simpleton is smoking what smells like a six for a nickel cigar. It is positively sickening! If it isn't rotten clinic cigars, it's cooking cabbage or onions. One two three four five six seven eight _ _ _ _ I sure like to have lost my temper! Will finish this before breakfast. Good-night...

Today is cloudy and cool. I hope it gets fair, for Mosey and I are going to the Minstrel this P.M. Dr. Graves said I might go, and he was so very thoughtful to promise to send his car for us. Mosey invited Butch to go wish us so that we could hear her laugh. Butch said she saw you going at the rate of 100 miles per hour that day you left. "Say kid, I declare" (smacks lips casts eyes heavenward) that's the handsomest man I ever saw since he has his uniform."...

Whale Day - (Friday) Well, why don't you get my letters? Two went to El Campo after you had left there and two have been sent to San Antonio, perhaps you will get one today. I never had time to finish that one I sent yesterday; now I forget what I meant to say then.

We had a very pleasant afternoon attending A1 G Field's Minstrel, the first show of any kind that I've attended since July. I was disappointed that I should grow so faint and weary from so very little exertion. It was because of this that I cried after I got home - back to my room, I mean. For the past few days I want to "bawl" all the time - don't know why and don't care a darn. I do care for folks catching me indulging in such a "nerve-energy" wasting process. Miss Gillully must be a great many years older than she looks, because that woman can not be fooled. (Golda continues on how she tried to trick Miss Gillully into believing the reason for her crying was other reasons, including sad thoughts so her lacrimal duct would overflow and fill her nose and thus protect her nerve endings from the contaminating smell of the cabbage cooking. To this Miss Gillully replied ... "You are a darn good lie teller.") Well she accepts them (reasons) gracefully and never resorts to this most awfully embarrassing cross-questioning.

I've merely lost my appetite for hospital life. I want a change of scenery, which Dr. Graves will permit in a few more days. I fully appreciate the reason that so many of the nervous patients develop the habit of crying.

Shifting back to army life - how do you like it by now? I'll bet you were panting after those long walks. Excuse me! I was in deep reverie, living over each step of those long long walks you and I took together on the beach - when I wore the green dress, and you wore sure enough clothes.

Did you say your brother had resigned? (That's what I made out the word to be.) I'm sorry that he became dissatisfied with the work since he spent that much time at it and since that will very likely be every single man's lot in the course of a year or two.

I don't know whether my nephews are there or not. When sister answers my letter she will tell me. One very likely enlisted or was drafted in Oklahoma. I don't know. So when I find where they are and which initials are at which place I'll send you them.

Don't think this writing is written by a DT sufferer. I'm lying down as usual. My hands are not very stiff now.

The Stories finally sent our picture. I'll pass them on to you. Very good cartoon. The picture flatters me, but that horrid ugly man doesn't look like my suitor. Isn't cupid a picture of grace itself? I believe the hands were traced.

Wiggles is coming to practice massage on me tonight. This means you will not have to waste time reading much more of these ravings of a madwoman. You should hear those darn fool nurses cackling and giggling and simpering around those marine nurses. O, I'm so glad I never go crazy about every man! It's insane enough to be wild about one.

I'm all dressed up and have no place to go - till Monday. Then Dr. Graves says I may go home. We met out in the hall - he dressed in his nice black suit, minus the usual linen duster, and I in street clothes. He played like he didn't recognise me. He hasn't given me instructions just what to do after leaving the hospital. I certainly do not mean to act so imprudently as I was wont to do in the past. It has taken all these months for me to realise that my recovery depended on my using a little common sense. There are only two persons to whom I feel grateful for rescuing me from being a wreck or an invalid, whatever one prefers to name it, and those two are you and Dr. Graves. You mainly. Your prognosis from the beginning was not wrong at all and your estimation of time that I should spend in the hospital was correct, or at least nearer correct than that of others. Ignorance or indifference, I'm not trying to decide, which was displayed, I only regret that I didn't put out a S. O. S. call to you the first day I suspected what I was up against, and you had advised me to come down here. O, well what's the use of grieving over spilled milk? says the cow. This passage of rebellion and resentment doesn't sound very ethical, but no one except us will ever know my "zact sentiments" in the matter.

I'm going to do my best to get well, and if I do, why you'll come marching home one of the days and we will live happy ever after. If I don't get well and if you don't come back, nobody will be bothered with our complaining and raving about our unfortunate luck - that's a cinch.

Ooooh! You must be going to get very ill, or be nearing the time when you will have "a glass over your face and flowers on your stomach" - because I heard a lady human being make the broad statement just this morning, that everybody spoke highly of Dr. Kopecky. I got short of breath and my mitral valve absolutely refused to close at all. Then I said I'd rather people wouldn't speak so lovingly of you for it made me feel frightened. Miss McNally told me that she nursed one of the Webbs, from El Campo, at Houston and the patient said you were "simply wonderful." Now I know I think all of this, I'm supposed to, but I don't want everybody else who knows you to begin thinking the same; for right then that would mean that you had been promoted to that country beyond my earthly understanding.

O, it's a blessing that you don't take salicylates three times a day or all my slushy nonsense would produce pernicious vomiting. I must rest awhile. Lunch is due and I must muster up a little courage to meet it face to face.

If I go Monday, you may address my letters to Cleburne until I write you I will stop a few days visiting the Donaldsons. I'm very anxious to see the baby and Pattie. Annie says the baby laughs when she talks to him. Then I'm going out to Graham and do my best at being a nuisance to everybody near me...

Saturday - After reading your dark brown tone letter, which came to me while sunning on the lawn with Miss Anderson, I have retired to my dark and dismal room that I may think real, undiluted unexpurgated anarchic thoughts!! There is nothing that I can think or do that will help make things go right in this world - not a bloom-blasted thing! I just feel like getting in a motor boat and going away off, clear away from America, so that Uncle Sam would feel so sorry!

Sunday - "When you have nothing to do for six days in the week, the seventh day of rest is superfluous. It merely adds to the weariness of doing nothing more strictly than usual." So says Corra H. who dreams more sensibly than the average woman thinks.

This is my last Sunday in J. S. H. for tomorrow evening I'm leaving. Dr. Graves came by making his routine visits with much speed and brevity; in truth, he made more noises going through the halls than he made visits, for he must take the 11:30 A.M. train leaving town! He is called to be present at some court trial. I didn't detain him by asking any questions because I realised his time was limited. All along he has told me that my heart was improving - just how much it has yet to improve I don't know. He told me to be careful to not overtax my heart and continue the medicines for awhile longer and let him hear from me in about thirty days. When I asked him if he would please have the bill in the office, he laughed and said that would be the only request he would not grant me - 'twas a "great pleasure to serve you," and all those "etc's" that belong to superfluous conversation-making.

Huddleston is all worried because Mosey is going away. He fears that if they are separated long that their affair will fall through because Mosely will forget him. I told him that she, if she cared very much for him, would learn to appreciate him more during the months of absence, I tried to console him by telling him they needed a vacation but that man is so "sot" in his "own estimation" - and he will not ever learn to listen.

Back to our interrupted text. As I told you, I leave tomorrow. I will not need any more money. I have only one week's bill and the lab fee, which I don't know the exact amount of to pay. I do know that \$153.00 will be more than enough to cover all expenses. Thank you.

I read in the "News" where a man had discovered a scientific paradox: he said the more one's debts are contracted the more they are expanded. I've been learning.

Well, Joe, if I were in sight of you I'd say "Let me see your tongue." Because you wrote yesterday's letter like you were suffering from too frequent association with chocolate creams, and were being hampered by a "torpid liver." Maybe my diagnosis is wrong - maybe you have a right to be a little grouchy jut a very little every once in a great-big-while. I grouch so much that I forget and find myself thinking that this "grouching job" belongs to me exclusively.

That's rotten that politics should be resorted to in the training camps. Of all business that would be fair, I thought that would. I'm sorry that C. W. was disappointed; but this first piece of hard luck will only help to make him more determined to get up again. If he has the right kind of mettle, someone higher up, who hasn't been narrowed and biased by prejudices and greed, will recognise his worth. There must be a few men in authority who still have "justice" in their vocabulary. If not; well we need a war!

As for myself (supposing I were a soldier) it would make very little difference to me whether I was a private or a com. officer. The life at it's best is not a merry one so I've been told; like a strong nasty medicine; the less diluted the quicker swallowed. Who, after he has been ushered to his reserved seat in the everlasting Grand-Stand cares, whether there's a painted smoke stack towering above a village in memory of his heroism or whether a little cross marks the place where he stopped to change scenery? I believe Mr. Gray expressed the same thought almost as beautifully as I have done, only his was poetry "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." And so on, and so on to the epitaph, all of which every misfortunate school child sometimes during grammar grades, has to memorise after school is dismissed.

Three bodies have been taken to the morgue today. There's an undertaker getting the remains of a lap. On the street there stands what looks like one half the colored population of Galveston. One old Negress already has her mourning veil on. I'll bet they put on lots of slow driving airs tomorrow.

I wish you would go to Austin tomorrow. Go anywhere you can while you may. Get all the enjoyment that you can, for you have been too busy all your life, it seems, to think very much of your own pleasure. I'm thinking you got along pretty well with your Masonic work. I know some lazy numbskulls who have never finished the work that you have and they've been dragging along with it a long time.

How many pounds have you reduced since you walk so much. Hud said you'd be a fine soldier when they worked some of that weight off. Next time I go to the basement I'm going to weigh. I look like I've gained 15 pounds since you were here.

How do I feel now? Joints tender at times, no swelling in joints, fingers a little stiff. I grow faint and a little short of breath after being up very long. Usually when I feel tired I lie down. I didn't feel very tired when I came from driving yesterday. I feel more hopeful about my recovery than I did.

No, I don't cry very often - last week I've cried more than usual. I don't mind crying provided no one finds me during the performance. For an intruder to appear on the scene spoils the entire weep. I don't think

there's any danger of my dying from grief, yet I have plenty of troubles yet unknown - as Mrs. Wiggs would say, they would be more and worse. Hope helps us over the seemingly insurmountable difficulties and at the same time allures us on to our dreams - that fade away like mist, leaving still greater boulders of disappointment. Just as long as she allures I'll follow, but when there's no....

Sunday night - there's no use turning the light out, for I could not sleep with the aid of 1 gr. of morphia tonight. I'm worried. Have just finished listening to my heart tone and comparing them with those of Dennis and Manger. Makes me blue and sick, and envious and resentful. The "lub" doesn't sound any good atal and the "dub" sounds a little wavery to me. Maybe I was excited and imagined a lot. What if both valves were involved? Dr. Graves says the heart tones are better; and since I don't know anything about murmurs and am perfectly ignorant about what is to be expected in their disappearance, I'll not for a moment put my judgement against his. I only know that I don't think I want to keep those heart tones all the time. My mind is sick perhaps - I find myself wondering if Dr. Graves isn't a star lie-teller, and does not expect what he says he does. Tonight I seem to be groping along in the dark; there doesn't seem to be any special place for me to take - no work I can do that would justify my existence. Well, we will see how tomorrow looks. Good night...

Monday - Dr. Stone has made his call. I've my ticket here already and an auto ordered for 7:30 P.M. Mosely and Dennis are going with me. I am resting this morning so that my strength may be conserved for the journey. Dr. Chas. says I must take care that I don't take any risks of getting any infection until complete recovery has been reached etc. Says he would not advise me to attempt to nurse in less than two or three years from now; also that I didn't have a chance of getting into the Red Cross, because the work called for wonderful endurance etc etc. Well, I'm not 'hankering' to do either. However, it remains yet to be seen just what I can do. I do think it would not be fair to you for me to continue our engagement when my recovery is uncertain. For you to have an invalid wife, or even a frail one, would be a tragedy, I think. If I can't pull my part of the load I'd better work single. Don't you think so? Your constancy and love for me during all this misfortune seemingly has never wavered. Such men are so few. You deserve more than what fate has allotted you. I could write to you when you are in France just the same as if we were engaged and you would be happier to know that you weren't coming back to marry a cripple with a "leaky heart." Of course should I get well in the meantime, we could get re-engaged provided you still loved me. You will think I'm jesting because I've expressed my thoughts in such a silly manner. I'm in earnest. It isn't just to you for our engagement to remain. I couldn't ever love anyone as I love you and I love you too much to inflict myself upon your generous heart."...

Chapter 86 - Waiting

"You forgot to send the pictures the Stories sent you, at least they were not in the letter you sent.

Both of your letters got here at the same time. It seems that they left Galveston only 3 hours apart. I guess some nurse has been carrying one of them around in her pocket for a few days. It takes longer for letters to come here than it ought to; that's because it goes through a military post office. Always bank on unnecessary delay when anything has to go through "military channels." It is now nine days since my mileage has left a place one-mile from here. It is still "on the way" somewhere. The army motto seems to be "let George do it" - and there is no George here.

I went through some of the wards with one of the doctors yesterday. The wardmaster, a kind of nurse, prescribes and administers medicines. The doctor is not even bothered with that. All he has to do is fill out the clinical record. The idea seems to be that so many of the doctors rarely come to their wards, it becomes necessary for the wardmaster to give medicine when it seems to be required. He can hardly make any fatal mistakes for the medicine available seems to consist of S. S. M. S., Castor oil, a limited quantity of aspirin, and Tr. Iodine. Away from here at a Camp Hospital it is just the S. S. M. S. and the faithful Tr. Iodine. Oh, I almost forgot to say that Brown Mixture is available. At night, if some patient happens to cough, and the wardmaster is not quite sure as to whom it is, he just sends the orderly around the ward to dispense a dose to every patient. Safety first. It would be too much trouble to try to find out just what patient needed it.

How do I like army life by now? I told you how I expected to like it. But then I at least expected to have something to do.

We usually get up about 8 or 9 A.M., stick around till mail comes in at 10 A.M., then fool away an hour or two, then go downtown to dinner. Then we come back and hang out, killing time till it's time for supper, then go downtown to supper. Very exciting.

Outlaw, 1912, was down from Ft. Clark on a few days leave. As I told you a few days ago, that bunch expects to go to France in the next few weeks.

This morning I met Gibson on the street. He was one of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries at Texas City, when I was there in 1914. He is at Camp Travis now in charge of a Y.M.C.A. building. Yesterday I saw Roetsch, 1913, on the street, but did not get to speak to him.

So you are about to be discharged. I wondered how your chart was signed. Recovered, I guess. Well, you are not, by a good long deal. I suppose, Dr. Graves gave you definite instructions to follow. If he has not, let me know; you just simply can not run around loose. Don't be

discouraged because you get weary and exerted so readily; this is due to your being in bed so long and being inactive so long rather than to the sickness itself, and so will disappear fairly rapidly after you get to moving about a bit.

I had a case of laryngitis; the same kind I get about once every year. I was very hoarse for a few days; I am over it now. The typhoid vaccine made me a bit sore, but I have taken it so many times before, it did not make much difference.

Here's the mail, and also my mileage. I can't understand why they are in such a hurry about sending it. An aeroplane just flew over our place. It looked to be several miles high...

I am a thinkin', if Mosely's going away will cause her to forget Huddleston, the sooner she goes, the better it would be for Huddleston as well as for her. Better be disillusioned now than later on.

Four pounds is all I have lost so far. I lost that the first few days I was here. I weighed on about the third day, and the scales said 168; it said the same thing yesterday.

I see in the army orders for today that Lieutenant Rogers has been ordered from Ft. Oglethorpe to Kelly Field San Antonio. He won't be very far from the missus, then. Refugio is about a hundred miles from here. I am going to try to look him up.

Oh yes; you could not guess whom I ran up on last night. I got a streetcar downtown, and a voice from the Negro corner says "Is thay you, doc?" It was Rex. He is Mess sergeant at Camp Travis.

So the Big Noise says your heart is improving all the time. If you are very careful abut not overworking yourself for a year or so, you may recover from that regurgitating - I mean, it may get to be so that it will not be noticeable on consultation. I am sorry I did not listen to your pump with a stethoscope the last time I saw you. I am sure I could have noticed the differences better than the men that listened to it every few days... could

I'll be glad when you get settled again; then I can get my letters with some regularity. I know from experience that it is very hard to write until you are settled down. I suppose you feel pretty well worn out, too, after your trip.

I believe I got unnecessarily grouchy about this army life in some of my recent letters. You might have gotten the impression that I am sorry I am here. Well, I am not. I would rather be here than in the most comfortable place in the United States. I'd be very much ashamed to be running around in civilian clothes when khaki is the style of the nation;

and hereafter I shall take the discomforts - even though unnecessarily imposed - as a part of the game.

I had a letter from Mr. Turner telling me he was going to take Mrs. Turner to Dr. Geo. H. Lee Monday. You will recall that I told you I was to come down with them, if I did not get called out before they left.

I had a letter from Ludma yesterday. She had just gotten home from seeing the "Slacker" and seemed to be very proud that I was in the army and that Cyril was soon going. She is just a kid and her letters are quite spontaneous and unaffected. I haven't had a letter from home since I have been here. I'll wait a few more days, and if I do not hear from them, somebody gets shaken up.

Tomorrow will be two weeks since I have come her. Wonder how much longer I'll stay here...

I am still waiting for that long letter you have been promising me for the past week. I am at loss as to what to think of your promise-breaking capacity. Maybe you have concluded you have already broken our engagement, and so it does not make much difference either way.

I received both of the notes you have sent from Cleburne. One of them has stimulated thought all right.

I have trusted you ever since we have made up in 1915; hence, I believe that your motive for wanting to break our engagement is no other than what you say it is. That being the case, my answer to your suggestion about breaking our engagement, is nothing doing. Your logic is all wrong; your premises are out of joint. You have worried yourself into kind of a frenzy before you left the Hospital, and that note is one of the results.

In the first place, in regard to your statement about the uncertainty of your recovery; as long as there is any uncertainty, there is hope. I still firmly believe you will get well; I cannot and do not want to believe any other way. It would be awful to be any other way. That you will likely be left with a permanent mitral insufficiency is more than probable, but plenty of people have that and never seem to be bothered by it very much.

So you think - or say - that though your trials have seemingly never wavered my love for you. Seemingly. Well!

I wonder whether you really are or were in love. You certainly do not seem to know that the greatest joy one can feel is when one can serve to brighten the trials and suffering of the one he loves. In effect, you ask that we break the engagement while you are in trouble, and when you get well - here I come back to you.

If you have any reason besides the one you mention, we'll consider it; if it's necessary to break, we'll do so, but we'll not write any, we'll stay broken. Otherwise, we'll continue as we are. If I go through the war and you cannot marry, we'll decide it then. If I don't go through, well --. If we both get through ok --- good. In the meantime, I sticks by you till hell freezes over. With much love & two hugs... Joe...

Monday - Yes, we had a rain Saturday night. It certainly sounded good. I saw in the paper this morning that the rain was fairly general over Texas; I was glad to see that Wharton County reported a good rain.

We had a lecture in Orthopaedics last Thursday afternoon. There were quite a number of medical officers present; among others old "Dad" Phillips, 1913. You did not know him. He was an Englishman, and quite a character. He must have been over 40 when he finished school, was even more sour and grouchy than the average Englishman, and looked it every bit. About the only reason I liked him was because he was very rough on a conceited, contemptible little Russian Jew in his class. Both of them boarded at the same house I did, and many a time the argument waxed so hot about the table that the rest of us were very much in favour of an execution. Yes; it was the same house where we had red tablecloths and ate cake for breakfast. Daddy came here in August and was sent home because he had three toes missing. Now they decided maybe those toes did not make much difference after all, so they called him here again. He left last night for Eagle Pass; I think this is a place where most anybody will do, and they sent him there to release some more capable man.

Who do you think I met down town last Saturday? It was no other than - but let me tell you about it. Capt. McLeod and myself went downtown. I go with him now because he is a Texas man, and even if he is 1898 and 13 years older than I, I like him better than the rest of the bunch. Started to go around with Monk, but don't believe I'll continue that. He is a pretty nice fellow, but he has some peculiarities that ruin him for me. He is 40 and old maidish. Still I might tolerate that. But he insists on walking slow with his shoulders all humped over. Well, he can do that with his civilian clothes on, but he can't do that with a lieutenant uniform on and walk with me. But I could tolerate even that. The limit is that he has a querulous turn to his voice and some other mannerisms that very strongly remind me of Lutner. Too much is enough. I guess you're wondering why I don't tell you about what I started to. Oh, this is just a scheme I have learned from the picture show serials.

Well, I'll tell you; it was Dr. & Mrs. L. M. Rogers. They were standing on a street corner, and I recognised them about the same time Mrs. Babe recognised me. They were looking for a room. They are both down here now, and did not seem to be satisfied with the room they had. I imagine they have a rather hard time finding a suitable room, especially on Saturday afternoon. Babe left her phone number with me in case I wanted to call them up. Rogers is at Kelly Field, and will likely be sent to France in the next few weeks.

I went to League and Church last night. I would have gone in the morning, but Monk seemed to think that a man just had to go to five services a Sunday. To show him, I stayed away from the morning services.

After league, the man sitting next to me asked me for my name, and to my surprise I found out that I have been sitting right next to my class-mate of 1909, Normal Institute. I have not seen him since we had graduated in 1909. He and I used to sing together (rather he did the singing) tenor in the same male quartet and glee club.

I do not have any idea where I may be sent; sometimes I think maybe I will be sent to some training camp for a few months and then go to France; at least, that is what I am hoping for. But there is no way whatever of telling. My observation has been that a man usually gets here what he does not want. It is a standing joke here that a man cannot be sent to France unless he is married, because married men do not, and unmarried men do want to go there.

My laryngitis persists, though not in as aggravated form as it was at first. I have a suspicion that all this tobacco smoke we have in the shack is causing it...

Mileage? Oh, yes, we get our mileage whenever we travel with out an army. We make something on it, too; for they pay us seven cents a mile whereas we only pay three cents a mile. Thus, my fare from El Campo cost me 5.50, but I received in mileage 11.84 from the U. S. for the same trip.

Yes, it is likely that the orders would appear in the paper you mentioned, but they usually appear quite a while after they have been issued.

I do remember Rolling asking me whether I was going to fight my brothers. She evidently did not tell you that I answered I was not going to fight my or anybody else's brothers; I was going as a medical officer. Your answer as to my status quo was exactly correct. One thing sure; I never was and never expect to be an Austrian.

The weather here is simply delightful. The sun shines all day long. I wish you could be down here. I'd get my jitney down here and we would certainly do some riding around on these good roads. I went over to Brackenridge Park this morning. It is a fine place even now; it's full of birds and animals. The deer and squirrels are so tame; they don't pay any attention to you at all. You can see as many as half a dozen squirrels hopping around at the same time.

This morning was a pretty cool one. I had to laugh to hear the other men rave because they had to get up in a cold shack. Personally, I do not mind it.

Glad to hear you are feeling so well. I believe that North Texas weather will suit you better than Galveston Did. There is no doubt but that the salicylates have a very depressing effect on some people.

I met the man I said I ran up on at League down town yesterday afternoon. We stayed together about 2 and 1/2 hours, but we certainly did little talking. I thought at the time that you used to think sometimes that I was not talking much; you ought to have seen us yesterday afternoon. It's a mighty good thing one can go to a picture show and just sit still and watch the picture.

Tell the MacDonalds hello; pinch the baby and spank Paddie.
With love, Joe." ...

Chapter 87 - Recovering

"Are you pouting because I've neglected you so long? I feel ashamed of myself for having sent you only one letter since I've been here. Yesterday I started to write when an old sister neighbour came in and stayed till the postman had passed. You can imagine how pleasant I was during her visit.

Little brudder and I are alone this morning. His Mother and Lyle are at the dentist's. The baby has grown so much that I cannot handle him very well. He's so healthy and pretty and "well behaved." Everything is upside down because the girl who helps clean house didn't come today but baby and I should worry. I'll be glad when his mama comes.

After lunch - I must get this letter away today. Yours came yesterday. I wish you could have gone to Austin just for the lark if nothing else. Maybe you would have enjoyed a rest from the shack gang. Your description of the continuous noise in your shack reminds me of the dormitory days. There are always one or two who never find it convenient to shut their mouths.

Joe, I have wickedness in my heart. I feel like wringing these old curious women's necks. There's one at the door now and she will keep me from writing this letter. I've retired to the bathroom and sent Annie to see her. They play like they are very interested in me. We'll see if she detains me today.

I like the way your hospitals are conducted - especially about the Brown's Mixture. Then there's no one to stay awake because of the other's coughing.

Your writing is a silent reproach to me. You didn't get offended because I said that about your writing? I didn't mean to be rude. This last was written so nicely that I don't think you wrote inside the shack.

Honey, I have lots to write, but I'm tired, o so tired. You see I stayed up all morning. I will send the picture. Will write again after I take a nap...

I have not written to Mosely yet. She was very nice to me during my stay there. I can't ever forget her. The long hours that she took off duty to spend with me were shortened and brightened by her cheerfulness. She and Miss Gilully were first class entertainers.

So you don't like the business of doing nothing? This is good training for the years to come when you have retired a multimillionaire. Do you ever try to guess where you will be stationed? You spoke of mileage: do they give you your transportation? Well, it seems reasonable that they should for some would not be able to report at places far from their place of abode. Dr. Story declared that he would not have money to

buy his army outfit. I think he exaggerated his poverty. When I was there, he said he had 30 cents, which he had to half-sole, or else Nellie would have no spring bonnet.

Four pounds are enough to lose in so short a time. Don't you think? I weigh 138 lbs. Annie says my face looks swollen.

I'm glad you think I'll have a chance of recovery in the course of two years! Two years seem so long! I don't want to live through all that time. You asked in your first letter did he give me definite instructions to follow. He said that I could continue the Sod. Sal. and digitalis for a few days then leave it off until the joints bothered me again; not over taxing my heart, and don't get pneumonia or diphtheria etc. etc. The latter was Dr. Stone's advise. Do you wish to add anything to the instructions? If so, send your orders. Since I can't help get other folks, well I'll make a gib job of getting myself well.

I don't feel any worse for the trip only that I caught a slight cold on the sleeping car, because the cover was too light. I painted my throat with iodine sol. and think I will escape death for awhile longer yet. I want to go out to Young Co. Monday, but Annie insists that I stay a little longer. Well I guess Wednesday will do. I dread the ride out there on that jaggedy train, but there's no airships sailing that way. I'm planning to accomplish much in the knitting work while out there. You will feel so grateful to me when your sweater reaches you in July also the yarn socks will be so refreshing and cool.

My sister sent her son's address at Camp Travis. I'll try to forward it to you provided I can interpret the military terms. Well I know his name at least. William Polk Martin c/o H. I. Travis & M. P. 90th Div first wagon C. P. Camp Travis. Now I'm not saying that is correct. I'm not very well acquainted with her writing and not knowing anything at all about the army terms I might have made a blunder - so don't you laugh at my mistakes. I guess that word was "wagon." The other two boys are not there. If you find him, I'll be glad. I know that he will be glad to meet you. I haven't seen him since he got grown.

Who would have ever guessed that Rex would have been any thing except a "porter on the train" & I envy your opportunity of meeting all our old friends. I don't care. You didn't get to see Lempke, Jacobson, and Goodall, I did.

The dust here in this burg is something dreadful. I don't think it has rained here since last February. All the leaves are dead. I guess Jack Frost came while I was away...

A few drops of rain! The dust needs to be settled. The north looks dark and threatening - maybe there's cold weather coming.

Sister must have thought so when she sent me some woollen undergarments from the store. Because I weight 138 lbs. That green saleslady and that sister of mine decided I would take size 7, which size would be about three inches too long for a giant. We had lots of fun laughing at them. I exchanged them, for I doubted my being able to "grow to them," as the women used to "allow' when they sewed the children's school dresses.

Time seems to slip by pretty well these days; a week will have passed Monday since I came up here. I am getting anxious to know where you will be next. Will your being transferred be published in the army orders that are in the Fort Worth Star Tel.? That part of the paper is the first thing I read after looking at the headlines, I don't know whether Babe is at Refugio or in Arkansas; I never answered her letter.

Why your sudden change in your attitude toward the army life? Was it your sister's letter or just your resolving to make the best of the situation, or the awakening of a latent patriotic spirit, or was it the three combined? I feel better reconciled to your going when I know you are reasonably contented. We need many shows like the "Slacker" and "The Little Patriot," to arouse patriotism, or interest; for the indifference of the Americans is appalling. If we can't scare up any enthusiasm, we will have to get down to cold business.

I never told you what Miss Rhotig said to me. She is very bitter about the war. She told me that she asked you if you were going to fight your brothers, and she said you answered "no." Then she explained to me by asking, "he's an Austrian, isn't he?" I said, "No, he's an American." She decided I didn't know anything so she went on her way. I wonder why she didn't remain in her beloved Fatherland? ...

When I tell you all I've done today, you will exclaim "How industrious!" I got up at 9 A. M., gave little Brudder his bath, gave myself a shampoo, and went riding. Now you are thinking I overdid the exercising. There was a long space between each incident.

The sunshine was so warm and inviting that I didn't hesitate very long in accepting Gladys Butner's invitation to ride with her. We wanted to do something real foolish and thrilling; so to the fortune-teller we went. There were so many waiting their "turn" that we were ashamed to stop. After riding awhile we passed by the fortune-teller's house again. This time we stopped but were too far down the line to wait. There were several common looking girls and boys waiting on the porch.

On our way home, we met a north wind that felt like it was fresh from the arctic regions. Fortunately we were prepared for it. I don't feel any worse for the exertion yet. I'd like a private secretary to do my writing tonight.

7:25 P.M. - A man at the door says "U. S. Mail!" Annie brings me a letter which I've just finished reading. It was from you.

Where are my letters staying? It seems strange to me that they are so long going down there when yours come so promptly. Makes me sick! I've been here six days and have mailed five letters during that time - five, counting the "notes" that you spoke of. I remarked aloud that my letters were going somewhere else, and Chas. said they were read by the censors before you received them. I think he was trying to tease me. If this be the case, I'm surprised that you should ever receive one of my letters for the incinerator would get all of them. I wondered why you didn't answer any of my questions, and I meant to "bawl you out" for ignoring them.

So you think I'm a good promise-breaker? Honey, as far as the long letter, I don't think it has been written yet; not because I don't enjoy writing to you, but because material (I don't means stationery) is scarce, and I've been too weary and "upset" to draw very much upon my imagination. Today I'm feeling more normal and more like sitting up. When I get to feeling atal better, the first thing I think of doing is writing to you. Of course you think I'm suffering from a deranged mind and don't mean what I'm saying. I'll admit that during a few days at the hospital the salicylates had me wondering if I was myself or some poor maniac loose from the mad house.

There is no other motive that prompted my suggesting our breaking engagement than the one I told you. 'Twas of you only that I was thinking, but you seem to resent my sympathy. Very well, we shall continue as before.

I wish to inform you that I was in love, am in love, and shall be in love with you. Don't you wonder any more about my being in love. An opportunity to demonstrate my love for you has never been presented to me - but if ever you need me I trust that I'll not be found lacking. You'll forgive me another time, will you please? I was unhappy because I'm always receiving and never giving in this game of ours.

My, dear, I didn't mean to leave the impression that I expected your love to waver, for I held you above the average man, and I must say that your like are few and far between. If I am not in love with you, I'm fooling myself a whole heapin' lot.

10 A.M. Monday - Have just arisen, early riser eh? I didn't finish this last night because Pattie was naughty and had to get a spanking. I went to bed so that I wouldn't have to witness the spanking. I can't stand to see him punished because he gets all heartbroken and pitiful.

Did you go to church yesterday and listen to the superfluous bouquets of the pastor and elders? Pattie went to Sunday School. For three Sundays he has gone; he's getting quite civilised.

You never got the picture that the Stories made. I sent it in one of my letters. Would it make any difference about your letters being delivered when I put San Antonio also on the address? Staton said she always put S. A. on the letters she sent to Camp Travis. I sent a few with S. A. as well as Ft. S. H. and a few with Ft. S. H. without S. A. Time for the postman...

Aren't the Italians doing themselves a history? If there is any fighting spirit in a race of people it will certainly be aroused when the enemy is threatening invasion of the home of that race. I don't think there would be many slackers in the United States if the people were to realise that an invading army, cruel and relentless, threatened their homes and loved ones.

There's a wealthy woman, a daughter of a millionaire and a once would-be governor of Texas, who lives in a handsome, no not handsome, a very picturesque French chateau, which home I was admiring while riding yesterday. Gladys said that it was far more elegant on the inside, and she added - "But she married a low-down slacker." Her husband came away from England to keep from fighting, she told me. It would be good for him if he had to go yet with Uncle Sam's army.

The weather bureau says we shall have a big drop of the mercury tonight - my "jints" say the same. You don't have very cold weather at San Antonio, do you? Don't the flowers bloom the year through? While promenading around the plaza don't you let one of old Villa's men stab you in the back.

All day while I've been trying to read, or sleep, or sew, you have come into my thoughts so often and so forcibly, till I wonder if you are in distress, have heard good news, have been assigned to duty, or what? I'm not superstitious - I halfway believe in mental telepathy. What were you thinking today that you wanted me to know? I'll bet you one of Hoover's meatless meatballs that you received orders today...

This is a most gorgeous sunshiny day - typical Thanksgiving weather. I'll spend my Thanksgiving out in the hills again. I know I'll enjoy being out there until the newness wears off. I will not get your letters every day out there; I don't know how I can get along without them. I don't intend to do anything except write letters and knit for the soldiers. If my hands go punk again I'll be very much provoked. Don't we think of many things we want to do when we realise we can't do much of anything?

We've had company all afternoon. I was cheated out of my daily nap, which I needed (?) so much since I slept only twelve hours last night. Your letter was nice and long. It's hard luck for you to have smoking roommates. In a close room smoke is very offensive to me. I'm so glad you don't smoke, or chew, or cuss. I'm anxious about you for fear you

acquire some of those bad boys' habits. I don't approve of your going with such young and frivolous-minded youths; try to find a pal who is at least old enough to be your grandfather. Don't let those little boys teach you to smoke cigarettes and say Sunday School words.

You may address my next letter to Graham. Pretty soon I'll have to write Dr. Graves and tell him how I'm are. What building is his office in? When I leave off that wretched medicine and my joints get sore again must I take medicine again?"...

Chapter 88 - Prognosis

"Your premonition was evidently a wrong one, for I did not get my orders yesterday, and I am afraid will not receive them for some time to come. There are quite a number of men ahead of me and none has received orders for over ten days. I read in this morning's paper where some 50 men are to come here from Ft. Benjamin Harrison, among other, Streit, Mebane, Simpson and Whizenant. Whizenant practised here in town before the war broke out and married a San Antonio girl. What are they going to do with all these men here who have not yet received the field training, so that the latter may go to some fort for training.

Putnam has his Ford Roadster here. He and I took a ride yesterday afternoon. He asked me whom I was engaged to, and when I told him, he seemed much astonished and said, "Why I used to sit out on the porch and on the seawall with her and Andy in the Summer of 1914 and I used to call her my sweetheart!" See what all I am finding out about you? I have not decided yet what action I am going to take on this matter. I may sue for divorce, or I may forget it.

I am really unreasonable about your letter writing, but you will know that I am so only because I love you so much and don't want to be separated from you any more than can be helped. I have not had a line from home since I have been here. It makes me tired. If it wasn't for Mother, who would write if she could, I would not send them another line as long as this war lasts. It's just pure downright laziness.

Yes, the weather here is glorious, though today came very near being too hot. Day before yesterday I must have walked 15 miles a day. I do that to keep in trim. Today I shall walk only about ten, as I took my last dose of triple typhoid vaccine. Yesterday I had my smallpox vaccine. (I feel no ill effects of either.)

Write me a good long letter when you get home; don't think anything uninteresting just because you think it too provincial or out of my line...

It is some time since I have written to you; I felt pretty sure you would not have a chance to get your mail every day, and then, too, I had nothing much to write about.

One more man got his orders; he wen to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. I might have mentioned this before. I did not feel very sorry to see him leave. He was a professional gambler and as immoral as the deuce. His leaving left four of us at the shack at which I am staying.

But we soon got a new one, and he was a corker. He is one of these typical country dispensers of calomel and quinine, forty two years old, but moves around and acts and talks like he was ninety, wears suspenders even with his uniform and is a self-confessed "dear lover of

fish." He is one of these guys that married before he reached maturity, is used to having his wife light his pipe for him, bring his shoes to him in the morning when he first wakes up, brush the dandruff off his coat before he leaves for his office, etc. He does not consider a shower bath a bath; he has to have a steaming hot tub bath. At night he has to be kept in an overheated, airtight room. In short, professionally he belongs to the type known all over the south as "Doc"; socially, to the genus Homo known popularly as "father." How in the deuce he ever got into the army or what he wanted in the army is beyond my comprehension. He moves about and thinks so slowly that we promptly named him - Lightning. It is both amusing and pathetic to watch such men. They have become so used to comfort and so "sot in their ways" that they are pitiful misfits in emergencies like these. Personally, I flatter myself on being able to adapt myself to sudden changes from comfort to discomfort; most unmarried men are more that way than married men are. I like a good bed, but I can sleep on the ground if necessary, and never notice much difference. These married men can't do this. This guy has to be told everything several times; stumbles into situations he has no business in, and as a result gets cussed out at nearly every turn he makes. He has a croaky voice that makes you feel like you'd like to vote, unanimously, "in favour of his execution."

Monk came in informing us that he has just received orders to report to a signal corps company at Leon Springs. We will miss him here; there will be no one here to sit with his back against the wall of the shack spitting tobacco juice on the ants and watching them resent such treatment. I am glad he is going to a place where he will likely get three square meals a day. He was getting to be so lazy over here, he would eat just about 1 and 1/2 meals a day, and I was afraid he was going to die of inaction.

I went over to Camp Travis yesterday and made an effort to locate some of my acquaintances. I found John C. Kopecky, a distant relative and an old friend of mine. He is in a field artillery regiment and says he likes the work. He has already been promoted to a corporal. He and I used to go fishing and swimming on Sundays when we were boys.

Last night I went to the League. The program was good except for that part where the tender-hearted sister had to get up and tell what was such a sweet, comforting thought to her. After the league adjourned, I stayed for preaching and heard a good sermon.

I got out of the church at 9:30 P.M. and went to a Bohemian dance. I saw the dance announced in a local paper, and went over to see what kind of Bohemians they had here. There were quite a number of soldiers present, and it caused quite a flutter among them to see an officer come in. When they learned that I spoke their lingo, they seemed to be reconciled. I stayed only about 20 minutes. Several of the men offered to introduce me to some of the girls so I could dance, but I declined. Altogether, they seemed a pretty orderly bunch.

Breihan, 1914, was over yesterday from Leon Springs. His organisation is going to Ft. Clark tomorrow and then to France...

I went down to the Y.M.C.A. downtown last night and met one of the blind boys that used to take history from me eight years ago. He did not recognise me. He is a pretty good singer and plays the piano; at present he is working at Woolworth's demonstrating songs. He is trying his best to get into the Army Y.M.C.A. so as to be of some service to his country. That ought to be reproach enough to any slacker.

The boy was telling me about things in connection with the school and his experiences since he has left school. Those poor devils have a pretty hard row when they get out of school, yet they seem to be able to make an honest living. I dread getting blind worse than any other disability; wonder how it would feel to have to start life over again without one's eyesight.

I had to take my typhoid inoculation; took the last dose last week. I also took my smallpox vaccination last week, and it took. The soreness is just beginning to disappear from my arm. It itched like the mischief for a while, but is getting ok now...

Thanksgiving Day - November 29, 1917 - Yes, I understand that you will not be able to mail your letters every day now that you are at Graham. Somehow, I do not mind it as much as when I know you could write oftener. It takes quite a time for the letters to come here now. The letters you sent on Monday only got here today.

Yes, I believe a sleeve-less sweater would be more convenient. It would also be easier to make, would it not? Quite a number of the men wear their sweaters now. I believe I will have much more use for a sweater than I will for an overcoat. I am sorry I invested so much in an overcoat. I have not worn it a single time since I have come here. The weather has been very delightful since I have been here.

The commanding medical officer had a bunch of about sixty of us state on paper what kind of service we would prefer. I understand they are short on internal medicine men in Europe so I gave as my choice internal medicine or laboratory work. Later I felt ashamed of putting down laboratory, because that looked like looking for a safe place, a thing that did not occur to me at the time. I spoke to the colonel about it, and he assigned me, temporarily, to work in the medical wards, so that I might get used to the routine. There is an endless lot of paper work to army medicine, and it takes quite a time before one gets used to it. The adjutant gets very nasty about it if you don't get your workpaper work - and it is not done just so. They don't give a snap if the patient dies, but you must have the records according to the regulations.

They have an epidemic of measles at Camp Travis; we get as many as a hundred patients a day. We have quite a number of cases of pneumonia, too; some primary and others following measles. We have 39 wards in the hospital each with a capacity of about forty patients, and they are all kept fairly full. The kind of treatment a patient gets depends on who is in charge of the ward. Some of the wards have pretty high mortality. You need not say this to any laymen, but some of these wards would be the last place I would want to go to if I were sick. The nurses, as a rule, seem to be conscientious and efficient, but not much on looks. They must be over 25 years old to get in, and most of them look as if they had been in for quite a while. Anyway, I do not envy them their position; they earn their fifty to sixty five dollars a month.

I had a letter from Dr. Graves regarding you. He was very encouraging. He says that the mitral leak is fully compensated even now.”...

Below is a copy of the letter sent to Dr. Joe by Dr. Graves. Dr. Joe tells Golda the positive part of the letter and stays off any comments that may be negative. I do not know when or if he ever showed her the actual letter from Dr. Graves, but I am sure he didn't till after they were married and she was doing much better so she wouldn't feel like she was going to be a burden on him...

November 23, 1917

*Lieut. Joseph Kopecky, M.O.R.C.
Fort Sam Houston Base Hospital
San Antonio, Texas*

*My dear Doctor: Delay in replying to your letter has been
occasioned by my absence at Court in Western Texas.*

Miss Willis was doing so nicely that I allowed her to go home a few days before I left for the Southern Medical meeting. She had no more activity of the rheumatic infection, perfectly normal temperature, and a pulse that showed no variation upon exercise. The heart is fully compensated, but there is left behind a mitral leak, which I believe to be incurable. I see no reason, however, why she should not get strong and well by taking care of herself, and while the lesion will always prove some menace to her health, particularly with recurrent attacks beyond this I do not see any reason why she should not have a complete restoration of her health and usefulness in life.

With kindest regards, I am, very truly yours,

M. L. Graves

"If you are not already so, you will soon be able to take regular, systematic exercise. In my opinion, this is quite important, for it will increase the power of your heart so that it may stand fairly hard tasks - such as matrimony might impose on you - without any danger to your life

or health. The best I know of is walking. When the weather is fine, you ought to take a walk every day. Begin with a short walk and very gradually increase the distance ever day. If you pay attention to this, I have no doubt but that your heart can become as strong as it ever was or even stronger - I mean in its capacity for work, not for love.

Three aeroplanes just flew over our place. Dozens of them fly over here every day.... With love, Joe"...

December 2, 1917 - Yes, I have a pillow. I bought one of these army pillows; it is quite soft - about as soft as if it had bricks in it.

I have a regular place to eat now; I am eating at the officer's mess, 6th Cavalry. A number of us are eating there now. It costs us \$1.20 a day. This business of eating all over town is rather inconvenient and quite expensive. Still not quite as expensive as the men have it in France. I understand they have to pay \$2.50 a day. Not much chance to save anything.

I had another job wished on me; a ward of measles with measly complications. We have a lot of patients with measles there, and several cases of pneumonia secondary to measles.

I saw Streit yesterday. He is at Camp Travis and comes here every day to work in one of the wards to learn the "paper work." He said Melbane and Simpson had been ordered to Douglas, Arizona.

Smith, 1912, who has had several wards here has been relieved yesterday and left here for a few days leave of absence. I have not seen him, but the probability is that he will be sent to France, maybe with the sixth cavalry.

We have been trying to make some molasses candy this afternoon - that is Capt. McLeod has. The product looks like an awful mess. I don't believe I want any of it in my stomach. I am afraid it would want to stay there.

I am in doubt as to whether I ought to go to church or the Majestic tonight. I must have degenerated awfully since that night you had your red dress on.

I met one of the boys from home in one of the wards today. He used to go to school with me. He is here with bronchitis; seems to be anxious to go home and to his baby, about two weeks old.

This is just a note. Will write more later." ...

Chapter 89 - Reflections

"If I had a book or tablet back to serve as a desk I could write a little less jiggledy. The space from Cleburne to Ft. Worth has been made so far, so good. Once before on such a trip I wrote to you. Remember how the last time I made this run you were with me? Do you recall your hat's blowing off? I managed to keep my hat on this time, but I nearly got run over.

I feel like saying bad words! I got here at about 4 o'clock, and my train doesn't leave till 5:05. Well I needed to write to you and this is a very good time. There are soldier boys passing continuously - wish mine were one of them - but I don't wish one of them was mine.

Across the room from me there's a girl who looks like Ollie Fessimire. There are so many children with sticky fingers, and so many apple peelings and junk in here that the flies are about to mistake me for one of them. One old sister is making up a milk formula of condensed milk and aqua and flies for her red-headed progeny. To my right there's a weary-faced woman who announces that she is bound for Mineral Wells where her physician says she will be benefitted by the "magic water" of that place. She has rheumatism - poor soul! It must be very pleasant to be sick. She tells her newly-made acquaintance that she has been in the bed three weeks. I don't see how anyone could stay in bed that long! I know it would be tiresome - o poor woman! She let her train leave her while she was waiting for her son to come back. Now isn't that a shame?

Did you send me a letter to Graham today? It didn't come to Cleburne. I must see that my train doesn't leave me...

Graham, Texas - If you were to come out here you would choose this desolate forsaken-looking country for your habitation and wonder why. It is a saying that every person has his own peculiar weakness that will be displayed sometime, somewhere; my Father must have followed the impulse of his "weak spot" when he invested in these hills and post oaks. I'm out here at last. Am real happy to be with the folksies again and am enjoying the change. It's rather quiet and peaceful yet this is what I like now - for awhile at least.

Yesterday after I mailed your letter I met a man who lives at Graham and who was coming out on the train that I was going on. He took my suitcase for me and helped me get on the train. We passed away the time very pleasantly by talking about war, church, and high cost of living etc. He's one of the "Cambleite" deacons, so you may know he's a real nice man.

When we arrived at Graham, I saw the whole Morris family awaiting me. I spent the night with them and we talked till about 12 o'clock. I was very tired when Mrs. Morris turned out the light and said goodnight. Father came for me this morning. The ride is about seven miles

on a not very good road, which seems extremely long when you have to go in a buggy instead of a car. Mother was very glad to see me. Like little Dorothy said about her mother when she visited her at the C. H., "she cried when she saw me." Mother and Father seem to be in better health than they were when I was here last. Father is quite feeble, and childish, however. He suggested that I have the "magnetic healer," a peculiar longhaired ape, to treat me. I laughed at him and told him he insulted my intelligence by suggesting anything so ridiculous to me. Still he insists that wonderful cures have been made here. This must be another outcropping of his weakness.

I got your letter, which came in the same train with me. I could tell by the looks of the mailbag which it was being loaded at Ft. Worth that I had a letter. I'm sorry I didn't get you one written to go off in the morning.

Saturday morning - My shoulder and neck hurt last night until I had to quit writing. The long ride made me feel tired and sleepy. I slept well and got up in time for breakfast. I'm so glad that there is no tiresome curious neighbour to always be dropping in to bother me. There are lots of youngsters here - two nieces and three nephews - but they are interesting with their noise and bluster. All of them go to school, even the baby boy, who is six years old. Two of the boys are looking through a Sears Roebuck catalogue trying to decide which they had rather buy for themselves, a pocket knife, radiolite watch, or a victrola.

Putnam's sweetheart?!? I emphatically deny the charge. We used to sit on the sea wall with him and eat the chicken loaf and candy that he would bring, but we were in Isolation and that makes quite a difference. I believe Andy used to go out with him a few times. He came to Isolation to see her, and I always helped her entertain him. I didn't have any sweetheart then; he was pouting at me because I treated him very "unpolietly" one evening he came by to see me. I was very miserable and unhappy for having done so, and wished that he'd come back so that I could make amends, but he never came. If I were to have a girl whom I really believed had been "Putty's" - that's what we used to call him - sweetheart I'd sue for divorce. In your case, just forget it.

The cold cream on my hands makes the paper greasy and I can't hardly make a mark. My hands are not quite so pale and soft as they were in the hospital. I don't seem to be able to keep my nails clean, and I have nothing else to do besides my writing and knitting. Your sweater is going to be sleeveless that's the kind you'd need isn't it? So you could wear it underneath your coat.

Do you have a pillow? Or will you want one before you are permanently stationed? If you do I'd be tickled to death to have the pleasure of making you one from the nice fluffy duck feathers that Mother has for my pillows when I go to housekeeping. If you can use it let me know and do you have to use khaki-colored case for it?

Today is another pretty day. The warm sunshine and bracing atmosphere makes me want to get out and walk a mile or two. It's very very hard to submit to one's infirmities. I can't ever become entirely reconciled to being so useless. I'm living entirely for the future now. I'm going to try to get well by the time you come home from France - if you have to go to France. I haven't had the heart to look my hope in the face since this summer, yet I believe I'll find pleasure in it as I gradually improve and hope returns. I'll work at it during the odd moments that I'm not helping with Red Cross work. It will break the monotony, and be a theme for my dreams. When Mrs. Butner and my sister were trying to encourage me by suggesting that I keep up my hope-box work and be making preparations for your coming back, I didn't say anything, but the very mentioning of those articles that were planned for our home made me sicken with despair. Now I feel different, and mean to keep a stout heart, and live for your home-coming; for I feel that you will be spared to me yet. If you are not I'll not be alone in my loss and grief.

I wish Heaven were like my childish conception of it was. I thought of it as a beautiful place where we would never see anyone except the people whom we loved very much here on earth and would never have to be separated from them. I still wish that we will be able to recognise our loved ones. I'd want to be with you there. This sounds childish and silly, yet to think of the future, not in a material way, it seems vague and mysterious.

My knees hurt and my shoulder hurts and my spinal column hurts, I will seek a suitable location on a bed. There are lots of beds here and oodles of pillows.

The boys are going to Graham this P.M. so my little soldier boy will get a letter Monday. That's a long time for you to wait, but it's the best I can do. The train leaves only once a day that is 7 A.M.

I guess Paddie is wondering why Ogie doesn't come back. He doesn't seem to care much about me till I'm gone then his mother says he never lets up talking about Ogie. She was singing "Old Black Joe" to him and he corrected her by saying, "Joe not black, he dood." Mama don't call Joe black, "He not nigger."

Do you remember that old red sweater you used to hug on duty in W. H. night duty? I have it on now. It seems like I ought to have on my blue and white costume, and meet you accidentally (?) coming up the stairs.

There was a box supper given at the schoolhouse for the purpose of raising money to purchase a victrola for the school. They made \$45.00, but the teacher had already ordered a \$25.00 one, because she never expected to realise any more than \$25.00 from the affair.

Dr. Morris said he didn't see how I could stand this exciting life out here. The theatres, dinner parties, cabarets etc; he suggested that I find a quieter and more restful place. Martha Mae, his daughter said, "Graham is no better." And I agree with her. Their new school building burned and the schools are being held in the churches. For this reason, all athletics, societies and things that keep up the enthusiasms of the children are omitted. The school building was only about 3 years old and modernly and thoroughly equipped. The extensive library for which the pupils for several years have helped to procure was lost in a few minutes. The next morning the pupils from the primary to the high school stood around and cried over the ruins. One of the little girls who was among the crowd was heard to moan aloud, "I wished it would burn, but I didn't mean it."

I'll not have any more premonitions about your being transferred, for you don't act accordingly. I hope they don't keep you there till your patience is worn to the verge of exhaustion. You ought to pass away the time better with all your Texas men there.

Do you get all my letters? You never said whether you got those belated epistles or not. Yours anxiously waiting for your letter...

I'm so anxious to get out in this warm sunshine. I've spent the day very religiously - trying to content myself with knitting and reading. I taught my little niece how to embroider and tat, then took a refreshing little nap.

I'm feeling fine and fluzzy today. My greatest trouble is keeping temperance in eating. The country sharpens my appetite, which I fear will produce excess of adipose.

Miss Dennis wrote to me. She said Butch Deering takes Mosely's place on the first. She also said remember her to "Mr. Straight Back." A straight back is stylish now. When they ridiculed you for your military carriage they didn't think you were an advanced fashion plate. I suppose Mrs. Babe's husband is assuming a dignified military air. I wear your bars on my middy blouse.

Father is a very enthusiastic socialist - naturally he's a very anti-war in his opinion. I don't argue with him because he is old and set in his convictions. Everyone has to be very careful in expressing opinions opposing the present administration out here. It's amusing to hear these folks spout off their patriotism in words and when one of their sons are drafted, how they scheme to get them exempted. Some of them, they say, become very bitter. I'd stay on one side - if I didn't feel any patriotic thrills, behanged if I'd pretend them.

Sunday night - all the youngsters are sitting around the fireplace studying their lessons. Like all school children they have put off the studying till the very last night. The two younger ones are disputing about

a missing pencil. I fear they are about to break diplomatic relations; but I'm hoping war will be averted.

Monday morning - I'm so sorry; your letter that I expected to send off Saturday is still here. The boys decided not to go to town Saturday and there was no opportunity of getting it mailed yesterday. I'll send you two letters to make up the difference. Sister is going to Graham today. I forget that I can't gad around so much and find myself wanting to go also. She is going to get me a gingham dress for general wear in the country - won't I be pretty? I don't get up for breakfast any more because these folks get up in the middle of the night and I dearly love to sleep from 4 A.M. till 8 A.M....

"Dad" needed a change after spending ten weeks hanging around the camp. I know the rest of you were sorry to have "Lizzie" go away - the only lady of the crowd. He was very philosophical about his fate. He evidently does not anticipate the honor of wearing war-jewellery - nothing but a piece of lead in the back.

Do you observe the "glorious" moonlight these nights? The moon shines brighter out here than anywhere, I believe. I could almost read under its light last night. It would be a thrilling adventure to go for a ride in an airship through the moonlit sky. It would be a fairy dream come true. You should see my head - I look like a greased chicken that is being treated for fleas. I'm using cuticura ointment on my scalp. Thought perhaps this dead hair might be induced to grow.

My big brother came by just now. He was amused when I explained that I was writing a little before breakfast. He said, "You mean before dinner." He's chasing the anthrax bugs or black leg germs or something like unto that. Said a cattle man died of anthrax not long ago. One of his old cows died, but he refrained from saving her skin since he was in doubt as to the cause of death. The vet. Doctor should have diagnosed the case "choked stomach." I'm hungry. You will have to wait till I get a bite to eat before your letter is finished...

At last the long drought is broken. A slow rain fell during almost all last night. The putter of the raindrops was a soothing as a soft lullaby. Made me sleep so soundly that I didn't wake up till ten o'clock. I wonder if these old hillbillies became frightened when the rain actually fell. In this country they are always looking for a rain it seldom ever comes; during the while they talk about rain and how it is needed yet in their minds they know that no rain will come.

I wish one of these old nesters would pass by here on his way to Graham; so I could send this letter to the post office. Father and my brother-in-law are away for today and tomorrow and there will be no one going from here. We haven't had the mail since Monday and there was none for me then. I expected one from you but it seems to take the longest time for your letters to come now. O this little tacky upstart of a town,

stuck in between two rocky hills with an old train that spends the night in the town and leaves before daylight, thinks it's the grandest most up-to-the-minute little burg on the globe. If the Kaiser knew what courageous heroes dwelt in this hamlet he would get cold feet and give up the ghost right now. Why they get the daily paper out here exactly 24 hours after it's published. The night I came in, the Morris kids began relating of the news of the English drive on the Germans, and I said "Why I read that yesterday." You can't tell anybody here anything, they "done" know everything that's knowable and they can do the do most perfectly. Maybe I'm too hard on this sweet population?

Thanksgiving Day - Thanksgiving Day is here again! I'm going to sue you for breach of promise. Last year about this time you promised me a fifty-mile ride in your car and your "undivided attention" the whole day through for this Thanksgiving. After which ride we were to eat dinner at your mother's home. I'm very sour because all of this didn't come true, yet I'm very thankful that you are not in the trenches making mud pies for amusement. If I had had any energy or thoughtfulness I could have made you some candy or cake or something and sent it to you for today. I feel real conscience-stricken over my negligence. Like any mortal I'll hunt up an excuse; you see I've been here only a week and have not become entirely acclimated and recovered from the trip. Excuses don't count with soldier boys, do they?

After gettin' my nephew's address, I've never written to him. That is awful. I'll fool around until he goes to France, then I'll be sorry and remorseful. My sister is knitting him some woollen socks.

I'm going to celebrate today by washing my greasy hair. I can be thankful that I have a few strands left. Maybe by the time you see me again, I'll have enough to do up like Topsy.

Will you get a leave of absence before you go on duty, and will you get to come up here? I wish you could. I can't hardly let you go across the pond without seeing you again. Why don't you have your photograph made? You pay me absolutely no mind. When you do have them made you go and grow a moustache for the occasion, and spoil the picture. I guess I want a picture of you in your flannel suit, and your broad brimmed hat - minus the Chaplin moustache.

This evening - is too pretty for anyone to stay in the house. I'm going out and enjoy some of this balmy weather. I'll sit on the porch and write. It's delightful to breathe this fresh air when I recall those kitchen odours at Sealy, and the dust-laden atmosphere of Cleburne. Out here is better for me now but I realise that the hospital was the best place for me this summer. If I had been here in the midst of the noise of these youngsters when I was sick I would have had nervous prostration. I don't know what I would have done without your coming to my aid. I told Father that you lent me the money for which he too is very grateful and will help me pay it back one of these days. I did not tell anyone else. It

would worry Mother, and since I couldn't do otherwise there's no use troubling her with my obligations.

I'd like to be gloomy Gus occasionally but I just make myself quit thinking. Everyone seems so busy and there's so much to do during these perilous times. I wish and wish and wish to be doing some of the things to be done. The sun is gone - so is the warmth. In I must go.

The sunset brings to my mind a poem, which I can't quote exactly. I'll be real poemy and sentimental and write it down here -

*The night has a thousand stars
The day but one,
Yet the light of a whole world dies
When the sun goes down.
The soul has a thousand eyes,
The heart, but one,
Yet the joy of a life goes out
When love is gone.*

Ain't it sweet? But O, how true. I'm going in. Good night - Golda."...

Chapter 90 - Assigned

"So you do not think it is a wife's duty - chief duty - to wait on her husband's whims and wishes. The very idea! If you don't meet me at the door when I come home at night, take off my shoes, put on my carpet slippers, fill and light my pipe, etc; I'm just going to beat you up! If you don't stay up till 2 A.M. to open the door for me and take my clothes off, when I come in drunk, I'll raise "pertickler hell"! I saw a movie the other day that showed an Indian riding a wiry mustang, while his squaw loaded with all their furniture and other household necessities, trudged on foot behind him. That's what you will have to do.

December 7, 1917 - Yes, the nurse in ward 27 was too good to be true, so after 48 hours they ordered her to camp Bowie, Fort Worth. The other nurse then became sick, so I had a complete change of films. The new ones are pretty good, so I am not raising any kick. The assistant nurse is a kind of a meek, pale blond, something like the student Miss Walker at Sealy was.

O, yes; I am busy now; I have 3 wards on my hands and sick call for the 19th regiment of Infantry. One ward of measles and complications; one ward of old chronic; and one ward of general medical diseases.

The sick call is something like outdoor clinic. We drive over to where the 19th Infantry is - 2 or 3 miles from here; all the men claiming to be sick line up and I pass on them, one at a time. If a patient is quite sick, we send him to the hospital; if he is not we send him to quarters, light duty, or duty, according to the severity of the case.

Capt. McLeod is ordered to Fort Apache, Arizona. I don't know what or where that is, but it does not sound well. But when we got into this game, we came expecting almost anything, and it is not ours to question why, I guess I'll get Alaska. I'd prefer Honolulu.

The commanding surgeon had one of the vacant wards opened up for quarters for the medical men waiting here. New York and Capt. McLeod have moved over. I went over to see the place and found about 24 men crowded in one ward. It did not look good to me, so as long as it is not too cold, I believe I prefer to occupy the shack, or Hotel de Bunk. There's too much racket and tobacco smoke in these crowded quarters at night. No likee.

Am taking Scottish Rite Masonic work at nights, and will continue to do so till Thursday next - a week from tomorrow. It's rather expensive, but I meant to take it sooner or later and I might as well do so now while I do not have to sacrifice any extra work. I believe I will be more in need of it during the war than at any time after that; in need of the teachings most, but also of the association. There are about 100 of us taking it now, mostly soldiers.

Putnam (your sweetheart, teehee!) has been ordered away; he is going with some truck company, I believe. This leaves only Streit and myself of the Texas men here. And we don't expect to last very long. Streit is now eating at the same mess I am.

I met Bush last night. I knew he was practising here, but this was the first time I have seen him. He overtook me in his Chevrolet and took me to my quarters...

Yes, and "little Sallie" forgot to seal her letter. It came opened with the legend "Received open, Graham, Texas." Written on it.

We had some "cold spell" over here Friday and Saturday. When the Norther came up Friday afternoon, it looked as if it was going to blow everything away. The wind sure whistled through our shack; everything became covered with dust. Capt. and New York tried to get me to come over to where they moved to, but I decided I would stay here and see how much cold I could stand. This morning I slept so late, I missed my breakfast and woke up just in time for the 19th Infantry sick call. The call comes at 9 A.M. on Saturdays and Sundays, a very unhand hour, as this way it disarranges the whole morning's work. There is quite a lot of the paper work has to be done before 11 A.M., and by having to make the sick call first and coming back about 10:30 A.M. it becomes impossible to do it all by 11. But we don't worry about that. Thus, all the men that are to leave today have to be written up and reported at the office before 11. If we don't get them written up by 11, we should worry; we just hold them over till tomorrow.

Everything's OK so far; two of my bronchopneumonia cases are causing me some anxiety. They have been lingering on now for quite a while; one day they look better, then they get worse again.

Twenty-five of the medical men, Regular Army, are ordered to Camp Logan, Houston, where the 5th Division of the U. S. regular army is to be organised. Streit goes with them. They are the men that came from Fort Benjamin Harrison the other day.

I saw Whisemont at the Hospital yesterday morning and Raney, your erstwhile fella, downtown. The latter is in the Surgical service at Camp Travis Base Hospital.

Lightning has moved over to the new quarters. That leaves me here by my lonesome; I'll move over tonight; that is, I'll take my blankets over and sleep there tonight, and have Jack, the porter move the rest of my stuff tomorrow...

Wish you would send me Rogers' address. I had it, but I believe they have moved since then. No, Rogers, did not look so extra well in his uniform. He looked somewhat slouchy.

We moved to Ward 38, and have it little bit more comfortable now. Steam heat, hot water, beds, telephone. I do not know how long we will be allowed to stay here.

Quite a number of the men have been called out. We have a shortage of hospital corpsmen, medical men and nurses. The army is in great need of 500 nurses right now. I am looking after four wards now.

George Clampitt was down here this week taking examinations for the balloon part of the army. He is at University at Austin now. We were surprised to see each other. One night while we were taking Masonic work, he came in as a visitor, and while up in the balcony, saw me in the class downstairs and recognised me by my bald head, he said.

He and I went to Camp Travis to look for some of the boys from home. We found several. While I think of it; wish you would send me your nephew's address once more. I can't find it. I have been to Camp Travis several times but have not been able to look for him on account of not having the address.

Cyril came down last night to take examinations for the aviation corps. I did not get to see him since last night so do not know how he is getting along. I am to meet him tonight.

How does this could weather affect you? Do you feel any worse on account of it?

I was mistaken about my Masonic work. The class winds up on Thursday 20th instead of Thursday the 13th.

The regulars have all been ordered to Camp Logan, Houston, and a number of the reserves have been called out, so that there are not half a dozen left in this ward...

December 15, 1917 - Assigned at last! 19th regiment of field artillery, regular army, now at Leon Springs, 23 miles from here. It is not what I wanted most, but I have long since decided to accept gratefully any place Uncle Sammie puts me into.

And, honey, I feel quite encouraged. If I had you here, or rather, where I could get my hands on you, I'd hug you until your ribs rattled. The department surgeon told me that I had made my hit here at the base hospital and when he called for me here and phoned my orders here, they became quite grouchy about it, as they had meant to keep me here. Then he told me he could not be bothered with the base hospital; he selected me because he wanted a man with some ginger and pep. No, I still wear the same size hat; but since you are my sweetheart, I thought you might not mind hearing this, bless your heart!

Cyril failed on account of partial deafness in his left ear. In general, his hearing is far above that of the average man, but they are rather strict in these aviation tests. The boy was pretty badly torn up over it, as he will just have to wait now until he gets drafted.

Christmas is only 10 days away. A year ago we thought we would celebrate it together. Just think, what changes have taken place during that year! But even if our fondest hopes have been shattered, I feel happy because I have the privilege to do something for my country and do it at a sacrifice. I'd rather lose my life than to have to have you bow your head when my children asked you where I was when this country fought for its life...

Just one more week till Christmas! As we have never spent a Christmas together, we will not be able to sit by the fireplace and think of our past Christmases spent together. There does come to my mind, however, a scene that occurred in a corner of the Isolation building one windy night shortly before Christmas. I don't know when your Christmas gift will get to you. You will just have to call at the express office every few days until you receive it. Hope you will like it better than last Christmas's.

Naw! Ain't no one give me this paper. I am getting it myself at 50 cents a box. A man with a uniform would have to wait a mighty long time before he got anything free in San Antonio. They don't overcharge us, they just rob us. I paid \$20.00 for a raincoat yesterday. I had to get me some heavy underwear, a woollen uniform, etc, and before I knew it, I had spent \$67.00! That uniform business makes me sore. I get the cloth from the quartermaster and pay 7.50 for it and then take it downtown and have to pay a tailor 22.00 to make me a uniform out of it.

Sunday morning two old friends of mine, Kopecky boys from Fort Bend County, came over to see me. They were here to see their brother who is sick with pneumonia at Camp Travis. He took bronchopneumonia following measles and seems to be in a pretty serious condition. He is a corporal in the drafted army. The boys ran around with me most of the day and left here late Sunday night.

I watched the sea lions at Brackenridge Park the other day. They will stay under water for a while, and then they have to come to the surface for air. I guess you acted like a sea lion while you had to hide under that bed cover. I've had an experience like that myself about 13 years ago. I went to McLellan County to contract for a school. I was tired and sleepy after riding on the train all night long, so one of the trustees kindly asked me to come to his house and take a nap. After I had slept for a while, I woke up to find the room full of men and women discussing - me. I dived under cover and stayed there, pretending to be asleep, for something like forty years. This was on a hot July day, too.

My San Antonio girl? Ain't no such animal.

No, I won't be so awfully mean; not to you anyway. I have been mean to you a few times, but I have always felt a remorse promptly and regretted it, sweetheart.

I did not get me a sweater yesterday; thought I'd give you a chance for a while longer.

Yes, it is the younger Streit. He and I get along fairly well now. All petty personal quarrels are forgotten when you meet a schoolmate in after years in a strange place. He and I are likely to meet again. My regiment is a part of the 5th division of the regular army now being organised, and I believe he belongs to the same division. I do not know where this division is to mobilise; some say Houston, others, Alabama and still others South Carolina. We shall see.

I can hear the 6th Cavalry Band playing at guard mount. It will be some time before I hear it again, for I am going to pull out early in the morning. I found out yesterday that my medical chief had recommended me for permanent assignment to this hospital only a few hours before I got orders. He waited a little too long; the department surgeon recommended me for the field service a few days earlier.

I am applying for the regular army. I do not know when I will get the exam. I am doing this because my (the 5th) division is scheduled for overseas service, and if I should get disabled as a reserve officer, I get nothing. The regulars, when disabled in line of duty, are retired on 3/4 their pay. Safety first. I do not want to be dependent on my relatives if I should get crippled.

No, I shall not take the Shrine now. That's unimportant, anyway. It's chiefly for pleasure....

If I felt like I was far away from civilisation while I was at the Fort, I have reason to feel doubly so now. Not that we are actually so far, for we are only about 26 miles from San Antonio, but my mail has to pass through about two different military post offices, and that makes a whole lot of difference in time. When I see how recklessly our mail is handled, I wonder how it happens that we get any mail at all.

I arrived here on Wednesday morning. After doing the necessary reporting to my superior and to the commanding officer of the regiment (really, we never report to the commanding officer of the line unit we are with but to his adjutant - still, our orders always read " - and there report to the Commanding Officer"), I began my work here with a lesson in the use of a gas mask. Every one of the medical officers has been issued a mask, and after we ourselves become proficient in the use of the same, we are to instruct the non-commissioned officers under us, and they in turn, the men of the line. By men of the line we mean men that do the fighting, - I suppose you know that, but I shall not take any chances, for I know that

the average American knows precious little and cares less about the army. We are supposed to be able to be able to put the mask on within ten seconds, and I have found no trouble to do so, and I feel pretty sure that if there was actually any gas present, I could get it on in less than ten seconds. Anyway, I can hold my breath longer than that.

My superior officer, Capt. Spilman, MRC, is a small freckle-faced man, has wife and one child who are here with him and seem to occupy a good deal of his time. Lt. Patton, the other medical officer and myself complete the medical officer's staff of this regiment. Patton left here this morning for a leave of absence of twelve days, so that will leave only two of us here. We have some thirty hospital corpsmen under us. Patton and the captain strike me as men who won't specially object to my doing as much work as I please, so I hope I will be kept reasonably busy. The captain seems to have some urgent business in town every day; he has a car here and a family here, so I do not blame him a bit.

A good deal of the work I was pretty familiar with before I came here; the rest I can easily learn by a few days intensive study. There is a good deal of "paper work" to be done in this part as in any other part of army work, and while the hospital corps do most of it, we are responsible for it and have to look after it most of the time because our hospital corps men are changed almost continuously and it is very hard to keep any one man on any one job for any length of time as they are able to do in time of peace. So we have to be familiar with the work, or else some fine day we might find ourselves without any one knowing anything about it.

To give you an idea of the work, I'll describe to you my daily routine. I get up when I wake up or when I feel like it; but if I feel like it after 8 o'clock, I have to do without my breakfast. At nine o'clock, I make a sanitary inspection of the camp. I go through the kitchens of the eight batteries or companies of the regiment, inspect the food and the condition of the ice-chests, the kitchen, themselves etc. I have to inspect the garbage, see that there is no unnecessary waste, that flies do not light on the garbage, and that the drains, sinks and cess-pools are in working order and not sloppy. During this trip I am supposed to note anything that might tend to endanger the health of the regiment. I make a note of all irregularities and report these to my superior officer who gets after the commander of the batteries in which these irregularities occur.

At one o'clock we have sick call. During this time all men in the regiment who claim to be sick, come up to us for treatment. If the case can be treated here, we treat it here; if it requires an operation or hospital attention, we have to send it to the camp hospital. There is always quite a bunch of men for the sick call, and we hardly ever get through in less than an hour and a half. Just one of us usually holds sick call. With Patton gone, I expect to have to look after it for the next two weeks. The sick call is about the same as out-door clinic at the hospital.

We also have to see to it that orders in regard to the arrangement of troops in quarters are carried out. There is a recent order requiring the men's bunks to be placed so that their heads and feet will alternate, and that a certain space is maintained between the bunks. I will have to inspect the barracks daily until this order is carried out like we want it to be. You will see from this that we are just sanitarians over here, and not much of anything else. The job of a regimental doctor is one job I have always dreaded, so I suppose that is why I got it. But I have stopped worrying about the things that do not exactly suit me, and as I have told you before, have become reconciled to the whims and caprices of the service. My chief objection to being on the regimental medical staff, you will recall, always was that one is likely to get stuck somewhere hundreds of miles from nowhere and say there for months and even years doing nothing but drawing pay and killing time. Another serious objection is that one is not doing any work that one would expect to be of much service to him in point of experience after he gets out of the army. If I meant to stay in the army all my life, what I am now getting might be considered valuable training; but I have not yet reached the point where I could become reconciled to staying in the army other than the time of war. Personally I would not mind it much, in fact, I am afraid I am a bit fond of it, but it certainly is a dog's life for one's family, if one happens to be married; and too, I suppose it grows rather tiresome when one becomes older.

I shall no longer have to complain of my job being too safe. In my present capacity I have to go with the regiment clear to the battle line and help to remove the wounded. Being the youngest medical in point of service, I am outranked by the other two men, and in case of a battle, the captain stays in the rear taking care of the first aid station, whereas we two men stay right with the regiment and send the wounded to the first aid station. In case our regiment retreats and we have many wounded men at the battle line, we have to stay with them and get captured, if need be. If captured, we are supposed to be granted certain advantages not granted officers of the line. As we are a regiment of artillery, there is not much chance of our having to go over the top, and we would only get hand-to-hand combat in case the enemy attacked our positions and we decided - or rather, had orders - to hold the position.

Our regiment, being an artillery regiment, is composed of two battalions as against three battalions in infantry and other organisations. Each battalion has three batteries (batter of artillery, company of infantry, troop of cavalry, are units consisting approximately of 250 men.) In addition to this we have one supply company and one headquarters company, so that in all we have about 1200 men. The 19th Field Artillery is a regiment of the regular army organised sometime last June. Most of the men are new, though some of them have been taken from some of the older artillery organisations. The officers are practically all new and most of them are mere boys. The men are quartered in wooden barracks, two buildings for each battery. The officers are also in wooden quarters, but have tiny rooms to themselves; each room has a heating stove. I have an oil stove and a wood stove both. We have cold and hot water showers

close to our quarters. We eat at the officers' mess at a cost of \$1.00 daily; the grub is very good.

I see I leave out a word occasionally; you'll insert those. Tell you the rest next time. With best wishes for Christmas, a squeeze, and xxxxx Joe." ...

Chapter 91 - Christmas

"Loss of sleep and anxiety make me feel dreadfully "bum." Last night Mother was very sick with a pain in her right side of her back. Sister and I were alone and became frightened. The doctor thought it was pleurisy, and gave her codeine for the pain. This relieved her enough that she could rest yet she slept very little. She's taking sod. Salicylate today. I hope it doesn't amount to ver much.

I must sleep. Maybe when I wake up I'll have a letter from you.

Saturday - yes I got a letter - a nice long letter. I need another today for I have the Young County blues. Mother is improving very rapidly, or at least she's getting rid of the pain. In the morning she will be wanting to get up and sweep all the rooms and do a thousand other things that she ought not to.

Your shack mates are fast departing after they once began to move. You remaining four must feel like the last roses of summer, or last leaves upon the tree, or something similar to that. The description of "Doc Lightning" would fit Neighbours ten years from now. I wonder if he is in the army. I'll bet on his looking around for an easy job if he does join. Anyone as spoilt and selfish as this man you describe needs to be in the army for a few years. I would like to see drafted into the army many spoilt husbands that I've observed. I think they would return better and less self-centred insects. I wasn't brought up with the idea that men were our superiors and that woman's duty was to wait upon his every selfish wish; and I can't tolerate it in any narrow headed self-conceited man. If it in any time that I had such a husband, I'd see that he got no exemption from the draft, and I'd visit him occasionally at the training camp just for the pleasure of seeing him wait upon himself and suffer the discomforts of camp life.

But I feel differently toward the good and sensible men who have to undergo the hardships of war; my heart goes out to them with love and sympathy and I wish that I could help to lighten their burdens.

Now how do I know that you didn't dance? I'm very jealous when I picture you, waltzing around with those Bohemian lasses.

Sunday night - I feel very weary after the day's round of visitors. There has been so many here that I didn't get to lie down anytime and it was with pleasure when I told the last one goodbye.

Aren't you glad to have something to do again? Even though you have to contend with measles and records - mostly records. I don't think it looked like you were asking for a safe place - someone has to do that part. Most of the doctors would prefer the surgical work, I suppose because they would expect great experience in that service. I don't care how many safe places you get, for the safest over there isn't very safe. Did Dr.

Lightning prefer surgical services, since he is so handy in an emergency? So Dr. Graves thinks I'll get alright. Well I do too. The time is almost here when I must write him how I be. When I take very much exercise my joints get sore, but I have never taken my pulse rate since I've been here.

Well, Honey, I fear you will be ashamed of this sleeveless jacket when you get it. I don't like the quality of the yarn but it was all I could get. Then every once and awhile I make a blunder in my "knits" - in truth, it's a mess...

If the weather doesn't turn cold before tomorrow Little Sallie is going to Graham to buy her a pair of shoes to take daily walks in. But if a norther blows over she can't go.

"Little Sallie" was a childhood playmate of mine, who had "heart disease." Her older sisters were always worrying the rest of us youngsters by reminding us of "little Sal's bad heart" and admonishing us to give in to her many unreasonable requests, which we did very reluctantly, of course. Hers was a very serious trouble it seems, for she died within two years' time.

Why didn't I think of sending you a pillow before you bought that bag of bricks? I would send it now if I felt sure that you would use it. Couldn't you throw that hard one away? There are many pounds of feathers here that belong to me alone. Mother picked them from ducks for my housekeeping pillows. She's made me nine patchwork quilts from woollen, velvet, and gingham scraps. I think they are pretty and they are getting to be rare articles now.

You do seem to be drifting away from your used-to-be ideals. What's getting the matter with you? Once you consented to go to a picture show on Sunday to keep out of the rain; I wondered if you did penance the entire following week. Go to the Majestic whenever you feel so inclined, for the Majestic may be too far away when you get to France. I don't think you have degenerated any. Army life is conducive to unusual and unnatural habits, I presume.

I'd be so happy if the war were ended instead of started. Then I could take you to church and get you back in the straight and narrow way again. There are two things I can't bear to think about your taking up - swearing and drinking booze. There's no danger of your having a chance at boozing but if you are inclined to cuss there will be many occasions that will prompt you. Please don't think I'm trying to give you some motherly advice; I don't think you need any.

Thursday morning - It's a very pretty day, so in a few minutes we will sally forth upon our way to the sweet little city. Maybe I'll get a letter from my sweetheart. Now wouldn't that be grand?...

Your overcoat isn't such a bad investment do you think? Perhaps this cold spell hasn't reached you yet. It came here very suddenly since this morning. I'm 'most freezing! I can't make up my mind to stay very far away from the fire.

Sister and I didn't choose a very warm day for our trip. I got chilled before we got home, but I wouldn't admit it because they told me I was acting unwisely in going. I became very tired driving up there, but felt alright after we got there. I got my dainty little shoes - size somewhere between six and seven. They look real charming on my feet - broad toe and low heel, patent leather, too!

Saturday - It's too cold to take a walk today. We didn't have breakfast till ten o'clock this morning. The children didn't have to go to school, and there was nothing to get up early for. I find the near fireplace the most comfortable place around here. You and Mrs. Babe sent your letters the same day. Your writing is so much like babe's that I thought both letters were from you. Babe tells me that Liewen will very likely sail next week, and that she means to go to Little Rock after he leaves...

Sunday afternoon - I mean evening. We had company this afternoon - the district skule ma'm and a spindle-legged country boy came to see us. I vowed that I would not go to see them, but I decided I could not set such a bad example before the children. I would have rather been upstairs in the bed...

If this cold weather continues much longer your expression about hell's freezing over will not be an exaggeration. Every day seems a little colder than the day before. I'm getting impatient waiting for a warm day when I can take a walk. Then it's torment to wait from Saturday till the middle of the next week for a letter. I know there will be no one going to town today. I sent you a letter yesterday by one of the "nesters" across the cement hill. Very likely he has it in his hip pocket yet. If he forgot to mail it and I discover that he did I'll have him arrested for plotting against the government.

Wednesday afternoon - Now I feel like giving myself a beating for not finishing this letter yesterday because I had an opportunity of sending it off. This place is no more up to date than the hill-country of Arkansas. The inhabitants of Arkansas do enjoy the privilege of rural mail deliveries I know.

I thought this morning I was doomed to stay in bed all day. I never get up until eight o'clock and sometimes later than that. This morning I got up, and decided I wanted to sleep awhile longer. I got in Mother's bed, which is in the room with a fireplace. An old neighbour carpenter came up to finish a piece of work he had started and before Mother and Sister thought about my being in this room they had him come in and warm. While he was sitting up blowing off his windy stories, an old scamp of a man who had been helping him with the work, came up

and then they exchanged big lies. I thought I would smother under the covers. It was very well that I had my head covered; for with that conversation afloat in the room one needed a gas helmet. Finally after relating his experiences at the old soldiers' reunion at Washington, which we had heard about forty times, and after telling only three times about a bucket of water freezing in his cabin last night, the old man proposed that they go back home since it was too cold to work. I felt like throwing rocks at them when they started away.

Wednesday night - Two letter from you. I feel kinda stuck up! Did I tell you I thought your new writing paper is pretty? Who gave it to you? Your San Antonio girl? Tell me all about her and I'll pass my approval on her.

Yes, I'll meet you at the door at 2 A.M. when you come home drunk - I'll meet you just like Maggie meets Jiggs. You must have planned to carry the key to the rolling pin's apartment as you said once that you would. But you will not be so very awfully mean, will you? I wouldn't mind meeting you at the door any old time and bringing your slippers to you - why I'd enjoy it. I'd have a big cozy arm chair waiting in front of the grate where a bright warm gas log would be burning; then I'd help you get off your overcoat, and show you your slippers - for I know you couldn't find them - and after you were comfortably seated in the chair, I'd sit in your lap and make you tell me stories - mostly about yourself and the day's happenings.

What you mean "erstwhile fella?" I don't know what that is, but I know old Raney didn't belong to me in those terms. Unless that means pet of abomination.

Some busy "doc" you are! As long as you are busy, I know you will stay out of mischief. You had better not try to stand the cold too much you might get pneumonia. I couldn't go to nurse you down there, for the army nurses would have charge of you.

Another day added to the diary. I wrote to Dr. Graves and told him, as best I knew, the progress I have made since he dismissed me. I hope my report meets his expectations. I'm wondering if Miss Anderson is still in the Hospital. I've neglected writing to her.

O, I'm so "distracted"! A dear old sister came to chat awhile this afternoon and insisted that I let her knit on that jacket I'm making. I discovered shortly after she began knitting that her work was not atal neat - but there was no way of getting it away from her. After she left I had all that work to unravel. I'm learning to knit fairly even stitches now, but the first I did isn't much to be proud of. I mean to have the first side I made for the back of the jacket - you know there will be more holes in the back than the front if the Germans get a shot at you. I'm judging from the way I'd be going if I were wearing the jacket. No reflections on your bravery understand.

Tonight - everybody has gone to bed except me. I'm not like Pa Jiggs, I don't want to lengthen the nights, they are too long for me. It's been about six hours since the sun went down, it seems. It's only 9:30 now. If we were in Galveston these early evenings I could get last hours and we could get by the sups. before seven o'clock.

Friday morning - I got up at 6:30 A.M.! Do you 'spose I'm going to die? It's not so cold today; maybe the weather will be pleasant in a few weeks or months from now.

I'm glad you went ahead with your Scottish Rites. I find that if one wants to do anything; it's now or never. What if it is expensive? You haven't spent very much for yourself since you've been out of school. Then you invested three hundred dollars on me, that's a pretty sorry investment I'm thinking. You will wear a pin like Dr. Singleton used to wear - no that was a Shriner's pin. When do you take that degree?

December 17th - The Rogers' address is - E. Quincey St - I'll look up the number in the morning. I lost my nephew's address, so I sent his letter to his mother for I knew she would see that it reached him. He was in the 90th division of something. When I hear from her I'll tell you his address again.

I see in Saturday's paper that an unofficial report says the Kaiser is planning peace terms to be given out Christmas. I suppose it is very unofficial too. I fear the terms will be agreeable to the Germans only. Would you be disappointed that you didn't get to go to France if such a miracle as peace should happen?

So you're in great need of medical men? It seems that they would call to service those who have been granted commissions then. We've a few know-it-all-nothing, it should be-doctors here, who could be taken into the army without the country's suffering much loss.

Since so many nurses are needed you may get me a position down there. I wouldn't last very long, but could do my bit while it did last. If the war continues two or three years I'll get to go to France any way. By then I'll be well and strong.

So you're still studying and will be till Thursday. Then what are you going to do? Are you going to get a leave of absence? I wish I didn't live so far away from you, and you could come to see me, when the weather gets warm again. For the past two weeks it's been too cold for me to go to town. But I should not murmur for my lot could be worse.

I ordered some Christmas cards several weeks ago and they are not here yet. I suppose I can send them off next Easter. Everything I've attempted has turned into failure since I've been out in this wilderness. I've been trying to get some pecans for the past two weeks but I never get in

sight of them they're always somewhere else. These tacky grocery stores do not sell them. I heard today of an old Bre'r who had lots of pecans for sale, but he lives about ten miles from here; they might as well be in Halifax.

The soiled place on the opposite page was incurred by my baby nephew, whom I was teasing. He began striking at me and landed on the letter, which fell in a pan of water. He is a tart. I get lots of fun teasing him. It does not spoil him because he can't be spoilt any more than he is.

The children are anticipating great times at the Christmas tree. If the weather is favourable I'm going down and help the school ma'm decorate the tree - string popcorn and tie sacks of candy, etc. Don't think I care to go that night - Little Sal might get too cold coming back home...

I'm wondering why you don't write. Have you done gone and got pneumony. Well, I hope not. I suppose your letter was delayed because of the heavy mail at this time of season.

Today is the first sunshiny day that we've had for a week. Because it was so pleasant I tried to be real industrious. Yesterday I cooked dinner. Sister went to Graham, and I had to cook or let Mother and Father go hungry. Then this morning, I washed dishes, and stockings - not together, however. This afternoon I sewed on my dress. Tonight, I'm tired and my joints are so so'. Makes me so mad!

Tonight you finish your series of lectures eh? Are you learning very fast, or does your teacher think you a dull boy? Did your brother pass aviation entrance? That's dangerous but if I were to choose my service that would be it. It would be good sport, I suppose. A bird hunter would like to manipulate a gun that's used in shooting down the aeroplanes.

I'm pleased to tell you that I'm enjoying a sore throat. It isn't very severe, just sore enough to remind me that it's sore every time I swallow.

Why don't you answer my questions? I don't mean every little silly interrogative remark like you endeavoured to answer once upon a time, but the important questions that I write. Hoping you are happy and comfortable...

All the "grown folks" went visiting today and left Golda and me in charge of the youngsters. We decided to cook dinner at 11:45 A.M. Then after we had begun dinner we decided that we'd surprise the kids by making a plate of fudge. The fudge was very much of a failure - too much caro syrup in it. We diagnosed it as uneatable caramel such as one buys at Kress' for 10 cents per pound. At 3 P.M. dinner was served to a pack of hungry youngsters.

Our guest of honour was a soldier boy, a nephew of my brother-in-law. He is at Camp Bowie. A pretty nice chap, only twenty years old.

He was drafted into the regular army from the National Guard. He ate the candy like he thought it was good - maybe he didn't want to hurt our feelings by turning it down. And the kids had lots of fun scraping the leavings out of the stew pan. I fear there is no enamel left on the inside of the pan.

Telephone call for me. 'Twas Mrs. Morris wanting me to spend the holidays with her. I had to decline for I didn't see how I could go at present. Today was a beautiful day, but I'm thinking it will be cold again; and little Sal can't get out in bad weather. There's to be Christmas tree at the schoolhouse in this community tomorrow night. I know it will be quite a success! The children are looking forward to the occasion with great pleasure. Tom, the baby boy, thinks he's very important because he has a part in the Christmas programme, and had two teeth pulled.

It seems sixteen weeks since I've heard from you. I might have got a letter yesterday had not the kids forgotten to get the mail. I considered pulling off their ears as a punishment, but since they seemed so sorry I relented...

Christmas Eve- Everybody has gone to the Christmas tree except Father, my brother-in-law, and myself. They didn't want to go and I couldn't go very well. This morning while the weather was fine I went down and watched them dress the tree. I walked back home. About four o'clock a cold wind began to blow from the north. It is gettin' colder all the time.

Do you know! I didn't get your letter today, and I know you sent it. My letters with the rest of the mail was left in the grocer store to be put in the box of groceries. The clerk evidently forgot the bundle of mail. I felt like "squalling" because I was so anxious to hear from you. I walked home from the schoolhouse with a greater ease than would have otherwise, because I knew I'd have a letter here when I came. Tomorrow is a holiday so there's no hope of getting it till Wednesday. Now isn't that darn hard luck?

If my wishes would come true I'd wish you all the happiness that one mortal could enjoy. But wishing does no good so I'll just send my love and a dozen or two promised kisses and a squeeze around your collar. (When you get in France I can't write all this silly stuff for the censor to read - so I guess I had better make time while I may.) ... Golda...

December 25, 1917 - Another Christmas finds us separated by many miles. We have never spent a Christmas together have we? But the memories of other days spent with you makes a happy glow in my heart. I have to imagine where you are and what you are doing now, because I've heard nothing from you since the letter you wrote in which you asked those addresses.

I suppose you think it very strange that none of us go to Graham. During cold weather there's no one of the family who is able to drive in the cold. My sister's husband has asthma when he is exposed to the cold, and Father is too old to get out unless the weather is warm. Then when my brother-in-law does go he forgets to bring the mail or somebody else forgets it for him. I don't like the country in the winter time, not one bit!

The boy from Camp Bowie said he would like to exchange his job of soldiering for that of churning on a farm. From this I judge that he is not fond of army life. He seemed a little blue about going away. I suppose this is his farewell visit before they sail for France. I hope he gets through safe for he is a good deserving chap.

Sister cooked the turkey yesterday because he could not stay over till today. We, Golda and I, promised to write to him, since he said he would be glad to get anything that resembled a letter. There's a cross eyed girl with a dirty neck who entertained him at the Christmas tree, we suggested that he ask her to write to him.

Wednesday morning - This poor letter fell into the fire when I went to put it into the envelope. You will excuse its appearance will you not? I'll not rewrite it for fear I miss a chance of sending it.

Little warmer weather today - looks like rain might come. With love and kisses. Golda."...

Chapter 92 - Year End

"19th Field Artillery, Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Texas - December 28th, 1917 - It is just about ten days since you have written to me, at least as far as any letters I have received is concerned. I remember distinctly that I sent you my address before I left the Base Hospital. But some other letters I have written from the B. H. have never reached their destination, so I suppose neither did this one.

Christmas? No, it was just 25th of December this year. The only Christmas evidence I received was from a stranger, a package from a girl in Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Virginia. The girls of this college sent a bunch of packages to the boys of the medical detachment of the 19th, and by accident, I suppose, I happened to get one. Each package had a letter in it. This was rather impersonal, of course; but it made things look like Christmas a little bit, at least, and those few of us who had had no other Christmas greetings, felt quite thankful for that.

I received a box of candy, stuffed dates, etc. from Miss Holecamp who is teaching at Leon Springs, about 2 1/2 miles from this camp. She sent it to the wrong place, so I did not get it until two days after Christmas. This morning a tardy Christmas letter came in from Ludma, who is at home now for Christmas. I was somewhat astonished to find that they noticed my absence - (this is the 3rd time in my life that I have not spent Christmas at home.) I guess they noticed they had one chair too many when they came to dinner.

I met Bush when I was in San Antonio the last time. This time he had a uniform on. He has been ordered to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. I saw a picture in the state journal of some Texas men at Oglethorpe, and Sidney Venable was among them.

The weather continues delightful though rather cool. The nights, especially, are beautiful, as the moonlight is very enchanting here among the hills.

The regiment has had practically no work since Dec. 24, and will not likely do much till after the New Year. The medical detachment, however, has about as much work as usual. Some of the married line officers have their families here for Christmas.

There goes the mess call - I'd better go before the other men eat it up...

You have nothing on me, for I am wondering why you don't write. Just now I received a letter that I was supposed to receive at the Hospital; at least, that is where you sent it to. Still I remember distinctly that I wrote to you three days before I left the Hospital, giving you my address so that I would not have to have your letters forwarded. Where the dickens did that letter go to? I believe I let one of the wardmasters mailed

it. I guess he still has it in one of his pockets somewhere. But even if that letter did get misplaced, I wrote you another on the 18th of this month, and here comes a letter you wrote on the 23rd addressed to Base Hospital. Wouldn't that make you swear, if you hadn't previously registered a resolution not to swear?

I've just read over some of the letters that I have received from you for the past 20 days - and do not find any questions that I have failed to answer. I suppose I answered them but you never got my letter. Maybe you will get it sometimes before this war is over. If you don't want to wait till then, let me know what question I have left unanswered, and I'll attempt to make 100 on them.

December 30 - Finally received letters from home; also a box of stuff to eat. I have been eating lot of stuff that the boys have been getting until my appetite is becoming seriously depraved. The people at home seemed to think until the last moment that I was coming home for Christmas, hence the delay in writing. After I got the letters, I felt that I just simply must go home even if it was for just a few hours. We are supposed to get 48 hour pass on weekends, and I thought I would take advantage of that; but, alas! That freckle-faced son-of-a-gun of a captain refused to give me a pass! I wouldn't mind it, if there was anything one man could not easily attend to. But every dog has his day, and this pup's day is coming.

I haven't picked my horse yet, but shall do so soon, so that I can take a ride for a change once in a while. All the men have picked their horses by now, so I guess I'll get some old worn-out caballo that they can not use for anything else. Oh, well! I can walk and lead him along if he is not too slow.

It gets real cold over here. Last night the north wind whistled through these hills right viciously, and it was something of a job to keep warm. I am gradually getting enough equipment to keep from freezing. My latest acquisition is a pair of bed shoes, woollen ones, from one of the boys under me. Some kind woman in town let him have several pairs, and as he could use only one, he gave me one. Way back yonder, I remember, we used to have featherbeds at home. I don't believe anyone uses them now, but there must be a bunch of them over there now. I believe I'll get one of those to sleep on; it would fill in the space between me and the blankets and keep the cold air from percolating around me. By the way, the feather pillow would not be so very much out of the way; it is pretty hard to keep my head warm on that hard pillow. I am thinking, however, of getting one of those woollen helmets and sleep with that on.

December 31, 1917 - The last day of a year that will likely prove one of the most eventful years you and I will ever have to go through. It certainly has been one full of blasted hopes and disappointments. I thought it over several times and my heart became so full of bitterness that I could have cursed my God and died, as Job's wife advised him to do. I

doubted the justice of your having to go through all that torture innocently; not so much physical as mental torture that I know you were going through. But I have never lost faith in the final outcome and certainly was not deceiving you when I told you you would get well and strong once more; I needed that assurance even more than you did then, and strongly believed that it could not come out any other way. And I believe so still - only it is not so hard to believe now.

As for the war, that comes easier. There are very few generations that are not called upon to defend their country and homes, and if a man responds to his country's call from a patriotic motive, he will never regret it, for virtue is its own reward. He is sadly disappointed if he responds because he wants applause or public appreciation, for he won't get it; he is building his house on the sand.

Certain vain regrets we will mention and pass over just for record. I regret that we did not get married last winter or at least last spring. If we have sinned at all, it was in that we did not have faith enough to get married before everything was provided for as far as our material well-being was concerned. But we ought at least to get credit for our intentions being good. And maybe it is best as it is; this is one of those things we cannot know.

But there are a good many bright spots scattered over this past year, and I hope as time passes, the disappointments will gradually be lost sight of, and the bright events will come to the forefront more prominently. The past year has at least put me into that philosophical state of mind where I try to hope for the best and at the same time try to be prepared for the worst, so that when it does come, I may not be taken off my guard. If the past year has helped to strengthen the bond of love between us - I believe it has - the temporary evils have left some permanent good. Love and kisses. Joe...

Happy New Year! If the weather we are enjoying is any sign as to what this year is to be, we have a fine year ahead. For all practical purposes, this is a beautiful spring day. There is a mild south breeze blowing, and the sunshine is so warm and tempting, I don't want to stay in any more than I have to. I roamed through the hills this morning and again this afternoon.

I don't believe I told you we were in the hills over here. They are fairly good one, too; they look like young mountains. For military purposes, the hills are numbered. Hill 55 is nearest the camp. When one gets to the top of it, one has a good view of the whole camp; our 3 regiments of Field Artillery and also the officers' training camp. The hills are covered with liveoak, evergreen, and bullets. Every time I come back I bring a lot of bullets that I pick up as I walk along.

The letters you wrote on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day only got in this morning. This'll make the fifth letter I have written you

since I have received my orders. From your letters, I judge the letters are piled up at the post office at Graham, Texas.

I have never begun a year so full of uncertainty as this one is. Of course, there is always more or less uncertainty about what the future holds in store for us, but we usually have at least a general idea of what is coming. With all the rumours we hear, we never know where we will be when the sun rises again. But we soon acquire a stoical -- if not a fatalistic -- attitude to this life, and bother little about the things we cannot help.

I do not mean to say that my own attitude is one of fatalism pure and simple. I have become reconciled to anything that may come, it is true, but at the same time I am becoming more and more convinced that this does not mean that I should throw up my hands and surrender. This would be a destructive rather than a constructive policy. The right attitude should be one of becoming reconciled to the present circumstances, but at the same time working the hardest one can at the task set before him and feeling that everything will come out all right. To do this one must have faith. I have. At the beginning of this year it is pretty near the only thing - I mean mental possessions, I have, but I do have faith in the future. And this means a whole lot - in fact, this constitutes the only ray of light in the dark future. It means, for instance, that I must live as straight a life as if I was sure I was coming back after the war was over to begin civilian life where I had left off. No, it means more. It means that in this environment of continuous profanity and indecency, where a curse is the by-word and adultery is jest, I must be even more careful, so as to avoid even the appearance of evil. One of the men under me got permission to go to the next officers' training camp and is to leave day after tomorrow. He is a college man and quite a decent chap. He told me this morning "I would not tell you this if I wasn't leaving, but as I am I can afford to do so. I am very glad you are with the boys of this detachment and hope you will stay with them. I think a great deal of the boys and you are the first officer we have had that has any moral principles. Of course, I was astonished, for, as you no doubt know; I have quit preaching a good while ago. So, coming to the original topic of this paragraph, by faith I'll continue to live as if I had more years to live. But does my faith mean that I am going to come through this alive? Not necessarily. So if I don't, don't you believe that my faith disappointed me.

So you would prefer if I did not give up my old ideals altogether. The preceding paragraph about answers that part of it, but it will probably not hurt to say a little more about that. You weren't altogether joking, were you, dear? I am glad you weren't; if you knew more about army life you would have cause to bring up the subject in a serious tone of voice and with fear in the corner of your heart. If I at my age with what you would consider a pretty well-crystallised character must say this, you can only try to imagine what the young men with no definite principles are up against. It's a shame and a pity, and much more so because their mothers rest in false security that their boys are absolutely shielded by the government from any immoral or unwholesome influences -- as for our

own particular part in this drama, rest assured, my dear girl, that I will always be able to look you straight in the eyes when I give an account of myself. If I go through this war, it will make a man out of me.

Lonesome? I thought it would kill me just about Christmas Day. I'll soon have my time pretty well taken up and won't be likely to get that way again soon. But just about that time everything seemed to impress it upon me -- the moonlight, not the least of all. It always makes me miss you more.

At the beginning of this year I want to tell you that I still love you as much as ever, and am very glad to hear you are steadily, if slowly, getting well. Walked a mile! Two months ago, you could hardly sit up! By the time I see you again, you will be able to run me a race.

Did you ever get the Christmas present?...

January 6, 1918 - Finally received a letter showing that you know my present address. If we moved as often as rumours would have us move, you never would catch up with me during this war.

I have had my hands pretty full for the past few days. I received notice on the 2nd to appear for examination for appointment in the medical corps of the regular army on January 7, that's tomorrow. I haven't done any reviewing for this examination, as I did not think it would come before February. I am not prepared for it, but fortunately I do not care very much whether I pass or not; the only thing I don't like about it is the idea of failing. The examination is to be held at the Base Hospital, Ft. Sam Houston, is to last about six days. Capt. Spielman takes it the same time I do.

The 2nd Battalion had a night practice last Wednesday. We had three batteries - 12 guns in all out and certainly made the hills ring. I was in charge of the medical detachment. There was nothing for us to do; I just had to be there. It was 2 A.M. when I got to bed. One of the batteries did good firing; I did not think so much of the other two batteries' work.

I have none of my books with me, so it is rather hard to do any reviewing. I thought yesterday I would go to town and get some from some of the men I know. I went to see Haggard, 1913; he was not there, called to Camp Logan about five days ago. Bush, 1916 had also been called out a few days ago. Potthast, out of my class, now intern at Santa Rosa was not in town, but some of his books were, and I got them.

The boys for the 3rd Officers' Training Camp are coming in. I met a boy from El Campo yesterday.

We had a regular sandstorm yesterday. I had to drive to town against it in the morning and certainly got the full benefit of it, at times we could not see ten feet ahead.

The hanky fetchers received and thanks. I liked the initials on them; they looked almost like my famous signature on charts at the Sealy.

So Story entered the Q.M. corps. Nice, safe job. I'd expect that of him. I never did like him much anyway. Not since the time I saw him out with you one night when I first began my internship. He acted a little too fresh to suit me. Used the medical detachment typewriter. It needs cleaning.

Better return address all your letters from now on...

January 12, 1918 - Thursday night it actually snowed here. Next morning the ground was covered with snow and in some places it was driven into drifts half a foot high. It is not thawing very fast; I can see it still piled up in places this afternoon. The temperature is said to have fallen to 15 degrees above zero. The cold was not very unpleasant, for by Friday morning there was scarcely any north wind blowing and the air was crisp. If it is like that in France, I believe I would like it.

(An interruption here. One of the officers of the first battalion is sick and wants medical attention. Well, that's me. Patton and Spielman are in San Antonio. The Lieut. is running a fever and complains of aching all over the body. We'll presume that he ate something he "had not ought to" and will treat him accordingly.)

Took the last examination, practice of medicine, yesterday morning. The exams were quite reasonable, but I am pretty sure I did not pass. I did not do so well in obstetrics and in surgery. Oh well! Uncle Sam needs me more than I do him in that medical corps. He was 1700 vacancies and I am not without a job. I did not get to review much before the exams, as I did not have any books. I am glad I took the exams; it showed me that I had better study up on a few things.

I came back home last night. The boys all complained of being about frozen to death. I did not feel cold last night. I bought me a woollen helmet yesterday while in town and slept with it on my head. I am glad I got it; I can laugh at the cold breezes now. We have a south wind today and a heavy fog, about equal to a light drizzling rain.

I brought my new woollen service uniform with me yesterday. It is heavier than the serge I wore up till now.

I could hardly use a sweater now, one with sleeves, I mean. It is against the regulations of this regiment; most of the men wear the sleeveless ones beneath their shirts. We are rather particular about the regulations in our regiment. In the field we all wear the service shirt and breeches -- no blouse and the campaign hat. No tie with the shirt. On cold days, the overcoat over the blouse. Boots are spurs for officers. My boots cost me forty dollars. They look like boots that I used to see sold for

\$6.50. I never bought a cap but shall do so if we stay here long enough for me to get a leave of absence next spring. We are not allowed to wear the cap in the field or in camp.

The second battalion is going out firing tomorrow morning. I suppose I shall go with the medical detachment. Lieut. Patton went out the last time. I'll try to get off for a few hours this afternoon so I can go and see the battlefield and pick out a place for the first aid station. Besides my orderly, I'll have three corporals and the medical supplies with me.

Seventy-five recruits are to come in this afternoon and will have to be examined. I'll have a merry time for a while.

Did I tell you we sent 40 of our men, all the "alien enemies" to the border? All the regiments before going to France get rid of the Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians and Turks, enlisted men and officers. Some mighty good men are lost to the regiment in this way, but I guess it is the safest plan in the long run.

So you haven't received the cedar chest as yet? Well, the manufacturers claim it will last a lifetime. So, I guess it will not be quite completely disintegrated by the time you get it. I should not be surprised, however, if your neighbour decided that you did not want it and converted it into a tool chest or used it for a chicken coop. The manufacturer did not guarantee that it would stand such use.

I picked the chest out last October and had Marion Douglas pack it up and set it aside. About Christmas, to make sure, I wrote Mrs. Donaldson and asked her about a present for you. She suggested a chest as first choice. So I wrote Douglas to express the chest. He has held it ready and sent it out. If I find that he substituted, I'll fix him."...

Chapter 93 - Getting Anxious

"New Year's Day, 1918 - Another year finds me still writing you letters. I wonder if we will remain sweethearts always and continue writing love letters forever. I've had a sweetheart that I used to address as Mr. Then Dr. and last by Lt.. My next sweetheart's rank will be Colonel I hope - provided Lt. Kopecky get promoted but if he doesn't I'll like that of Lieutenant best. Is Colonel next after 1st Lt.? I never see any doctor's names in the Med. C. with anything but Col. or Lt. before them.

This New Year's Day is a hum-dinger. The bright warm sunshine and gentle breezes give it an appearance of spring. If you were here, we would go a Maying in January and gather red haws and mistletoe instead of redbuds and daisies. I found a large cluster of mistletoe with berries on it - out of my reach, however. Did I tell you I could walk a mile without getting very tired? I can walk a mile and not pant for breath like you did when you walked up the stairs the last time you were at Galveston. I know that I'm making rapid progress toward recovery yet my spirits bob up and down like a fishing cork. I find myself getting very impatient at times and quite often I forget and put in your letters expressions of my despondent moods. You'll not take them too seriously, I hope -- not enough to make you unhappy. When I get grouchy I must tell some one and you're always the someone. You told me once that you didn't mind it, that it went in the game, but I didn't know how you feel about other folk's troubles since you're wearing khaki.

I'm disappointed that you didn't come to Camp Bowie instead of Leon Springs when there would have been a chance of my seeing you once in eight or nine months maybe.

I sent today for that express package you sent to me. I can't wait to find what it is. You must have had your photograph enlarged and framed for me. Why don't you tell me -- you old say-nothing. I'm not trying to guess what it is, for I haven't the remotest idea. You didn't consult me for advice on the subject so I'm wondering what you thought would be "it."

This evening: Oh Joe, you dear sweet boy, how could you learn my wishes so well? I've wanted a cedar chest more than anything I could think of. I haven't seen it yet. They couldn't bring it in the buggy so had to have one of the neighbour men who was in a wagon, bring it out to his house. He lives little over a mile from here. I would have gone to get it tonight if I had had a wagon and horses of mine, but since I had to depend on others to get it, I had to be more considerate. It must be good and roomy from the way my brother-in-law described it. It seems to me that the old Brer neighbor would not mind to come another mile to bring a Christmas gift to Little Sallie.

Now all our hope box articles can stay in this chest and wait till you come back. Every now and then I'll add an article to the store, when

I'm not knitting sweaters and socks. If my fingers and shoulders would entirely heal I could knit very swiftly, but as it is I have to work very cautiously. Joe, I just can't keep from asking "why"? about these "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." So many other people could have afforded to be a lady of leisure so much better than I could have.

Wouldn't I have been a miserable person had I not had you to help me over the darkest roughest places of these trials?

With love and wishes that next New Year will find you happy and back home from France. P. S. I know I can't sleep for thinking about that cedar chest. Watson got one this Christmas. She picked hers out - a tiny one...

Yes, I received your Christmas gift -- nearly but not yet. You know I wrote you about its being at a farmhouse near here. Well, it sounds ridiculous to say that it is still there. The boys were going for it one evening and I suggested that they wait till morning. Next day something, I don't remember what, prevented their going, then cold weather and this and that and to that, until here I am still waiting to see my cedar chest. I could have told you how pretty I thought it was and play like I had seen it, but I don't see any use of lying about it. I'm very anxious to see it and appreciate it so very much. I can't understand how you ever thought of selecting a cedar chest. You couldn't have pleased me better yet I had despaired of ever getting one. O, I suppose I could have raised a "rough house" and reminded them of bringing it, but I am too stubborn or independent or mule-headed, whichever you prefer to call it, to act like I was so dreadfully anxious to get it. Would have gone down there to see it had I felt equal to the walk during the cold weather. There is a chance of my getting it today or tomorrow.

You're a dear sweet boy to remember me so kindly. I'm very unhappy because you spent such a lonesome Christmas. I could cry about it again but it wouldn't do one bit of good. I'll abandon the crying and get to doing something instead. Believe I'll knit you a helmet to keep your 'ittle bald spot warm. I'll bundle up that pillow the first chance I get to send it off. Am so sorry I didn't send it sooner. Will be visiting in Graham the latter part of this week, then maybe I can get some of my plans started.

No, I wasn't joking about your changing your ideals, but there was no fear in the corner of my heart. I have had no cause to doubt your strength of character, I can think of you only as a true gentleman. Your assurance that you intend to keep your self respect and honor helps to strengthen my faith in you. It is a sad state of affairs when men should live as you describe. I don't like to think about it too seriously, but I became pessimistic. It would take a great deal to shatter my faith in you.

.... This New Year your plans were vague, so vague that you could not express them and amidst the chaos of blasted hopes and thwarted plans of the old year, your faith for the future still remains. For

this, I'm indeed happy. I could not bear to think of your giving up or losing your courage. For a little while I feared that you had when you, while at Galveston, dropped a remark that might have suggested that you had gotten to the "what's the use" state of mind. But somehow I knew you'd come back again -- you weren't the kind to give up.

Your unchangeable faith in my getting well had a great influence upon my spirit. I would have put up a poor fight had I thought you doubted the probability of my recovery. Many times during my abnormal moods, I accused you of telling me lies; yet your opinion always weighed more in my balance of reason, than that of any other person.

Now that I'm going to get well, you must come back after the war is ended. I can't believe you will not come through safe. I'm planning for nothing else, and I'm not going to say "if you don't" for you will surely be spared.

I never try to peer into the future without all my thoughts and dream castles are centred about you. I don't want to think of life without you and don't mean to try to until I find that I must.

Tuesday: We had quite a surprise yesterday afternoon. A car drove up by the gate and the driver asked if this was the Jacksboro Road. About that time some of the folks recognised him as one of the sons-in-law. Our two sisters and their husbands and little daughter from Ralls were in the car. You recall that I said yesterday morning that none of the children would come home this year. They took us by surprise. Everyone is here except Annie - Mrs. Donaldson. I know she will be disappointed that she couldn't come also.

I haven't seen these two sisters since I entered training. I'm sure they think I've changed a great deal - for when they saw me I looked fairly well.

There's a raft of relatives here today - so many folks that I feel nervous. There's a cousin from Montana who measures 6 ft. 4 in. in sock feet. It hurts my neck to talk to him. You're wondering how I'm talking and writing at the same time. Well, it's dinnertime and I've stolen away to finish this letter while the majority of them are eating. I want to send this away when some of the company leave this evening.

Everybody is displaying her soldier boy's picture in uniform, so proud of him. I like mine better but I haven't his picture to show off...

Your letters come in a trio now. Yesterday evening the children came home and brought me your last three letters, written December 29th, January 1st and 2nd.

I'm very sorry that my delay in writing or failure to send my letters to the right place has caused you so much anxiety. By now you

have already discovered the cause for I'm sure that those letters have been forwarded. Of course that delay had to happen just when it was very important that I should get your letter. Those letters telling me of your moving to Leon Springs were the ones that spent the holidays in the grocery store at Graham. I get very impatient with the inconvenience of living out in this place. Oh well, as you quite often remark - I'll be elsewhere this week. I'm going to visit in Graham and at my brothers'. Then I can write to you every day and send your pillow and sweater. Yes, I have finished the sweater - it's not any piece of handwork that one could be very proud of. If it doesn't fit you may pass it on to some boy who can wear it and I'll make you one with sleeves. I've learned to knit on this one and have not done a very neat job. The first part that I began looks faded and fuzzy - I don't wonder at this for all the children have to examine it and see how much I've made each day, then they rub their hands over it at each inspection to see how warm it feels.

I feel so remorseful and mean and thoughtless. If I had been anywhere but where I am maybe I could have sent you a word or two of cheer anyhow. Did you think I was a beast to forget you when you were so far away from every one of your folks and from your loved ones. I wish I could punch that freckle faced "scamp" on the nose for not letting you go home - 'twas a mean thing to do - a doity trick as Happy would say.

None of our children were home this Christmas - everything was different to what it used to be, the Christmas spirit seemed to be absent also.

You seem so sarcastic in your letter of the 29th. Well, I can't blame you when you're away from everywhere and seemingly forgotten; but you're not sweetheart. Of course they missed you at home and would have been so happy if you could have been with them...

How do you like this beautiful weather? We got a cold snowstorm - not much snow, but a plenty of wind. I've been freezing ever since yesterday morning. I'd say I have tonsillitis if I had any tonsils. Perhaps it's laryngitis or maybe old plain sore throat. It hoits like the mischief anyhow!

The folks are intending to go home tomorrow. Fear they will suffer from the cold. Their home is 210 miles n.w. of here. We enjoyed being together again. I hate for the morning to come when they have to go. Annie will be so disappointed because she could not come. Paddie has the measles. I'll bet he is a "bad egg" when he's sick.

The girls want me to go home with them. The way looks too long for me; then if that country is colder than this excuse me please! I'm going to send your package by them. My brother-in-law #3, I have four - says he's going to write on the box. If he does do any crazy writing on it, you needn't pay him any mind. He gets lots of fun teasing me.

Wish I were nearer than I am. I'd go to see you every now and then. If I keep on getting well, I'm coming down there pretty soon and marry you, - kidnap you and take you to live in Leon Springs. Then I can look after you better. I neglect you when I'm so far away from you. If you object, I shall not care. I think you need someone to keep you from being so lonesome and blue. Why don't you go to see Miss Holecamp? She could help you pass the time away on your 48-hour leave of absence. I'm glad she thought of you at Christmas. I am very much ashamed that I did so little to cheer you up...

It takes a long time for letters to go from here to San Antonio. The very idea of your getting my New Year's letter on the 10th. This writing proposition is uncertain - now it seems there's no telling where one's letters will land and where the supposed recipient of that letter will be when it does land, eh?

I received your letter and postcard today. When I looked over the addresses of my bunch of letters, I was disappointed that only two carried your handwriting, but when I read that you were in the midst of exams, I understood the cause of the shortage.

Why have you changed your mind about the regular army? How long will you have to contract for when you join it? Now tell me all about this business. I'll admit that I'm ignorant but there's hope of my learning. Can't you refuse to accept the place if you decide you don't want it? I want you to be in a hospital here in the U.S. in a good safe place like Frank has. So you think he is a little uppish, eh? I think he is good at acting the monkey - that's about all. Watson wrote me that she had received a note from Babe. Liewen did not go to France, but was on duty at the Kelly Field sanatorium. Babe was nursing Liewen's sister who had undergone an operation and Liewen had tonsillitis. She doesn't know when he will leave, of course.

Well, I hope you don't sail for France till later in the spring, since you are so keen to go. O, I can't realise that you are going - it seems like a dream. From what I read in the papers the peace terms are not going to amount to anything - looks like a long drawn-out fight to me. I hope I'm mistaken and that the Kaiser will have to come under pretty soon - pdq.

Did you get the pillow and sweater? If you're off to France so soon I guess I had better go to knitting yarn sox for you to wear over in Paris. Don't cha know you will look swell with them on when you're gallivanting with those French girls. When the ridges and knots hurt your soles you can think of me. Maybe I had better knit them before I make prophesies about them.

So you went through the exams without a falter. I'm glad that they were easy for you - saved your worrying over them at last.

Yes, I'd like to know what those terms mean. I'm thinkin' I'll not be worth a darn (please excuse - I'll not say that I detest slang and cuss words so) for anything. Mrs. Story wants me to be her nurse about two months from now, says she will have a good housekeeper, and Fred real handy, etc. I don't know how strong I'll be by then. Now, I couldn't be of any use to any sick person except to talk to them. I recall what an efficient (?) housekeeper my sister had when I attempted to nurse her. I'm a little afraid to promise - what do you think? If I continue to grow stronger I'll go out to Ralls, Texas and keep books in my brother-in-law's grocery store. This will be kind of a lay job. I'll have to do something when you go away to occupy my time in-between your letters.

Wednesday: I'm wondering what you are doing and where you are. This is what I'll be wondering a good many days before I see you again. When I told you good bye I expected to see you again, but it looks like you will be gone right away, judging from your letters. I hope you are mistaken and I'll get to see you another time before you leave.

You must not get a wrong impression of my attitude toward your being in the army. From what I say sometimes one would infer that I'm very indifferent toward the cause that you're offering yourself to. I don't mean all this fussing that I do. Honey, I'm really glad that you answered your country's call, unless you had an excellent excuse or were doing as equal service for U.S. in some other capacity, I'd feel bad that you weren't in the army. I feel anxious about your safety and comfort and am prone to complain when I think you're not getting all that your true worth merits. So always remember that I love you dearly and cannot be happy with you away, yet I wouldn't have you stay out of the army if I could, for you'd fall in my estimation and then I'd be miserable. So, I suppose we will just have to wait and hope and love. Our little love affair is kinda drawn out like that one related by Kipling in his "Light That Failed" - only it is not going to be a tragedy. Let's have it to be a musical comedy.

The sun shone all day, I felt like a resurrected human being. When I got out in the open once more. I washed handkerchiefs and stockings and darned stockings too. I'm going to be in Graham next week so you may write me as often as you feel inclined - I'll send this to Leon Springs, since you never said you would stay up there after exams.

Yes, I thought about your JKs when I made those initials - came very near making them like you used to make them only I couldn't make them so short and stubborn looking. Don't let the French girls see the hemstitching for I couldn't do it neatly.

My sister's youngest boy is in the army. He is only 16 years old. Last fall he took a trip on a motorcycle with another boy and while away from home they decided to enlist in the army. He is large she said, and would easily be taken to be 18 years old, the age that he gave. This is the first time he has ever stayed from home and he's getting homesick. He wrote to his little sister to send him the picture of their pet racoon and one

of the old home. He also wanted his mother to send him a chocolate cake. They intend to get him out if possible. I think he's too young to be in the army, don't you?...

No letter from you today - looks 'spicious that somebody is moving around to slip off to France. I'm thinkin' you might send me another card. I sent you a letter today; hope it will not be returned to me.

There's nothing interesting to write to you. I'm tired of every thing on this farm, wish I could run away from myself for a week or a month. I think I need to go to church, which I mean to do Sunday if I'm in Graham then. There's a man who gives his services to the community once a month, but poor preaching is worse than poor food. (I'll change bad to poor for the old fellow is not bad, he has to be good because he is so ugly).

So you're anxious to sail. I envy you the trip. I'm still grouchy because I had to be left at home. Today I was reading an article about the life in the trenches and how they go over the top. This, I believe you say you in your present capacity, will not have to do. You will be amidst the heavy bombardment will you not? You will have to put cotton in your "years" to keep the noise out eh?

Oh my brain is anaemic tonight. I can't think - not a senseless thing to say. If I knew where you were "at" and why you did not write and all that, maybe I could scribble a little more. Tomorrow I'll write some more and the next day another line or two, then if I don't hear from you, I'll keep on writing and save it until I do hear from you."...

Chapter 94 - Preparing

"Received the package yesterday and was very agreeably surprised. From your previous description of the sweater, must confess, I thought maybe it would hardly do to wear on the outside, and probably not underneath the shirt. But the sweater is perfect as far as I can see, and I never have been able to find that fuzzy messed up place on the back of it. It surpasses my expectations and considering that you have been sick most of the time you were working on it, and that it was your first piece, you did exceptionally well. I feel real proud of the sweater. It comes in very handy because, as I told you, shirt and trousers is the field uniform, and on cool days, especially when we are mounted, the shirt just over underwear gets to be insufficient protection against the cold.

The pillow is as I'd want it. No, I use white slips, just like the one you sent me, on my pillows. If you use olive drab, you never can tell when it is soiled enough to go to the laundry. Besides, as long as I can possibly and inexpensively do so, I mean to enjoy the luxury of sleeping on white sheets and pillows. Good many of the officers don't use any pillowslip or sheets at all, but I have not become quite reconciled to that. While we are here, we send our laundry to the army laundry at Fort Sam Houston and have it done at about 1/10 of the cost of laundering it at a laundry in town.

Yes, as soon as you get well enough, I shall call your bluff in regard to marrying me and shall marry you myself. Have been thinking about it quite a lot. The things I am afraid of are that it may begin to rain; that we may be called to France in a few days; or that you might have a relapse if exposed to inclement weather. Thus far, for every day of bad weather we have had 4 to 5 days of fine weather. I wish you could live down here. I know it would be much more conducive to good health than living where you are. But if it should get to raining, things would be considerably messed up. If you were in good health, this would not matter, in fact, it might look funny, but in your present condition a raw rainy spell might cause a serious relapse. -- it would be very hard to find any quarters, but the other people have managed to do it some way and I guess we could too. They all live awfully crowded but consider that this is better than to live separated from each other.

The weather here and the mode of living are conducive to good health. With all this horseback riding, walking and hill climbing, I feel so that when I am in town and see Potthast with his sallow complexion and rings around his eyes, I feel sorry for him.

As to how long we will stay here, nobody knows. We may move out tomorrow; on the other hand, we may stay here till May. An army lives on rumours, and ever since I have been here, we have been overfed in this respect.

If you feel game enough and well enough, or as soon as you feel well enough, I'll come over and we'll get married.

Don't fool around with that sore throat any longer; if you haven't been to a doctor as yet, here is cussing you out and urging you to go at once before a relapse sets in. You ought at least to be loaded up on salicylate or aspirin.

Went out with the regiment this morning to see some mines fired. The mines were planted in a hillside and tore quite a hole in the hill. Also saw the result on the hillside and "trenches" of yesterday's regimental barrage fire. The enemy's field was pretty badly torn up by our 75's.

The Captain is getting to convalescence. He is up and about part of the time. He is going to Leon Springs for some supplies this afternoon. I saw Leon Springs this morning from the top of a high hill...

Sorry your letters are not getting to you as promptly as mine are to me. I have at least for the past week, been receiving yours quite regularly. All the letters I have received this week got here in 2 to 3 days; they were nice letters, too.

If I passed the examination, I will be appointed First Lieut. in the Medical Corps of the regular United States army for five years, provided I accept said commission. If I accept, I am bound to the army for five years, war or peace. After the war, I might resign; but my resignation might not be accepted. In the reserve corps, I am in only for the duration of the war. The reason I took the regular army exam is not very clear to me; presumably it was because if disabled, I'd enjoy greater protection in that corps. Promotion comes slower in the regular than in the reserve, for all of the reserve men will be mustered out of service when this war ends, while all regulars will stay. Thus, no man can get a promotion in the medical corps of the regular army unless he has been in the service for one year. In the reserve corps, promotion depends on political pull and may come sooner than a year. In the regular corps, promotion is looked on as based on merit, determined by examinations. So you see, as far as promotion is concerned, a man would really stand a better chance in the reserve corps. I know several captains and majors in the reserve who have little professional fitness, but excellent political pull at Washington. Curiously enough, I have not bothered my mind about promotion very much as yet.

No, colonel is not the next rank in order. This is the way it goes: lieutenant, captain, major, colonel, general. If the army lasts a year or more and I last with it, you can probably expect to see me promoted to captain; that is as high as you may expect me to rise. Medical officers only rise to colonels.

As you yourself know, this business of depending on a good housekeeper, is more or less a risky affair. If you want my honest opinion in the matter and if Mrs. Story is not willing to wait a month or more for a final answer, the answer is no. If you need any reasons, here they are: while you may be apparently well, I don't think you ought to undertake

anything that calls for as continuous strain as the case would. You might do well for a week, but you are not sure that the case would be over then. If you should begin to give way under the strain, you could not just quit any time could you? It would be embarrassing and discouraging to you and rather inconvenient for the Stories. On the other hand, your continuing the case after you began giving way would be downright foolish after your past experience on one of Stories' cases.

You will recall what I told you about going to work the last time I saw you. At least one year, wasn't it? Well, I see no reason why you should deviate from that. You can now do some things and your scope will now rapidly enlarge, so that in another month or so, you will be able to do quite a number of things, certainly enough to keep you busy as far as nursing is concerned, let it alone for a year, or better, for good, if you can. There you have my opinion, but it is your business and you will deal with it accordingly.

It might be all right for you to go to Ralls by and bye. In the meantime, I believe you had better stay as near as possible, as I expect to see you before we leave for France. I believe I could get a leave of absence for 12 days now, but I have been here only a month and am pretty busy now and would not feel quite free to ask for it. If we are here another month, I shall ask for it. It is so inconvenient to communicate with you now that it would be practically impossible for me to notify you on short notice that I am coming to see you; and, since my last experience, I have decided never to give you a "surprise visit" again. For that reason, if we are ordered out on a very short notice, I will not get to see you, otherwise, I will.

Your attitude toward the army and the war needs no explanation or apologies. It is rather paradoxical, but natural, occasionally, I feel like I would like to be with a hospital unit where I would be more in my line and get more practice, but these wishes are very transitory. I feel pretty sure that I could be changed if I so desired, but I do not mean to ask for any changes. I stay here till Uncle Sam orders me somewhere else. But it is all very uncertain and I may never get out of the United States.

I wish you would not trouble about my comfort or about not getting what I want or deserve. As for the discomfort, you see from my last letter that I rather like this life. As for not getting what I merit, you have probably noticed that I am accustomed to speak for my rights pretty loudly; you need not worry on that account. So far, I am glad to say I have rarely found cause to have to ask for my rights. I did once or twice and I did not hesitate to do so or fail to get what I wanted.

Yes, your nephew has no business in the army and provided he has not had his parents' consent, and provided he did not swear he was of age, he can be gotten out of the army. If he swore he was of age, he might be gotten out of the army but might have to face the charge of perjury if

his captain wanted to be nasty about it. The matter ought to be turned over to a lawyer and settled soon.

Injected typhoid vaccine into about 100 men this morning. Patton and I were kept busy for about an hour and a half.

A beautiful day today, wish you were here. We certainly have some glorious weather here...

Haven't heard from you for several days; it must be cold in north Texas again. It was fairly cold here for two or 3 days, but since I have last written to you the weather has been splendid.

The regiment went out firing last night. We left the camp at 4:45 P.M. and were in position by 6 P.M. The moonlight was so clear that you could read by it. The hills around here make the light still more enchanting. We came pretty near having some accidents when a four mule team ran away with the driver and two Filipinos and ran right into the line of fire of battery F. Firing ceased before anybody got shot, the driver was thrown off the wagon and had his ribs pretty badly bruised. It was 3 A.M. when we got to bed.

This morning I had to get up fairly early as we had our bimonthly physical inspection and I had some 600 men to examine. The exam is not a very thorough one, so we got through by 11 A.M. This afternoon I felt rather sleepy but after going to the equitation class and riding all over these hills and jumping hurdles, I feel wide-awake now. Tonight I'll go to the band concert and a picture show and then to bed.

Friday morning - The band concert was cut short by the lights going out; the picture show was out-doors and on account of the light (moon) being so strong, the show was not very good. I went to bed about 9 P.M. and had a good night's sleep.

Received your two letters last night. I was glad to get them. I feel like I ought to get a letter and when it failed to come during the day, I had almost given up hope of getting one.

You seem to be having quite a time trying to get away to Graham. It's too bad you are having so much cold weather. I wish you could be over here and enjoy the fine days we are having. Dust is the only objectionable factor we have to contend with now, and that is bad everywhere during the present weather.

So you thought maybe I sneaked away to France. The other day someone came to one of our men and said "Hello, Kelly, I thought you were in the hospital. I heard you broke your leg." Kelly said "Naw! That was another Kelly. No such luck ever happens to me!"

Really this business of going to France is very indefinite, uncertain and usually unexpected. We hear the greatest variety of rumours; when you first come to the regiment, you'd think we are sure to go tomorrow or at least the day after. After a few weeks or months, you learn to disregard all rumours. All I do know is that we are going and are now steadily getting ready for it, but when no one knows.

I had three letters Wednesday from El Campo and each had a pitiful tale of how I was missed there. One was from John, one from Turner and one from my preacher. Guess I will have to quit the army and go back. Turner writes that everybody is sick either with measles or whooping cough. Don't do me no good. Gray is gone now too. I guess the quacks and mossbacks are having quite a practice now.

I will have to see you pretty soon; I am beginning to forget what you look like. It will soon be a year since I have seen you not sick enough to be in bed...

You are certainly having a deuce of a time getting my letters. When you are in the country, your letters seems to stay in town. When you are in town, your letters seem to manage to find their way out into the country. I proposed marriage to you in one of my recent letters; hope you will get and answer it before I go to France.

Read "When a Man's a Man" last Friday, did you? Well, I'll be a Dutchman! I read it that same Friday. I did not go crazy over it, though. I believe both of those women behaved despicably. My older brother is a great admirer of Wright's works; next time I see him I'll ride him all over about that book. Oh yes, it is a good book, but the way those women behaved leaves a dark brown taste in my mouth. What do I think about the way the two men behaved? Well, as far as their conduct towards the women is concerned, I believe they behaved like two blooming jackasses....

No, you won't sit down on Annie for advising me in regard to your Christmas present, in fact, you won't tell her a bloomin' word about it, unless it be to thank her. If you do, I'll never tell you anything anymore, and when I see you again, I'll pinch you or beat you up, or something. I do not recall what the second choice included; I meant to put it down somewhere for future reference, but I lost the letter. By the way, you say there are 3 brass bands on the chest. Would you have preferred orchestras instead of the brass bands?

I guess your doctor thinks he is some guy because he is a First Lieut. He'll become disillusioned after he gets out to Fort Sam Houston. We sure had some fun along that line while I was at the Base Hospital. One day a small bleary-eyed, self-confessed ear specialist from Dallas came up and pompously informed the adjutant that he was reporting for duty and was "ready to be assigned to his quarters". The adjutant turned red in the face and told him to "get the hell out of here" and go down to

the shack where the other reserves stayed. The dunce did not have any more sense than tell all about it when he got to the shack. He said, "I thought a man with these silver bars on his shoulders would be shown some respect". We just split our sides laughing.

The other doctor you describe is something like the man the Negro inquired about - "Has you seen a genman wife bad digestion and impediment of speech around here?"

Don't take it too hard about the helmet. I still need a muffler and long wristlets, not to mention heavy socks.

I am glad to hear you are feeling so fine. You ought to be getting well quite rapidly now. In another week or so, I can come down and marry you. I remember that several years ago you thought it would be real nice to be married to an army man because "then your husband would be away from home and you would not have to be worried with him." Now's your chance.

Your dream was just a dream, for about the only change in me is that I am red in the face from outdoor living and good health, and more muscular than I used to be. Your ribs will really be in danger when I get to you again. By the way, are you wearing a corset? You ought to be careful to avoid tight lacing, tight shoes and obstruction to circulation anywhere, as that will still make a great deal of difference to your heart.

Cold weather, the paper suggests yesterday. It is a good deal colder today than it was for several days and it seems to be getting colder all the time. Well, we are prepared for it.

We have been having quite a lot of grippe among the men of the regiment. We manage to keep our sick number down to 25 to 45 for our regiment, which is considered a pretty good record.

Patton went to town today. He is welcome to go. He has a girl there. He also seems to have girls at two other places. He did not seem to want this girl at S.A. very much. I asked him why, then, he got so tied up with her? He said, "well I made love to her, but did not expect her to believe me, and I did not mean for this one to, but she did." I enjoy the joke fully; that's how these wise guys get fooled sometimes."...

Dr Joe continues to make plans for getting leave and getting married. At this point I am not sure Golda completely believes this is going to happen just like that.

Chapter 95 - Apprehension

"I've been reading "When A Man's a Man" today. I have glanced over the book and got the thread of the story before now but have never read it in full. It keeps me fairly interested. Wright is good in depicting ranch life.

Tonight: Goodie, you're still in Texas! Two letters came tonight, unexpected too because I didn't know anyone was going to bring the mail.

Well, Mr. Sarcasm, I'll advise that you eat a bit of sugar with your sour dishes. Fortunately, the neighbour didn't confiscate my cedar chest for his set of tools. I'll describe it so that you will know if Mr. D. changed on you. It's a pretty one - with three brass bands on it and two little doin's that look like legs in front. The finish is a light red instead of dark. Well it will be all right with me - if you don't like it you can scrap it out with the furniture man. How in the sam hill did Mrs. Donaldson know I wanted anything. I haven't expressed any 1st and 2nd choices to her. I'll have to sit on her for meddling in my business. Please tell me what she invented as my second choice. O that sister of mine! Well, as I have already told you, you couldn't have pleased me better. After all you were the one who thought of getting it.

I've changed my mind about you going to see Miss H. I don't want you to go too often, you will lose interest in your work. Maybe you had better not go atal. There's a chance for me to lose you - Mr. Jiggs; you must stay at home from now on!

Since you didn't want to pass I'm glad that you were pleased. How do you know you didn't pass? One always feels like he failed when he has finished a series of exams. Why did you change your mine so suddenly? You're a mess anyhow - a dear sweet boy too.

Well, Honey, I'll consult a doctor next trouble I have with my throat, but I'm not going to have any more trouble with it if I can avoid it. There isn't one here that I care for at all, the doctor that the family always had has accepted a commission and it seems that the country newspaper and reporter to the Telegraph will never quit telling that he will enter as a 1st Lieut. The doctor who takes his practice is a big mouth man with a bad breath, who has the earache and who stutters when he talks. When I get sick, I'll send for you. Will I see a doctor then?

Now whatcha go and get yourself a helmet for? Why didn't you freeze till I got yours knit? Well, I'm sorry that I was so slow. I'll give it to the Red Cross.

I'm thinking Patton and that other sup. Officer, whatever be his name, stay at town three fourths of the time. If I were you I'd run off while they're away so they'd have to stay at home occasionally. Don't feel so sorry about that letter of the 29th - it's not so much to be ashamed of - you

had a right to feel just like you expressed yourself. Besides that's only one for you while I've written about a hundred gloomy ones to you. I suppose you were apologising for the sombre tone of it. I wish you would write how you feel about everything rather than tell me you are happy and comfortable when you are not.

Yes, there's a telephone in the house. Just send it in care of T. J. Richardson, my brother-in-law. They phone messages out here. Now what are you going to wire me? Are you planning on being one of those 7 men sent from your battalion? O I hope you will not have to go for a long time yet...

Your letter came on the local train yesterday afternoon so I got it last night our description of your work makes it appear very simple yet I don't suppose it would seem so in the actual hills as in the picture of them. Your drawing is very nifty, I think. I think I would like a picture of you on that poor old horse that you predicted such unfortunate qualities about. Thanks, I did not know what that word meant, was wondering what you looked like in your capacity as "equitator." Be careful that you don't fall off your hoss when you're jumping over those fences - when the horse is jumping I mean.

I made a pair of pajamas trousers this morning. I do not enjoy making trousers. If we ever become very poor, so poor that I'll be obliged to make your trousers, you will have to wear skirts instead. We have finished the garments that we took to make, so are free to use this afternoon as we choose. Mrs. Morris is going to help me make you some divinity as soon as I finish this letter. Maybe I had better get busy for I must get it out before six o'clock. I picked out the pecans this morning. Martha Mae cracked them for you. A 'fresh" plumber who was pretending to be repairing the pipes but killing time instead, heard the kids talking about "Joe's candy", wished he were a soldier. The kids told him if he would enter training, they felt sure the girls would send him candy. He said no they wouldn't send him any and further added that "Old Joe" wouldn't let him have the worms that we were having in the pecans. Of course he didn't know who "Old Joe" was, but he heard them ask me if they must throw out the pecans with worms in them and I said "No, we'll put them in the candy". So you see I must run along before those worms crawl away. TA TA.

After candy is made and I've returned from town. I dressed hastily and ran down to mail the package. Met a new norther as I went on my way. Boo hoo pretty weather gone again.

Your two letters came in from the country "nice letters" too as you said about the ones you received. Am glad that you could use the sweater and failed to find the defects. Might have known that love had made you blind. Well, I'll see about the pillowslips in white.

Well, get to cussing me out, for I've consulted no doctor about my throat, which has not bothered me any more. It is all right now, but I promise faithfully to have it attended to immediately should it get the least bit sore. I've been feeling fine during the past week, excepting a spell of blues and lonesomeness for you. The hope of getting to see you again is a great inducement for me to hurry and get well.

I'm game "to the end of the world with you" my dear. I wouldn't mind the inconvenience of the quarters of the rainy weather as long as I had you. However, I'd hate like everything to take a relapse and pile up trouble for you. I feel that I've caused you enough worry already. O, I'm so glad that there's a possibility of your getting to come to see me before you go away. Couldn't you send me a telegram? I wouldn't be so ugly as I was the last time you surprised me. I'd be too glad to see you. I'd kiss you howdy. Anyway, I didn't mean what I said and I was just playing when I didn't kiss you - just kinda "escited" you know. Now don't go away without coming to see me if you can get off. I'll not quarrel with you if you do surprise me.

If you stay in the U.S. longer than you expect to and want me to come down there to live with you, I'll be ready to go back with you when you come for me.

Your argument about my nursing is very true, I know. I was uncertain about just how much I could stand by then, yet I hoped that I'd be about recovered entirely. At times I feel real anxious to go to nursing again - to do something that will keep me so intensely busy that I can't think, then again I'd like to forget what little I know about the profession. I explained to Watson my condition and the uncertainty of my being able to answer when needed and left her to decide what she would do in taking the risk in depending on me. Did you say one year I must wait? Well, I just forgot I guess. I suppose I had better heed your advice for I truly believe that you're more interested in me than anyone else outside of my parents. But a year is a long time, don't you think? I'll have forgotten how to take a temp. by the time a year has passed.

Sunday: Too cold for me to go to church this morning. The children stayed at home with me. We played Rook and Pig and baked potatoes for lunch. They made me a hog when we were playing pig. Looks like we are going to get another snow. It has been snowing a little all morning. Makes me so mad! This has been the coldest winter we've had for many years, everyone says. Makes it bad for livestock and for the people in the training camps. Aren't you glad you're not up in Iowa or some of those cold states?

Am glad that you made such advantageous injuries on the enemies' fortifications. What were they? The distant hills? Do they have hills in No Man's Land? What a dreary sounding title for that space of earth, isn't it?

Believe I'll read something. Feel like I could go to sleep now, 3 P.M. and sleep till 7 A.M. manana...

This morning when I awoke I found the earth covered with snow upon which the sun was shining with all his brightness as if he wishes to melt it all away before breakfast. All day he has kept steadily on his job, but the cool north breeze has hindered so much that about three-fourths of the seven inch snow remains. The snow seems unusually white and dazzling and the cedars so green and topped with the snow look like pictures in the land of Santa Claus. If you were here, I'd challenge you for a game of snowball. I feel just like I could biff you with a big hard snowball and then outrun you in a foot race. Now that's how I feel. I don't know what I could do.

I'm mad at this old snow because it beat me out of a trip. Some folks were coming out in their Ford for me yesterday when that old cold wind blew up and froze my plans. It was too cold to have them come, so of course Little Sal couldn't think of going. I'm wondering if I'll ever get to go to Graham. I want to be there that I might do a little Red Cross work and get your letters as soon as they come. I have a letter addressed and sealed waiting to send to you - when I can't know.

Tonight the moonlight on the snow doesn't make a very mellow light, but it's beautiful just the same. Makes one want a sleigh with a countless number of tinkling bells on it. Through the stillness of the night their music could be heard a long way. Instead of the tinkle of sleigh bells the tap, tap, tap of a calf bell can be heard in the pasture. Instead of the nightingale under the white moonbeams - there's an old domineque hen sitting in a salt cedar where she persists in roosting regardless of bad weather. So you see, one would have to play upon the imagination to make the scene atal romantic or poetic.

Today I melted enough snow to wash my hair when the weather becomes more favourable. The snow water is so much better for shampoo than well water.

O, Joe, the schoolteacher resigned her position in this community. She accepted another school for a larger salary. Then it seems that she didn't get along with the trustees one of whom was her landlord, so she gave them no notice until she was ready to go. Some of the patrons suggested that I finish the school. The very thought of undertaking such a problem made me nervous. I'd prefer going to the trenches as cook for three regiments.

Well, since it's too cold for me to stay outside and enjoy the scenery, and since the lamp is getting scarce of oil and I don't want to refill it, I'll through necessity retire...

Now what cha know about my missing your letters! I came to Graham today and my letters were taken out in the country. I just must

die! I telephoned out to the house and they said I had three letters, two from S.A. Here's hoping I get them before next 4th of July. You see during the past siege of bad weather I have not had a chance to get my letters.

I'm visiting Mrs. Morris now. She and I spent the afternoon at the Red Cross workroom. I made about a bushel of "wipes" that are not as easily made as our bad sponges that we used to make at the hospital. Every thread has to be so accurately drawn and each piece folded.

All the old "sasterin" said I looked so well and wanted to know if I were feeling well, etc. Really I had forgotten that I was an invalid for I'm complaining of feeling very well now.

One of the little girls wants me to help her work her percentage problems. Since I can't get this off on that train which leaves before daylight, I need not finish tonight...

This morning I made a pajama suit for the Red Cross. I meant to spend the afternoon writing to you but alas my plans were frustrated. Some folks that I used to know were visiting across the street and had us to come over to see them, so we just stayed and stayed and stayed.

I phoned about my letters again today. Babe, my little niece said she would see that they were sent to me tomorrow. I hoped that a letter would come last night but nothing doing.

I dreamed that you came to see me - you had a white beard and were so different that I decided you weren't you. I was very much worried...

Today has been wasted by yours truly. Not one thing worth while have I done. We tried to cut out a dress this morning and found that the material was lacking in quantity. Then Mrs. Morris attempted to make a knitting bag for me but the machine got cranky and would not sew. Finally she dressed to go to town and I endeavoured to write letters. Just as she was leaving a dear old lady who lives across the street, came and stayed with me all the time that I planned to be alone. I didn't mind to be hindered for that time, for I enjoyed talking with her.

After supper: Ate so much milk toast till I'm sleepy as a pig. Wishing my appetite wouldn't stay in such good tone because I want to eat all the wheat and meat up from the poor soldier boys. They need it more than I do and I know that I do not need any more avoirdupois. You will be surprised to see how much color I've taken on my face since my departure from the hospital. When I look in the mirror I wonder where that shallow pale face has gone. Since this cold weather my face looks like I have used about 25 cents worth of rouge. Can you imagine such a miracle? But my bangs are very obstinate - they grow very slowly. Maybe

by the time the war is ended my hair will be long enough to be done up well.

I'm listening to the reading of an article about the habit of grumbling among soldiers. The author says all of them grumble when they're homesick and that it's perfectly natural for them to grouch occasionally. He says, the man who never complains isn't interested in the work. It is said, to listen at the grouching of the French soldiers at times one would think the French army on the eve of desertion. So do not suppress all your dark, moody expressions! They're natural. Whenever you get a little grouchy write it to me if it will serve as a safety valve. Now you needn't try to make me believe you do not grouch for I remember how you used to get saturated with a disgust for everybody and everything connected with J. S. H. and 'twas because you were interested in the place, wasn't it? Then sometimes you'd get provoked at me - was it because you were interested in me? (Now you must not overlook these very important questions.)

O, Joe, I'm afraid to look forward to your coming to see me, and I dare not dream of our getting married, for fear that you will be suddenly hurried away to France and I'll wake to the realisation that the bluebird - that elusive little creature - has flown from my hands again. It's sweet to make plans and be cheered in spirit by anticipation of nearing happiness, but it takes so long to become reconciled to the plans tumbling down. But it seems to me that during the short time you will be here in training camp we would be happier if we were together. If you do not ever leave the U.S. that much the better. Of course the time we spend together will make us miss each other all the more, yet during the months of your absence, if you go, we can live over in our memories the days spent together. O! To me it seems so ideal yet I'm sure your more reasoning mind is weighing all the disadvantages against advantages. The difficulties seem as molehills to me now. Would that those of last winter had seemed so to me then, but my point of view has changed and my reason flown, I suppose. Well, anyhow I know I love you and regret that these days are passing, while you are so far away. Maybe our being separated so much is the cause of our love's being so constant. Do you spose tis?

Now if this isn't a gloomy poor way to write to a soldier brave! Guess I'm moody tonight, feeling conscience-stricken for having eaten 2 and 1/2 pieces of white bread milk toast for supper and a piece of steak for dinner. Well, I ought to have the remorse of Macbeth. To make amends, tomorrow I'll sew on Panama trousers all morning and make Red Cross bandages all afternoon."...

Chapter 96 - At Last

"All the household are snoring around me. The "missus" fell asleep reading the paper and the "captain" is at lodge tonight. The room is growing cool, so speck I had better make my "au revoir" and sally forth to Cindy's room. She has a bad cold and was very careful to keep her face turned on her side of the bed and took the cover with her. I woke up last night and found that I had followed the cover and was gently pushing her off the jumping-off place. I don't know whether I'll take the cold or not but if I do, 'twill not be her fault...

Wednesday night - This is prayer meeting night but some of the "faithful few" called off the meeting on account of the cold weather. Yes, another cold spell! The mercury began to fall this morning and by noon water was freezing outside. We had hardly thawed from last Sunday's weather treat (?) when this one came so unexpectedly. Poor me has to stay indoors all the time.

Dr. Griffin came by to extend his greetings and inquire about my good health. He said I didn't look like I needed a doctor, however.

There was a cessation of your letters for a few days and I thought it best to wait and see if you were there yet. This morning Martha Mae brought two from you; so my fears are calmed for a while at least.

It seems that you would practice during the day instead of staying up all night firing guns. Well, I shouldn't think the examinations of the men very thorough if you examine 600 by 11 A.M. 'Twas hardly necessary to tell me that it was not thorough.

Wish you had taken me to the picture show with you, old selfish, I would have enjoyed the moonlight I know - more so than the band concert for the brass bands on the cedar chest have gotten me accustomed to brass bands. I wouldn't object to orchestras, yet I don't think you could have procured them, Mr. Twain.

I'm glad that I didn't knit you a helmet, for I never could have enlarged the pattern enough to fit you since your receiving those letters from El Campo. I can't understand how the preacher would perjure himself by telling you he missed you - where did he come to know you anyway? Aren't you glad you don't have to be called at all hours of the night to administer to a whooping youngster with a cranky mother? But it's too bad that you can't get all that good money wasted on those remaining D.F.'s. If we hadn't gone to war, you and I know we would "clean up" with those quacks just about now. You would doctor measles and whooping cough and I, well I'd cook you wheatless, meatless and sweetless meals and help you spend the spoils. All this is "it might have been" so there's no time to dwell upon such.

Forgotten how I look eh? Well, I feared that you'd forget me when you got to France, but I never expected you to forget me so soon. I'll have Lucy M. to describe me to you since she and another girl have lots of fun writing descriptions of themselves to some unknown soldier boys that they have adopted. They make the boys candy about once every two weeks and in return receive letters that are sweeter and more sticky than the candy. It's hard to tell who gets the most fun out of the game the boys or the girls.

My nephew hasn't answered my letter that I wrote about a month ago. I think the younger one will get out all right. A lawyer was looking after the case and there seemed to be no doubt about his having no trouble in getting dismissed.

Well that was "quare" that we read the same book at the same time. Who went crazy about it? I'm still sane. You're very harsh in your criticism of the po' women folks in it and you're not complimentary in your remarks about the men. Poor Patches! I feel so sorry for him. Don't you?

Oh yes! That Lieut. Dr. that went from here is sending valuable news back to his relatives and admirers here. He knows just when he will go to France, how dangerous his duty will be - in fact, he knows about as much as Secty. Baker. I wish you would run over to Kelly Field and find him. He would be of great value to you should you need any information about this war or a few hints on Medical science. He's some Lt. I heard his sister and a group of his patients sing his praises one whole afternoon at the Red Cross Chapter room so I know he must be already promoted to a General's rank already.

Ah, you're kiddin' about coming out here and marrying me. I bet you're on the verge of sailing to France and you thought you'd cheer me up a bit by making me believe that I'd get to see you once again. I'm afraid to make any preparations for this "perilous expedition" on which you and I are about to venture, for just as sure as I do plan two hours ahead something will prevent your coming. Some swell wedding we'll pull off out in the sticks. I don't let any of these trivial affairs bother me, however, seems that this war has taught me a little common sense I 'spose - don't care much about floozie clothes and mahogany furniture when you're about to go so far away. You're unkind to remember all those foolish things that I used to say. Little did I ever dream that my husband would be away from home because he was an army man.

Am I wearing a corset? That's an impudent question for you to ask. How do you expect me to fasten my skirt - last spring's skirt - without a corset? Yes, I've worn a corset three times since I came to Young Co. and my shoes are so very awfully full of feet that I can scarcely breathe...

The last stick of firewood has been put in the stove; when it burns out this writing will have to end. The weather is still ferocious and another norther came to enforce the first one, which had just got started good this morning.

It's time I meant to be going back to the country but it seems that a suitable day for the journey will never come. I suppose mother thinks I'm never coming back. For the past two days I have not telephoned her because I have to go to a neighbour's house to phone, for Mrs. Morris is on a different telephone system.

Friday noon - Didn't get to write this morning because we got up late and I sewed a bit. Before we realised the time of day the 12 o'clock whistle blew. You should have seen us bustle around to get dinner ready. Guess I had better get some knitting to go in since you are sockless and "mufflerless." The grey thread is the only kind of thread available here and I don't like it - do you?

Why didn't I get that letter this morning? If you've no time to write letters I fear that you will never have time to stay at home when I come down there and I'll be pouting all the time...

February 3, 1918 - It seems that your letters spend a long time on the way up here. The last time I heard from you was your letter of the 28th - six days ago. If I knew that you are well and not moved away, I would feel better about the absence of letters. But these delays make me uneasy. O I see now why you wait several days at a time before you write, you are preparing me for the silence which will have to be when you leave for the transports. Here's hoping that this delay means nothing more. I know that your going certainly seems almost inevitable yet I wish something would hinder till I could see you another time - just to kiss you goodbye at least.

I went to church this morning. Today is a very pleasant day, which is a rarity these months it seems. The sermon was brief and interesting. I enjoyed being at church services again and during the singing I thought of you. Well, I think of you during the greater part of the day anyway. You're wondering why I don't write instead of thinking so much eh? I didn't write Friday because I was waiting to see if I'd get any word as to your whereabouts. I didn't write yesterday because I wasn't complaining of feeling very well and fell asleep before I had finished the "My dear Joe".

In his sermon today the preacher said all novelists of modern fiction outside of Harold Bell Wright overdraw their characters of their heroes and have them untrue to life. Do you agree with him? I don't.

I'm ready and waiting, while waiting I'll be writing a little bit more. I'll have time to tell you I love you dearly since I've never told you before.

With a dozen kisses and a wish that I'll hear from you soon or see you not very many days from now. Golda."...

On February 7th, 1918 Dr. Joe and Golda were married. He made his trip up to see her, they made their arrangement and they tied the knot. It seems that he was also at this time getting orders to move on to Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas and this would then be followed shortly to Washington D.C. for a school and additional training. This would then lead to his stint at Camp Zachary Taylor.

He had several delays on getting back to his base and was turned in A.W.O.L. He explained he was getting married and had trouble with his connections. They didn't seem to care, but even more importantly, were interested in getting him moved out with his outfit. He would then need to make arrangements to get Golda to be with him.

In his diary he recalls the events.

"In the meantime, the letters from Golda were not very cheerful. She felt that her recovery was too slow that she would be a cripple all her life and that I should not marry her. I finally decided that the best thing to do would be to go to Graham, marry her and bring her to San Antonio where we would be closer together. Accordingly, the first week in February, I got a three-day pass and went to Graham on a train. Golda met me at Graham, and on the 6th we went to see her parents who lived out in the country about 7 miles from Graham. Early the next morning, about 6:30 a.m., we were married and immediately took the train for Ft. Worth. There we stayed till that night and then took a train for South Texas to visit my mother and relatives for the few hours of my pass that still remained. Brother Jerome and sister Alba, who were teaching at Seaton, near Temple, got on the same train with us. Brother C.W. met us at Eagle Lake, some fifteen miles from home and then we drove through Garwood and Nada to our home. At one time the car stopped; C.W. and Jap argued and worked on it. It started. I asked, what did you do? And they responded "I don't know!"

When we got home to mother's at Taiton, we ran into some heavy rains. We had quite a time getting to the railroad station at El Campo, where we took the train for San Antonio. We spent the night at San Antonio, Golda stayed there and I went on to Camp Stanley. When I got there about a day late, I found out that Spilman had reported me to the Colonel as A.W.O.L. I reported to the Colonel immediately ready to explain, but he never asked me about it, so I decided it would be best not to remind him of it. But he did have some orders for me. He informed me that I had been accepted for a course of instruction at the Army Medical School in Washington and was to report there in time for the next class, which was to start in about the middle of March. In other words, my application for the regular Army Medical Corps was accepted, subject to my making the courses and examinations at the Army Medical School.

There was other news, too. The Fifth Artillery Brigade was to move to Camp McArthur in Waco. I was to stay with my regiment until the move was completed and when the officer that was to relieve me, arrived. I phoned Golda to go on to Ft. Worth and continue the trip with me.

The 19th Field Artillery completed its moving to Waco shortly after the middle of February 1918. Before we left Camp Stanley I told Col. Lanza that if my going to Washington would prevent me from going to France with the 19th F.A., I would rather not go. He assured me that I would be out of the Army Medical School before the regiment would leave for France. Furthermore, my orders were there for me to go, so neither he nor I could do anything about it.... I had gotten to liking the regiment and was anxious to be with them when the time to go overseas came.

The move from Camp Stanley to Camp McArthur at Waco was made by train and, like most troop movements those days, was made rather slowly. We arrived at our destination about the 18th of February and did not find the camp as comfortable as the one we left, for the new army was housed in tents, not in frame barracks. But as I stayed only about four days, I did not have to worry about that."...

Dr. Joe writes to Golda.

"19th F.A.R.I.
Camp McArthur
Waco, Texas

February 18, 1918 - Got here about 5 P.M. after a 24-hour trip, tired, sleepy and hungry. I'll go to sleep as soon as I can get to bed. Write you more tomorrow as Soon as I can...

Ovatameso! I wish I was still in San Antonio so I could walk over and wring that cuss's neck. Before this war is over, I'll present some slacker with a double dislocation of the lower jaw complicated by a fracture of the jaw at the symphysis mentis.

We did not leave Leon Springs till Sunday night. After I left you, I had one more attack of the "stomach-ache" milder than the first. I did not get wet. It did not rain much at the Springs. We got everything packed up and loaded and then found out we could not leave so since we had our bedding loaded, I had to sleep on the floor with my clothes and overcoat on.

We left camp Stanley at 5:30 P.M. Saturday and made the trip here in chair cars hitched onto the freight belonging to our section. There were four trains or sections in all. I was the section 2, consisting of batteries A and B. It took us practically 24 hours to get here. It rained while we were loading, moving and unloading, but not very hard.

I had a full night's sleep last night and feel different today. I really enjoyed the trip even if it was dog life...

Feb. 20 - Please cash enclosed check for me. I do not get t town before banking hours, besides might have trouble with being identified. Keep the money till I see you.

Cold like the deuce.

Will likely leave here Friday. Will let you know as soon as I find out. With love Joe."...

Dr. Joe then wrote in his diary.

"Golda met me at Fort Worth and we started for Washington on Washington's Birthday. The trip was really our honeymoon trip. The trains were crowded, but, all in all, the trip was not very hard and we got to Washington in two days.

Our first worry after arriving was to find some place to stay. Fortunately on reporting at the Army Medical School, I found out that our courses there would not begin before the middle of March, so we had over two weeks to get located and to do some sightseeing in Washington. The city was terribly overcrowded and it was not easy to find a place to stay. After some searching we were lucky enough to find room and board with a nice private family named Smith living in the southern part of the city, not very far from the Potomac River and reasonably close to the Medical School. This suited us, for Golda was not yet strong enough to take care of an apartment, or do light housekeeping. Furthermore, she would not have to be alone in a strange city while I was at the school. The Smiths were in their late twenties, or early thirties and had one child, a boy of about 6, somewhat pampered, but not in our way.



Golda - 1918 - Dogwood in bloom
Woods across Potomac From Wash. D.C.



Spring 1918 - Washington D.C. - Dr. Joe

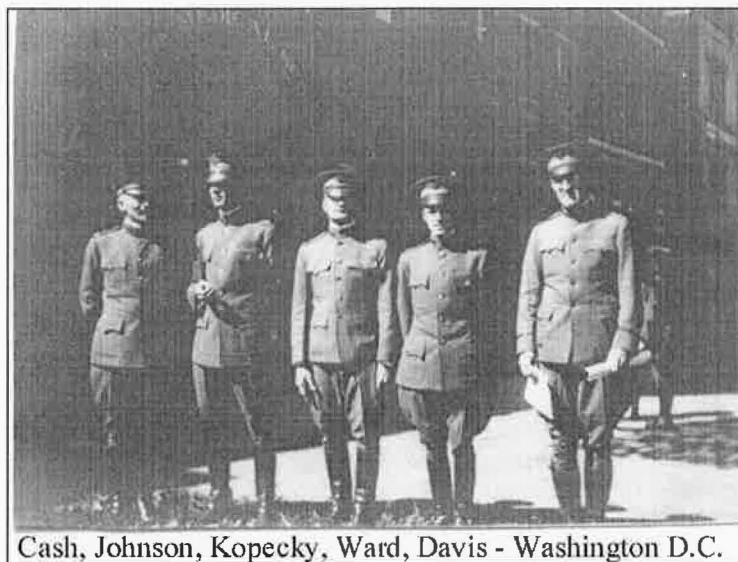


Golda - Spring 1918 - Wash. D.C.

Picture 17: Dr. Joe and Golda 1918 Washington D.C.

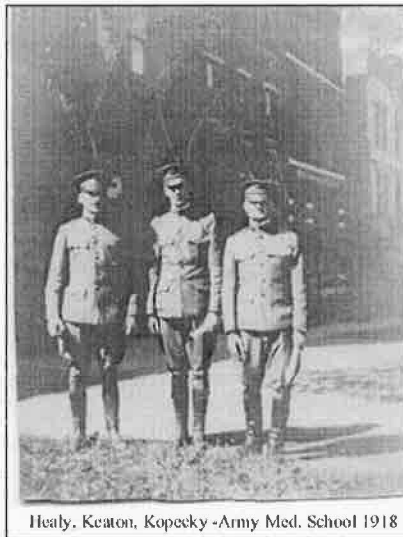
Golda had recovered sufficiently to permit her to go out with me on sightseeing trips at least a part of each day. Spring was coming on and there were lots of interesting places in the city and near it to see. Time passed quickly, and almost before I knew it, I had to start on my courses.

The didactic and laboratory teaching was done at the old Army Medical School Building on Louisiana Avenue, across the park from the Pension building. The clinical work was distributed among several hospitals, including the Walter Reid, the County and some other hospitals. We did our drilling on the drill ground in front of the War College Building on the Potomac.



Picture 18: Dr. Joe with some classmates 1918

Our class consisted of some fifty-five applicants for the regular army medical corps. Most of us had had some experience with combat units in the states; some of the members of the class were reserve Captains, there were a few Majors, but most of us were First Lieutenants. My former chief, Spilman, was a member of the class. All in all, it was a group of five men. Cash, Ward, Johnson, Davis and myself that represented Texas; the last three were graduates from, and former schoolmates at the medical department of the University of Texas. Brigadier General Arthur, a rather decrepid retired medical officer, was commandant of the school. Probably the best course in the school was the Clinical Laboratory course given under the supervision of Cols. Vedder and Whitmore. Some of the other courses included Military Hygiene, X-ray, Cardiology, Diseases of the Chest, Military Sanitation, Medical Department Drills and Callisthenics, Military Surgery and French. As in any other school, some of the teachers were good, some mediocre and some poor. Our pet aversions were the puffed up 1st lieutenant, Whittier, in Drills and our French teacher, some decrepid ex-professor of French from some college in the East.



Picture 19: Dr. Joe with Healy & Keaton

The Frenchman did not seem to be able to maintain discipline in his case. One day, to break the boredom of his teaching, some of the members of the class got to throwing paper balls at each other. Unfortunately, one of the boys with a powerful "throw" but poor aim missed his target and hit the French "professor." The old man became terribly enraged and reported the affair to the Commandant. The old general rushed into the classroom pale and trembling with anger; his chin trembled so that he could scarcely talk. He gave us a severe bawling out and threatened us with court-martial if anything like that ever happened again. We resented the Frenchman's lack of sense of humour and sportsmanship and from then on treated him with cold contempt and great politeness. Before the incident, he used to tell jokes, sometimes off-colour ones, and though they were rarely very witty, we laughed at them uproariously. After the incident, his attempts at joking were rewarded by everyone of staring at him in stony-faced, in militarily covert silence. I am sure, both he and the class were glad when his course was over.

Whittier was a short, pudgy 2 X 4 1st Lieutenant who had had less service and experience than many of us, had no sense of humour - and not much of any other kind of sense - and who seemed to derive a lot of sadistic pleasure from humiliating us whenever he could. While he did not spare anyone, he was particularly spiteful towards a Porto Rican named Laugier. He enjoyed pouncing on some unfortunate cuss who made some mistake and humiliating him before his classmates. One day, at litter drill, when I was the litter bearer, while I was doing an about-face, the spurs on my boots tangled and he noticed it. He made me come out in front of the whole platoon and execute about-face movements until he was satisfied. The whole thing was so ridiculous that, while my classmates were standing there stone-faced and in perfect military formation, I knew they were ready to burst with pent up laughter. Thirty years later, when some of my classmates meet me, I expect them to ask me, the first thing, whether I ever learned to do an about-face.

But, all in all, the course was a fairly pleasant one and at least some of the instruction was worthwhile; thus, time passed rapidly, and before I knew it, June and the final examinations were upon us. All but about four of us passed and were commissioned as First Lieutenants in the regular army. I believe I stood about 2nd in my class. My honeymoon had evidently somewhat interfered with my studies. However, considering that my classmates came from the best medical schools in the country and many of them had had much more military experience, I did not feel bad about my place in the list.

The next thing to worry or wonder about, was our next assignment. Although I did not know it then, the 5th Division had gone overseas several weeks before we got our diplomas, so I lost out on that. Along with about half a dozen of my classmates. I was ordered to Camp Zachary Taylor in Kentucky. So, Golda and I packed our few belongings, got on the C. & O., and got to Louisville about June 26, 1918."

In the Spring of 1918 Dr. Joe was ordered to Washington D.C. for additional training. Golda was able to accompany him to both Washington D.C. and Camp Z. Taylor.



Dr Joe & Golda - Summer 1918
Camp Zachary Taylor - Louisville, Ky.



Dr Joe - Summer 1918 - Camp Zachary Taylor

Picture 20: Dr Joe & Golda - Camp Zachary Taylor

Some of the early photos of Dr. Joe & Golda taken after they were married in February 1918.

Chapter 97 - Camp Zachary Taylor

Prior to leaving for Siberia with the expeditionary forces, Dr Joe was stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor near Louisville after finishing his additional training at the army medical school in Washington. His original unit had already been sent on to France, much to his disappointment. He arrived in Louisville about June 1918...

"My orders read for me to report to the commanding officer of Camp Zachary Taylor. This camp was about five miles from the business part of Louisville and was connected with that city by a good paved road and a trolley line. It was first used for the training of one of the national army (draftees) divisions, the 89th, I believe, but am not sure now. This division was sent overseas before we arrived at the camp and the camp was being converted into a centre for training field artillery officers, field artillery replacement troops and about two regiments of Negro troops, chiefly Negro infantry and Negro labour units in the last named category. By far the greater part of the barracks were taken over by the field artillery units; that is, the Field Artillery Central Officers Training School, or FACOTS, and now the Field Artillery Replacement Depot, or FARD. At its peak, the FACOTS was training some 15,000 men. The total population of the camp, at one time while I was there, must have exceeded 50,000 men.

When I reported to the Camp C.O. officer, I was told to report to Lt. Col. Miltenberger, Med. Corps, the Camp Surgeon for definite assignment. He told me I would be kept on his staff as assistant to the Camp Sanitary Inspector and to the Camp Epidemiologist. Major Pretts, an old reserve officer who was also a veteran of the Spanish American War, a Capt. Bralden, another reserve officer and myself constituted the Sanitary Inspector force; a reserve captain, I can not remember his name, and myself formed the Camp Epidemiological office. Both of these offices were crowded into one small room at one of the building that housed the camp Surgeon's Staff.

The two other men on the Sanitary Staff were old country doctors who knew little about the duties of their positions. The major stayed in the office and the captain and myself had to work outside a good deal, regularly inspecting the various areas of the camp and seeing to it that the sanitary regulations of the camp were being complied with. To guide us in our work, we had a set of rules that I had largely prepared by myself, on the basis of the regulations that existed at the camp before I came there and with such modifications and adaptations as the new objective of the camp called for, and approved by the commanding general as the Sanitary Regulations of the Camp. These rules made it easier for us to look for specific situations and conditions in the barracks, the kitchens, the mess halls, latrines and on the campgrounds. Any infractions were reported in writing to the camp surgeon, who submitted them to the commanding general's office, which office, in turn, called the responsible unit C.O.'s on the carpet and had them bring about necessary

corrections. As might be expected, this type of duties made the sanitary inspector as popular with the unit commanders as small pox.

The Camp Epidemiologist was responsible for keeping up accurate reports of any infectious disease that might occur in the camp, and acted in an advisory capacity anytime his services were needed in preventing or controlling the outbreak of such diseases. The captain in charge was a capable, well-trained man. Although he was considerably disgruntled and soured on everything a good deal of the time, he was good company, and he and I became good friends.

The camp was located in a rather pleasant setting in a mildly hilly terrain. The officers quarter were rather primitive and located in a frame building adjoining the camp surgeon's office.

The officers' quarters did not make much difference to me; for, being on the camp surgeon's and commanding general's staff I had practically no night duties and so was free to stay "at home" at night.

"Home," at the time, was a comfortable well furnished house on 4th street in Louisville that Golda and I shared with Dr. Lester Smith, another graduate of the army medical school and his wife. We shared all expenses and got along fairly well, in spite of the fact that his wife, Vivian, was a former technician, and so knew more about medicine than all the doctors, and in general, was a damned "pill." But, being away all day long I did not have to put up with her, and Golda, with her usual tolerant spirit, overlooked her shortcomings and got along with her fairly well. As for Lester, he was a good chap and he and I got along fine.

The units then stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor were something of a mixture. There were two Negro regiments, trained chiefly for labour battalion duties and officered by Negro officers up to the rank of 1st Lieutenant and by white officers above that rank; then there was a field artillery replacement depot in which enlisted men were trained to replace casualties in field artillery regiments over seas, and FACOTS - Field Artillery Officers Training School, at that time, I believe, the only school for training field artillery officers in the country. This school alone, at its height, trained about 15,000 officers. Then, there was the base hospital to take care of the sick from our camp and for casualties arriving in from overseas. At one time, there were some 100,000 men in the camp. (In looking over some of the preceding pages, I see that I am repeating what was recorded previously. I believe the figure given here was more nearly correct than the 50,000 mentioned above - if we include the base hospital in our figures.).

Besides myself, others from my class at the army medical school that came to the camp were two Smiths, Murtha, and Rowley Ward, a Texan from Victoria, and one other, Pitts, I believe, but am not sure. Ward was on duty at the base hospital, and before leaving there, became very

seriously ill with influenza and nearly died. He got well, however, and on the date written above (14 March 1952) was still practising in Victoria.

The work I had to do had very little to make me enthusiastic about it. I had nothing to do with the sick and the daily routines of inspections was not very inspiring to one who wanted to practice medicine. I was so completely cut off from the practice of medicine that I realised that I was not keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and, in fact, was forgetting the medicine I knew before I took up my duties at Zachary Taylor. Our break in the monotony came in September 1918, when I was sent to Austin, Texas, with 100 enlisted men who were to study radio work in Austin. I availed myself of this opportunity to go home for a day to see my brothers and sisters. At another time, I was sent to Glasgow, Kentucky to examine a disabled enlisted man and, as Glasgow is only a small distance from the Mammoth Cave, Golda, who came with me, and I, took time to see the cave.

The early part of Autumn of 1918, "Spanish influenza" struck our camp. The effect of this epidemic was to practically paralyse the camp. Thousands of men became seriously ill within a few days and hundreds of these developed pneumonia and hundreds died within a few days after becoming sick. The facilities for proper care and treatment of the stricken were not adequate and became strained to the breaking point. For some time, we had been hearing of an epidemic of "Spanish influenza" appearing in the camps in the eastern part of the nation. Sometime in the Autumn - I do not remember, if it was before the Armistice was signed or later - the epidemic struck Camp Zachary Taylor. The effect was terrible. In a few days, tens of thousands of the soldiers became ill with the disease; thousands developed pneumonia and hundreds of them died. Men who were in perfect health would become deathly ill with influenza, then pneumonia and, in a matter of two or three days would be dead. Many who did not die, would develop such complications as emphysema or lung abscess and would be seriously ill for weeks. The base hospital connected with the camp became crowded beyond capacity. It was nothing unusual to see, morning after morning, trucks loaded with dozens of corpses rumbling down 4th street in Louisville where we lived. Rowley Ward, who was stationed at the base hospital contracted influenza and very nearly died. I went to visit him one day and found him so sick, I never expected to see him alive again. I believe he owed his recovery to the care given him by Mrs Ward, a trained nurse, who took care of him day and night. The commanding officer of an ambulance company stationed near camp headquarters became sick and died in a few days. He was a reserve captain; in civilian life he was a physician in Louisville with much political pull. He got into the army with the understanding that he would never have to leave Louisville. After his death, I became C.O. of the ambulance company - in addition to my other duties. About November, the epidemic began to abate.

On October 26, 1918, I was recommended for captaincy. My getting into the Regular Army had undoubtedly delayed my being

recommended for promotion and for reasons given below, I never got the captaincy.

On November 11, 1918, an Armistice was agreed to on the fighting front and the shooting war came to an end. This was promptly followed by an order stopping all promotions. This ended my prospect for captaincy.

A few days before Armistice was actually agreed to, a false report got out that the war had ended. That night, Golda and I went to Louisville to see the demonstrations on the streets. The celebration was loud and wild. The chief participants in the celebration were the men who had expected to be drafted within a few days and who now knew they would not have to put on khaki.

It would be difficult to even try to describe the psychological effect of the announcing of an armistice on Nov. 11, 1918. In a nation geared for war and determined to fight until victory is won, with all the political, industrial, economic and military machinery organised for that purpose, and announcement in midst, and at the height, of this determination and effort, abruptly, and rather unexpectedly, terminating war and heralding peace created a psychological change that defies description. While this situation affects civilians as well as those in services and on the battlefronts, my observations were more intimately concerned with the men in khaki.

The news of the armistice came to our camp in the night. Immediately, all thought of sleep was gone; there was much swearing, some sincere, some less so, because the war had come to an end before we got overseas, guessing as to how long it would be before we could get out of uniform and return to civilian life, and so on, and so on.

The effect on discipline and morale became evident the very next day. Gone was the spirit and enthusiasm that was so evident only a day earlier; the uppermost thought in the minds of the soldiers, the cadets and the reserve officers seemed to be, "The war is over!" To hell with the army; when do we go home?" Those of us that were in the Regular Army could not very well participate in such sentiments - even though we felt like that, too - for we knew that the reserve officers and the drafted men would be the first to get out of service. Anyway, our lack of interest in the work and a slump in discipline and morale became quite evident. The latent dislike of officers by enlisted men became less latent, here and there, and infractions of army regulations and military courtesy became more common. Various measures to bolster up morale and discipline were undertaken; some of these, resisted by both officers and men. Thus, if a soldier failed to salute an officer and the officer failed to correct the soldier, or to report him, the officer made himself liable to punishment.

Demobilisation got into motion and the camp began to break up. The barracks, once resounding with the yelling, songs, and profanity of

the soldiers were rapidly becoming vacant and silent, except those few reserved for the units coming home from overseas to be demobilised. The valleys that used to ring to the Negro soldiers' lusty "Oh, lil' Liza, lil' Liza Jane" as I passed on my inspection tours, in a few days became deathly still.

The morale and efficiency that was so apparent everywhere only 48 hours ago, was no longer seen anywhere. Where, only a few hours earlier, I had seen aspirants to the artillery officer corps. The cadets acted as if the shell they were putting in a 15, weighed a hundred pounds.

Well, I went about my duties as usual. My first conflict came with the 38th National Guard division. It was on its way to France, but the Armistice caught them in mid-ocean, so they turned back to come to camp Zachery Taylor to be demobilised. It was my duty to see to it that the part of the camp assigned to them was properly cleaned up. I went over to inspect it so that I could give them a "clearance" so that they could all go home. I was inspecting the area, and it was in a hell of a mess. While I was walking knee deep in old papers, paper boxes, and hundreds of pounds of discarded hard tack, a major, a National Guard major, some lawyer from Louisville came up. He greeted me by saying, "What are you doing here?" I answered "I am just seeing what a mess the 38th division is leaving it's demobilisation area in." He flared up; "How do you dare to speak to a superior officer like that! Who in the hell are you anyway! Come to attention when you speak to a superior officer!" I answered by clicking my heels and firing "Yes Sir!" - "No disrespect intended sir!" I stood at attention and soon the major asked me a question and I answered, Sir! He asked "Who in the hell, are you anyway!" I answered very politely, still at rigid attention, "Sir, I am the camp sanitary inspector from the Commanding General's Staff!" Well, he knew then even though he was a National Guard officer, what that meant, so he immediately toned down considerably and said; "Doctor, we are having some trouble cleaning up this area. We have demobilised all our enlisted men, and now, we cannot clean up this area until we get a detail from the headquarters to clean it up. But, we will get it all cleaned up." I still stood at rigid attention and asked politely "Anything else, Sir?" He said, "No, but we will have it all cleaned up." I said "very well, Sir." But I thought to myself "You are goddamn right; you won't get out of here until you do comply with the camp regulations and clean up everything to my satisfaction." I went to Camp Headquarters and turned in a report to the camp commander to the effect that the 38th division headquarters had not complied with the sanitary requirements of the camp and, therefore, were not entitled to a clearance. A day, or so, later, the camp adjutant called me and said, "Doctor, the 38th division headquarters complains that they can not be demobilised because you will not give them clearance. What do you have to say to that?" He was a Lt. Col., I said "Adjutant Sir, I am only acting in accord with the sanitary orders of the commanding officer's orders." (Of course I was the one that prepared the sanitary code, but the commanding general approved it.) A few days passed, and these officers

from the staff of the 38th division were still prevented from being demobilised because they had no "sanitary clearance."

I recall the commanding general called me in and asked, "Doctor, why don't you give these officers a sanitary clearance"? Standing at attention, I said, "General, Sir, because they have not complied with your sanitary orders for evacuation!" He turned to the officers of the 38th and asked, "Why did you not comply with the sanitary orders of this camp?" Originally, the major who had me standing at attention said "We have demobilised all our enlisted men and have no one to clean the camp. We have asked for a detail from headquarters to clean it up, but we have never had such a detail." The general said, "Detail hell! Why didn't you think of that before you demobilised your enlisted men? Now, dammit, pull off your blouses and cleanup that area until it's satisfactory to the sanitary officer, so you can get your clearance!" And was that sweet revenge! Well, those officers of the 38th had to pull off their blouses and clean up that area before I would give them a clearance and, it had to be damned cleaned up, before I gave that. If that 2x4 Louisville lawyer is still living, I suppose, he still remembers the lesson for making a sanitary officer stand at attention.

Sometimes during the fall, I do not remember whether it was before Armistice Day or not, but believe it was after, there was a call for volunteers for Siberian Expeditionary Forces. I am not sure why I did so, but believe it was mostly because I was ashamed to go home without having had overseas service. Most of us that did not get overseas had a guilt complex about it. We were worried about what the people at home would think of us when we got out of the army and went home. (We should have known better; the people at home did not give a damn one way or another. They were concerned only about themselves.) Weeks and months passed, and I heard nothing of my application so, sometimes in the last part of January or first part of February 1919, I sent in my resignation from the regular Medical Corps. In a short time, I received a reply to the effect that my resignation would be accepted in the near future. We started making plans for going back to Texas. I wrote to Dr Graves in Galveston about the chance of getting a position on his teaching staff in the Medical College in Galveston. His reply was prompt and favourable. So, we started planning accordingly.

But the plans were rudely disrupted by a telegram from Washington, about February 17, 1919, ordering me to proceed to San Francisco at once to board an army transport for Siberia, the telegram came in at night; I had only the next day to get relieved of my duties at the camp. Then, I had hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of government property to turn over to someone else. New rules had been issued for transfer of property and no one seemed to understand them. It took into the night before the transfer was finally made, and when I got to the apartment, I had only about two hours left before the time of my departure. Fortunately, Golda had my trunk packed and so I got off on time and was off for Chicago where I changed trains for the West Coast.

The route was on the Union Pacific through Iowa, Nebraska, Utah and California. The trip would have been interesting if it had not been for the state of mind that resulted from such an abrupt shattering of my plans for the future.

We had a few days in San Francisco before the transport Logan, an old, slow boat, left. The passengers consisted of some hundred and fifty officers and few enlisted men. There was a commission of some sort of Frenchman; about four officers and seventeen enlisted men aboard, also. The Logan went the northern route across the Pacific, the weather was stormy practically all the way and we rarely saw the sun up to the time we stopped at Nagasaki, Japan. We arrived in Japan on March 20, 1919, and left Nagasaki on March 25, 1919”...

Chapter 98 - The Trip to Siberia - Chicago to San Francisco

Most of the detail on the trip to Siberia, as well as the time spent in Siberia, is in the letters written to Golda in the second volume of letters. Some of the letters are missing either in total or in part. It seems that during this period not all of the mail always got through for a variety of reasons. They commented on this in their letters to each other - sometimes they went missing, sometimes taken, sometimes they were not sent on to their final destination. The other item maybe worth mentioning is that Dr Joe was aware that letters would be opened and censored or destroyed and tried to be careful of this. This may account for why some letters were not received and does account for the lack of comment on some subjects at various times. I have tried to do more of a summary of what was in the letters with the occasional related story or quote rather than just retyping the letters...

Enroute to Chicago he writes as he is out for experience he decides to sleep in an upper on the train. It's all right for one - "but gosh wouldn't it have been some place for two, and one of them with rheumatic joints!" He now sees how good that old gent was to them on the train the time they went to Washington D.C. and he offered his bunk to them.

As he gets to Chicago he decides he does not like what he sees. " No lika da Chicago. At least not what I have seen of it. You just have to dodge the whisky -- Louisville is a Sunday School." The train moves on out of Illinois, crosses the Mississippi, which was almost frozen over, and then through Iowa.

The weather was fine and the sun was shining bright. The Pullman service was the best he had ever seen. Even the diner was good. They served the soldiers for 75 cents a meal and came back every few minutes to see if everything was alright or if they wanted more. As he looked out the windows at the farmland in Iowa, he noted it reminded him of the hilly land around Fort Worth. He understood it sold for \$250 to \$300 per acre.

As time passes, Dr Joe makes a point to visit with some of the other travellers on the train. Over time he finds this to be a wealth of information. He relates in his letters back to Golda...

" There is a veterinarian on the train who has served with the 5th Division, 20th F.A. He is discharged and is very bitter in his denunciation of the army, especially the West Pointers. He doesn't find names bad enough for the French. He says that if it had not been for the fact that the Germans would be the victors, it would have been a blessing if the French had been wiped off the map. He is going to Cedar Rapids and has one more hour to go; he looks like he was counting the minutes. He has been away from home for 18 months. Here's Cedar Rapids now. The roads around here look a lot like those at home. The lieutenant gets off over here. He does not seem to be very favourably impressed with the condition of the roads; he says they did have good roads in France. But he says they can't help that, for France is all rock, and they have to just straighten it up a bit. There is some evidence of the blizzard here. Some snow everywhere but not enough to suit me.

Bed time. I have a lower this time, just next to the ladies; dressing room. Too bad you are not here. An enlisted man and his wife are at the other end of the car. I just offered to change with him to accommodate them, but he would not accept. Just occurred to me now, wonder whether he thought I just meant for his wife to come to my berth so she would be close to the dressing room and he stay where he was?

Spoke to an Australian coming from France. He is very entertaining and has the spirit of a Westerner, only more so. He says if he told the truth as to what kind of people the French and Belgians are, he would be arrested. And he isn't any too complimentary about the British either. He says that the whole business were as jealous of the Yanks as they could be and they treated them cordially to their faces, they spoke of them with contempt to each other when the Yanks were out of hearing. That's what we fought for. He, too, says that the French, especially the peasants were mean, sneaky, crafty and contemptible in their ways.

He says that if the Australians were treated as strictly as our men are, they would all be in jails and guard houses by now. The Australians don't even salute their officers. When they first went to France they had a lot of trouble with the British because the British officers get after them about their not saluting them and the Australians told them to go to hell and laughed at them. The joke of it is that this man speaks a perfect cockney brogue."

The next day he continues to write in his letter about the scenery and comments on how the weather is now gloomier and the sky is covered with what looks like snow clouds. He continues his conversation with the Australian for about 2 hours on Bolshevism. He decides the Australian's opinion and the vet's opinion on many subjects are the same. No one that really knows anything about the war is envying Dr Joe and his trip. He decides..."I want to see things for myself. It seems to me that the only way to get any truth about how things were over there is to pick it piecemeal from the men that came back and never to believe what you read in the papers. And oh yes! Make proper deductions from what you hear from the men."

The train crosses Wyoming, and Utah, with stops in Cheyenne and Ogden. The Australian and vet depart from the train. They cross the Great Salt Lake and then the desert before crossing the Sierra Mountains. He comments on the gorges they cross that are hundreds of feet down and the hillsides and areas that are scarred from past labours of gold miners. In a 20-minute period they cross over into areas that are covered with green grass, young orchards, and vineyards. The back of the train platform is now popular with other people for the first time since they left Chicago.

He does his sums for his trip and notes, San Francisco is 2567 miles from Louisville, the Pullman cost him \$14.50, the soldiers' meals were half price (he discovers this after he experiments on the a la carte menu and finds he pays twice the price for half as much) and after he deducts for the meals and adds in his mileage allowance he has \$275 left. He started with \$200 of his own and feels he has done a very good job of watching his expenses on his trip. He reports in and relates back to Golda that a

transport ship leaves on the 5th of each month to take supplies and mail. If she writes him now, he could have his first letter from her not long after arrival. It is also noted that it is time for their first wedding anniversary as it is February 1919. As he has a few days before the ship leaves he decides to take a tour of San Francisco...

"The parks here look now about the way those in Washington did the first part of May. The grass is green and there are several varieties of green trees that I have never seen before, such as the eucalyptus, several varieties of Acacia, etc. The coastal range mountains, along which we rode for about 60 miles before we came into the city were all green and quite a contrast to the snowy Sierras which we have seen only about an hour and a half before we came in sight of the coast range.

The San Francisco Bay is over 90 miles long and has only one opening to the ocean -- the Golden Gate, a passage only about a mile wide. It looks about a few feet wide when you see it first. There are numerous islands in the bay -- these are really only projecting peaks of the submerged range, and look very much like Mt. Peaks. They are all green. One of these, Goat Island, contains the U.S. Naval training station, another, Alcatraz the military prison. Both are very picturesque and rise so abruptly to a peak that the drill fields, etc. appear to be just hung on the slopes like pictures on a wall.

The city itself is clean and has wide streets. This seems to be a characteristic of western cities. Such a contrast to Chicago and Louisville! And I wish you could see the stores and store windows. You never would get away from them. I have looked at some of the curios, but as I may have an opportunity to buy some of these things at first hand in the Orient, I shall not invest in them now, though I was tempted to buy a Chinese kimona for you this very morning.

The weather here seems to be rather unsteady. The sun shines one minute and it rains the very next. Since this a.m. 9 o'clock, we have had rain twice and sunshine twice. But it does not rain very heavily.

There seem to be all kinds of amusements and programs going all the time. I have not been to anything so far. Last night I felt rather tired and homesick and went to bed early. That is, I felt tired but I guess it is just the way you feel after you come here from a cool climate for I slept last night yet feel that way again today.

Returned just a moment ago from a trip that took us all over San Francisco and environs.

We started out for the Golden Gate Park this p.m. and when we got there, we had walked out only a small distance when a man and a woman in a car came up and asked us if we would like a ride. Of course we would. They then took us out to the Park, which is quite a wonder and is really more beautiful than any park I have ever seen. Then we took a ride along the Pacific Beach and had a look at the ocean, so we might

know what it looked like. There seems to be lots of it. We went to the Golden Gate. Then they took us way up on a hill that overlooks San Francisco and we had a bird's eye view of the whole city. Then they took us to the Presidio, the army post here, which is quite a sight in itself. We wound up the trip through the old fair grounds, Italian quarter, and China town. Altogether we took a ride of about three hours and it certainly was a fine trip, even if we did get rather cool without our overcoats. I only regret that you did not get to see it, but you will some other day. The people here seem to take a great pride in their state and city and spare no effort in showing you the city. The state really does seem to be wonderful in many respects. They have concrete roads all over the state. Everything is green here now and the fruit trees are blooming. They say the grass is always green, just like it is now. The people seem to be different from the Easterners; they are like we have always heard they were. This may be the first impression, and if one had more to do with them, one might change one's mind, but so far I have not noticed any of the smallness that is so prominent where we have been for the past year.

Wish you could see some of the flowers on the market here. It is so far or I would send you some but they wouldn't stand a chance...I make an allotment of \$100 a month to you, the first to be paid from this month's salary and if you have any delay about getting it, raise cain to the Zone Finance Officer, Allotments, Washington, D.C...keep track of the months for which you receive allotments, if you have any trouble about the allotments use the money I turned over to you freely."

It seems that paper money overseas had a very limited value and it was suggested he try and convert it into gold. He spent a lot of time with very limited success as the others had the same idea. Golda was in the process of returning to Cleburne, Texas to live. They had already discussed the idea of her returning to some sort of school or training while he was gone to make the time go faster as well as give her the opportunity to complete some courses she was interested in. This she was going to look deeper into after her return to Texas.

Chapter 99 - On the Logan

He got his trunk on board the ship and they were allowed to keep them in their staterooms. In one of his first letters he writes on board ship he comments that Balboa named it the Pacific; this must have been because he saw it from atop the Andes, from which it would naturally appear flat and unruffled. In their present location if the notorious hula dancers were to see the variety of movements the ship was making each minute, they would turn green, shrivel up and die with envy.

The sea was very rough and at first about half of all the seats at each meal were empty. Those that did show did not dare make fun of the others for fear they would be next. He comments that thus far he has been lucky and not missed a meal. They were three to a stateroom with one each in a berth and the third in a settee converted into a bunk. He shared his room with Lt. Wynne, M.C. from South Carolina and Lt. Krams, Inf. From Washington, D.C. The next stop is to be Nagasaki, Japan for coal in 22 days before they reach Vladivostok.

The routine on the ship consist of breakfast at 8 a.m., lunch 12:30, dinner 6:45 and then sleep. Get up the next day, set the watches back some 25 to 45 minutes, depending on how much progress they made the day before, and then find a way to spend the rest of the day. This was left up to each person to solve on their own. He observes the men on the ship and writes...

"This problem each man solves according to his inclinations and previous conditions of servitude. Good many men do it by gambling 6 - 18 hours of the 24. Some of the men have already lost all of this month's pay check (they have not received it yet), and many of them will not be much oppressed financially when they land in Asia. Not a few of the men seem content to hibernate in their bunks a greater part of the day.

There is a piano, one of those players, in a saloon and a lot of canned music. We are allowed to play it 4p.m. to 5:30 and 8:30 to 10:00 p.m. There are quite a few among the men who can play the piano well, and, of course, most of them try to sing. So there is some time passed away pleasantly in this diversion.

I have been trying to study a little Russian, also some Bohemian, but while it is so stormy, this grows old after a while and one has to do something else. But what? Bunk fatigue, for instance.

This is the fourth day out and we are only 674 miles from S.F. and 4676 from Nagasaki. We never will get there at this rate. The sea is as rough as ever, the only difference is in degree of roughness. Many of the men are still seasick; quite a few have become accustomed to it. I have.

Saw a whale this afternoon. Would not have known it was one if it did not have to come up every few moments to blow out a spray of water and take a breath of air. As it is no one believes me. Everybody wants to know what I have been drinking and where I got it. Several of the men don't even think I was drunk, they think I just lied...

Am studying my Bohemian a good deal now. I am writing out the exercises in pencil and when I get to where I can get a typewriter, I will just copy them. There are a number of Frenchmen aboard. There are about four officers and nineteen men and they are on their way to Omsk as a mission to the Czechoslovaks. The mission is headed by a pompous looking major who seems to be very much broken out with importance. He has an a la Kaiser moustache and what must be calculated to be a fierce expression on his face. The men who know him, however, claim that he is real democratic and not at all fierce.

There is a young Pole with this mission. He was born and educated in Paris but speaks Polish well. I spoke Polish to him the other morning and he certainly looked up. He says he is an engineering student and wants to get over to Poland and size up thing -- he thinks there will be some wonderful opportunities there. He speaks pretty good English, too.

We had a little excitement last night. It got so stormy that a large wave rolled right over the ship, broke all the doors and windows in on the starboard (right) side, and washed the occupants of these rooms right out of their bunks and onto the floor. These rooms are occupied by majors and captains and though these dignitaries received quite a scare and a good drenching, unfortunately, none were washed overboard.

The French major, thus rudely awakened from his slumbers, seized his life preserver, and yelling "submarines!" ran out of his room and was about to jump overboard when some of the rest of the men restrained him. Those of us on the lower decks escaped"...

At the end of their 5th day they completed their first 1,000 miles, that left them 4329 miles to go to get to Nagasaki. He calculates that if nothing changes it will take 25 days. He is now wondering why anybody would want to be a sailor. The weather starts to improve and sea becomes calm and almost flat. They switch bunks in the stateroom and for the first time are able to open the porthole at night for air. He continues to study his Bohemian and his Russian. He notes that as long as they travel on the transport, they get no mileage, but the meals are free and also the 10% increase for foreign service is paid. He calculates he should end up with about \$228 and no board to pay. His final settlement for his trip to S.F. left him with \$244, not as good as he first calculated but better than having to dip into his own pocket. He will have to get his own equipment when he gets to the other end. He is hoping to get as much as possible on memorandum receipt and return it to Uncle Sam when he is ready to return home.

Each morning they get a wireless report at about 8 a.m. with the world news. It is about one typewritten page. He comments that may be about the right amount for how much most people really want to know. In one of them it was reported that the U.S. consul in Turkestan was captured by the Bolsheviks, he hoped they wouldn't be sent to rescue him, it would be about 6,000 miles!

The weather improves and the ocean goes flat. They start to make good time and in one day they do 270 miles. They go from Lat. 44 degrees to 40 degrees. He exercises regularly each day. He notes Beilin offered to give the officers lessons in Russian...

"Beilin, the Russian Jew from Camp Taylor, is giving some of the officers lessons in Russian -- kind of a Yiddish Russian would be a more precise way of putting it. He ignores such minor details as gender, case, mode, etc., but I suppose his pronunciation is at least approximately correct, so I go to his lessons and make proper allowances for his grammar. But I feel sorry for these men that are committing his jargon to memory. Still, even with that they may be able to get what they want and that, after all, is the real thing they are after.

The study I have put on my Bohemian grammar certainly helps me a great deal in Russian. The grammatical rules are a good deal the same and many of the words are so much alike that it is not hard to recognise them. This holds true in cases where the words are of Slav origin; words derived from Tartar are of course not at all like Bohemian. Thus zena, muz, chleb, voda, even though accented differently are not hard to recognise, but sobaka and losat do not look much like pres and kun.

I am moving right along in my Bohemian study. It is almost fascinating when one gets right down to work. I am glad I subscribed for the course and certainly so because I took the book with me. I am writing all my exercises out now, but have no idea when Mrs. Hrbkov's going to get them. Anyhow, the chief value is not in her getting the papers to correct but in my writing out the exercises.

One of the dentists that came along with me on the train is a graduate from the Chicago Conservatory of Music and plays the Piano like a professional and sings as well as he plays. It's almost like going to a concert. He is only about 5 foot 2 and has worked his way through the conservatory. He is a very inconspicuous, unassuming sort of a chap, and it was over a week before any one knew he could play the piano at all. When he begins to play now, the saloon is soon pretty well filled up.

Later, saw two more whales this afternoon and this time called four other men to witness it so that they could not accuse me of drinking. They seemed to be satisfied, but not so our other friends. They seemed to think that this time there were four more men drinking.

Our Russian lessons continue. The Jew is certainly in his glory! He stands before the class with a kind of a Napoleonic pose, and displays as much animation and enthusiasm as if he were auctioning off a houseful of second hand clothes. Guess I ought to be ashamed of making fun of him, but I know if you were here you could not help doing the same thing. Some of the boys call him the Russian professor, and he swallows it without even batting his eyes! He should have stayed at Taylor. I wonder how the camp surgeon happened to overlook him.

Later. Had some more singing by the dentist this afternoon and tonight. It is quite interesting to see that salon full of men, some rough, old, grayheaded, some mere boys, and all the gradations in between the two, sitting quietly, deeply in thought as the dentist sings and plays "Mother of Mine," "Mother Machree," "Sweetheart," "Smiles," and other songs. Their minds seem to be far, far away, and for the time being, at least, gambling, swearing, and foul speech seem to be forgotten. They sit there as if under a spell. Unfortunately, this influence does not last long."

As he writes again about how the sea is calm and what great speed they are making, the weather once again changes. He describes how the large waves break over the ship into a foamy spray and all hues of blue from the darkest to the very lightest is beyond description. They cross the international dateline and lose a day. The time appears to be getting heavy now as he complains how they must sleep with the portholes closed and with three men in an 8x8x8 room, the atmosphere gets pretty vicious by morning. His two roommates like to stay up till midnight and then when they come in they have to eat several sandwiches and stuff before they go to sleep. Then they are up at noon the next day. He writes... "It will be a relief to come to the end of this journey, if for no other reason, simply to be out of this company. And both of these men come from the "elite" of their cities! My Heavens! What are we coming to?"

He comments that this separation has left a great void in his life and observes how a number of the others combat this. "The proper way to combat this, if I may be guided by observing other men, is to get dead drunk and *cherchez la femme*-just any femme will do. "That seems to be the panacea for homesickness; I feel, however, like exclaiming "Oh, nostalgia! What crimes are committed in they name!" How any creature can do this and still come in and tell us how he misses his wife and family is beyond my feeble understanding, and if there is any living creature I have more contempt for and loathe more, I am sure I do not know what it is. It's disgusting and sickening."

They are now about 3 days out from Nagasaki. As they compare notes on information about Vladivostok he learns it is about 350,000 in population and looks something like San Francisco. There are about 10,000 U.S. troops in and around the area. As far as what life is like in the area, it changes from man to man and it is concluded he will have to wait and see what it is like for himself.

"As I told you on the card yesterday, we arrived here before noon.... All along our way were islands of all sizes, in many cases no larger than half the size of a house, jutting upwards into the air; these are really the projecting peaks of submerged mountains, I think. They are covered, more or less, with green verdure. The bay itself was just as smooth as glass; about five miles out of the harbour were hundreds of small fishing boats with white sails; these, with the smooth, unruffled surface presented a picture worth of a painter's brush -- I have no doubt, however, that my appreciation was somewhat whetted by my not seeing any land for 21 days, so maybe you better make proper allowances for that.

We were held up long enough for the Japanese doctors to inspect us for contagious and infectious diseases - some- thing that took only a bit

more time than it does for me to write it, and then we ate our lunch and the ship pulled into harbour and anchored.

We had hardly anchored, when small, flat boats loaded with coal came from all sides and began to load the coal in the following primitive fashion: First they rapidly constructed a temporary ladder up the ship's side. Then on each step of this ladder were stationed two men or women, one at each end of the plank. Men or women in the flat boats would put the coal into rice straw baskets as large as a good sized water bucket; these would then be picked up and passed through a series of hands, like running a gauntlet, to the lowest step, and then from hand to hand, rapidly up the ladder - two baskets going up about the same time, on along each side of the ladder. This takes quite a number of people, but they are not scarce here, and the work moves on with amazing rapidity and it really does not take so very long to load the 10,000 to 15,000 tons we need - only about 30 hours.

The sight of those boats coming up with the coal, the mass of men, women, and children on them, the men clambering up the sides of the ships like monkeys to fix their ladders, the ant-like activity and numbers of the workers constitute one of the most interesting scenes I have ever seen. The Japanese are ridiculously small, but there seems to be an inexhaustible supply of them.

While working on these boats, men and women do not worry about the calls of nature; these are attended to promptly by shoving the "ale" over the edge of the boat, and no cover is necessary.

The boat had scarcely stopped before peddlers selling all kinds of wares literally swarmed over the ship. There is no limit to what all they sell or to what they would charge if one would pay it. Those that buy off them usually begin by offering them 25% of what they ask and then bartering until a trade is made.

After lunch we got into a "sampan," of which there was a swarm near the boat as soon as we anchored, and go ashore. This sampan is not rowed by oars like ours; it is propelled by giving a long, funny oar at the stern, a still funny twist. It moves along fairly fast, though and the distance of 1/4 mile we have to go is soon covered.

We thought the sampans were many, but their number is as nothing when compared with the rickshaws. Their number is legion; the drivers assail you from all sides, and every one very energetically assures you, again and again, "I speak Englis." You fall for this, and at the very next corner, to your dismay learn that you were too credulous and that the questions and commands you fire at your man elicit, at the least, a contented grunt, as most a smile and "Yes, American officer." He cheerfully agrees to any order you give him, and then even more cheerfully, takes you wherever he pleases. If you try to argue, you start such a volley of grunts, smiles, and signals you give up"...

Several days pass and he writes what he is sending home, a corset cover \$2.00, Teddies \$4.75 and then list a number of items and prices for silk and satin crepe and so on by the yard price. He wonders by the time 60% duty and shipping is added, if the price may not be just as good at home. He is also told that in Vladivostok better buys can be made. It is decided to wait and not buy the other items for now. They are to leave at 5 a.m. the next morning.

On the last day after lunch they take a sampan to the Canadian liner "Empress of Japan" and visit with a Canadian 1st Lieut. He has come from Siberia but has been away from there for about 3 weeks and has little to offer except that it was still cold. They then took the sampan to the U.S. Cruiser New Orleans. It was good to see and visit with some Americans he remarks, but also says the ship was an old tub and was not an imposing sight. As he visits, he finds out they lost their bridge during a storm not long ago.

He writes to Golda ... " As I told you before I left, this is something like leaving home to go to school; this school is something on the same order as sending university graduates abroad on travels so that they might get their minds broadened. It is not, however, customary to send them to this part of the world. This is a trip that I probably never would have taken if it had not been for this opportunity. I can see even now that for the man that has any brains and can use the same to think, this trip is going to be an eye-opener."

About 9:30 a.m. we passed the place where the Japs destroyed the Russians in 1904, or whenever that Russo-Japanese War was going on. It looks peaceful enough at present. By night we had not passed out of sight of land. Korea was in sight to our left as we passed through the Korean Strait into the Sea of Japan. Just now, about bedtime, we are beginning to feel real cold. If it keeps on getting colder at the present rate, I hate to think how cold it will be by the time we get to Siberia. No Spring here yet. Oh, I don't know about the weather being so awfully cold."

Chapter 100 - Siberia Arrival

At the end of March 1919, the transport ship Logan docked at Vladivostok, Siberia. This is a part summary of his arrival and some of his thoughts...



A Picture
taken by Dr Joe in
Siberia outside Bldg.
On main street

Picture 21: Siberia - locals on street

"When we arrived at Vladivostok, an icebreaker had to break a passage for us to be able to dock. Then, some officers met us on board of our transport; the first thing that struck me was the heavy Siberian uniforms that they wore. Our baggage was unloaded and put out on the docks. I don't remember now whether we ate supper aboard the ship or not. Anyway, the only classmate of mine, Doctor Mitchell came to me and said, "Joe, I understand you are a good laboratory man and the one in charge of the laboratory of the Evacuation Hospital is going back to the States, and you would be the logical man for the job". (Mitchell's real name was Freund, but he was so ashamed of the Germans; he changed to his mother's name Mitchell). I said "Mitchell, I did not cross the Pacific to be stuck in Vladivostok; I want to see Siberia. If you tell anyone that I know anything about lab work, I'll never speak to you again!" He said, "ok., Joe, I won't say a word!"

Picture 22: Russian with his "droshka"



Vladivostok - Russian eezvoshcheek with his "droshka" - their street car

That night, I thought I would take a walk on the main street of Uladevestten; I knew the Czechs were there and I wanted to meet some of them. But the problem was not so easy. There were all kinds of uniforms, in fact so many that you never knew whether you were looking at a Russian general, or a railroad conductor. As I walked along, I finally saw three soldiers in long, somewhat worn overcoats, and on these they had ribbons, they had to be Czech ribbons, white and red. So, I took courage and gave them the Czech. Sokol greeting: "Nazdar, bratir" "(good luck brethren!)" They stopped astonished and gave me, in Czech, the American equivalent: "Who, in the hell are you!" I told them "I am an American Medical Officer of Czech origin. We just arrived this afternoon!" Well, they said, "Ain't that something!" So, I asked them what part of Czechoslovakia they were from, and it turned out that they all were from Moravia, where my parents came from! Then, the oldest one, I believe his name was Vrzala, a former schoolteacher at home got to indoctrinate me. He said; " Brother, you are really up against something, you can't trust any of these bastards. When we go to sleep at night, we keep our rifles ("vintonovker") on one side and the bayonet ("liodlo") on the other as we sleep, for otherwise, we might not wake up in the morning!" Well, I went back to the transport and the next day I had my orders. "Proceed to Spasskoe (about 100 miles inland), and report to Major Belt at the Hospital.

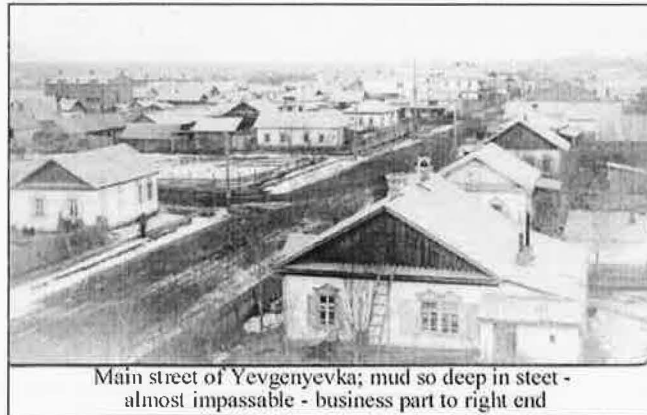
The next day, it must have been about dark; we got on the train. We laid out our bedding roles on the floor and went to sleep. We got to Spasskoe, which was also known as Yevgenyevka, about sun-up. Everything was covered with snow. I don't remember, but I believed I walked to the none-too-distant Hospital through the snow. Major Belt, the C.O. , was waiting for me. He turned out to be some politician doctor from Denver. He was glad to turn over the command to me. But, there was a complication under him, he had a medical officer from California, a Lieutenant Baronides, Greek, I suppose, and he had the idea, he rated me. I thought I rated him, because I was a regular Army officer, and he was a reservist. But anyway, I told him, " Bring in your commission, and let's compare them" My commission was older than his, so, I rated the command of the 55 bed army hospital.

Picture 23: Spasskoe - Siberia



Church in distance at Yevgenyevka -brick bldg. to rt.
officers' quarters - to left in distance Japanese barracks

Picture 24: Spasskoe - Main Street



Everything was in a helluva mess. In the States, I was used to a well-disciplined army, but here it looked like everything had gone to pack. Everyone, from the Colonel down to a corporal had a concubine, which could be had for about \$5.00 per month for the soldiers - even though it was the 31st freelance infantry. It was all very discouraging. But I tried to make the best of it.

Anyway, pretty soon, I got rid of Belt and Baronides, both, and the whole responsibility of the 55-bed hospital was on me. To help me, I had an Austrian prisoner doctor, Dr. Schuthlis, who was really helpful to me in many ways. He had been in captivity for 5 years, was a good physician and knew the local situation and helped me in many ways in spite of the fact that he was supposed to be an enemy. He, particularly, had a good insight about the Russians. He was a cultured man and able physician and I admired him highly. He had considerable practice among the better class of Russians, especially among the women and children where the head of family was away to war. In many of these cases, he told me, he had to render services to the women, other than strictly professional, to stand in with the gentler sex.

We used to have to treat, not only our own soldiers, but Russians that would need medical attention. On one occasion a Russian peasant (muzhik) was brought in with a very nasty incised (cut wound) in his scalp. When I asked him what caused this wound, he said; Gaspodin vroch, lozod!" (Mr. Surgeon, a horse kicked me.) But the version of the people that brought him in was slightly different: they said he came home vodka-drunk, started to raise hell with the family, and his wife took a whack at his head with an axe!

There were many Austrian and Hungarian prisoners of war in the camps, or barroets, in Spasskoe (Yevgenyevka). Once in awhile, one of these would be brought in; one was brought in with an attack of fever over 7 days or so. I had no idea what his disease was. We had practically no, laboratory equipment, but we did have a microscope, so, I thought I would just take a glass slide, put some fresh blood on and look at it with the microscope. To my amazement, I saw some micro organisms swimming

in the plasma. I asked Schuthlis, "What in the world is that?" He said, "Why that's filaria; don't you have that in your country?" I said, "No, never saw one!" We put him on proper treatment and cured him.

He was a very good doctor and we became very good friends. He was accepted in the better families in Spasskoe as a physician and had to satisfy the sexual needs of some of the ladies as well as the medical needs of the women whose husbands were away in the Russian Army. He told me once, "It seems that I have to do that to keep their practice, which I need; so I go out and use potassium permanganate so as not to get venereal disease!"...

This is but one of the stories from his diary and letters about what it was like in Siberia. It was like going to a different world, with different values, standards of living, cultural beliefs, and attitudes. I think one of the single largest things he learned on his overseas trip, was that every place in the world is not like the States, and does not either live or believe as the States.

Chapter 101 - Vladivostok, - Spasskoe - Siberia

He writes they arrived at about 5 p. m. on March 27, 1919. They received their orders without delay and were shipped out rapidly almost upon arrival

Map 8 Moscow to Vladivostok



...."Received my orders this morning for Spasskoe, a place on the Transiberian Railway, about 150 miles from here. We are to be scattered all along the way to Chita, 2000 miles from here.

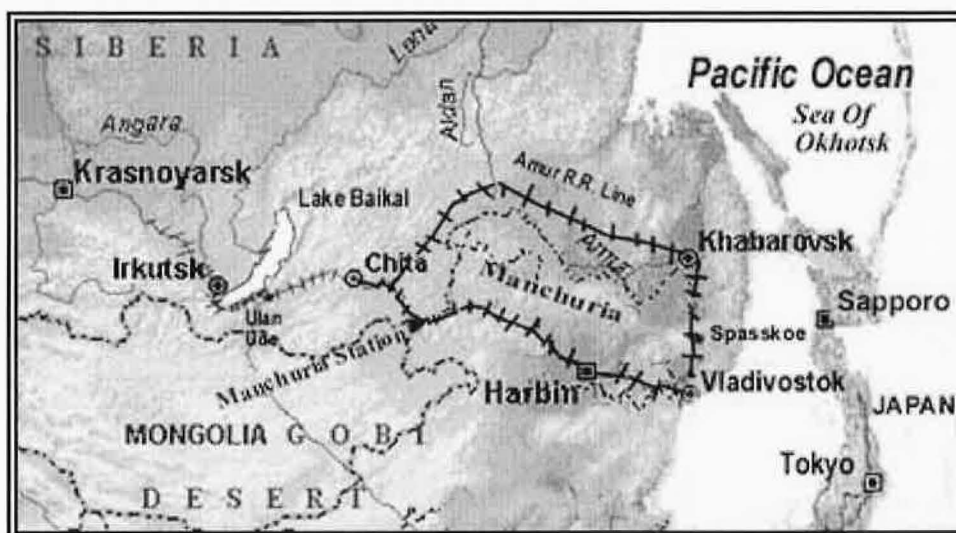
The place I am going to is just a large village with about half a regiment of infantry. The quarters and food are said to be good. There is some rumour about the 27th regiment, to which I am assigned, going to Chita pretty soon.

All the army is doing here now is guard duty. Spoke to some Czechs yesterday. They have been here for over a year.

My address will be the same as before, I believe. We go out tonight. (Not cold at all now. The morning is just crisp enough to make one feel good.)

30 March 1919, Temporarily in command of above hospital. (Post Hospital Spasskoe, Siberia) Like the assignment much better than anything I have had yet, though it carries a good deal of responsibility with it and will certainly keep me busy. But that's what I want.

Map 9 Vladivostok to Chita



Chita to Vladivostok - Spasskoe

Climate very pleasant now; could not wish for anything better. Some snow still, and everything freezes at night, but my! It makes you feel good. Food is plentiful and not as high as in the States. Have not had chance to look around much yet as have been busy getting things straightened out so my predecessor can leave in the morning for the States.

Fine land here - lots of game, and quail and rabbits much larger than in U.S.....

(3 April, 1919) At last received a letter with my address on it; rec'd the letter you wrote from St. Louis and the first one you mailed from Cleburne. I was certainly glad to see your handwriting once more. Of course, by the time we get each other's letters, the contents have become ancient history, but to me they are no less interesting than if the events recorded occurred yesterday.

I have been pretty busy ever since I landed here. At first I had to check up all the property that the major was turning over to me, and then I had to see to all the monthly reports which have to be out before the 5th of the month. Then, a case of smallpox arrived and we had to vaccinate all of that company. Small pox here seems to be much more virulent than at home. This particular case is a case of confluent small pox and looks bad indeed. Yesterday I vaccinated every patient in the hospital and also those of our men that are on duty in the hospital.

The command here is very comfortably fixed. It is not permissible to tell you the organisation I am with, but as I wrote that from Vladivostok, you know it anyhow. The men are quartered in Russian barracks, which are constructed of brick and are as those of the permanent posts in the states - Ft. Crockett, for instance. The men and the officers are

more comfortably quartered than were those of the National Army camps in the U.S. My own quarters are better than I have had since I have been in the army. Three of us M.D.'s live in an abandoned house that is also used as our mumps' isolation hospital. We have a room to each of us; the building is a brick building, and each room is heated separately by a built-in Russian stove or heater; a system much better than our heating stoves. We buy our own provisions and the cook for the mumps' patients, cooks our meals. An orderly takes care of our rooms, and does so well, though not as well as the one I used to have at 124 S. Ormsby.

The hospital itself is in a Russian Army Hospital Building. It contains 7 good-sized wards, a well-equipped O.R. and the other things that go with a hospital. We have Medical, G.A., surgical, & contagious wards. Only minor and emergency surgery cases are handled here. I am temporarily in command, but a major will come here about five days from now. We treat as charity cases some of the natives, but only as "out clinic" cases.

The weather is fine. The sun shines very bright every day; during the night the ground freezes hard and as soon as the sun begins to shine in the morning it begins to thaw; about noon, the sun gets fairly warm, but there are piles of snow in the shade and ice on shady pools all day long. I suppose it is cold, but I do not feel it and do not even wear my overcoat, except at night. The cold is not nearly as disagreeable as it was even on milder days at Louisville.

Picture 25: Group of American Soldiers - Vladivostok



Really, it's a joke-when we came to Frisco, the Red Cross there furnished us with heavy, knit, woollen socks, vests, mufflers, helmets, and those that did not have them, sweaters. At Vladivostok the Q.M. issued us

those heavy sheep-skin lined coats, the Red Cross gave us some more socks, sweaters, and the nicest kind of warm, fuzzy pajamas; we also bought fur caps. The pajamas come in handy; they are fine, too. They come from the Shanghai chapter of the Red Cross. And now here we are with most of the stuff of no use to us - for the present, at least. But, of course, winter may not be over yet.

As for recreation, there are picture shows at the Y. nearly every night, music by Austrian prisoners, and vaudevilles by our own talent. Saw Charlie Chaplin in the "Dog's Life" two nights ago.

There are good showers; warm and cold water, and steam bath arrangements at the post. So that is provided for. Ta-ta... more later"...

As the next day comes he decides he was crowing too soon, as he woke up the ground was covered by a fine snow. The Russian heaters do a fine job and seem to be double walled with a large space between the walls so you don't hear the fire at all and you don't see any soot around them. A system that beats what they had in the National Army barracks for heating. He decides he will try and have his picture taken with his equipment, to send home as it is so warm in the house he is not sure how much use it will be. He sleeps with only two blankets at night and remarks how he is glad he didn't buy more as he is unsure of any need for additional ones. He was able to get rubber boots on memorandum receipt and didn't have to buy any. They do come in handy at present.

That night he went to the "home talent" vaudeville and watched the men perform. There was also a Russian girl dancer on the program that was real good. The entertainment was put on under the auspices of the YMCA. He notes that the men are like soldiers everywhere else -- unsatisfied. He says someone has well defined soldier as " the man who always wants to be where he is not." On the whole the men have a snap compared to what the men had in the states even at the time he was leaving. They are better-equipped, fully well fed, plenty of recreation, and as far as duties, they exist in name rather than in fact. They kick about inactivity, but he is sure they will kick even harder when they do have something to do. He then notes the drafted men are the worst. He then writes...

"Had a rather remarkable thing happen to me right after the show last night. As I was going out I was stopped by a soldier from Taiton, Texas, a boy that used to go to school to me when I was teaching there, and who got practically all his common school education either from John or me. He was drafted into the army from Denver, Colorado, and has been here for several months. You can imagine I was surprised to see someone from Taiton. He is in the regiment I am assigned to. In case you should have occasion to mention this to any of my folks, his name is Henry Hajovsky. The kids all know him, as they have gone to school with him.

Had a call last night to see the smallpox case. His troubles are over with this morning. These oriental cases certainly are awful cases. They seem to be either mild or else the extremes, like the confluent,

hemorrhagic, or the purpuric type. We are making a very hard fight to limit the trouble to this one man. It remains to be seen how successful we will be. The haemorrhagic is the so-called "black small-pox" type."

Major Roberts, the post dentist came in to see Dr Joe and tells him he knows Major Mann and a Thad Shaw that were from Texas. He had met them when on duty at Fort Bliss, Texas. He seems to have grown fond of Thad, he writes, and then comments... "Depends on a man's taste, I guess." The junior dentist and Dr Joe had planned to go horseback ridding but with the weather change decided to wait till another day. It seems the commanding officer of the post and the surgeon seem to be the only ones with horses. He hopes the major won't care much for horse riding when he gets there so he can get a closer look at the mountain ranges he can see in the distance. The major is due in about two more days.

The next morning he meets the hospital train. It travels up and down the line between Vladivostok and the other stations. The man that runs the train came over on the Logan with him. It comes on a regular basis and brings the official mail, and collects the patients that need more thorough or extended treatment and takes them to the Evacuation Hospital at Vladivostok. As he walks over to the train, he remarks that the place reminds him more of home in Wharton County, as he is having to wear his rubber boots about half the time now. The boots go up to their hips so they should not worry about a little mud.

That afternoon he and the "tooth carpenter" took a walk down town. They decided the shortest distance between two points was a straight line, he writes....

" The town really consists of two towns. Evgenevka, the railroad station and the place where we are located is a town of about 1000 population. The main streets are wide; there are a few brick buildings, but most of them are small huts and wooden houses; examples of native architecture. Our barracks are somewhat to one side of the town. The town proper has a primitive sanitary system, which is to say that it has none. The stores are for the most part owned by Chinese and Koreans, though there are a few first class Russian and Japanese stores.

The other town, about a mile from here and merging into Evgenyevka, is Spasskaya, up on a hill. We have not been there yet, and as I understand we are not exactly popular over there, I do not think I shall be in any too great a hurry to get there.

The people here are about half-and-half, Caucasians and Mongolians. The Caucasians are Russians or Siberians of several different shades and dialects; and the Mongolians are Koreans, and a few Chinese and Japanese. The Koreans dress differently than the Chinese, but wear their hair long like the Chinese do. I will not attempt to describe any of the types before I can send you a picture of them. A glance at that will tell you more than a whole page-full of description would.

The great days in the village are the market days, Saturday and Monday. People come from all of the surrounding country and bring their

wares. They may have only a few chickens, but they will come as far as twenty miles to sell those here. Farm products and a few other things constitute the greater part of the stuff sold on these days. Our cook usually goes down on those days and gets some provisions. Today he got a fine fat chicken for ten roubles - about 75 cents, and a dozen fresh eggs for about 22 cents. I have not investigated these market days as closely as I would like to, but I shall as soon as this mud dries out a bit.

The stores in the town itself do not handle much out of the absolute necessities. There are some very good pastry stores; their pastry - the Russian - is famous. We get the cakes - small ones, like cookies, at 12 for 50 cents. There are quite a few fish markets and fish pickling establishments, but they do not look exactly tempting, and I have not lost any time inspecting their wares. I have tried to get a hold of some furs, but the only ones I see are red fox, and those are outrageously high. In the larger towns the fur industry is controlled by the Americans, and the prices are as high as in the States - besides one has to pay duty on furs. Sometimes, I understand they have some Manchurian lion skins here, but I have not seen any yet. An English major whom I met on the train told me he bought some here."

The days start to warm up and the snow and ice disappear except in the shady corners but the mud is still plentiful. He and the "tooth carpenter" start plans for their next trip out.

Chapter 102 - Day Trip

As the weather started to warm up, an attempt was made for more outings to see the countryside and the people. Dr. Joe writes on April 6, 1999...

..."This was the warmest day we have had since we have come here. The snow and ice disappeared except in the shady corners; and mud was plentiful everywhere. About noon, however the roads began to dry off considerably, and the tooth carpenter and I decided that we had better take a ride. We started out at 1:30 and rode out west towards the mountains. We found a village about three miles away from here, and hoped that there we would be able to study the native in his native haunts, but we had hardly entered the village before we saw American soldiers surrounded by peasant girls having a deuce of a good time. Here, like in the States, you can't go anywhere without running into our soldiers. How they talk to those girls is beyond me; but maybe that's what they are there for; they are learning the language. The idea that the only way to learn the language is to get a girl seems to be quite prevalent here. But I have also noticed that complications other than those of irregular verbs and highly inflected sounds follow in not a few cases. Also, quite a number of our men and officers are getting married here. The officers get this way at Habarovsk and at Vladivostok; I don't think there is much danger of any of them marrying here. But this is digressing from the original subject in this paragraph.

The road we travelled was wide enough, but there was no ditch on the side, neither was the road thrown up in the middle, so there was quite a lot of mud and mud puddles, but we were able to pick our way pretty well. This being Sunday, we saw quite a number of groups of children along the way playing and eating pumpkin and sunflower seeds. They always smiled when they saw us; the country people and their children seem to like the Americans quite well. At one place the dentist gave a little boy some American pennies, and when we came back the boy stood near the road and yelled "Amerikanets horoshee!" Which is to say, "Americans are all right!" We also saw groups of larger girls, evidently in their best - the most important part of which seemed to be an oversized headkerchief - indulging in holiday jollifications; in a number of cases they were grouped about some guys in O.D. uniforms.

Pumpkin seeds and sunflower seeds, roasted, serve the same purpose here than peanuts and pop-corn serve at home, except that they seem to be more generally used. When you go down town, you see Koreans selling these along with peanuts and oranges on street corners. It seems funny at first to see people munching these seeds, but after a while, I understand, you not only get used to seeing this but acquire the habit yourself. I have to censor the letters for the detachment and also the patients, and in several of these the boys say that they have gotten the habit. In a recent one a boy says, "I guess you wonder what I do on Sundays. Usually I go to see some people near here and we sit around and

eat pumpkin seeds and drink tay - that's the Rusky name for tea. "--I have not tried either the pumpkin or sunflower products.

Sunflower raising seems to be quite an industry, too. All along the way we could see fields with old sunflower stalks in them, just like you would see old cornfields at home. I bet these fields are pretty when all the flowers begin to bloom.

The houses along the way were frame buildings made of boards sawn by hand; most of the lumber seems to be made in this way. This is the way they go about it. They have lots of time here and do not mind putting half a day on each board. The roof consists of straw or grass like in Japan; in about half the cases, however, they have galvanised tin roofs, like the garages are made of at home. The wells, not only out in the country, but even here in town in many places, are made on this order. They are usually shallow and dependent on the neighbouring marshes and stables for their supply of water. The mortality they cause during the summer is very high; this is especially true of the highly contaminated ones here in town. Those in the country do not have so much of an opportunity to become infected. Typhoid and Typhus, dysenteries of the most virulent types, and other gastrointestinal disorders, are very common; the Austrian prisoners' surgeon here tells me that in the summer these diseases literally wipe out whole families.

We rode near the hills and admired the scenery for a while. The higher of the hills are still covered with snow. This country certainly must look fine in the spring. Well, we will no doubt get to see what it looks like; spring will no doubt be here in another month. We turned back then, and got in after we had ridden for 2 hours in all.

This morning Henry, the boy I met the other night, came in to see me and stayed for about two hours. He has been here from late last summer, and seems to have had quite a view of the country and some interesting experiences. But as he has had a pretty good job in civilian life, he is rather impatient to get back to it.

Tonight we went to a vaudeville at the Y.M.C.A. Oh, yes; you can here. Here, as in France, Sunday afternoon baseball games are announced at the morning services by the chaplain. That's one of the natural results of the war; or one of the horrors of the war, if you want to call it that. Well, anyway, we went to it, and liked it pretty well, except for the fact that some of the music brought me back to the time we were at Washington, and I began to feel homesick. But, fortunately, a funny act came on in time, and the piano player's life was saved.

The Austrian prisoners' surgeon told me this morning that he has located two cases of typhus exanthematicus among the Russian population during the past week. So when this morning one of our soldiers came with the glad news that he was full of pediculi vestiment (lice), I felt like tying a millstone about his neck and dropping him into one of these ponds. But

as this was not permissible, we put him through a treatment that, from his standpoint, was not very much pleasanter. If our men don't quit associating with these lousy natives, we are going to adopt some such radical treatment as setting them afire with kerosene soaked clothes on, or something like that.

I am glad we took our ride yesterday. The sun seems to be sulking today, and it looks like we are going to have a rain. We were to go riding at three thirty, but had to call it off.

I see now that the chief events over here will be mail days. It is still two days before mail gets here, but I can hardly wait for the time to come. Very likely I won't have a thing, but I understand that a transport has come in, and I am building my hopes on that. I think it is the one that left San Francisco eight days after we did. It went the roundabout way of Honolulu and Manila. Well, if I don't get any mail now, I'll look forward to the next mail day. I certainly feel sorry for some of these Austrian prisoners who have been here ever since the beginning of the war. We have 90 of them here now.

We have absolutely no medical books. I certainly wish I had taken some of my books with me. But that's the way it goes in this blooming army. There I have carried some of my books with me ever since I have been in service, and never had any use for them, and as soon as I send them home, I begin to need them. I wish I knew whether it was worth to have them sent here. We have a fair amount of supplies but no books.

A case of acute appendicitis dropped in to see us this evening. And the hospital train does not go through until next Friday. Well, if he gets so that he cannot wait till then, he is likely to lose his appendix right at this hospital. We have enough material to improvise and sterilise the means somehow."

Several days pass and the hospital is kept busy. He is not sure when he will be able to take another day trip. Time passes while he waits for the trains to arrive....

Chapter 103 - News From Home

One of Dr Joes's highlights was receiving letters and news from home. Almost all of his mail was from Golda. He did hear some from his brothers and sisters, but rarely. This kept him up on some of what was being said and what was going on in the States. The time delay on asking and getting a reply to a question took a long time. Under the best of conditions, it was about 3 to 4 weeks for the letter to get to the other end, and even if it was answered promptly, it would take 3 to 4 weeks to get back. So a 6 to 8 week wait for an answer was minimal and not unusual. A real test of patience I am sure. This was of course if the letter didn't go missing to begin with, either on the way over or the reply on the way back. Golda writes as soon as she starts to receive his letters that he is mailing from the train as he is on his way to San Francisco.

"...Sorry you can't say much for Chicago or that part of it you saw. My opinion of St Louis is something similar, only worse. I'm waiting at the station now. Didn't start till Friday night in order to make sure of Pullman reservations from St. Louis. Well I reserved the space all right but missed the Katy Limited 15 minutes. Our train was 1 hour 10 minutes late. The snow and sleet must have delayed fast travelling. I got an upper berth for this evening's train, the Texas Special, and will have to send in my first ticket for refund. They wired for it to be released, etc. etc...

Fortunately I didn't have to spend all the time alone. There was a lady - wife of an exportware man in I.M. depot at Jeffersonville who had to wait till two p.m., so she and I attended to our business, checked our hand bags, found out from the matron where there was a respectable picture show, took a car and saw a picture. Then we had lunch, no we had breakfast and lunch together before we went to the show -- asked all the questions we could, bought some candy and then she left at 2 p.m. I read "Ramsy Mulholland," took a nap in the rest room, got up, washed my face, powdered my nose and began to write -- so here I be.

Everyone at the house has been so very thoughtful of my entertainment since you left.... I had dinner with Mrs and Lt Sturm, next day with Pete, next and last with Mrs George. Mrs George also took me as her guest to hear the colored singer. Some voice! We wished for you to hear him. Sounded just like Caruso. You should have heard that darky handle the French and Italian from the operas. His manner was very modest so unlike an accomplished Negro.

The Moors took me to the train, also Mrs Sturm. Dr. Moore reminds me of Dr. Story -- the more I see him the better I like him. Well I don't know where to send this - believe I'll make a stab - maybe you will get it before you sail. Then I'll write after I get to Cleburne. You can't high tone me about an upper. I'll try one tonight...

5th of March 1919. ...The Kodak scenes came yesterday. I judge that most of them were taken from the Sierras. Why didn't you have one taken of you? ... My stay so far has been uneventful. Haven't arranged my programme, will wait till I come back from Young Co. There's a gym

class for women at the YMCA - this is the reason for having a man instructor. I'm going to try to be economical and spend money only for my improvement. I'll not need clothes - just a few - since you are not here to admire me. I broke my left lens last week - it cost me \$2.50. The allotment has not come but it's hardly time. I'll give them till the middle of the month and then raise cane. Thank you for having me to draw on your account but I can make out till I get my salary. I sent your picture to the Pamatnik but have not heard from it yet...

March 7. Received five letters and a card today. That's going some, eh? All the letters were forwarded from Louisville, one from Dr. Graves, Dr Lee, Jerome, Cyril, and Babe...Cyril's, (Dr Joe's brother), letter had been delayed because of insufficient address. He was answering your "questionnaire" as he called it... Jerome, (another of Dr Joe's brothers), is still in the army. I'll send his letter in this since it was quite newsy"...

As she is living with one of her sisters for now, she tries to help by taking care of the kids. Some days Annie goes to town and she takes the boys outside to play, as it is the only way to keep the house in one piece. Lyle Donaldson is one of the boys. (I knew him later when he was one of the department heads at Southwest Research in San Antonio.) They decide to go to her folks place near Graham, "Brama Willis." Lyle, Joe Richard, Annie, and Golda set out for a change in scenery and to see how her folks were. She reported they were both doing fine. Her brother Virgil had had some bad luck as his baby came in January, but the little girl only lived 10 days.

Golda reports that Mr. Turner had sent a telegram inquiring about him. He had read that he had been discharged from the army and wanted to know if he was going to return to El Campo. She decides that the fresh country air and good food will make her fat, so she is exercising every day and plans on staying for about a month in the country. It has been very spring-like one day and not the next. It has been raining almost every day.

"Annie and I are visiting at Virgil's today. Have been here ever since Saturday evening; and it has rained ever since Saturday evening. ...Lyle and Joe Richard are having the time of their lives with so many children to play with. One of them said I wore glasses because Uncle Joe did. Carl wears my rings and glasses most of the time. He thinks I was very selfish not to give you a ring since you gave me two. ... Lottie and Annie laugh at Virgil and me because we talk all the time about oil. They say they think we will be wealthy real soon but we talk just the same. There is a great oil boom in this country now. Can you imagine lands selling around Graham for \$200.00 per acre? It can happen. Oil has been found out west of town and land near there is being leased for \$450.00 peer acre. Father leased his land last year for \$2.50 per and they thought that was good. They could get about \$20.00 now. If it hadn't been for the oil boom here the people in this country would have suffered for crops were a complete failure. Wouldn't it seem grand if we were to strike oil on

our old hilly land? Then I could go to San Francisco to meet you when you come home.

I saw Dr Grant when I went to town. He said he never got to France, stayed in England. None of Stella's boys have returned yet. Seems Polk went up to the front twice and his division was going up for the third time when the armistice was signed. He was given a trip around the world because of his good marksmanship. I fear that he will be terribly stuck up.

I've been out watching work in tree surgery. John Simmons, one of those twelve grandchildren of Aunt Betty's is visiting her now. He is a graduate of A&M Montana and he is fixing up her trees and orchard. He chiselled out a great deal of dead wood inside a large live oak tree and filled the cavity with concrete. He said men from their institute did all the work in the Capitol grounds at Washington. He has been working for Dr. Cole who owns the Richard Harding Davis estate in New York. Two of his brothers are still in France. We are going home tomorrow...

Got a letter today from Lilly (Dr Joe's sister), said Jerome was home, didn't plan on being discharged so soon. They have a victrola now and Lilly said she played it while the others danced. She said the country there this spring was more beautiful than she had ever seen it. Said the wild flowers were plentiful and that their roses were beginning to bloom. Everything is pretty here too. The grass is green and the wild flowers are trying to show people what they can do when there is sufficient rain. Nearly every day, except the days when it's raining, I go out and gather flowers...

April 5th - Still it rains! If it continues the wheat crop is in danger. One can almost see the grass and weeds grow. I took Tom's picture with four other puppies by the lilac bush. He wants to pose again because he wants to give one picture away. He can't understand how more than one picture can be made from one pose...

April 10th - We had a little rainstorm last night - a few hailstones fell also. It looked as if every thing was going to be torn up by a hard shower of hail, but the cloud went around this vicinity. Can't say what it did to the more unfortunate critters. The wind blew away quite a few of the lilac blooms, and I'm so sorry....

Went to Graham yesterday with Father and spent the night with the Morrisises. We went riding yesterday evening, ate pie at the new restaurant and attended the picture show last night. And, O such a picture show! Wild and woolly scenes and sorry comics. Graham is filled with new people, oil prospectors, workers, and etc; the house seemed to be filled with half-grown boys and children who let out Commanche yells every time an exciting scene was shown. I just sat back in amusement and chewed my gum as all the audience did. You will just have to get used to gum if ever you come to Graham and go to a movie.

The Morrisises asked about you and wished to be remembered to you. Martha Maae is as sassy as usual and talks about Dick incessantly. She said to tell you her "stable boy" had been to France and returned, and you got to go just to Siberia.

I can't see well by moonlight. The moon stole up into the sky before I realised that the sun had entirely gone. O, such a beautiful moon it is! Does it look so beautiful as it shines across the snow? Or is the snow still there where you are?

I wonder and wonder where you are and what you are doing. People drive me distracted asking how often you write and how long you will be there and all such senseless questions. One girl asked did I hear from you often and she knew you had had hardly time to get over there so I said, "Well, I don't get dailies now." Too dark, I must quit...

April 16th - Time moves on, but nothing exciting happens, not even in the oil activities. There is a well being drilled about four miles from here. There are wild rumours about one's going to be dug on the Cement Mountain, If this proves to be a success - why, I'll come clear to Siberia to see you.

Is there a chance of my coming over there and would you advise me to come? I don't think our troops will remain in there long. Public opinion here seems to be against our intervention in Russia. I read in the papers where our troops refused to fight at Archangel. They said they were drafted to fight Germany, and that was over and not to fight Bolsheviks. But they were persuaded by their leader to fight in self-defence.

Do you know that Texas has not got woman suffrage. They decided that it was unconstitutional. I guess she will have to wait and let three fourths of the more enlightened states decide it for her"...

It is now in the latter part of April and Golda is starting to receive the letters that he wrote on the Logan. She finds them very interesting and comments about him taking lectures from the Jew and lending him an attentive ear. (As far as women's suffrage, it takes three fourths of the states to pass a constitutional amendment for it to come in to law. Then it applies to the entire country).

Chapter 104 - Routine

By mid to late April a routine starts to emerge, and as he becomes more familiar with the camp and the men, more becomes apparent to him on what is going on. He writes back home and describes various events...

" Have been pretty busy last two days so lost out on writing. Tuesday there was not much to write, anyway, and at night I was writing mother a letter and when I got through, there was not much time left to write...

Tuesday night I made a check-up at the quarters and found that two of the men were staying out in town all night long. It seems that this was the first time any check up was made, and I took them somewhat by surprise. The next morning was mail day, and I did not get a single letter from the States, so I dealt it out to those two pretty hard. It seems that my predecessor was very lenient, and as a result the detachment does much as it pleases - or rather, did. I've had to stick three men already with company punishments, and this morning I broke the news to the men that here after no more punishments would be given by the Detachment Commander but that all offenders for AWOL and drunkenness would get a court-martial. Guess that will hold a few.

Business in the wards picked up for a while. In addition to the appendicitis case, we got a case of articular rheumatism and one of pneumonia. The appendicitis case is doing fairly well; the appendix seems to have ruptured and the abscess seems to be walled off. Will send him to the Evacuation Hospital at Vladivostok on tomorrow mornings hospital train.

The Austrian doctor brought one of his men here for an operation yesterday afternoon. The man had had a tendon on his thumb - the long extensor - cut some time ago, and he brought him here to do a plastic operation by suturing the tendon up. The operation was not very successful, as the severed ends of the tendon could not be brought together on account of the muscle contracting. The operation was done under local anaesthesia.

After the operation, the dentist and I took a ride over to the cement works, about 2 miles out of town. These are not now in operation, but as the powerhouse that lights the city is there, the place is guarded by our soldiers. The plant seems to be quite an institution; when it runs, it puts out 1000 barrels of cement daily. The roads out that way were rather muddy, but we found a good place to ride on right along the railroad track. They do not have the track fenced in, like they have in the states.

On our way there, we came upon several war cemeteries. One of these is a cemetery for Austrian prisoners. There are quite a number of crosses there; most of these, I suppose died during the typhus epidemic here. Another is a Japanese cemetery. Another is a Russian cemetery. And

still another is a Czech cemetery where those of the Czechs that fell here during the fight with the Bolsheviks are buried. It has a very fine monument, and the men are buried in six huge graves. I am going to take a picture of this some day.

It snowed nearly all day long today, but the snow would melt nearly as fast as it would fall. At times it snowed heavier than I have ever seen it. The men that have been here this winter say that they have never seen more than about two inches snow here at one time, and one of the men says that he lives in Penna and has seldom seen as mild a winter as they have had here. The cold does not worry us here, but it certainly gets muddy. At that it is no muddier than it is in Wharton County.

The Hospital received a lot of magazines, stationary, cigarettes, and candy from the Red Cross today, and the men were also paid off today, so the hospital is a rather live place tonight. I hear someone playing an accordion, some French harps and other forms of noises going on.

You would no doubt like to know how much fighting our army has done since it has been here. From the best I can learn, a little less than there was done at Camp Taylor. I would like to tell you more about the attitude of the people to us, but it is not permissible, and it really is unimportant and uninteresting. It will keep.

I'll take this to the Post Office so that you may be able to get it with next Friday's mail. Hope I'll have some letters next week...

..." have been in a rather nasty humour today, and I guess you are fortunate in being away. I received a letter from Bedford and also the returned resignation, of which he says he sent you a copy, and the context of which, therefore, you know by now. But, this is not much news to me; that's about what I expected, anyway. What gets on my nerves is this sacrilegious way of handling mail over here. Here are men getting mail that left the States on the 20th of March, and the last letters I had from you were still written in February. I know damned well you did not let three weeks go by without writing me! But this is what happens; they take the mail of some of us right through here to Haborovsk and let it lie there ten days, and then bring it to us. Wouldn't that jar you?

Gave a general anaesthetic for circumcision this morning. The idea was to make it look like a major operation as much as possible, so as to get the men worked in. Everybody went up in the air except the patient and the anaesthetist; the major cussed out his men and assistants right and left. I enjoyed the whole affair immensely, as a few blowouts like that is just exactly what this outfit needs. I started to straighten it out when I got here, and was speedily making myself unpopular for being so strict. Well, when the major came, I tipped him off about the looseness of the detachment, and thought he would not stand on discipline much, but see now that he and I will get along nicely. He seems to go right after the loose guys, and I don't think it will take many more court-martials to make

them understand that they will have to toe the mark. I'd rather have a man like that tell me to go to hell every once in a while than have a man like Mitenberger tell me how well I was doing.

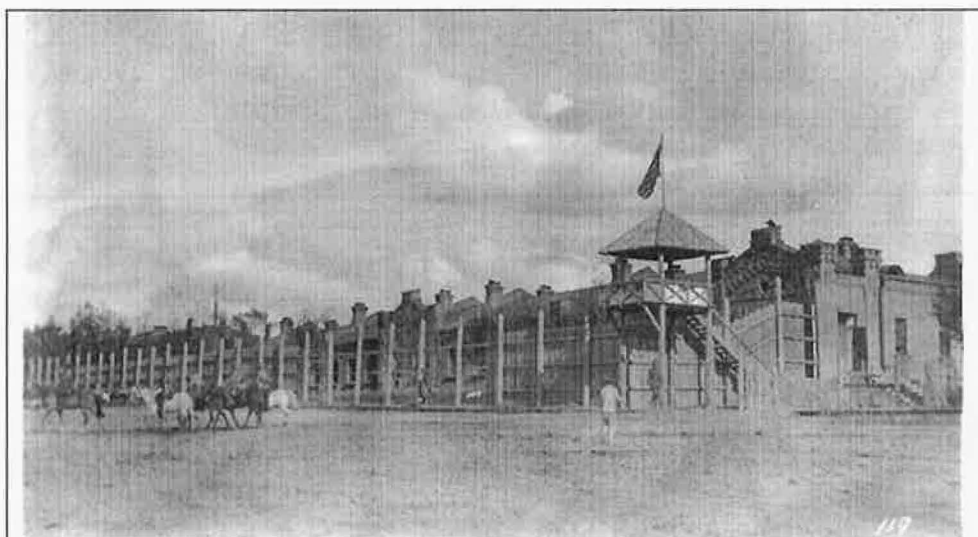
Two new cases of pneumonia for me today, and more of acute alcoholism. This vodka certainly lays them out. They look like they had been sandbagged.

Took a ride out to the cement plant this PM. The boy that used to go to school to me came to see me just before I started out, so I left the orderly here and took this boy along to act as my orderly, so we could talk as we rode along. We went by the Czech cemetery, also by the Japanese cemetery.

Got a Chinese patient from the Chinese command yesterday. I don't know a word of Chinese, and he does not know a word of English, so we ought to get along famously...

Enclosed you will find a series of cards showing Spasskoe. I have taken a few pictures over here myself, but as it seems impossible to get any printing paper here, I will wait till I find out definitely whether it can not be gotten at Vladivostok, and if not, will send you the negatives, and you can have the prints made. The developing - in case of my negatives - was done by German prisoners, and is fairly good for some of the pictures, and less so for others.

Picture 26: Card from Spasskoe



Spasskoe, Compound (fence), our barracks, our sentries, & the flag

I wish I had taken more of the films with me. One man who has a No. 3 Autographic like mine had to pay about a dollar per 6-exposure roll in Vladivostok. That's more than twice the price in the states...

Met the hospital train this morning. It was late, as usual. We did not have any patients to send in this time. This meeting the hospital train also has its social side. The medical man in charge of it gathers the gossip all along the way, and then when he pulls in here, we take about 20 minutes to swap rumours with him. Our coming on the boat together makes it so that nearly all the officers in the Expedition know each other.

Picture 27: Spasskoe post card sent by Dr. Joe



Mtns. in background, Russian hangar and aviation field in middle. Hospital in middle part of pic., one story bld. in distance, does not show.

The town is dead today on account of Easter. I understand, however, that tomorrow morning, after "Christ has risen," festivities will begin, and in a few hours every Russian will be drunk and will stay so for three days. If they are going to drink vodka, I don't see how they are going to stand it for three days.

A Polish native was brought in this afternoon. Don't know just what to make of him; he looks somewhat septic, and complains of pain in his chest; it may be a case of emphysema. Wish we had a blood counting apparatus here. We haven't even a Wright's stain to make a blood smear stain with. They did have some, but it must have been allowed to leak out; the bottle is dry now.

I have been feeling rather lonesome and grouchy today. This lonesomeness seems to be quite rampant over here. I visited the major tonight, and he seems to be the same way. There seems to be no time when we are not lonesome, but at times we are much more so than usual. It really looks amusing at times to see a few of the lonesome men together; they glare at each other and grouch until someone sees the humorous part of the situation and breaks out laughing. Some of the men have tried to solve this problem in the old-fashioned way - to wit, by drowning their troubles. To me it seems that this is worse than the evil itself. They have to wake up sooner or later and then in addition to the previous evil - which, of course, still remains they have to face a headache, and not infrequently, a court-martial...

Wish you would send me your picture, the one you had taken in Galveston. You need not send the folder, just send the photograph part. I want an Austrian prisoner to do some work on it; he does good work. Fix it up securely so it can not be bent or broken; please send it as soon as possible. Might be well to send it registered...

I remember that you are not especially fond of receiving typewritten letters, but here it is more or less a matter of convenience and necessity and not of choice. It is rather hard to get any stationary, except the Red Cross and it is not of the best quality; also, fountain pen ink is not available every time you want it. So you will have to put up with the typewriter once in a while.

I fell in arrears with my journal. Let's see. Friday morning the Major arrived. I did not get to see him until noon, as he came very early in the morning, and slept late, and I had to take a patient to the hospital train and as the train was late, had to wait till 11:20 AM at the depot. The major claims that he is a surgeon and that we are going to do all the operations over here instead of sending them to Vladivostok hereafter, which suits me all right. From what we can learn, we have a better hospital here than they have there, and in every way seem to be more prepared to handle surgical cases than they are.

I turned over the hospital to the major promptly. He asked me several hundred questions about things, and I answered them as fast as I could, and also told him of several proposed improvements. I do not know whether he will undertake them or not, things do not always look alike to two different men. I thought that I would best like to have my own line of work pointed out, attend to that strictly, and not bother about anything else. He asked me to take the medical wards, anaesthetics, sanitation of the Post, laboratory, as much as there is of one, and instruction of the detachment. That ought to keep me pretty busy. The sanitary problem alone is a pretty big one, but after the experience I have had, I shall take pleasure in working it out. Instruction of the detachment will take a good deal of time, too.

Picture 28: Small town in Siberia



Saturday afternoon, the dentist and I took a ride over to Spaskaya to see whether it is so that they do not like us over there. We made a

thorough survey of the place, but did not notice that they objected to us particularly. The town is up on a hill, and as it has much better drainage facilities, and does not seem to be as muddy and swampy as Yevgenyevka here. There is a good-sized school there, and the houses seem to be nicer than most of those over here. I had my Kodak with me, and took several pictures. The sun shone bright and, except for the mud under-foot, the ride was a very pleasant one. The place is connected with this post by a military road, which is not at all a bad one. Their roads, like the streets at Vladivostok, are paved with rock, and are somewhat rough for walking. -- Along the way in several places, little girls would run out in the road and call " Please, give gum." A YMCA man has been giving away gum to the children along the roads, and taught them how to ask for it.

The children here are not at all bad looking, in fact, most of them are quite pretty. But they seem to grow out of it somehow. I guess it must be partly on account of the hard work they do here.

Yesterday was Sunday. The day was fine. ... Got to work at eight o'clock and as I have only about a dozen patients in the ward, it does not take me very long to get through with those. But there is plenty of other work to do, and I can keep busy about as much as I want to. I want to get back to my Bohemian lessons pretty soon, too; I have typewritten only about four pages of them since I have come here. Too, I bought me a Russian spelling book not long ago; it is really a reader, even if they do call it a spelling book. I am nearly through that; I guess will soon be ready to go to the Second Reader.

... afternoon we went out riding again; we took the military road and rode out for about 12 versts. (A verst is about 7/10 of a mile.) Along the military road they have verst posts all along the road. In one place we came upon a bunch of pheasants, one rooster and two hens. The roosters are very pretty; the hens look about like prairie chickens only they seem to be a bit larger. We shot at them with .45's but did not get any of them. One of them would have made a pretty good supper for the two of us.

We saw three villages as we rode along, but did not get to any of them, as they were either too far away or too much out of our way. The people here do not live scattered all over the farms like they do at home; they live in villages, and there are no houses whatever on the farms. We saw some real large farms, but no houses on them. The country we rode through looked somewhat like McLennan County, and the fields were all grain fields.

Sunday night...went to the YMCA. There was a new vaudeville on, and it was pretty good, too. All, except one act, was home talent. The exception was a Chinese performer. He was very good; he would do well on any stage in the States. The boys are getting to where they have a hard time putting on a new show: they have no books, and they just have to make these shows up. They are also short on musical instruments; I wish I

had brought my violin with me. I wished it many a time on the boat, too; it would have helped to pass the time away.

...There is one nice thing about this Post. Practically every lieut. on duty here now came on the boat, so that we all know each other. The feeling of fellowship is much closer than I have every seen it in any camp in the States. It's got to be; we have to stick together, whether of the line or of the staff.

...Today nothing unusual occurred. In addition to my regular work, I inoculated thirty men against typhoid this afternoon, I did not know I was going to do it, but no one else seemed to be getting ready to do so, so I went after it myself. I have an idea that I will not have to fight with these other men because they want to hog all the work. They seem to be quite liberal that way.

This afternoon I went to see the Czechs. Two of the American soldier-Czechs were there also; in fact, it is pretty hard to go over there without finding some of them there. I always have lots of fun when I get there, as those men of ours and the Czechs certainly can rake each other over the coals. Both gangs are pretty witty.

... The Chinese soldiers are getting to be on very good terms with us. They look pretty snappy, too. Their officers, especially, are smart-looking chaps. The officers do not speak English, but speak French. Their uniform is somewhat like ours. If I can get any time to get away tomorrow, I want to go over to see their quarters; I understand they are quite unique. I saw one of their captains yesterday, and he did not look at all bad.

... another pretty busy day today. Gave an anaesthetic this morning; the first one I have given since I have left civilian practice, I believe. I have not forgotten how, though; the major even complimented me. The case was a suspected fracture of the lower end of the tibia; I think it turned out to be just a laceration of some of the ligament.

...Thursday PM.,... not a darn bit of mail this week, either. What makes me mad is that I see some letters here have left San Francisco on the 20th of March, I know well that you have written me at the end of February and that date. The two letters I have received from you so far were both written in Feb. There is of necessity a good deal of confusion with the mail, but it does seem to me that there is more than is really excusable. I have not received a letter from anyone else since I have come here... The date reminds me that it is exactly two months since I have last seen you...

Made out all of this month's check to your name, as I have no use for it here and it is only so much more bother to have to take care of it here. I have spent only my mileage and some ten dollars of the original two hundred dollars. I certainly ought to be able to save a little while I am

here. There is nothing to spend money for. -- By the way, how are those allotments coming along? If they are as prompt as everything else seems to be, they will get to you about ten years from now.

...Everything is all right except that I believe I am growing fat again. We are fed pretty well, and I do not get as much exercise as I ought to. But I will pretty soon, for in addition to the horseback riding we are going to have some drilling pretty soon for the men, and I think I am going to conduct some of that myself. There is really so much to do that every day I leave some things undone. Will have to keep a memorandum, I guess"...

The routine, as time goes on, becomes his framework out of which he adjusts how he spends his time. Between the medical, camp side, he is determined to see the countryside and the people who live in it.

Chapter 105 - Letters From Home

Golda's letters written in late April (at the time Dr Joe is on his way to Lake Baikal) telling him she is just now receiving his letters from Japan. She brings him up to date on the current home events....

"Come and enjoy the evening in the country with me. I ran away from everyone at the house and came out to the hill where the flowers grow. If you could see the mass of purple and white that covers the hillside and valley you would call the scene most beautiful. And the fragrance! I believe it is making me drunk with homesickness for you and those spring days of last year. I don't want to write, I just want to sit and think those dear days over.

But here; I must come to earth again! Would you like a graphic picture of your Frau (is that the way to spell zena?) as she sits on the hillside mooning-no sunning? Arrayed in Golda's blue sack apron which reaches half way between my shoe tops and knees, revealing two white stockinged legs that disappear in two number six mother comfort shoes, I am indeed a picture of rustic design. My hair is slicked back underneath a rufflesless blue sunbonnet and my chin is adorned by a big pimple in the left-hand corner. (Underneath my apron, I will add, a suit of your B.V.D.'s complete my costume) Now wouldn't you "just love" me like this?

I wear this dear apron to save laundering my dresses. Out here we are our own wash ladies. I do a little of every kind of work - sewing, embroidery, tatting, milking, washing, ironing - etc. etc, I enjoy getting out with the youngsters because they are so full of life and fun.

(Care if I write on both sides? Thanks.) We sent the school victrola by Father to have it repaired today. We mean to have some good ole music tonight and dance a bit. One family has kept the victrola until they tore it up so we think it's our turn. Golda and Frances are trying to learn to dance. I being the teacher am doubtful of their success. There are no kind of amusements here for them to attend; the people are so tacky & ignorant. Some of the natives give dances and dance till the train goes by in the morning.

(You asked if I attended a picture show on Sunday. My dear, in small towns like Cleburne and Graham people who attend shows on Sunday are not considered "nice." But I'd attend shows if I had you with me to go to one these Sunday evenings.) And I'd like to hear you "fuss" if you felt so inclined. Besides our little misunderstandings didn't amount to much and we had such a beautiful time making up. I know when you were so generous in your forgiving and self-rebuke, I would feel so mean for getting cross and irritable and secretly resolve never to get upset by small or petty frictions. But I did. If one could live only in those moments of fine impulse and keen emotions when the heart is generous, and sacrifice seems to be the only thing worth living for!

The sun is nearly down. Guess I'll wend my way back to the house. O gee! I'll bet Father has a letter from you to me! Yep, he brought me three - no four. All your Japanese letters and the one from Vladivostok. Wheee! You don't know what a relief it is to know that you've safely landed and well contented! It must have been an awful suspense when the submarine menace was at its worst. Well I'm just so glad, just tickled green because I got your letters. Because of them I celebrated by not helping wash the supper dishes.

So you're in a base hospital at last. I know you are glad. I haven't sent as many letters as you have only seven I think. Yet you have more to tell about and mine are so commonplace and silly. I'll try to do better now since I know that you are there.

Your letters from Nagasaki were opened by the censor. The first ones were not, however. I'm mad at him because he posted his old seal on my pretty envelopes. I would be most happy to see Japan, but I'd be dreadfully bewildered all alone among those jabbering idiots...it was sweet and thoughtful of you to try and get something but I was afraid the duty might be high... Everything is outrageous. I got a plain gingham dress and paid 50 cents per yard for it. And the price for this year's cotton is predicted to be low. It seems like old Farmer Jones isn't getting a square deal - but he never does...

Received a letter from Dr Bedford containing a copy of your request for discharge. He said he sent you one also, so you know the answer on it. I halfway hoped that it would be approved - but there was no such luck. It didn't reach the Adj. General till the 29th and you had been at sea for four days. Dr Bedford extended his sympathy and offered again his assistance in any way needed. I wrote acknowledging the receipt of letter and papers and thanked him for his kindness; also told him about hearing from you and that you had an interesting trip etc. etc.....

By the way! I had a chance to nurse for Dr Willie P. He phoned and one of the neighbours answered - our phone wasn't working and he told her to tell me to call him but I never did. I didn't see any need of bothering about it, he knew I wasn't nursing or I would have told them I was. (As Golda continued to improve from her rheumatic heart condition, rest was one of the main considerations. She was to improve herself and get lots of rest. In the past when she nursed, she would go on for days taking care of patients till she was at the point of collapsing). It would be nice money made on the side, but why should I worry about money? Doesn't my husband get \$228 per? - say do you draw that much besides my allotment or is that all of our salaries combined? I've received Feb & March allotments. Have spent my board out of it and that's all. I pay the folks board, for I don't feel like a sponging on them when I'm able to pay it. Of course I'll not pay board while I'm at Homer's (her brothers), for I'll be giving them my services and that's enough.

.... I'll work real hard and see if I can get "cultured" while you're away. We must have about a thousand in the bank now. I have not transferred your account from Louisville yet. I wrote for a statement before I left Cleburne and mean to transfer it when I return... Today is the day set for the signing of the peace terms by Germany. I hope she does not hesitate so that everything can be settled soon. I also hope that our troops do not have to stay long in Russia to defend English and French bonds.

I'm making my blue gingham dress. Took a sudden notion yesterday evening to make it a sailor blouse and pleated skirt and acted accordingly. It looks as if it will be quite serviceable and when we go to housekeeping it will be a good housedress. But if you stay away very long, I'll be so cultured that you will hardly recognise me as your wife... I told you about the dress I started late Friday afternoon? Well I was finishing the same dress on Sunday. There is a superstition that if a job is started on Friday and not completed the undertaking will not be a success. This happens to be an exception to the rule for the dress is very attractive - made it without a pattern, too. Perhaps the finishing on Sunday changed the luck.

We're a heathenish community of people out here anyway. Most all the natives set out vegetable plants yesterday because they wished to take advantage of the threatening rain. There's a rumour afloat that there's to be a S.S. organised at the little schoolhouse next Sunday. What puzzles me is how the people can quit working long enough to go to S.S. (S.S. stands for Sunday School, Mabel. Don't think it is Steam Ship. Since you have lived on the sea so long, you may be inclined to think in nautical terms principally.)"

Golda writes that she is going to take her suitcase of clothes and go to Lina's and Homer's as Lina is nine days overdue. The next morning at 7:30 they have a new little boy to take care of. Dr Grant was the physician and wanted to talk Golda into nursing some of his patients. She already sees that she still needs lots of rest. She plans on returning to Cleburne soon... She notes that she received three more of his letters - one written in Japan had again been opened by the censor. Golda closes with

"We had an excellent rain last night. It came just when needed. Today the sun shines, the birds sing and vegetation grows. I'm going to have Lina sit up today for the first time. One of the little boys informed his brother when his brother spoke of "when mama gets well", that he didn't know when his mama would get well - that she might be sick a year. He couldn't tell.

They are good kiddies and do as I tell them. The oldest one dries dishes and runs errands for me all day long. The other takes drinks, water etc. to his mother. They are very grateful to me for staying here for they were afraid little brother would die without anyone to care for him. They are very fond of him even Nellie, the little girl, thinks he is "pitty" and "feet"...

Chapter 106 - Experiences

As he starts to settle and relate some of his experiences, orders come through and he is on the move again, but not before he sees some of the nightlife and surrounding towns.

"Had two rather interesting and illuminating experiences yesterday. The first was with the Chinese; and the second with the Russians.

I was sent over to the Chinese company yesterday afternoon to see some of their sick soldiers. They have no doctor of their own. Two of the cases were advanced pulmonary tbc, I believe, (I have the slides here but have not stained them yet) and there were also a few less important cases. After I got through with the cases, one of the officers took me through the barracks, and then took me to the officers' room and gave me some cigarettes and also some kind of drink; I haven't figured out just yet as to what it might have been. I have a suspicion, however, that it was chocolate made in the same way tea is made; that is, hot water poured over the cocoa powder. If you want to know what it tasted like, try it. I gave them credit for good intentions, and did my darndest to drink down as much of it as possible, so they would not think I was unappreciative, but it was a hard job, and when I got down about half of it, I decided I had done my duty, and quit right there. Next time I go over there, as soon as I get through with my work, I'll find it convenient to go over to our part of the town.

The other occasion was a party of the Russian officers' club. About 26 of the American officers attended this. The party began about 11 PM. Those of us that got there earlier, just sat and looked at each other. The idea seems to be over here that night begins about 11 PM, and the people just sit around till then, and look as if they thought that it certainly was tough that they had to wait all that time, but that, of course, any good time before then would be absolutely out of order. At eleven we took our places at the tables, some suspicious-looking bottles were passed around, and some kind of a singer sang a song; and a fiddler fiddled a tune. About midnight, tongues seemed to be wagging pretty loosely, and conversation seemed to be flowing pretty freely. At 12:30 AM singing began to replace the conversation, and those of the party that could stand up drank toasts to everybody and everything. By 1 AM we saw why some of the Americans were not exactly popular with the better classes over here. By 1:30 AM two-thirds of us, older and wiser for the experience of the past few hours, took the remaining one third home, went to bed, and stayed awake till 2:30 AM thinking hard about a few things.

There was no hospitality, as we know it, shown when we came to the party. It began to appear about 1 AM, and then it became quite moist and effusive. "Nuff Sed."

There were a great many Russians, both men and women, present; also a few Japanese. I'll give you some of the details when I see you. Quite an education, to say the least. I thought of you all the time, and wished you could have seen some parts of it, and was glad you were not there to see some other parts of it.

The dance began about 2 AM and lasted till 4 AM. Of course, that was after we left there, so I do not know just what it was like. I can imagine...Forgot to state, that on superficial examination, the beverage contained in the suspicious looking bottles proved to be something resembling Whitmore's Shoe Polish (liquid), but must have been much more deadly, if I may judge by the effects it produced on those that partook of it. Some of it was spilled on one man's uniform and left a stain like a furniture varnish would...

... Certainly wish I had some sodium cocdytate here to use on that relapsing fever case. I feel that then, even without the arsenobenzol; he might have a chance to get well. It's a darned shame that we can't have some more drugs here....

Gave an anaesthetic for a minor operation in a home for the Austrian doctor today. It was in one of the better homes in town. The patient was a girl about 12 years old; the operation, opening of an abscess. The operation took about 10 minutes, but the whole affair took about 2 hours. After we got through with the operation, we went in to tea. There we drank "cay" (tea) ate cookies and talked and talked. This is the way things are done here. As I told you before, they have lots of time here in the Orient, and convention and politeness must be all means be complied with.

The way they serve tea is interesting. The "samovar" is set on the table and the fire in it - something on the order of one of those large-wicked oil lamps we use in the states - is kept going all the time. The tea is turned on through a spigot, as it is needed. If I can get a hold of a good samovar, I am going to bring it home with me.

By the way, I am getting to be quite a tea-drinker. I drink tea for breakfast every morning. At other meals I drink evaporated milk diluted one-half with hot water. We dare not use the fresh milk around here. (Rainy and muddy. It snowed for a while today, but the snow did not last at all, as the ground was too warm. It rains here as much as it does in Wharton Co.)

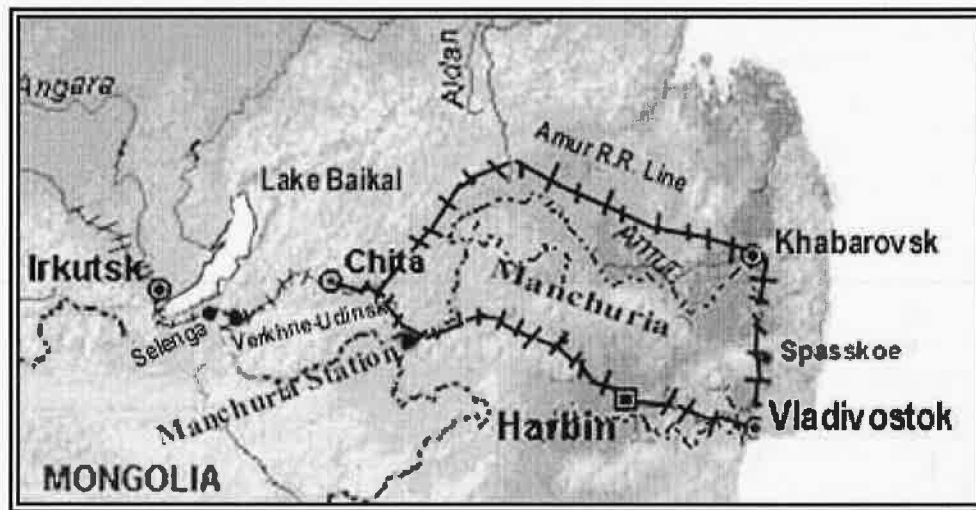
Wednesday came and no mail. I am getting somewhat uses to this now; at least I do not feel like committing murder when I fail to get any mail. Besides, I have a strong hope that some of my mail has been sent to Habarovsk by mistake and will come back here tomorrow morning...

The Americans gave a dance last night. There were about 18 Russian girls present, and these, of course, were the only girls present. Our own orchestra played. The girls present practically all knew how to one-step, but did not seem to do much foxtrotting or waltzing. They waltz all right as long as two of them dance together, but they do not seem to be able to waltz with the Americans. The Russians turn around much more in waltzing than we do. None of the girls speak English, and of course none of the Americans speak Russian to any extent, so it was rather interesting to see how they got along. I suppose, a few of these dances would stimulate the study of Russian around here.

I stayed till midnight as an interested spectator and, to a limited extent, as an interpreter, and then beat it home. I had not yet fully recovered from the loss of sleep last Monday night.

Think I'll soon go to the place I wrote about from Vladivostok. Have no definite orders yet, except that I am instructed to hold myself in readiness. Here's hoping. I like the present assignment all right, but I want to see as much of the country as possible. (Still muddly. It is trying hard to snow, but is not making much of a headway. If we go further inland, we have fine prospects of seeing some snow. Summer lasts there only through August).

Map 10 Lake Baikal to Vladivostok



Lake Baikal - Mongolia - Manchuria - Vladivostok

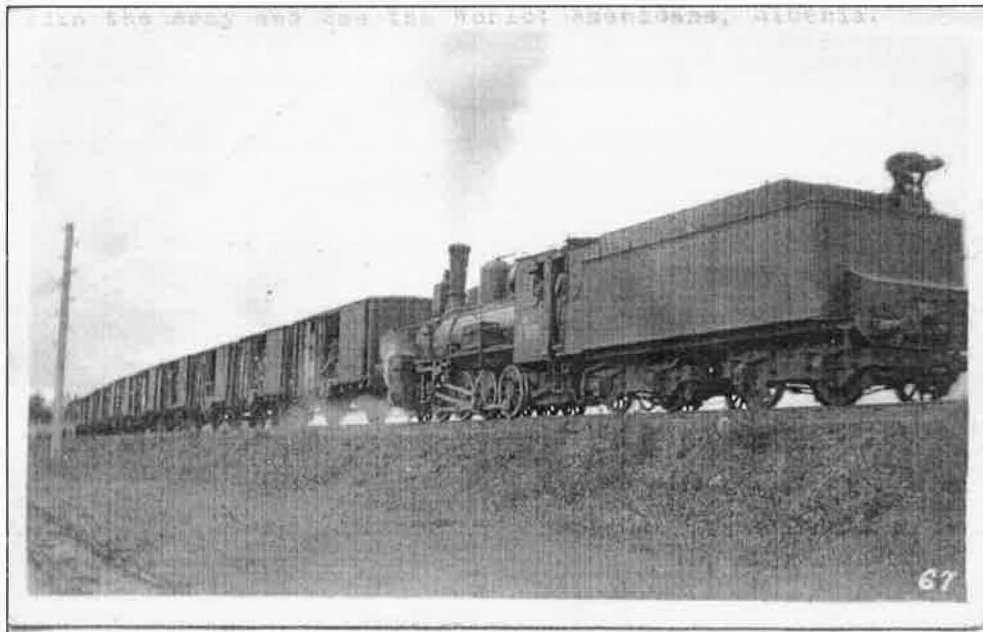
... On my way again. Expect to travel for about two weeks going to Lake Baikal. Great trip. No mail yet. Address as before, AEF, Vladivostok, Siberia. Everything fine...

Manchuria, China - (Manchuria Station) April 30, 1919 - Not very easy to write on this train while it is in motion. We have a YMCA car on our train, and it certainly helps lots. Men from my detachment are working in it. They have hot tea all the time, cakes, phonograph,

cigarettes, writing paper and pencils; all free. Helps a great deal when you are on a 14-day trip in boxcars.

But it is a great trip at that, and I have enjoyed every bit of it so far. This is our 3rd day out. I am in command of 27 men, good men, too. The other men in the train are under Major Scudde. There is also a dental major, so that there are three officers in all. The whole train is a troop train, medical dept. only. We have things pretty comfortable; my detachments are so fixed that there are only 11 to each boxcar; that's pretty comfortable. We stop for two meals a day; that gives us plenty of time not only to eat but to get hot water, wash up and get a clean shave. We stop at the smaller stations long enough to stretch our legs and at the cities for two or three hours at a time. We have plenty of feed and good feed at that.

Picture 29: American Troop Train - Siberia



The officers and their three strikers and the interpreter (the boys call him "interrupter") have one-fourth class passenger car to themselves; it is rather rough, but not bad at that. We travel at the rate of 15 - 25 miles an hour and so get to see the country pretty well. The weather gets pretty cold at times, but the way we are clad, never so cold that we can not hang out on the outside of the car and observe the country. The sun shines most of the time.

The country so far is chiefly hilly; we are travelling up a river valley all the time, as that seems to be the only way to make any headway. No green grass or trees yet, of course.

Plenty of interesting incidents happen to break the monotony of the trip. I will relate a few.

At one place we saw a great many Czechs, practically all over 42 years old. They were on their way to Vladivostok, from where they are to go home by way of the Suez Canal. I spoke to them for about an hour. They are great fellows and the world will never realise how much they have done to win this war for the Allies. All the Allies here realise it. And the Czechs here are the only Allies that have the respect and confidence of the other Allies. I am very proud of them and of being their blood kin. They are of a great help to us, too, for they have a wonderful Intelligence System. Good many of them have lived in the U.S. and speak English well, and so are on good terms with the boys.

At another place we met a Russian sanitary train and Major Roberts and I went through. The nurse told us they had been on their way for 4 weeks now. There were six cars of wounded. There were also men with frozen hands and feet. They have travelled over 3,500 miles, and were getting short of dressings. But all in all, they had everything in pretty good condition. They were on their way to Vladivostok. (These wounded were most likely from the March 1919 - 3 pronged attack on Moscow).

At another place we came upon a carload-box car - (18 in all) Czechs on their way to Vladivostok to join the Czechoslovak army. They were in the Austrian navy, were captured by the Chinese 21 months ago and just now got out. "....

As he rides the train to his new assignment he writes about his observations and wonders where his letters are with news from home. He decides to make the most of it and will continue to write about his trip.

Chapter 107 - On To Lake Baikal

It is now early May 1919, and as the train works its way to Lake Baikal, stories are relayed about the events along the way.

"Kailai, Manchuria... Arrived here early this morning and are stopping here for four hours to exercise the animals and take baths for ourselves. I've had mine already and it certainly increased my morale and self-respect....

At Tsitsikai, about three nights ago, we ran into a fireman's strike and were held up over twelve hours because we could not get a fireman. But we have lots of time and trifles like that don't worry us at all. There were some 12 trains held up there and we chewed the rag with the Czechs and the British on those trains. We officers went over to the Railroad Engineers' house and had dinner with them. There are about 2400 of these engineers scattered in bunches of 2 to 6 all over the railroad systems of Siberia, Manchuria, and Russia. Some of them have been here for 18 months and are certainly anxious to get back to the Lord's country. Yet they do not grumble. They are doing great work in straightening this railroad system out.

At Chzhalvutun, night before last, one of our horses got away and was run over by a train. On this account we had to lie overnight at that place.

Yesterday we passed through the country that was written about a good deal during the Russo-Japanese War -- the valley of the Yal River. The weather continues fine; there is snow here, but we do not feel any cold. The sun shines practically all the time.

At Chzhalvutun one of our men got kicked in the head by a horse and had a nasty gash over his eye. Painful but not dangerous. Two of the men from the major's outfit were lost the third night out; one of them was located but the other likely fell off and broke his neck... This is Sunday morning but we will not get to go to S.S. We are at the edge of the Gobi desert...

...We are on the borderline between Manchuria and Siberia. Arrived here at 10 p.m. yesterday and on account of some trouble with our custom paper will likely have to stay until 2 or 3 p.m. today... The town has a population of about 10,000. All of the towns along here are about as dusty as Texas City and the wind is fully as bad....

These larger stations always cause so much trouble of some sort or other that one gets to wishing there were nothing but prairie to travel through. There's always enough roughnecks in a bunch like this to make things unpleasant for everybody else on the trip. I am not having much trouble with my men but the major is certainly having some with his toughs.

One interesting thing about this place is the densely inhabited R.R. station. Last night every bit of available space on the floor was covered by sleeping men, women, and children, the whole floor was paved with a dirty, heaving mass, puffing and blowing into each other's faces in their sleep. The conditions in their R.R. cars as we used to read about them in the Saturday Evening Post. Still, one's feelings at the sight is that of revulsion rather than that of pity. Tell you why when I see you.

The country we passed through yesterday was something like the Texas Panhandle. The stations were small and far between; the country, except for nomads here and there, showed no signs of human population. The weather was fairly warm; enough so as to allow one out on the platform most of the time. We saw a few camels, here and there, but no sure enough caravans.

We caught up here with some of the trains that overtook us on the way; Czech, British, and French trains. The men on these and we have been at so many stations together, we feel as if we had known each other for quite a while.

It would be interesting to know what is going on in the States now. The news we get here is at least six weeks old and not much of it then. We are almost completely in the dark as far as conditions at home are concerned...

Map 11 Lake Baikal Area



Irkutsk - Lake Baikal - Selenga

(Lake Baikal - is the deepest lake in the world, 5,371 feet deep, and is said to contain one-fifth of the Earth's surface freshwater. The lake is 12,150 sq. miles in area and has about 1,220 miles of shore line. It varies from about 9 to 50 miles in width. It has lost about 25% of its water from 1980 to 2000 by the exploitation of neighbouring communities of both the lake and rivers that feed it.)

Verkhne Udinsk, Siberia.... Arrived here two days ago, but this was really the first opportunity I have had to write. We have had our hands so full that we had very little time for anything outside of the regular work... in less than half an hour after we got here, every man had something to do. They had just moved into an area that is to be converted into a camp, and the medical detachment had only nine men here so they certainly were glad to see the twenty-seven men that came with me.

Picture 30: View of Verkhne-Udinsk, Siberia



We are living in a tent camp about a mile outside of the city. The camp had just been begun; we started here on a piece of ground covered with pine, so there certainly will have to be a lot of hard work before this camp is fixed up. All the men are working all day long; even today, no one had any Sunday. They will keep up until the camp is prepared.

The campsite is covered with pine and seems to be a very good one except for the fact that it will likely get dusty on dry windy days, as it is on sandy soil. The weather is getting warm enough, even though we still get a snow every now and then, so as not to make it too disagreeable on that score. All the tents are supplied with Sibley stoves, so that they can be heated. Water seems to be the hardest thing to get, but I suppose that too will be fixed all right pretty soon. We have plenty of food.

The 27th band is here and as they are not supposed to do any of the fatigue duties, they do not do any of the work in preparing the camp, but they have to play all day long for the men who do the work. They make pretty good music but then they ought to, they are one of the oldest regiments in the army.

The city itself has about 20,000 population and seems to be a real nice place. It is on a river about the size of the Trinity River, the town is surrounded by high hills covered with pines; the scenery around here is quite picturesque. There is a pretty strong force of Cossacks in the city,

also some Japanese soldiers. Lake Baikal is still about 80 miles from here. The lake is said to have some very picturesque scenery around it; I certainly will get to see some of it before I get out of this area. By the way, I am about out of films; have only thirteen more exposures and it seems impossible to get any over here. I hardly know whether to ask you to mail me some, as I am not sure I could get them, but it might be worth the risk. The Kodak is No. 3 autographic, size 8x10 1/2 centimetres; the films would have to be very securely packed, preferably in a thin wooden box.

Picture 31: Verkhne-Udinsk Supply train



Unloading U.S. Army supplies - arrival at V.-Udinsk

Picture 32: U.S. Army getting supplies



U.S. Army supplies - arrival at V.-Udinsk, Siberia

... Things are not very comfortable for writing right now, but I will write you a few lines anyway. I am writing this on a shaky stand by the light of a lantern. I am lucky to get the lantern for a few minutes. I took it from the infirmary.

We are two to a tent, which would be fairly comfortable for one small man. We are so crowded that we have to step outside when we want to change our mind. I am to room with Dr. Keller, a dentist. Dr. Wynne, the Dr. who came on the Logan in the same state room I did, seems to have planned to room with me but I happen to remember too well how late he gets to bed and I am not anxious to have my sleep broken into when I have to get up for reveille.

The weather is getting warmer; ... but the nights are still quite cold, ... I still sleep under all the blankets, ... The mosquitoes have appeared already and they certainly are huge, larger than any I have ever

seen. It is a mystery to me where they spend the winter with the temperature 40 degrees below.... Everything is still in more or less of a confusion, and it seems hard to get anything done unless you just go and do it yourself. I'd rather have one average nurse than a dozen of these corpsmen any time. I'll certainly heave a deep sigh of relief to get out of this outfit. I may have to split rails for a living but I believe I would prefer that to putting up with this all my life.... And to think I volunteered for this! What fools we mortals be!...

I see by the papers that came in today that you had a storm in Texas in April but I do not see any of the towns I know in the list of the stricken towns...

This seems to be only the third letter since I came here ten days ago but it is not very convenient to write letters over here the way things are now. During the day we are kept busy with the work and at night we do not have the light to write by. The Posts for the electric lights are up already and I think it will now be only a few days before we will have electric lights. Anyway I certainly hope so. ...

Don't know just what you plan to do next winter. Might be a good thing to go to some school, if you feel like it. I doubt whether we will get out of here before next spring and anyway if we should have the good luck to get out before then, say next winter, then you could get out of school. The question would be where to go? That would be up to you. I do not know of any unless you could pick out a suitable course at the school of Industrial Arts at Denton. The chief thing is that in addition to learning some useful stuff, you would not have time lie heavily on your hands. But this is up to you and really I would rather you chose your course, for conditions must have changed since I last saw you and you are better qualified to decide on what would be the better choice than I am...

Wynne is to be my tent mate after all. He moved his stuff in this afternoon and it certainly took a lot of space too. But if his ways get on my nerves too bad I'll just kick him outside.... My love for the service has not increased much since I have been over here. As a man remarked the other day, "Oh, the army is all right, but it's the people in it that I can't stand." I realise that I do not have very much in common with the great majority of these men and I hope I never will get to where I will find them congenial as long as they have their present ways. Not necessary to go into details, I guess... This is a windy day, ... dust blowing... winds are rather disagreeable, something like a norther but they come only every few days...

At last received one of your letters -- the first one you mailed after getting to Graham. It took 2 months and 3 days for it to get here"...

Although he is not overly happy with his present location, he is not sure about the rumours about maybe being moved again in the next days or weeks to come.

Chapter 108 - Still On the Move

As he continues to move closer to Lake Baikal he writes of the everyday events around him.

.... "I have had 3 months foreign service now and if I should be sent to the states, would be entitled to a blue chevron. There is no chance of that however, the way things look now and I am more likely to earn two gold chevrons before I go home... The officers who have had 3 years foreign service in the Philippines and here will likely get a chance to go home soon if they so desire and if their services can be spared. This will take in quite a number of them. Several of them may not care to go, as they hold high ranks in the temporary establishment and would lose their grades if they went home...

Wrote you a few days ago to change my address, but I am going to move again in a few days. Do not know how far I am going but have high hopes of going on the Lake. I certainly would like to see it. I guess there will be plenty of mosquitoes there in the summer but I would be willing to put up with them for a while just to get to see the lake and the scenery around it.

One of the Cossacks downtown tried to scare one of our M.P.s two nights ago. The M.P. happened to be one of those Wops who carry out orders to the letter, and called the Cossack's bluff. The Cossack was buried the next day...

Went to a concert at the city hall last Sunday night. The concert was given by an orchestra composed of Austrian prisoners. It was very good; but I knew only one of the selections they played, e.g. Freischultz. One act consisted of recitations and songs by some Russian men and women; the singing was good, but of course, we did not understand the words. There was a third act, also music by the orchestra but I did not wait for that as it was getting to be past midnight and we were getting tired of things. The Russians have a great way of starting their affairs about 10 - 11 p.m. and then hanging out till morning. That may be all right for people who have nothing else to do, but it certainly does not suit me or anyone else who has to work the day following.

Not so sure about moving now; one of the other men may beat me to it. I am afraid that I will have to stay here for the rest of summer... Men, that is, officers, who have had three years continuous foreign service are to go home pretty soon - if their service can be spared. I'd certainly hate to think I would have to stay here three years. But some of the officers seem to have had nearly five years foreign service now.

Wish you would send me some of the 8 X 10 1/2 cm. film (autographic). Also some Kodak's of yourself, and a box of things -- anything to eat, wear or to look at about once a month....

There are so many swearing doughboys around my tent just now that it is hard to collect my thoughts sufficiently to continue this letter. I am on detached service with a body of soldiers near the railroad station. Guess we will stay here another day or two and then go back to the camp. We are only about a mile from camp now. We have our own camp here for the time being. We are eating with the men and using our mess kits once more. I am so used to the mess-kit style now that I don't even notice the difference any more. But the doughboy does and as the kitchen is near my tent, I am getting the full benefit of his opinion of the Army, Siberia, and things in this and the other worlds generally. Full two-thirds of these opinions is just plain - very plain - American profanity, and the rest is just hot air.

The doughboy ran up against something of a proposition when he landed here anyway. In the Philippines he came to have a pretty high opinion of his linguistic proficiency but when he got here, he received a rude shock, for his American, Tagalu, Spanish and half a dozen varieties of slang and profanity fell upon deaf ears and availed him not at all. He pulled off several bonehead stunts before he became orientated and some of these have now become so incorporated in the history and everyday parlance of the Expedition that they no longer elicit a smile. To illustrate: In Russian H= our N, M=M, O=O, E=E, P=R, A=A. Hotels usually have instead of the signs Hotels, just numbers, meaning rooms or numbers of rooms. That is Nomera, and in the Russian characters Homepa. So when doughboy lands in Vladivostok, he notices a large sign and reads it "What the hell do you know about that? Home pa" and home-pa it has been ever since then; even the colonel in his speech solemnly warns his men that swift retribution will befall the soldier who starts raising hell in any "home-pa" in this town.

But the doughboy is well able to take care of himself anywhere, and so he at once begins to work out his salvation over here. As a form of greeting, the Russian solicitously inquires; "cock vashe zdarovee?" (How's your health?") or wishes you "Dabry vecer." Doughboy hears it and thereafter on meeting his Russian friends gravely calls out "Cock-roaches all over you." Or "Dhobie itch." And gets away with it for the Russian takes off his hat, smiles and returns the greeting! In like manner, "Charoso!" (Very well, all right, good!) becomes "Carrie Shaw!" and "Zdravstuyte!" becomes "drast" (howdy-do) This latter has become the usual form of greeting among our men here.

And the doughboys' everyday language is becoming suddenly contaminated with near Russian expressions. The other day I overheard a non-com instructing his sentry: "If any of our men try to get through this line - tell 'em 'neponimayou -" (I don't understand). "Don't make no difference who they are - 'nicevo!' (nothing doing). And the sentry answered "Carrie Shaw!"

A rather amusing incident occurred when we first came to Verkhne-Udinsk. We found a sure enough, black American Negro here.

As soon as the boys saw him they began to yell "Hello! Shine!" Now let Sam tell the story: "Ah cum heah several yeahs ago and told dese people ah sho nough American and the majority Americans look des lak me. Ah married a white lady. When I sees you all comin I says "Great Lawd! Heah comes you Merican soges and they twine tell dese people what a liar I is, and I am sho ruined. I sho got to move out of here, quick!" But he did not. The woman he married is a very good-looking one. His sister, ordinary Negro wench, is also here, and both dress gorgeously...

Misovaya on Lake Baikal, June 5, 1919. Here I am on Lake Baikal at last but not to stay. I came here with some troops night before last and expect to leave this afternoon and go back to a station about 50 miles from my last station. I am to be there on detached service with some of our troops.

The trip up here, about 102 miles, was fairly interesting. The chief point of interest, of course, is Lake Baikal itself. When coming here we were very much surprised to find it covered with ice about 3 feet thick. I took a picture of it. The lake reminds me some of Great Salt Lake, Utah the way it looked last February. The water, however, is fresh and quite clear. It ought to furnish a fine bathing place if it decides to thaw... The trees along the way are not turning green and the country is getting to look real interesting. The place where I am to be located is in a river valley. I hope the fishing is good - as this will likely be my chief duty...

Must be over a week since I have written to you from Misovayo. Thought then that we were going to be out of there in a few hours but as a matter of fact we did not get out until five days later. Not that any one minded for we had a good enough time while there. We came here last Sunday. (Selenga) They dumped us out at the station - one platoon, one 2nd Lt. and one doc. They seemed to think we would be able to take care of ourselves and they were right for 2 hours later we had a camp, all tents up, one meal cooked and "settin pretty" generally. The next day we moved to a better site that I found on the banks of the Salenga River and that's where I am writing this letter.

Our campsite is right on the riverbank and is ideal for a camp. The river is about the size of the Potomac and the site is something like Mt. Vernon except that there are no trees and the mountains flanking us are much higher. The scenery is also much grander and the sunsets especially are great. The sun sets at 9. P.M. Swimming in the river is fine, so is fishing. Game is said to be plentiful around here though we have not tried to hunt as yet.

I have nothing to do as far as soldiers go for they are all well but there are three or four villages right round us and my practice in those is picking right up. There are no doctors in villages here; in fact not in anything under about 4000 pop; there are sick people just the same. Yesterday a man from a village about 3 miles up the river came after me to see his wife and took me up the river in a boat. The scenery was simply

beautiful; I was very sorry you could not see it. Spring is in full blast now, everything is green and there are lots of beautiful flowers and blossoms. At R.R. stations you can buy beautiful bouquets for 50 kopecks about 1 1/2 cents.

I'll write more in detail in my next letter. We think we will stay on the Salenga for four months and we hope so - as we would love to stay here as long as we have to stay in Siberia. I am now the M.D. farthest inland except for one, in the whole A.E.F. The people are very friendly -- I'll describe them later...

I have just disposed of a few Rusky's who came here to get some cheap treatment. After an experience or two I have concluded that most of them are too ignorant, thoughtless, inconsiderate and unappreciative to fool with and hereafter I'll treat only selected cases. I can't be bothered by that class of practice unless I have to be and I do not have to be while I am in the army.

I made a trip to Mostovoi the day after I wrote my last letter to you. Found everything in pretty good condition. I took dinner with the lieut. in command and came back that afternoon. I came back on a Red Cross train with a lot of Doctors and R.C. nurses. It did me good to talk to them for about two hours. It has been practically 4 mos. Since I have spoken to an American woman. The doctors told me some news and one of them, a Dr. Ford, gave me a few copies of the Fort Worth Telegram only 6 weeks old. I appreciated that as no one sends me any papers whatever and the few I get from some of the other officers here are usually two months old. As far as news is concerned, we are completely cut off from the rest of the world. We don't know whether peace has been signed yet or not, We don't know if our soldiers are still in Europe and of course, do not know what divisions have come home. In fact we don't know "nothin."

I notice in the Telegram that Graham is getting quite a boom. I wonder what the burg looks like with 800 new people coming in weekly and with the prospects of a population of 10,000 before next fall. Now is the chance for some of those people to get rid of their no-account sandy lands.

Gingham at 50 cents. Well, I could have bought silk at that in Japan. I guess the Japanese silk isn't so awfully high after all.

Yes, I guess I will be quite cultured by the time I get back. I haven't seen but two or three automobiles since I left Vlady, let alone ride in one, I will soon have to ask what those wires running on the poles along the R.R. are, the only books I have to read are "Power of Will" and the New Testament. When I get back to Texas you had better be there to take care of me or I will get run over by a street car or automobile, or be arrested for jay walking or packing a 45 on the street. Over here when I want to go to one of our camps I just hop into the first train so I will be

picked off by some country constable and lodged in jail for riding on a freighter. Not much culture; it's back to nature over here.

Everybody according to their taste as the old woman said when she kissed the cow, but I do not envy Rogers his job. I have had about as much to do with Sam Carter at short range as I ever care to and I could not put up with him at \$100 per. Why didn't they go to El Campo to hold down my practice?

I intend to go to V-Udinsk tomorrow or the day following; I want to see about a few official and a few personal matters. I will try to get back the same day. It's about 50 miles from here. I was only a few miles from there the other day when I was at Mostovia but did not go on because I wanted to get back here the same day.

The last three days were rather rainy. I do not know whether this was due to the summer solstice or to the beginning of the rainy season. Today is cloudy but not rainy.

If you see any good chance to invest 1/2 of our money, go ahead and do so. I think we could make out on the rest if we could get the 1/2 by the time I might get out.

If you receive the check I sent you for May, I spoke of it in my last letter, turn it over to your account. Your allotment is \$100 whereas I am getting approximately \$125. So that you have about \$60 coming for Feb. Mar. Apr. May and June and the rest in the next four or five months.... One of our men is going to Verkhne-Udinsk today. I'll send this by him"...

In early June, as time was heavy on the troops' hands, they were looking for outlets and one day as Dr Joe and Captain Ramsey were walking down the streets of Selenga they found Misha. They purchased him and took him back for a mascot. This was a bear and was to be the first of several pets for the men to take care of.

Chapter 109 - Writing from Graham

Golda writes it is a rainy Mother's day Sunday and she is reading pokey stories as she rests. She complains that all of the stories are built around war and things pertaining to war of which one grows weary of. She informs Dr Joe she has all of her allotments minus her expenses in the bank in Graham and that she had heard from Babe, a friend of hers, that told her she spent her entire \$100 every month and was always broke and had no clothes either. She goes on to say ... " I can't see how she manages to squander so much."

Babe continues in her letter that the seawall extension in Galveston has changed the beach to where you wouldn't recognise it. She continued on with all of the gossip. The head nurses at Sealy live in cottages now, Miss Konzack nearly died of typhoid fever not long ago, she is to be married soon, Huddleston is going to England for his internship, and Lieiven's commission as captain, in the reserves, came through.

A letter comes in from Vlasta, Dr Joe's sister, bringing them news from the farm. She has finished school for the term and is home helping plant corn. She has also been sewing for the landlady and Ludma, another sister, as well. Alba is not out of school yet, but they have invited Golda to visit when they are all home at the farm.

Annie, in Cleburne, writes that her package came and she paid the duty of \$2.05. She told Annie to send it on to her. She then told of how Lieiven didn't bring anything back for Babe. Seems he was not sure of what to get her so he didn't. He had brought her a toy elephant but forgot to give it to her. Golda then comments ... "It must have been the proverbial elephant and stepped on his pocket book." Babe was glad to have him back well and fat, they both agreed that was enough to be glad for.

Some of the other events with the kids are written about...

"My writing was interrupted yesterday by an "emergency case."
Nellie stepped on a sharp edge of broken glass cutting a deep gash in her heel. I dressed it for her and bandaged it up - in turpentine.

I wonder how children ever grow up as whole and sound as most of them do. They have so many accidents and narrow escapes...

I received two more of your letters. But to save me, I can't see why you have not received more of my letters. It seems that I've been shooting them to you pretty constantly ever since I began to write. Have not kept account but must have mailed at least fifteen. Maybe they will reach you sometime between now and Christmas. Yours seem to come very promptly. Not hardly a month since they were mailed.

No I do not object to your typewriting - any kind of writing just so it's a letter from you. While I was reading them I had quite a fright. Tina and I were sitting out in the yard where a big centipede came crawling up toward us. We both screamed and tried to kill him but couldn't find a stick or rock till he had run away.

This is a wild and woolly country anyway. Last week I heard the dog barking and the children hollering "snake." When I went out into the yard the dog was barking at and trying to kill a big rattlesnake and the boys were dancing around them in glee. I nearly fainted but I saw that he was backing up to the house and I couldn't let him get under there. I threw a rock or two, missing him very successfully and he got to the edge of the house and crawled between the rocks of the foundation. His tail was all that remained and I threw a big rock on it and it held him for a while then he disappeared. The boys went for Homer who was washing down at the spring and he came. The dog still barked at the corner like the snake was still there. Homer got a pitchfork and brought him out. His tail was under the rock where he had left it when he tried to get from under the rock. He had seven rattles. O, I never would have slept had he escaped. Rattlesnakes are quite common here it seems.

Well, back to your letter. Please don't get a louse on you. We just can't afford to have you sick with typhus so far away. I wish you had your books and violin; will send them if you say so. But I'd like to think you wouldn't need them long over there, but that waits to be seen...

...When I make fall clothes I'll have to have you send me a pretty piece of silk or bring it from the East. From the prices you quote, I think that one can save after paying the duty on them. If the \$1.10 stockings are nice they will be superior for that price to the ones here. Just the silk with Lyle toes and tops are \$2.50 here....

.... I have the responsibility of naming this poor defenceless child. Have looked through the bible and ancient history for a name. Can you help me out? ...

.... I've been chasing butterflies. -- pretty ones with velvety wings speckled with turquoise and yellow -- deep yellow ones. One of the big purple and yellow ones kept fooling around the door steps and vines and kept tempting me till I got me a fly swatter and chased him till he grew weary and surrendered. I wait until they close their wings together, while on a flower, then I gently press the screen swatter on them. In this way I capture them without injuring their wings. I'm pressing them, don't know just what I'll use them for -- a hat or something maybe, or send Mrs George a few for her trays. Catching them was fascinating but I hated to kill the poor things -- they wouldn't press alive tho...

... It rains here this Spring as often as the coast country. People have not planted cotton yet. The ground doesn't dry out enough. Wheat seems to be standing up pretty well. I don't like rainy climates. You will have to go some other place than El Campo to live.

Vlasta says all the El Campo people still ask about you and rave about you as ever before. Now you must cable Washington about the people's clamouring for you and you must hastily return to their cries of distress and heartsickness - not to mention your wife's clamouring... Have

you acquired the habit of munching sunflower seed yet? I've an idea! You learn to eat them along with pumpkin seed and when we go to housekeeping I will not have to cook anything -- just serve the seed and a few walnuts. You don't have to go see the girls in order to learn to eat pumpkin seed do you? You seem to be learning your Russian nicely. I advise that you stick to your reader, which is more reliable than one of those girl teachers, besides you can concentrate your mind better with just the book for aid. Now, of course, I'm merely giving motherly advice.

... Went to Graham this afternoon, to get some plow points at the blacksmith shop. We did a little shopping for ourselves also, but became weary and exhausted asking for things that they didn't have. Then when we couldn't find what we wanted we would think of a substitute, but this could not be found. That is the steekiest little hole of a place. I just hate it and everybody who lives there -- well nearly everybody. There were several war brides -- well they're older than brides, who need their husbands to come home from the army, because they are getting so frisky. But there are a few there who are just as frisky and their husbands are there so maybe that doesn't make much difference. I saw two today whom I would enjoy giving a good spanking. One is the wife of the music teacher who was head of the music department in the school and who was drafted into the army and sent to France. She is seeking a divorce now. Well, I shouldn't think he would mind granting it.

.... I think I shall be leaving for Cleburne soon; would have been gone by now but the old folks like for me to be with them. I'm getting enough of the country, am anxious to get to real systematic work. I can't get used to living with other folks, or rather in other folks' homes. I think I shall thoroughly appreciate having a home of our own when we do get one.... Your paycheck has not come yet but it has not had time enough, perhaps. Yes, the allotments come very promptly about ten days after the first of the month...

... There is only one tree of May peaches. About half the trees in the orchard died during the drought last year. The apricots are turning, will be ripe in another week. Vlasta said they went berry hunting... I am doing my exercises. I will not grow fat and greasy like some folks I see! I'd starve first. We have plenty of vegetables here and my diet consists chiefly of them -- fresh peas, cabbage, lettuce, beets, and fresh potatoes. The lettuce is the finest I ever saw; big white heads like California lettuce. I can eat almost a head. We had fried chicken too, but I went light on that for it is fattening...

The folks have a milk separator and I've been helping turn it, wonderful exercise for the arms and back. They milk eleven cows, I sometimes help milk -- also very excellent exercise for the hands. They are going to ship the cream to Fort Worth -- take it over to Dakin, the switch 2 miles from here.

Saturday morning. It's raining - now wouldn't that make a preacher swear? No one will get to go to town. And today is the day set to vote on woman suffrage and prohibition. I'm in favour of both. Don't think the old fogies of Texas are quite ready for women to vote, at least the majority of them are not. It strikes me as being ridiculous that the men have to vote whether we can vote or not. But there are many queer circumstances in this 'ere world. Last year they let the women vote in the primaries but refused the colored women the ballot - now isn't that some discrimination? If the women could vote, I'm sure prohibition would carry. I'll write you how it comes out. Maybe if we do not get it, the other states will decide for us"...

Chapter 110 - Selenga

28th of June, 1919 he writes from Selenga...

" I did not get to write any since Monday. Monday I went to V. Udinsk. Left here at noon and got back there at 3 p.m. It took me about two hours to attend to my business, official and personal and then I had to wait till 11:30 p.m. for my choo-choo. My personal business consisted of buying 1 pr. shoes, russet, marching \$4.65, 1 shirt O.D. flannel, \$3.60 and one pr. puttees, spiral, \$2.20 -- total \$9.45.

I left on the "Maxim Gorky special" as we call it here. This consists of a passenger train composed of boxcars alone. This particular day the R.R. employees from over several hundred miles seem to have been paid off at Udinsk and when said train got ready to leave, there must have been several thousand of them trying to leave on it. The effect was very much like that described by some writer in Sat. Eve. Post - the one we read last winter. I took my place on a kind of little rear platform on one of the cars, and by way of impressing whomever it might concern that I meant to stay there, I buckled my 45 automatic on the outside of my raincoat so it would be in full view. It was fully 1 hr. before that mess of seething, sweating humanity became divided into two crowds, one that had found places on the train another that had become reconciled to staying till another train happened by. The little platform mentioned above contained ten passengers and several hundred lb. flour sacks when we finally pulled out. The screaming, yelling, swearing crowd about that train and on it that night, certainly made a fine picture and I enjoyed it immensely. We got here at 4 a.m. I felt pretty tired and sleepy but when I got to my tent I found someone in my tent and cot, so I went to the dispensary tent and pulled out a pile of hospital blankets and went to sleep on the ground. About 6 a.m. the Sgt. Woke me up and as he had slept long enough I took his cot. I have a Sgt. and a Pvt. here with me. The Pvt. is my orderly. When he woke up that morning, he looked at the Sgt's cot and thought that the Sgt. was still asleep, so he decided he would sleep a little longer. He woke up again a little later and still the sergeant seemed to be asleep. He looked a little closer this time and when he saw my baldhead he certainly snapped out of his bunk in a hurry. The officer in my cot proved to be a lieut. from V. Ukd. The lieut. here let him sleep in my tent, as he did not expect me back that night.

(Speaking of bald heads; that Glover's mange cure is good stuff; it seems to have cleared my dandruff -- now might be your chance to try it.)

I slept about 4 hours and then got up and got to work. One of the cases of that day was a Rusky who got reckless with an axe and cut through his bone and flesh just north of the big toe. He waited four days before he came to see me, but he had cause to regret delaying so long for I cleaned the wound and sewed it up without any anaesthetic. I slept well that night.

While I was still in bed, the Lt. came in and told me he had received an order which called among other things for a march to Mostona, 35 miles from here, and he asked me if I cared to go along with them. I did, so an hour and a half later we were on our way with 43 lb. Packs on our backs. We went the usual way, marched 50 minutes and rested 10. We started at 9:15 a.m. and stopped for a meal at 5 p.m. We had brought some fresh eggs from a village we passed, and after each of us had prepared his own meal of eggs, bacon and hard tack; we went to sleep till morning. However, the mosquitoes were so bad, we saw we would not get to sleep any, so as most of the men were in favour of marching on, we broke camp at 9 p.m. and resumed the march. We got rained on several times but dried up each time before the next rain came. Toward morning the men would fall asleep during the 10-minute rest periods. We got to Mostova at 5 a.m., having made the 35 miles in 20 hours of almost continuous marching! I guess we set a record not equalled in the Expedition. The men showed fine spirit all the way through the march and though they were dead tired and sleepy when we arrived, there was no grumbling.

As the men were to rest two days before they started on the return march, I got my breakfast and at 7 a.m. caught a train for Selenga. I got here about 9:30 and worked for the rest of the morning. At noon I went to bed and after I had slept for 3 hours, I was waked up by the Lt. from Posalsky who had just blown in with his men. He moved into my tent and we talked for the rest of the afternoon. We went to bed rather early, as we were both pretty well tired out. He and his men left the next morning.

I stood the march fine. I had a 43 lb. pack on my back just like the rest of the men, and though I had the new shoes on, my feet did not bother me a bit. 35 miles in 20 hours. That ought to show you the kind of health we are in here. The way I slept the last two nights would alone make the hike worthwhile.

I appreciate the letter and the Kodak. I did not notice the flowers so closely as I had a look at you. I was so glad to see you that before I realised what I was doing, I was kissing you in the picture... Re: my future course -- that is the immediate future. I am somewhat undecided. Sometimes I think I will hand in my resig. soon, and then again I think I'll wait. It is impossible to make arrangements for anything from here as mail takes so long. If the Expedition should leave here in a few months, then I would have a chance at a 1 or 2 month leave, perhaps, and even if I did not, when I get back to the States, I can be arranging for my course or for my practice while I am in service. If I leave here before the exped. I will be discharged after I get to Frisco and will have to arrange everything after I am out of service. So the reasonable thing seems to be to wait till fall to see what the exped. will do and then if advisable, resign or wait till next spring to do so"....

As he reviews and answers the news from Golda's letters, he suggests a few names for the kid.... " Alexieff, Trotzky, Lopchinsky, Shasta, that ought to be enough to select from." He remarks he also has not answered several letters for various reasons including one from Martha Mae where he found the jokes a bit crude that were aimed at the regulars that were sent to Siberia. He also comments that one thing for sure, the Regulars in Siberia did not mutiny like the National Army or Guard did in Archangel and he doubts if the hardships there were any greater than those in Siberia. He relates he went to Posveskaya and to Mostovia over the last two days and while on his return on the train as he visited with a couple of Czech officers found out they had killed a 400 pound deer while at Mostovia.

He had received a letter from Theresa with the news about the crops back home and then commented it was just like home on the Fourth of July, it was raining. The outfit had been busy building a kitchen, a cellar, and a YMCA shack. They were also putting board floors into the tents and within a few days should be finished. They would only be able to stay in the tents for about 3 more months with the expected weather change coming. The American Red Cross train had come through on its way to Omsk the day before and he learned they were setting up a number of hospitals on the line. They had also held a couple of dances in Irkutsk .

He was sure a number of stories about various adventures had been told and by the copies of the old Chicago papers he had seen he remarked it looked like he had been having quite a thrilling experience. He was sure he would have to read them more regularly to keep up with the experiences and hardships. Otherwise.... " I'll have to say like the Civil War veteran when asked whether he had been in any battles - "No, but we were caught in a helluva big rain once." What little excitement we do witness, we are not allowed to write about, so I'll just wait till we get home and by then I ought to be able to enlarge on it copiously."

It was on the 4th of March 1919 that Admiral Kolchak, leader of the White Russian Army and government, started a 3 - prong attack on Moscow and the Red Army. This was highly successful at first, but within a few months the tide had turned and they were in retreat. At this point the White Russian headquarters was at Omsk. The allies consisting of the U.S., China, and Japan by agreement in April 1919, were to protect the trans-Siberian railroad in Siberia. The Czech army that had fought with the Russians in the west was to be evacuated by way of the railway to Vladivostok. The Red army then wanted this stopped and wanted some 21,000 troops sent out via Archangel. The trans-Siberian railway from the west to at least the Lake Baikal area, had turned into chaos with bandit trains, atrocities, pillaging, and murder by the Cossacks, the Red Army, and the White Army. The Czechs took the situation into their own hands and captured trains and stations and continued their evacuation by way of going to Vladivostok. I am sure that by July 1919 numerous trains were going through this area with wounded, supplies, and troops, no doubt this is one of the reasons for establishing additional hospitals along the railway. ("The Russian Intervention, 1918-1920" 2000:Wolfpack) He then continues on in his letters....

" Mrs. Rogers does seem to have the idea that she is a nurse and not a married woman. It has been my observation that comparatively few nurses, even though they get fair pay, save any money. Why, I am not prepared to say; it would seem that after their training of three years in

doing without so many things, they would accumulate a part of what they get, but few of them do. At times I used to suspect that Miss Waum actually got flat broke, if not hungry. I guess, one reason why so many of them do not save is because they have no definite purpose in view, such as a trousseau, for I remember that you during your career as nurse, were accumulating quite a pile, until the rheumatiz hit you. ... as I said, it may be all right for a single nurse, but it will not do for a married woman whose husband has the income of Dr. Rogers...

Not doing much outside practice now. The girl we sewed up is about well, just need to change the dressing once or twice a week now. New cases come every day but we do not fool with them much, and turn quite a number of them away altogether. I refuse all calls to the houses unless it is a serious emergency case. There's no reward in it, either in pay or in appreciation, I've found, so I do only what I want to, and then make them feel pretty plainly that the recipient of a favour is they and not myself. But I must stop here lest I get to telling you what I think of the Russian, regardless of the class he belongs to, and that would not pass censorship for we must write nothing derogatory. Anyway, don't fall for any of those princess so and so, nee Grant articles in the S.E. Post.

Our pets and mascots are accumulating at such a fearful rate that I fear we will have to have another R.R. car for their benefit when we get ready to move out of here. One bear, 3 chickens, 3 pigs, 2 dogs and I got one wild duckling about a week ago but it lasted only one night. A dog must have come here and killed it. I am about to buy another young bear but that's to be for the 3rd platoon at Posoleskaya.

Picture 33: Dr. Joe with Misha



Dr Joe - Mischa - On River

One of the sentries at Mostovoi mistook one of his partners for a prowler last night and fired three shots into him. The soldier lived only a few hours. It will happen.

July 6, 1919 - Yesterday was a real cold day; winter clothing and overcoats did not seem a bit too heavy. These cold days usually come once a week. Today the sun shone bright all day long and the weather was

very pleasant. This is Sunday, which over here means just one more day. I've spent most of the day catching fish and feeding them to the bear. I was teaching the fish what would happen to them if they bit on Sunday.

The practice has been rather heavy, too. Several eye cases, one ear case, one gallstone case, and one surgical case, a baby with a gash in the face that it took 3 stitches to sew up.

The company barber came down from V-Udinsk today to cut our hair. It was about time for some of us. I have not had mine cut for over a month and I looked it. It would have been no wonder if someone had mistaken me for one of these Rusky peasants. They never shave or cut their hair, and rarely, if ever, wash their heads or faces. In the larger towns they have the Russian sweat baths, but in the small villages these do not seem to be popular.

When the R.C. train went through the other day, it left some magazines over here, among other things, a few February and early March Saturday Evening Posts. I've read a few Negro stories in the Post. It seems that the Post is about as strong on the Negro stories now as it once used to be on Jew stories.

It has rained here for the last few days and the river is rising quite rapidly. We may have to move a part of our camp. We have had to move the bear and the pigs already. I built the bear a hut on the riverbank some weeks ago, so he could play in the water but that part of the bank is all flooded now.

Went to Posveskaya this afternoon. Went there and back in four hours. Took one of the corporals with me so as to give him a change. I'll go to Mostovoi tomorrow, I guess, as the moguls at V.U. decided it would be necessary for me to make two trips a week to each one of these places. When I first came here I suggested one a week and they seemed to think that too much. So now you see I will be on the road about one third of the time. See if I mind it. There are going to be two instead of one line officer at each of these places now. They seemed to have waited till the ones on duty now did all the work and then they added the others. Soft for them, I call it...

Yes, those war brides are likely doing just about what their husbands are doing over there. They certainly do here. You know what Mrs. Spillman said about General P's Filipino affinity. Well, there's going to be a bunch of them when we get home who will have Rusky in addition to the Filipino complications. Disgusting. And some people wonder why you do not like the social habits of the present army officers' circles. The married men, as I told you several times, are, I believe the worst...

The people are still asking you about my status quo, are they? Well as soon as I get time, I'll have a bunch of warlike pictures taken of myself and shall send them to you so that you may show them how

bravely I am fighting, to save the country from the "scourge" whatever the scourge may be. We will show them that France isn't the only place where one can pose for a picture...

Went to Mostovoi yesterday afternoon: rode down there on an engine. As a train coming back this way failed to materialise, I had to spend the night over there. I got up early this morning and came down here on a freighter before breakfast and without washing my face. I did not enjoy the latter omission, as much as I used to when I was a boy, and by the time I got here hot water looked pretty good to me....

Pressing butterflies? The indoor sport with us right now is killing flies. In addition to the regular mosco donastica they have here a fly resembling our horse fly - at present it is very much in evidence and quite annoying as it has a wicked bite and does not confine its attacks to horses alone. Believe I'll press one and send it to you for that butterfly you sent... They come in swarms and we have not protection against them - not even a fly swatter. The necessary things have been requisitioned for long ago, but the tradition of army red tape holds, damn it! The supplies will no doubt get here next December when everything is covered with several feet of snow and flies will be just an evil memory. How I wish some of these birds higher up could be tied to a post out here and painted over with just enough syrup to attract the flies. It's darned easy to send "Explain by endorsement hereon" down the line but it seems to me it is about time to send a few of these up the line and deal with a few of these gents with leaves and eagles on their shoulders as they do with us when we commit some sin of omission. Just wait till I get out and then I'll tell the whole breed what I think of them. I feel better now that this is out of my system...

We had some hard luck Saturday. One of our men drowned in the small stream flowing right by our camp into the River Selenga. He was in swimming with several other men and seems to have become so exhausted that he could not reach the shore. Some of the other men tried to help him but after coming near being drawn under themselves, had to give it up. We found the body nearly five hours later.

The next morning we caught the body of a drowned boy in the River Selenga and that afternoon a sixteen year old girl was drowned in the river just about a hundred yards from our camp. Her body has not been recovered yet. So you see we had quite a drowning epidemic here.

The weather has been getting quite warm and yesterday was about as hot a day as you ever see in Texas. Toward night, however, one of those windy storms from the lake visited us and it rained heavily during the night and today the atmosphere is quite cool.

Another Red Cross train with a bunch of nurses and doctors passed through today. They were on their way to Omsk. All the doctors I

talked to had served in the army and left the states on May 30. They look like the usual type of reserve captains over 50 years of age...

... The more I see of these people, the less I am in love with them. Once upon a time I meant to be a missionary. When I think of it now and I do often, I have to laugh. Considering the amount of patience I have with these people here, I feel sure that I would have been responsible for more justifiable homicides than conversions"...

He then mentions he went to Posolskaya on a Czech train and the bunch he had met before on their way to Vladivostok were now on their way to Irkutsk. At V- Udinsk things are much the same and he admits he feels freer over at Selenga. Activity has picked up, and he knows they will need to move into more substantial accommodation in the next 2 months. Rumours are picking up and flying around, they will all be home in 3 weeks, or they will be there another 3 years. The trains to some of the towns have become less dependable and sometimes do not show up at all.

Some of the men have been away for 5 years and he comments they may have a time getting accustomed to U.S. ways when they get back. ...

" Some R.C. nurses went through here yesterday. The sentry at the station was talking to them and told them he has not spoken to an American woman for four years. The next thing, he was swearing unconsciously while talking to them. One of the nurses smiled at his embarrassment after that and said, "Yes, you seem to have been away for quite a while". Some of the men, I am afraid, will consider our customs quite an abridgement of their personal liberty. Most of them, however, will be glad to get used to U.S. ways. As most of us say, Siberia is all right if it were not for the people."

Chapter 111 - Plans

1 June 1919, Golda is now trying to plan towards the rest of the year. She is going over various options on what she considers might work as she relays the news from home...

..." I don't fancy living with other folks all the time and I'm wondering if I couldn't rent me a little furnished cottage in Fort Worth or Cleburne where I could have the advantage of a school, gymnasium, etc. and have Mother and Father live with me. This plan I think would be better for all of us. I haven't mentioned it to the old folks yet, but I'm sure they would enjoy the change for a while anyway. They seem to want me to stay out here all the time. It's to my disadvantage to stay here for there's no means of improving myself, and I can't afford not to grow a little along with you.

Received a letter from Alba (one of Dr Joe's sisters) yesterday. She closed her school on account of smallpox. The other girls are at home and all are having pimples and Vlasta has boils and a sty on her eye. She said they were having a hard fight with crab grass. Jerome is coming home next week. Guess he will find a job waiting for him. John and George work night and day she says.

I broke my glasses - one lens today. Don't see how I can do without them to have them repaired. The break isn't in the center so I am wearing them stuck back with mucilage. This does better than no glasses. What would you do if you were to break both of your glasses?

... Wednesday evening... Back from the cowpen. Milked five cows all by myself. My hands still smell like cow -- yes I washed them twice.

All the youngsters are complaining of gastro intestinal disturbances -- some have a headache and others vomit occasionally. Too much half-ripe peaches, apricots and green beans, etc. I have an occasional pain in my stomach and this morning felt nausea. I've lost my appetite, for which I'm glad. Maybe I'll reduce. It's too dark out here to see how to write. Later...

Texas went wet and against woman suffrage. That shows what the majority of men think in Texas. Well, I'd like to move to another state -- California or Oregon or some state where the people are not ignorant. I hope every saloonkeeper goes broke and every old sot gets d.t.s. Aren't I cruel?

... at Cleburne... Here I am at Annie's once again. I left yesterday got on at Dakin. Had to get up at five o'clock to get over there in time. Willis took me over there in a wagon and we had to carry my trunk about a hundred yards up the railroad track.

I rode most of the way with a high school classmate. She married soon after graduating and has quite an interesting family - three girls and a boy. I'm keeping Lyle and Joe Richard while Annie does a little shopping this afternoon. Two little boys who live across the street during the time they don't live here are trying to tear up the place. I'm kept busy trying to keep them out of mischief. One, who is six was fighting Lyle and making him cry so I told Lyle to hit him back every time he hit him and hush his howling. With my encouragement he turned on the kid with all his might and the kid was surprised. The two of them just run it over Lyle and it makes me angry. I guess the boys' mama thinks I teach them nicely but that seems to be the only solution.

... got two of your letters today. To think of those poor boys sick and with frozen feet and hands makes my heart ache. Why do such conditions have to exist?

... We've just come in from a long ride in the country. Charlie has a Buick six and it rides pretty fine. Joe Richard and Lyle enjoy riding better than any children I ever saw. Joe R wore a little pair of pants -- thought he was very big but he wet them before we came home.

... Vivienne wrote ... She told me of her new position in a lab downtown. She was most happy doing vag smears, aspirations, etc. But in her second instalment she was relating her troubles. Lester's frontal sinus gave him trouble again so he had it drained and large permanent opening made into the nostrils. She said he was very uncomfortable for a time but was feeling fine when she wrote. Brother came back from France, but stumped his toe and fell down getting a Pott's fracture. He still is at Camp Upton. That looks like the irony of fate, all the time in France without a scratch then came home and broke his leg.

14 June...We had company for supper last evening and the guest played on the piano all the pieces we used to hear in Washington. Annie and I waltzed the One, Two, Three Waltz and I had on the same old white pumps that I used to wear when you and I danced together and I fussed at you for stepping on them. Remember? I couldn't fuss at you for stepping on them now. I'd be the most amiable wife if I only had you now. But I don't suppose my sweetness would last long. Think so?

Do you ever think you will get my letters? I will keep writing and hope some get through. I sent the photograph with a letter inside the package but very likely you will not get it. I wrapped it securely in corrugated paper and put my return address on it. The postmaster said he could not register a package to that country but could a letter. So I'm going to register this letter to you and see if it reaches you any better. If you do get it you will at least learn that I'm still living and writing to you all the time. I haven't counted the letters that I've sent but I know they were quite frequent. Yours come very promptly. The package came safely also. I wrote and thanked you and told you how pretty I thought the teddies and camisole were but I don't suppose you have received the letter.

So I will say it again. You are a dear to remember my birthday. This registering business handicaps my sending you something for your birthday. Guess I'll have to send just oodles of love in a letter till we meet again.

... When do you think the troops will be taken out of Siberia? Most all the boys are back from Europe. The occupation army is out of Germany now. The 90th and 36th have sailed. All the boys seem to have a great disgust for the French and not much love for the English. All of them are very glad to get back to the good old U.S.A.

Germany hasn't signed the peace treaty yet. I hope we don't have to force her to it. I bet there would be a howl going up if the boys were recalled.

I'm anxious to know how you like your new post of duty. Is it cold enough for you up there? You can have your picture made in your arctic costume now. Would you like for me to send you some film? I wonder if there would be a duty charged on them...

... I didn't feel very spry so I chose to stay at home and finish my nap. Their car is certainly fine for Annie and the children. She gets out so much more when she can ride. I wish I had a roadster while I'm without a husband. I'd learn to run it and go wherever I pleased. Well, I'll have one when you come home.

In one of my letters I told you I was planning to get a little furnished house or apartment and have mother and father live with me. The more I think about it the more I want to. I'd rather live in Fort Worth than here. There are better advantages in the way of studying. I want to keep up my gym work, take domestic science, sewing and serving course and music. I think the old folks would enjoy the change and I'd be better contented. I can't accustom myself to living with my sisters all the time. They are very sweet to me but I just imagine I'm in the way. You will soon have been gone four months. I hope you will not stay much longer but I will have to plan to do without you until you come. I haven't accomplished much during these four months. I've done quite a bit of sewing most of it for other people and have had a good rest and visit. Everyone thinks I'm looking so well. The only difference I can see is that my complexion is better -- all the freckles gone and the color shows through....

Pattie and I went to a picture show yesterday -- the first in over a month. Was punk but Pattie enjoyed the comedy. He was begging his mama to go with me to town and she told him he could but remember that he mustn't want to go every time and he said "No, mama I just want to go once a week". I decided he had better make the best of his weekly visit so I set him up to a show and popcorn. He sleeps with me all the time. One night he took a notion to sleep with his daddy. Annie told him he must

sleep with me or I would go away. He said, well I'll sleep with Ogie till Joe comes back then I can sleep with daddy.

There's an aeroplane flying around so near that it will surely try to land in the yard. I'll go and rubber at it"...

She then remarks on how the next day she hauled out two of her "Cacti" (U.T. school books) and looked through the pictures of classmates. It was interesting to think how life had already distributed romance, love, adventure, service, sorrow, and death on a helter skelter basis among the band of students. While she was in Fort Worth she ran into a cousin from Graham and learned her brother had also been sent to Siberia, an Earl Logan, but did not know which outfit he was with. She also remarks on how it may be cheaper to pay the duty and send silk to her at home. Good silk was \$3.00 per yard and hose full length pair was \$2.85 and \$3.50 a pair, war tax on hose of \$2.00 or more, so she only invested in one pair of silk hose. She was considering going to visit Mother Kopecky, but didn't want to interrupt when they were busy with the crops. She went with Annie to Ellin Fruit Farm to get some plums for preserving. She said she had never seen so many peaches and plums. They kept up a steady pace of eating as they picked. When they were ready to leave they asked the lady what they owed and if they charged for that which they ate while gathering. They were told they could have all they could eat while gathering, she was sure they ate at least a peck.

... Juneteenth..." Do people in Russia know what Juneteenth is? If they do not you tell them it is an important holiday in the states. You see I'm getting to talk about the states as if I had travelled extensively in foreign countries. This I have learned from you since you've been away. Gee, you will high tone me when you come back with all those adventures to relate. Then I'll arch my eyebrow and say, "When I was in the states, etc."

I told you back in my last letter when I said I would register it. When I took it to the post office I was informed that only a letter containing money or valuable paper that could not be duplicated, could be registered. I thought by its being registered there might be a chance of your getting it. But alas; well, that's what you get for going to such a wild and woolly country.

It seems that you and I have the same ideas. I too had thought of going to school while you were away. I had Denton in mind. I would like to take music, dressmaking, millinery and gym. That ought to keep me busy. I am determined to play your accompaniment. I just must. I also had thought of another plan, which I had written you before -- rent a furnished house in Fort Worth and have mother and father stay with me. I could attend classes at T.C.U., which has a domestic science course. I feel so much stronger now, feel just like I use to feel and with my glasses that eliminate the eyestrain that made me so nervous, I feel that I can study with a good will. I can do any kind of close work now without one bit of strain on my eyes. So I'm real anxious to see just how much I can do with the aid of my glasses. ...

The boys are steadily pouring in from France. The 90th and 36th have been welcomed, banqueted and praised. The 4th and 5th divisions were retained in Germany. So if you had gone with the 19th F.A. you would still be away. So I can't see that there would be any advantage of your being with the regiment. All the boys seem to have the same impressions of France -- rotten. They all speak of the avarice of the French and their eagerness to get all they can from the American soldiers, and the loose morals prevailing there. I'm thinking all of you will be better contented with your Uncle Sammie when you come back home from your wanderings.

That scenery must be picturesque. Please take lots of scenes. I mailed you yesterday 1/2 doz. rolls of film, packed them in a cigar box and addressed them to your new address. The Post office would not register packages to Siberia, nothing but papers that could be duplicated. I tried registering a letter but failed. I sent my picture to you some time ago. They would not register it....

...Your paycheck that you spoke of making out to me never came. Thought I'd tell you so you could keep track of it. I'm thinking of putting your money with what I've saved in a savings account -- better draw 5% than nothing. Don't you think? I received a letter from Ludma containing one she had written to you. They had lost your address and could not remember it. I'll send it along with this today....

... All the troops have been taken out of Archangel. I wonder why Senator Johnson (republican) is putting forth a resolution to ask the reasons for sending troops into Siberia. I'm anxious to hear the reasons. I hope they decide its folly and recall them. From the strikes they are having here and the general unrest of labour would make me think Bolshevism is here at home. The electrical workers have been on strike, also telegraph and telephone workers threatening. And still Germany procrastinates in signing the treaty. She up and sunk her fleet -- now I call that audacity.

I told you once before that Texas went wet and against woman suffrage. I want to move out of such a state. In New York woman suffrage carried. Kansas and several more I noticed had voted favourably. Yes there were some bad storms in Texas and Oklahoma but we got none of them. Crops are fine. Wheat is in danger of rotting because of the daily rains that come. We get wet nearly every evening we go out for a ride. It's getting to be a daily feature of our amusements"...

Charlie (brother - in-law) takes them for a last ride in the Buick as he has traded it for a house and lot in N. Buffalo for seven hundred dollars more than he paid for it, and also got a good price on the house. He got a second-hand Hudson to replace it, but it didn't ride as well. It looked okay after he put a new top on it and had it painted. She also heard from her sister that back home they had put out 10,000 potato plants for father. And she remarked ... "Some taters!"

Chapter 112 - Autumn on Its' Way

In August 1919 as the end of summer approaches and before autumn begins some monotony sets in but he still observes some of the events around him...

"The haying season is on over here now. The methods employed are those we have been accustomed to see in old Egyptian sculpture. The hay is cut by scythes and the raking and pitching is done by wooden rakes and forks. Incidentally, most of this work, like all other hard work, is done by the women.

Berries of several varieties are getting ripe now. One kind resembles huckleberries, except it is a little bit larger. It makes good pies. The wild strawberries resemble "tame" ones but are much smaller and sour and scrubby. I have not seen any fruit around here. Guess the season is almost too short for fruit and anyway the people are too shiftless to raise anything except what is absolutely necessary, such as rye, wheat, potatoes, and barley.

...One day is as much like another day that when one stops to think of what one would want to write about, the choice of subjects is quite limited and this monotonous routine of eating, sleeping and fishing does not tend to make one any too particularly bright and witty anyway.

We have a picture show brought to us once a week now. Had the first performance last Saturday night. It is an open-air affair and the Rusky peasants' attendance is heavy. The programs seem to consist chiefly of William Hart features (a good guy American cowboy) and are not bad. The legends are in both Russian and English. The YMCA is furnishing the shows.

We have been doing a good deal of fishing lately. Day before yesterday the men caught some large pickering, and yesterday the men cleaned out the pool with a seine. They caught a few very nice ones, but as I was at Verklina-Udinsk and was not expected to return the same day, all the fish were eaten up by the time I got here.

I went to Verklina-Udinsk to see about my striker whom I sent there for supplies some 2 days ago. Yesterday morning my sergeant brought me breakfast, the cheerful news that my striker was arrested by the M.P.'s and was now in the guardhouse at V-Ud. I went down on the next train and stayed in camp only about an hour and came back here on a freight train 8 hours from the time I left here. The striker's trial has not come off yet, but I guess it will be in a few days.

I have not received a letter from you in a month, but I am not any worse off than the rest, so there has been practically no mail received by anyone from the States for a month or so. Nobody seems to know just where the trouble lies... Learned at V.U. that my C.O. (medical) at that place has gone to the Base Hospital at Vladivostok for observation and

likely will have to return to the States. Sorry he is sick, but as for his departure, as far as I am concerned, he goes "unhonored and unwept." Another Miltenberger.

The Field Hospital at V.U. now has Red Cross nurses. Until quite recently, all the work was done by enlisted men of the Med. Dept. I guess it is quite a treat for the camp to have some English-speaking women over there. Goodness knows, most of us will forget how to speak to women by the time we get back to the U.S.A. It's a good thing I am married. I won't have to be so particular how I speak to you, for it does not make much difference how one speaks to his wife, you know.

The first batch of enlisted men to be sent home left here yesterday. There were only a few from each company -- about 14, I believe. They certainly were glad to leave too. I understand that 500 are to go home every month now. It will take a pretty long time to relieve all the drafted men here at that slow rate, but I guess that's better than not going at all." ...

He then tells of having seen some statistical figures on the fighting done in France by some of the different divisions. He notes that the regulars had more casualties but also captured more prisoners, cannons, and machine guns than the various National Guard Units. He says anytime the guardsmen start to brag about things over the regulars or drafted men, he will show them this so he will not have to listen to it. He has come to learn that a strike on the Chinese Eastern R.R. through Manchuria is where the traffic and mail is being held up. In the last four weeks the weather has turned considerably colder and they should be moving into other quarters soon, provided that is, the red tape hasn't held it up. He notes the rent is so cheap in the village, the officers could afford to pay it themselves if they had to. Winter may come sooner than scheduled is pointed out as they observed Misha, the bear, "has been gathering all available material for making a nest or lair and the wise guys say that is a sure sign the cold weather is coming." He then continues on about him and the dentist visiting a neighbouring village...

"The dentist and myself have been running around some through the neighbouring village, studying Siberian village life. It's simple enough -- I mean the life is. In fact, it is easier to study than the Russian temperament is. The latter seems simple enough as long as the Rusky stays sober -- which he rarely does -- but when he does attain what seems to be the ideal stage or state, that is, a degree of intoxication bordering on dead drunk, his temperament becomes quite complex and many-sided. Alcohol is the curse (or one of the curses) of the people here. Sometime I feel about the country like the doughboy whose letter the lieutenant censored recently: "These people are 100 years behind times and losing ground fast."

Yesterday one of the lieutenants and myself went to Mostovia. We went down on a Russian sanitary train -- that is, we rode on the rear platform of one of the boxcars. "Sanitary" is a misnomer -- unsanitary would be the more appropriate designation. This train was on its way from

the front. That's about the third one in the past week. The patients were pitiful sights, and what few wounds there were, were for the most part self-inflicted, to avoid military service. Most of them mutilate their left hands. It seems almost amusing to see what a large proportion of the wounded have only their left hands bound up. The patients are put in boxcars and sleep on boards without any blankets. A few happen to have old, patched, non-descript coats, which they use for cover, but most of them have only light cotton pajamas. And I sleep under 3 blankets at night! I am doubtful as to whether the patients are fed anything at all; they may get a little black bread and tea. But it seems that a good many of them die of sheer starvation after they get too weak to get out of the cars at the stations and hustle some food for themselves. Every station or so, the new dead are moved into a rear box car reserved for that purpose -- the bodies are usually just skin and bones so that it is easy to carry 2 at a time on the litter. Quite a cheerful picture, isn't it? Yet, this is not all of it, only as much as I dare write."

During February and March 1919, White Russians had been raiding many settlements and the word was getting around. Cossack bands rode into villages beating, abducting, torturing, and murdering villagers. Friends and relatives of loved ones killed by the rampaging bands became instant converts for the Red partisans. A US Army Intelligence officer remarked that "a lot of people who did not necessarily coincide with Bolshevik beliefs, and did not necessarily coincide with the other forces, were obliged to take one of those two sides because the only two military forces existing were of the two extremes."

Colonel C. H. Morrow, the commander of the 27th Infantry Regiment, heard reports that Generals Semenov and Kalmykov were indiscriminately killing people up and down the railway line. He dispatched investigation teams to determine the validity of persistent rumours and reports that it was the Cossacks committing the atrocities. One team's investigation near the village of Bobinka (south of the Omsk area) collected considerable evidence that one of Semenov's commanders, General Levitsky had gone on a bloody rampage. In his report lieutenant E. Davis wrote that there were "a dozen corpses with their hands cut off lying in a heap." He went on to describe that many showed that they had been burned while still alive. None of the numerous saber cuts on all the bodies "proved to be immediately fatal." One of the bloodiest raids took place in the spring of 1919. General Ivanov-Rinov's forces attacked a village using among other weapons, heavy artillery from one of the 'Destroyer' trains. Destroyer trains were heavily armored trains. Provisions were made in each railcar for small firing slots for rifles while 1 or 2 flatbed cars were modified to have an armor-protected artillery piece. One of the shells hit a schoolhouse, killing the teacher and 27 of the children inside. The armored trains ran up and down the railway at the whim of the White Russian officer in charge. The crew or sometimes local officials would arrest someone and bring them aboard the train where they could be whipped, tortured, or taken somewhere they could be shot. The charge of suspected Bolshevik was incapable of being disapproved.



Map 12 Omsk to Lake Baikal

When Kolchak was later questioned as to why Semenov's detachment assumed the functions of police, made arrests, and abducted and murdered people, Kolchak responded that "abductions occurred all the time." He went on to say that the detachments "in a wholly arbitrary fashion...inspected trains, and when they found someone who in their opinion was party to Bolshevism, or suspected of it, they arrested that person." Those people arrested were "dealt with entirely as they pleased" by the detachments.

The crops were confiscated by the Russian armies on both sides for their needs and at one point in 1919 the White Army needed recruits so desperately, Admiral Kolchak ordered that the captured prisoners be drafted into their service! Both Russian Armies used and abused the civilian population for their needs as they pleased. ("The Russian Intervention, 1918-1920" 2000: Wolfpack)

"I realise very keenly that no soldier is better taken care of than Uncle Sam's men are. Our men eat like kings over here, compared with the rest of the people around us, and our private receives twice as great a pay as a Czech full general! It is one of the enigmas of Americanism to these people here -- how we can pay, feed and clothe our army as we do. And, of course, the only way they can figure it out is that we are awfully rich. It never occurs to them that with more industry, less vodka, and more common horse sense, they could be what we are. They think it's just luck. The Czechs are different by several hundred years. They are a great people, even though their standards have suffered considerably here, and they have the capacity and desire to be still greater. But these poor cattle-like Russians!

Infant mortality, always great, is simply awful during the summer. As soon as a woman reaches puberty, she begins to breed and bear children, married or not. Of course, there are a few exceptions, but that's the way it seems to be now. In a great majority of cases, she is as ignorant and stupid as hell, but, of course, her ovaries and her uterus function just the same. As soon as a child is 6 weeks old, she will feed it bread, raw fish, green cucumbers or anything that's handy. During the

summer, the mother will go out to work at sunrise and works till sundown - about 18 hours - and in the meantime the child does without feeding unless it gets, regardless of age, some black bread, tea or fish. When the mother comes home, she feeds it, falls asleep, wakes up in the morning and - depending upon how much time she has - feeds it, or not, and again goes to work. The kid dies from starvation and, if it survives that, from intestinal disease. They bring children here with diarrhea everyday. Most of them are not benefitted much by the treatment, I am afraid, for if the mother is intelligent enough to understand our directions about the medicine, she likely is not enough so to understand about the feeding; and even if she is intelligent enough, she is too lazy to worry herself that much. A woman brought a baby to me a few days ago, and when I looked at it, I found out the baby was dead and must have been so for some time. And she had been standing outside of the tent oh-oh-ing and rocking it! Straight murder in most cases. Yet they will say, "The Lord gives, the Lord takes!"...

He notes the nights are getting colder, yet it doesn't seem like autumn and fears they may go straight to winter. The people are harvesting their grain.

"They are doing this like they are doing everything else - they cut it with small sickles and tie the bundles with their hands and thresh out the grains with flails. The doughboy was right: "A hundred years behind times."

A Major Scudder, M.C., the Surgeon of the Zone of Advance, came through on an inspection of their camps along the line. Dr Joe went with him and travelled to Mostovoi. There were 7 camps to visit that were under his medical supervision along the line. They had from 8 to 80 men at each camp. The Major was happy with his inspection. Dr Joe comments that he must find additional winter quarters for some of the men. In some areas no buildings are available. In Selenga they are "settin" purty."

He goes on to list the latest picture show that came to the camp -- 5 reels of William Hart in "The Square Deal Man," a 2-reel comedy, "Bogus Earl," and a 4-reel comedy, "The Social Pirates." He then goes on to tell... "We got home before midnight. Just about the time I got ready to go to bed, a dogfight was pulled off by my tent. I emptied my automatic by way of showing that I was willing to contribute the widow's mite, but did not see any dead dogs this morning, so I guess the bullets went wild."

Chapter 113 - Summer Drags On

As Golda receives more letters from late June she thinks more about the length of time away...

..."Three years? Well that would be just a little too much for both of us don't you think? I could bravely reconcile myself to your absence for a year but three years would try my patience and patriotism too. I fear that I'd grow so weary and grey and discontented that you would never be able to revive my spirits. But you're not going to have to stay that long, I know you are not.

I feel a bit guilty that you had to ask me to send you something, a package of goodies or something. I have been planning to but you were having such a hard time getting your mail I didn't think it worthwhile. But I'll risk it now regardless. I sent the Kodak films about two weeks ago.

Joe, did you ever get chiggers (how do you spell it) - well just plain red bugs on you? We went down on the Nolan River last Sunday, ate dinner and went wading. Had a time but paid for this pleasure in red bug bites. I claw my legs and feet till they smart then I put camphor on them. I realise just how hard it was for you to keep from scratching last winter. Why I wake up in the night and try to scratch all the skin off where the bumps are.

If I recover from this affliction by next Monday, I'm going to visit Watson three or four days. I'm hungry to ride on the train again. Isn't that senseless desire? Result of army life I suppose...

Tomorrow is the glorious Fourth... Cleburne is planning a big blowout for the returned soldiers tomorrow at the picnic grounds. It seems to me that they would wait till all the boys returned. I don't think the boys care much for the noise and tumult anyway.

Cleburne claims the second hero of the war. The first hero is a mountaineer of Tennessee, a Sergeant York who killed 32 Germans and captured 120 or some thing like that. Louisville gave him a grand reception when he returned. He dined with Henry Waterson, Bingham, and several other rascals there. At the beginning of the war York was a C.O. but was persuaded to lay aside his religious scruples for the period of the war. Well, it's very well to honour our heroes but I'm just as proud of those boys who were in the training camps here and never got across.

Since the peace treaty has been signed the boys are coming quick. I see that the 4th and 5th Divisions are on their way to Brest. Gee! That sounds better than "on their way to France" as it was this time last year.

We're going out to the picnic tomorrow afternoon. Annie didn't think she could corral Paddie and Joe Richard all day long. It is too hot to

stay out there all day in the hot sunshine. I'm going to wear my new grey and rose costume. Will send you a Kodak of it if the picture flatters me. It is very pretty and the only dress I've made except that voile I made at home. I had enough material left to make a hat to match. Now don't you love that?

July 5th. The picnic was a grand mess as affairs of that kind usually are. I didn't see much of it but what I saw convinced me that I didn't want a day of it out there in the broiling sun and dust with only the grand stand and fair buildings for shade. There were about 20,000 people there. The soldiers were a mere sprinkling compared with the civilians. And the uniform and civilian clothes combinations would jar you to look at. Coats open displaying white shirts and loud coloured ties flapping in the breeze, then a uniform with civilian hat would appear and all kinds of mixtures. Those country boys certainly display horrible taste. They were escorting their ladyloves around to the cold drink stands frequently. I sat out in the car and "observed."

O this hot weather! I wish I were with you up there in Siberia. The mosquitoes bit me last night and kept me awake nearly all night. Where Anna lives now is on a hill and very cool, the heat never bothers us at night, but the mosquitoes have come through the screens some way. I rolled and kicked and tried to fall asleep and thought about you...

Do you use "military" expressions that you were learning in Taylor or have you reformed? I don't want you to cultivate the habit. While at home I became thoroughly disgusted with swearing by hearing Mary's husband explode so much. I don't think I could have the proper respect for my husband if he used profanity. As you are, I think you could hardly be improved upon...

I'm sending a few scenes taken on our trip to Blum. The scenes are on the Nolan River. I am not as fat as my pictures look - honest; I'm not... Joe Richard is the sweetest youngster I nearly ever knew. He doesn't talk - he jabbars some kind of lingo. I said if you were here I'd accuse you of teaching him Bohemian. When some of the little boys and Lyle get into a quarrel, Joe Richard gets him a stick and wades into them in Lyle's defence. During the while he talks Bohemian and Skywegian. There's a cripple girl across the street whom he makes a daily visit. She is very fond of him"...

Golda leaves and visits Watson and her family, then returns to stay with Annie and Charlie. They were waiting for her at the station. She receives a letter written May 30th and June 5th from Dr Joe, which again wonders if she is writing. To which she writes, "You ask if I write. Well, you know that if I'm living and conscious I'm going to write to you. I wonder if those men who receive mail have moved around as much as you. Maybe they will reach you when you get settled in one place." She then writes she is planning to visit Mother Kopecky in a week or two and get all of her visiting done so she can prepare for entering school as she feels it is the best thing she can do

while he is away. Golda then remarks on how hot the weather is and how bad the mosquitoes are....

"O those kids! Every few minutes I have to go chase them out of mischief. I'm stuffing them on peaches and ice so that they will be good. I'm sure Annie will appreciate my methods of persuasion. The little red headed boy across the street is receiving punishment now for using naughty words. He has been out playing in his pink nightie - must have slipped out from his afternoon nap. He is noted all over town for being about the worst boy that was....

Last night at 3 a.m. I became hungry, (one of my old stunts, eh?) and had to get up and get myself a glass of milk. I thought about the hunk of cheese you used to threaten to take to bed for me to eat at night. If the mosquitoes there are as bloodthirsty in proportion to their size as these here, well good bye, because I know they wouldn't be long in devouring you"...

As more letters arrive Golda writes back that she thinks it would be nice if in time she could meet him in San Francisco upon his return and that will give her something to look forward to. She has written off about her course of study, which includes music and plans on learning to play this time if there is any way. She tries to keep up with all the change of addresses and even goes back to the post office after mailing a package after she learns of a new address in the letter she just received. She then comments. "Do you pronounce that (Verkhne-Udinsk) like it is spelled? Those Russian names are a mouthful." She then relays some more news from the States...

"We are having race trouble here, Washington City, Chicago, and New York are being molested by rioting Negroes. The cause is said to be their treatment in France. While the Negroes were over there the French girls associated with them and some of them married them. The smart alecs came back here and thought the American people would stand for their impudence. I wouldn't like to be living in Washington now and I know if we were there you would be gathering ally apples all the time. The troops have been called out in these cities. We are having trouble in Mexico also. Some of the Americans have been mistreated there and I suppose our government will take up the matter. This will call for some more troops. About all our armies are out of Germany now. None but the 1st Div. remains, the 90th, 36th, 42nd, part of the 89th, and several more are already home. They are coming pretty fast. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th are ready to sail. Congress is raising sand about the League of Nations. I don't know whether they will approve it or not. I read in the paper the other day where President Wilson had given reasons for keeping troops in Siberia. He said as long as the R.R. service was in such a poor condition and as long as we sent supplies there it was necessary for our soldiers to protect the R.R. from hands of bandits who make occasional raids on it. Well, this doesn't sound so bad -- the only thing is when will they be permitted to come home?"...

The movement of supplies to the soldiers was a critical problem. The importance of

the 4,000-mile long Trans-Siberian railway can not be under emphasised. Control of the railroad meant control of the only major logistics and communication line in the region. It also meant access to massive stockpiles of munitions, food, fuel, coal, and other war supplies that the Allies had shipped to the ports of both Archangel and Vladivostok. The US War Department estimated the tonnage of supplies sitting in Vladivostok at 400,000 tons of steel, copper, brass, lead, barbed wire, rails, automobiles and trucks, machine tools, and munitions, all worth over \$1 billion. Mr. Ole A. Bjonerud, one of the US Army officers and railroad experts that visited Vladivostok in December 1917, kept a diary of his experiences. He wrote, "warehouses were loaded to the roof and large piles of supplies piled outside sheltered from the weather by tarpaulins. Some of those supplies have been here for over two years awaiting movement over the Trans-Siberian Railroad."

The chaotic conditions along the railway were another reason the supplies were not reaching the front. Thousands of refugees, poor communication, Czech control over parts of the railway, numerous allied sectors being run without central guidance, and bandits like Semenov kept the railway and the telegraph lines disrupted. Kolchak's government failed to pay the railroad workers sometimes for up to 3 months at a time and the railroad failed to maintain adequate stocks of coal along the routes. Trains would often have to wait for days because there was not fuel for the engines. As the Red Army moved closer to Omsk the westbound traffic that should have been carrying reinforcements and supplies was stopped and those rails used for refugees fleeing the war. What supplies that did get to Omsk were more likely to be warehoused than shipped to the front. When Omsk was captured, with minimal fighting, the Red Army became the proud owners of 3 armored trains, 3,000 wagons of military supplies, 40 artillery pieces, almost a thousand machine guns and 5 million bullets that had been hoarded instead of being transferred to the army that needed it. ("The Russian Intervention, 1918-1920" 2000: Wolfpack)

"... I don't take setting up exercises any more since the weather is so hot-- I just eat less. Don't care for anything to eat except peaches and watermelons, Charlie's sent four big melons up yesterday. They are fine. He and Annie fuss at me for eating "trash" only. But one doesn't need much meat and heavy food when it's such warm weather. Next winter I'll take gym and when I come to Siberia for you I'll have muscles like a prize-fighter. I can take you by the collar and fling you across the room when you get uppish, but I wouldn't do this more than bid."

Chapter 114 - Down to Taiton

Before she heads off to Taiton she writes that she estimates the school fees will be about \$400. His pay check of \$115 from May has made it and she has put about half, \$600, in the savings deposit that will draw 5% compound interest. She is irritated with the Citizens Bank at Louisville for charging her for the "exchange" to the other bank. (Some things still have not changed to this day). She had to go and check on Alma as she had become quite ill. " I found when I went that she was terribly upset indeed. The wound had almost closed up but she had developed a cystitis for which the doctor had given a prescription that caused nausea. For three days she has been unable to keep water on her stomach. I don't know what the dope was - these country doctors never tell what they are giving but it tasted kinda like salysilates or urotropin. On examination of urine, colon bacilla were found. It looks as if she is going to get all right this morning. After the purgative acted, her nausea is gone and there's scarcely any pain in the bladder. Here's hoping she continues thus"... The race riots are being subdued by military. Ten thousand troops were called out in Chicago. A big R.R. strike is being formed by the employees. And she then wrote..."Don't know what it will amount to."

Golda takes the train to Houston instead of waiting at Rosenberg and wires Cyril to meet her there. She sent the wire to the El Campo Pharmacy where Mr Turner opened it to see how important it was. She had signed it G. Kopecky and he thought it was Dr. Joe coming. She said there was great disappointment when they found out it was her that had arrived. Cyril picked her up in his Ford and took her on to the farm...

..." We spent the morning dancing. Ludma is giving me private lessons. I step on her toes about every 10 minutes. They have some good fox trot records and one-steps too. The victrola is quite a pleasure out here. After supper -- we had good old cream cheese and good cucumber pickles for supper. While we were eating, Vlasta's beau came so we could not continue our dancing. We went in and showed off before him. Then we washed the dishes, talked a while to Mother Kopecky, and here we are. The boys were planning to go to a party. But it was postponed, so they decided to take their spite out on the bullfrogs. They hope to have frog legs for breakfast. I'm not sure I want to try them.

The folks have a new hired man, a quiet, dark, hungry-looking creature. He nearly went blind today when he came up to the boys' room and saw Vlasta; Ludma and me sprawled out on the beds. Alba ran in and tried to spread her apron in front of us, but it would not spread enough. She laughed at me because I hid my face under a pillow like an ostrich. The man wasn't long getting out of there...

Ludma and I had another long conversation -- talked about beaux, journeys, school, pigs and everything. We also discussed your going to have a birthday soon. We only wish you were here so we could give you 33 spanks.

Here come the boys with their game. Jap says they got "just eleven." The frog legs don't look bad, but to think they are frogs makes

one sick. Cyril says he has sure been putting Jap to work since he came home. It seems to agree with him. He looks real healthy and as brown as a cookie. The girls have their cotton chopping done so we can gad all the time. We will go to the Millers pretty soon. Mala was here 2 weeks ago. I guess she will not be back soon. Maybe we can go to see her. I'll write more later. P.S. Jap said after he put the frog legs away and when he'd wake up in the night, he would hear them kicking and he'd just smile.

The girls are all fixing to write to you this afternoon, so I shall start now and beat them to what they may have to say. I had written to you before but it takes those letters so long to get to you, it's disappointing"...

(Written by Ludma, Dr Joe's sister)

"We have had some tough chopping this year and have had it to do during the hottest part of the summer, so it "pretty near ruined us." Some of our cotton is real good, but there is too little of it. Our corn is passable. We still have roasting ears (June corn). We will have lots of peanuts and peas, so maybe we will not starve. The grass in the pastures is good so the cattle look right well without having to be fed yet. The horses are worked down, as you may expect, but so far none of them died. P.D. is still a pet, but has too found out what work is this year. He is Cyril's "cow horse."

John has had some hard luck lately with his stock. Three of his mules died and someone said there were more of them going to die, but I do not know because we have not been there for some time. Millers have not lost anything so far. Anton, I think, lost one mule. Those people have had lots of hard luck all this year. Anton's crop had been partly drowned out, and the water stood in the fields so long they were not able to kill the grass, so their crops are too grassy for white people to fool with. You know what a fussy wife Anton has. Well, she seemed to get worse every year, and so there is no peace for them. She thinks she ought to be "city folks" and, of course, living in a barn does not agree with her at all. John certainly does sympathise with Anton and most all the men and even women folk around there do. Why didn't they keep their eyes open before marriage? Anton gave Agnes a month's "furlough" now, but I guess it will be more of a furlough for him. She wants to go to Galveston and, of course, that called for a new hat, dress and petticoat, which she does not need in the country.

Annie is not in Galveston now. She is in California. Consumption, I guess. But Rosa (the one that married so young) works at Galveston. You know she was divorced from her man and put her kids, except one, in the orphan asylum and had her name changed to Rosa Holden (American). Her husband joined the Army after they were divorced.

Millers have not given up any of their crop yet. They are not to well off either, but they are not worrying much. Both the old folks are

looking well except that they are sunburned as Mexicans and Theresa is a little bit smaller than she used to be. The kids stayed at our house for nearly 2 weeks and they had so much to say and were so noisy that Cyril had to use a switch on them once in a while. He made them say things in Bohemian and they did not dare forget it, for they knew Cyril was coming back at them. Joe would rather take a beating than have Cyril give one to Sister. So when Cyril asked Sister what "white cat" means in Bohemian, Joe whispered in her ear, "bilu kocku" and Sister says "bilu tacku." Sister looks well and Joe is not ailing either, but he is rather skinny and is not much taller than Sister. Lilly wanted a "furlough," so we sent her to Millers and she has been there now nearly 2 weeks. Alba and I have to milk the cows now and it seems pretty dangerous at times. One of the cows kicked me clear off my box, while the milk bucket was almost out of sight, and then she looked around and grinned at me. The next day Alba milked and one of the cows wrapped her tail around Alba's neck and then gave it a jerk. Alba looked funny and mad, but she laughed at me the day before so I had a chance to laugh at her. Lilly can handle those cows a little better than we can because they are afraid of her. She slaps them with her bare hands and that's enough to make them behave...

I am going to teach at Woodsboro again next winter. I have had to whip some boys and had some trouble, but the trustees rather liked it so they raised my salary from \$75 to \$90, so I took it, but they will have two teachers and I wanted Alba to teach with me so I gave my position to Alba and took the assistant's "place" at \$80 a month. I do not know whether we will get to board with Mala or not, for they have sold their farm and do not expect to live there next year.... Mala wrote V.L. stays around the barn most all the time and when he finds an egg, he punches a hole in it and sucks it out. We may go there while Willis is here, but I do not know for sure that we will.

Henry Kopecky has been discharged for some time, but we have not had the pleasure of seeing him yet. He is one of the old maid kind that learned a good deal about this "bad old world" and now thinks all the girls are bad except his mama and his sisters. So he says that home is good enough for him and I think so too. He might make the "bust" that Anton made. George is something like that too, so we do not know so much about them and we are not worrying about them. George's crop was drowned out and so he just left it and went to his "ma." I guess you know Mrs Kristerils (the one that used to talk so much) died some time last spring and he wanted to marry "Surarrkies" but Ludwick and Ludma told her they would not go with her and she was not very anxious to either, so he married someone else.

Well, Willis is finishing her letter so I will have to close too. The girls are making fun of my writing, but I have really tried to write decently but I could not, so you may as well hush up. I had written just like this to a few boys this summer and not long ago I was too busy so I told Alba to write my "Bu" for me, and she wrote him a big neat letter and he did not even see the difference -- thought I had written it, so there. You see, I was

just practising this summer and I got tired of it, so now I get no "mo" letters. Vlasta and Alba are around here, however. Vlasta has a boy come to see her 3 times a week and has another one supplying her with letters and records, etc. Tom Schollman is at Missy's (Houston) and so he thinks he is city people. He sends Vlasta 5 records a week and so we play all the time. They are just friends, though, so do not be getting any wedding presents yet. Vlasta wanted to send him some candy this week, so she made some real "good-looking stuff" and bought some "good stale walnuts" to put on top, and after she fixed it all up, she left it on the desk in our room to cool (overnight). In the morning she intended to put it in a box but, lo and behold, she woke up and found it all gone. The rats had to flee from the water this year and they all seemed to have come in our house, and one old rat got all the candy from our room and we knew nothing of it. We found big piles of it in back of the trunks next day and it all had to go to the hogs. Love and everything, Ludma."

Golda continues on in her letter with... " Jap took us girls in the Ford to a party about 8 miles from here. It was a surprise affair and pretty bum too. They played play songs out in the yard. All of the folks said it was the sorriest one they had ever attended. We girls played awhile. I soon got enough exercise so I sat on a pile of lumber near and Ludma and Vlasta would take turns in keeping me company. The mosquitoes kept me company all the time. They were full-grown ones too. I killed about 700, a few of which I saved to send to you to compare their size with that of the Rusky mosquitoes.

Finally we started home. Jap got through playing. All the boys were poky, but Jap put lots of pep into the games. I told him he was the cutest boy there. He said, "Yes, I knew it." Just like him, eh? When we got to the main road we met Cyril coming from El Campo where he had gone to take his 3rd degree work. When we got home we ate a dairy lunch while Ludma and I sang the party songs like Tillie somebody sang them (through our noses) and Cyril threatened to drown us. The melody didn't seem to make a good impression on his anaesthetic nerves.

It isn't raining here now and cotton is growing. So much of it had to lay out because the ground was too wet. I saw my first rice farms. They are certainly pretty. Cyril picked me a bunch of Rice to take home with me. He took me over to the pasture where he has his cattle. He bought 25 head this spring. Has some good-looking Hereford cattle. He is thinking of farming rice next year and raising cattle. It seems a wise thing to do since one can govern the amount of water on the rice crop and the pasture for cattle looks fine down here.

You should have been at our party last night. Lada came. He wore John's white duck trousers and Jerome's army shirt. He had a hair cut and was real good looking. We tried to get him to dance with us, but he refused. Ludma had on a little hubbard dress that Vlasta wore 7 years ago. She and Vlasta gave some demonstrations of how the girls dance in Taiton community. We laughed till we cried. Your mama seemed to enjoy our

party. The boys were away somewhere, so we raised a roughhouse till late. Then we sat in the sewing and listened to Vlasta relate her experiences as a freshman in S.W.N.I. She is so pretty and very interesting, I think. Ludma is still having trouble with her complexion. I wish she could get rid of those bumps for they will eventually scar her face. I can't tell which one of the girls I like best. They are all sweet interesting girls. They and your mama are spoiling me.

Monday -- We took our middies and bloomers along and went swimming. Jap caught a big string of fish with his hands. He would go up to the banks of the creek and reach down into the holes and haul out a fish. We stayed till late and when we got home those fish tasted larpin. All of us girls got red noses and red necks and were tired enough to sleep last night. On our way to the creek, we stopped and watched Cyril and Dan Schuman rope steers. Some of those mixed with Brahman made it pretty interesting for the boys.

... Competition doesn't seem so keen, no more so than before the war. But the people do not seem to pay much attention to a man's having been in service a year or so. They had just as soon call a doctor who was a downright slacker. I noticed that in Cleburne. Several whose doctor had gone are keeping the one who relieved him after the doctor got out of service. That isn't right. But I know you will make good anywhere, in service or out. Who gives a care whether the slackers have their slacker doctors or not? Dr. Yates came home last week. He said his little experience in the army set him back about \$6,000. Well, I think he could very well afford to lose that much...

The folks are trying to get the cane stripped and molasses made by Friday night so we can go to Woodsboro the last of the week. Ludma and Alba will stay and pick cotton till Institute begins. The rest of us will come back in a day or two. I haven't been to Millers yet. Don't see how I'll squeeze all the programs in another week.... The girls are planning a party here next Thursday night.... Lada is pretty good-natured to take all the teasing that comes as his share. He already buys white stiff collars, which Jap immediately confiscates and wears to a party or somewhere. Jap says he hopes to break Lada of his extravagant habits in this way.

After the party, or rather the morning after the night before -- speaking of Cyril, I'll tell you how I got even. While Vlasta was getting his clothes ready for him to take a bath, I saturated his BVD's with Djer kiss toilet water. When he came in all dressed up, I said, "Oh, how nice you smell," and he looked kinda guilty and said he didn't do it, that either Vlasta or John was responsible since the clothes belonged to John. Oh, yes, he said, "it's not on my shirt, either." His girl discovered it too and was remarking about Cyril's using perfume. He sure did "stinketh."

The party was quite a success. We played all those silly games till 2 a.m. If you had happened up and seen me playing skip-to-my-lou around there with those country yaps, you would have thought what fools

we mortals be. I've been leading some gay life while here. These folks never sleep. They work all day and play all night. We girls stuff on ice cream. Have had it twice this week.

The other day I ate my first frog legs. They were surprisingly good. I didn't think about their belonging to a frog."

Chapter 115 - Catching Up

Late August 1919 - Dr Joe is catching up and answering questions in the letters he has received. He also passes on some more observations...

" Both you and Ludma wrote about John and George. And who is George, may I manifest my curiosity by inquiring? -- I told how little I'd heard from home since I have left the States. As if to rub it in, Ludma in her letter would say, "Of course, you know so and so" and then would proceed on the premise that I did know so and so -- when, as a matter of fact, I knew nothing about it.

What would I do if I should break my glasses, both pairs? Well, I'd be in a helluva fix that's all. And I haven't so far to go, either, for one pair has been broken since May. I use the "pince nez" (nose-pinchers) altogether. By the way, you better send me a pair of lens. You can find and make out my prescription. I'd better tell you that I use the right lens from an old prescription and the left from the Washington prescription. My lens size I'll draw on a piece of paper for you. I may not need them, but one can't tell.

Well, I do not see any reason why you could not be driving around in your own roadster. You really ought to have had one before now. If you'll get well-instructed in running one and take care of it, it ought not to be so very much expense. Dodge is about the only kind I'd buy now, I believe.

By the way, if you are going to live at Fort Worth, don't forget to buy your supplies from the commissary at Camp Bowie -- provided the camp is still there, of course.

Plums and peaches? -- Oh, yes, I know. That comes to you in cans and also in forms of jam. That's the only way I have ever seen it in Siberia. There's no fruit here, at least not anywhere I have been. It does not grow here and you do not see it on the market. I have almost forgotten there was any such thing as fruit.

I went to Mostovoi yesterday. They have moved into winter quarters and are rather overcrowded. We have not moved yet, but have finally made some arrangements for our quarters. I think we are going to stay in the tents so long as we possibly can, which will be about 2 more weeks. Our quarters are nothing to brag of, though not quite as bad as what the men had in France.

In going to Mostovoi yesterday, I rode with a bunch of Czech officers on a train of Czech invalids homeward bound. There were 500 plus of them, and most of them have not seen home for 5 years. A good many of those still here will likely have to wait till late next year before they can get home. I had some very interesting conversations with the officers. In fact, probably my pleasantest recollections of Siberia are going

to be my relations with the Czechs while on duty in the V.U. - Misovaya sector.

The General came through yesterday on his way from Omsk and stopped here for a few minutes. He has stayed somewhere up the line for about 7 weeks. He did not have much news or consolation to offer us.

Picture 34: 27th Infantry Train



27th Infantry Train - Loaded for Vladisvostok

Oh, boy, once more we got some mail and learned that our loved ones are still alive. I have not heard from you for nearly 7 weeks -- the last letter I had from you was mailed May 30th, or nearly 3 months ago. But this time I was not alone, for we knew that the mail was held up in Manchuria through strikes on the Chinese Eastern, and though we were by no means contented, we were more resigned than last spring for we knew the mail would come some time.

Yesterday morning when I woke up, it was raining pitchforks, so I went right back to sleep again and stayed in bed till 11 a.m. The weather was fair enough in the afternoon, and the lieutenant commanding and myself were fooling around the automatic rifle pits about 6 p.m., when here comes my man from Verkhne - Udinsk with the films and 3 letters -- dated June, 18, 27, and July 5, respectively -- and that letter from Ludma, not to mention a whole load of my Texas Bohemian papers. Well, the gun pits at once lost their fascination. I was glad I had slept as much in the forenoon. The dentist and I read till midnight, and after I went to bed, I could not go to sleep for quite a while on account of thinking...

The drafted men and "period-of-war" men are being sent home in batches of several hundred every few weeks, but this does not apply to me or any of the other regular officers. I am glad to see the men go, for they have been here over a year now and must be good and tired of it. The climate, since I have been here, has been very delightful, but even with this, a year of this life ought to be enough to tire the men out -- and it does. The men booze, knock the Ruskys on the head and raise hell generally and pretty regularly, much to our detriment. No new men have arrived here yet, though I understand they are on their way now. They

could not get any volunteers for Siberia, so I guess they will send men who enlisted for the service without giving preference for any country or possessions.

What the men say of the loose morals in France applies here as well and, for that matter, I am afraid, to all of the Europeans. And be it said, to their shame that many of the Americans take advantage to the limit of these deplorable conditions and bring disgrace and reproach on the rest of us...

About all I can do is express my interest in your plans for the winter, for as I said before, I am too far away to be of any use in your planning. I am sorry that you feel as you do about living with your sisters, and still I can very easily see that you cannot feel otherwise; at best, you must always feel that you are playing second fiddle in the house. If your parents could live alone, that is, not with one of your sisters, I am sure you could have a much better time and would have the satisfaction of knowing that you are running the home. I am sure that all your time would be pretty well taken up -- in fact, I suspect, you would be so busy that you would not have very much time left for any studying or anything else. Still, if you believe it would make life any pleasanter for the old folks, I don't know but that it would be the proper thing to spend your time and efforts on them as long as I am away. You will certainly have a better chance to do so now than you have ever had before or ever will after I return. But be sure that they would be happier or more contented that way than the way they are now. Transplanting old people is not always as easy as you might think... We are both too sensible to think that we will never have another little misunderstanding after we meet, but we know that these are a part of the game and, compared with the rest there is in married life, are very insignificant affairs after all. And our "rows" were such trivial affairs that they are amusing rather than anything else. I think you will agree with me that 99 plus % of them were due to some physical or mental discomfort of the aggressor, or to the weather, or some such external stimulus, rather than to any actual offence or shortcoming on the part of the victim...

I cannot consider this trip as a misfortune. It was -- or is -- an education in itself, and though many of the things I have seen during the past half year are disheartening and deplorable, they are nevertheless there -- or rather here -- a part of this world and its life, and might as well be faced as facts. For one thing, I am disillusioned on the subject of our dear European and Asiatic allies and heartily agree with those of our men in Europe who cry: "Keep free from entanglements with Europe!" Our nation is centuries ahead of these people in ideals, morals, religion and conception of right and wrong generally. We have our defects, but most of these noble allies are not fit to lick our boots! If the Germans are worse than they and I guess they are, then it's a wonder the Lord does not wipe the human race off the face of the earth.

I would like to go to Europe for a few months, but would like for you to be along, and so will take this a few years later. "America first" is

all right when you are travelling purely for scenery, but if you are interested in human nature, you'll have to get out of the U.S.A. before you can study it in all its depravity and ugliness.

Someday this will be a great country. Now, people are starving here and some of them live no better than cattle. It will take people of a different breed than these to make this country a great country. Cholera is raging in Manchuria, but we have not heard of any of it within 1000 miles or more from here. If it should come here, I know of no one here that is better equipped than we are to combat it. Being fairly well isolated and independent as far as supplies go, we could fight it much better than we could the flu in the U.S."

Allied involvement in Russia began when the Allies dispatched troops there to secure military supplies for World War I. The Allies subsequently became involved in the Russian Civil War, in part because they saw Bolshevism as a hostile force in that it promoted socialist world revolution and renounced the debts of the former imperial government. The Allies were also alarmed by Russia's withdrawal from World War I, signified by the March 1918 Treaty of Brest-Litovsk between Russia and the Central Powers. Under the treaty, the Bolsheviks ceded several territories of the former Russian Empire - eastern Poland, the Baltic States, Finland, and Ukraine - to Germany, as well as Transcaucasia to Turkey, in return for an end to hostilities; however, the terms of the treaty were revoked after Germany's defeat.

With the end of World War I, Allied intervention on behalf of the White forces became more active. Soon thereafter, however, the Allied governments could no longer justify intervention in Russia to their own war-weary people. Lacking a common purpose, the Allies continued to extend only half-hearted support to the Whites until they were defeated.

The Russian Civil War caused wide-scale devastation, economic ruin, loss of life through military operations and disease, and the emigration of an estimated 1 to 2 million middle and upper-class Russians. Most estimates of human losses during the war range from 7 to 8 million, of which more than 5 million were civilian casualties. Between the outbreak of World War I and the end of the civil war, an estimated 16 million people died in Russia, the vast majority of whom were civilians.

The war produced a steady decline in the standard of living among Russia's people and caused the destruction of much of the country's infrastructure. Overall, industrial production fell to less than 20 percent of the pre-1914 level. The amount of land under cultivation also decreased sharply, contributing to the famine of 1921 - 1922, which claimed an estimated 5 to 6 million lives. ("The Trans-Siberian Railroad" 2000: Wolfpack)

Chapter 116 - Winter Quarters

Dr. Joe continues his responses to questions and issues raised in the letters he receives...

" Am quite puzzled as to what could have moved anyone at home to write -- must have been the fact that it rains so hard there, they have no chance to run around. The letter is not very encouraging. It seems that it has been raining hard all spring long and the crop prospect seems somewhat gloomy. I do not see that they have any kick coming. The last 2 years have been very prosperous, and if they have failed to save up anything during those, it's their own fault. These rainy years come around pretty regularly about every 7 years; 1913 was the last real wet one, I believe...

... For those that are in for the period of the war only, they should be out within 4 months of the peace being signed. This class of men is leaving here fast at present, and unless some replacements come in soon, there won't be many thousand of us left here. I heard a rumour this morning to the effect that all the temporary officers are to be out by September 30; don't know if it is true or not. If it is, they'd better be sending some officers here.

... With all the reserves returning to civilian life now, by the time I get out, I guess it will be hard to find a place where there will not be "two doctors growing where one ought to grow." There's always room on top, some guy says, and another one says, " there is, but the elevator isn't running."

.... Judging by the tone of the papers and magazines we received in our last batch, the sentiment of our country is to keep American troops in Siberia. I notice they are not getting very many recruits for Siberia; I guess they will have to fill the gaps with men who gave no choice on enlisting. They will wish they had.

... So Villa (Pancho Villa) is raising cain in Mexico once more. It would be just my luck to have the army go into Mexico and clean up on him while I am there. However, if they go and accomplish no more than they did in 1916, I'd just as soon stay here"...

(Mexican Revolution: The major direct cause of the revolt was Diaz's monopoly of political power. In 1908, perhaps to refute charges about the autocratic nature of his rule, he told a U.S. journalist, James Creelman (1859-1915) that Mexico would be ready for free elections in 1910. Once published, the interview inspired various discontented sectors to begin organizing. The opposition eventually coalesced around an eccentric northern landowner, Francisco I. Madero, who had the time, resources, and contacts to organize an effective political movement. Madero campaigned under the slogan, "effective suffrage and no re-election." Diaz rigged the election, however, and Madero led a revolt that spread rapidly throughout the nation. As the top-heavy, corrupt Diaz military organization collapsed, the old dictator fled.

A moderate, Madero advocated neither social reforms nor any other drastic changes. He succeeded in angering not only the radical proponents of land reform and economic nationalism but also the landowners, who opposed all change and hated the new president's weakness. With conservative support, yet another general, Victoriano Huerta, overthrew Madero, who was executed.

Mexico again became engulfed in ruinous violence. In the north, Pancho Villa, an ex-bandit, organized the local cowboys. In the south, Emiliano Zapata, a small farmer, recruited an army of angry landless peasants. Other small armies joined the struggle against Huerta. The U.S. government under Woodrow Wilson imposed sanctions and even sent troops that occupied Veracruz for several months; Huerta, his army defeated, fled. In August 1914, however, Venustiano Carranza, a rich landowner who had supported Madero, assumed executive power, and civil war broke out between his forces and those of Villa in the north and Zapata in the south. In 1915 the U.S. Government recognized Carranza as head of a de facto government, although guerrilla raids continued until 1917, when Carranza's forces prevailed. Zapata was murdered (1919), and Villa surrendered (1920).

The victors called a convention that legislated (1917) a new constitution embodying principles of anticlericalism, land reform, nationalism, and protection of workers. Although extremely nationalistic, Carranza desired neither land reform nor a strong labor movement. In 1920 he tried to prevent Gen. Alvaro Obregon from succeeding him as president, but Obregon led a military coup that overthrew Carranza's government the following year. (Michaels 1992: "History of Mexico")

The government of Mexico to this day still rules with an iron fist and the country has problems with corruption. The population is divided into mainly the two extremes, rich and poor. Later in Dr Joe's life, in the late 1920s, he will become the first exchange professor from the University of Texas Medical School to be sent to the University of Mexico City to teach medicine.

He continues that several doctors who stayed behind in the towns should have taken the opportunity to improve their practice while others were gone. He also notes that they have fallen in his estimation by having stayed out of the army. A train arrived on the 5th of September and it brought in a lot of new replacement troops from the States. He continues...

"We got 15 of the new men over here. From listening to their stories, one would be led to believe that the living conditions are growing worse instead of better. One of the men was heard to say yesterday that ham was 80 cents a pound (454 grams) and that a decent meal at a restaurant cost about \$2.00. To listen to that, one would almost get cold feet. Over here we kick if we have to pay 12 cents a dozen for eggs and other things in proportion. If I get out of the army, we may have to move to Siberia to be able to make a living.

Yesterday was sure-enough cold day. When we finally summoned moral courage enough to get out, we got busy and set up one of those Sibley stoves in the dentist's workshop and made ourselves at

home in there. We are busy cleaning out and preparing our winter quarters and ought to be able to move in 2 or 3 more days. I meant to go to Irkutsk this week, but put it off until after we have moved into our quarters.

Over at V.U. they are moving into winter quarters in Russian barracks at Beryosoku, a garrison about 5 miles from town. There are some Austrian prisoners, Japs and Russians already occupying some of the barracks. The feeling among the various soldiers will be about as friendly as that at Spasskal last winter, I guess. But I will not be there, so I should worry.

I notice in the Army and Navy Register of July 12 that all of the reserve officers are to be discharged by the 30th of this month (September). If that applies to these forces, then we are going to be somewhat short on officers over here in a few weeks. In our outfit here there will be 2 regular medical officers left and one of these, Major Scudder, has had nearly 4 years of foreign service and so will likely go home. And the other one, being myself, would have been home long ago if he had had his way about the matter"...

He notes that the mail has come and something must be wrong, the letter only took a few days over a month to get to him. The packages with the film have arrived but not the others. The picture he had taken of himself with two guns, that he calls Jesse James, was developed at Mysovaya. It is still hard to get good prints made but he will continue to take pictures and get the film developed. He plans on going to Irkutsk in about a week and will take some more then. He continues....

"Wilson's (President Woodrow Wilson) statement is not very encouraging, for if we are going to stay here as long as this railroad needs protection, I am afraid we will be here for the next 2 or 3 generations. As long as we are here with our men, rifles and machine guns, things are very peaceful, but one can easily see that it would likely not continue that way long if the Japs, Americans and Czechs withdrew. Most of us, however, would be in favour of one or two things: Either move out and go home, or else send us about 80,000, send us to the front and let us clear the way to Europe of Bolsheviks and put an end to them in Russia. But, of course, it is not ours to say, ours but to do and lie (in our bunks). But then one looks at things sanely, one has to admit that our present policy is probably the best and it would certainly be hard to decide just whom to help here and why. Too, as the Czech saying goes: "The nation that cannot win its own liberty does not deserve to be free."

The American Red Cross is quite active here. They have withdrawn from most of this country west of Irkutsk after the Bolsheviks took Chelialimsk and Ekaterinberg (about 2,000 miles west of here) and are now concentrating their activities on our sectors -- that is, in town on those parts of the Trans-Siberian R.R. that we are guarding. They are about to open a large 250 - bed hospital at V.U. They must have over 100 nurses there. Their efforts no doubt deserve credit and praise, but we of

the army are not very enthusiastic about all this money being wasted on these people here.

Referring to Wilson's statement once more, you might be misled to believe that we guard all of this Trans-Siberian R.R.. We don't. In fact, we guard only about 250 miles of the 5000 or more miles of it. The sector here extends from V.U. to Mysovaya and is some 106 miles long. You might be interested that on this line (the two terminals excepted) your hubby is the sole medical officer for the U.S. railroad guards. That's why I keep moving constantly -- or rather, at least once weekly -- through all of these guard detachments (V.U. and Mysovaya excepted). And we have had very good health on the line all summer long, though we were somewhat unfortunate in our accidents. Three deaths: one accidental from gunshot wounds, one accidental drowning, one died on the table at the hospital while being operated on for ruptured appendix. But it was not our fault -- we sent him in several days before he was operated on.

You ask about my work. I think I already told you about it in scraps. I have medical supervision of 7 small camps along the line on this sector, and in those camps have medical stations operated by experienced Medical Department enlisted men. I go through these camps at least once a week regularly and oftener if an emergency arises. If anything happens in any of these camps, the Medical Department men at once get me on the phone and report the matter and what action they have taken. Then I either go down or give what instructions may be necessary. If the case is very serious, the men put the patient on the first train and take him to V.U. to our field hospital, at the same time notifying me on what train they are going so that I may see the case and attend to it as it goes through my station. We have now developed a pretty good degree of efficiency and have done some pretty good work in getting patients to the hospital in time. Of course, most of the work has to be done by the Medical Department men, and occasionally they take a patient right on in without wasting time to notify me. I have 7 men under me and most of them are good men.

The relations between the line officers on the line and myself are very cordial and we are somewhat clannish in our attitude toward the rest of the officers in the camps at the terminals. We have had to work out our own salvation on this line and now we do not invite, or take very well, meddling on the part of officers from V.U. into our own local affairs. They show very little disposition to do so, however. Needless to say, all along the line we are armed to our teeth and fear no trouble whatsoever. Attacking us would be committing suicide.

The enlisted men along the line seem to be more contented than those in the main camp at V.U. and the morale is a good deal higher. Most of the men here would consider it punishment to be sent back to the camp, and when we want to send men in for even a day or so, as we do each week for supplies and mail, we have to detail men for that duty.

The weather has become quite warm and very pleasant for the past 2 days. Today it is almost warm. We expect to be in our winter quarters in a week or so. There is so much work to be done in connection with the cleaning of these barracks, that it would almost be easier to build new ones. People, cattle and poultry mix indiscriminately in their habitations so that cleaning one of these houses is almost an impossibility. One feels that probably the best thing to do would be to set a match to the whole business and build a new house.

.... We have now been busy for the last 2 weeks preparing those winter quarters. The houses have been occupied up to the first of September by Russians, bedbugs and cockroaches. The Russians we finally ousted after some difficulties, but the bedbugs refused to budge, as did the roaches. We had to persuade them with large quantities of sulphur, kerosene and creosote solution. How any people, presumably white people, can live in a house infected with as much vermin as these houses had, is more than I can understand. We finally got rid of most of our bugs, but I fear there are enough of them left to start some new colonies as soon as we warm up the house.

We have a fairly nice house for the officers, and as the dentist and one of the lieutenants are soon to be relieved, there will be only 2 of us left to live in the house. We ought to be able to live pretty comfortably during winter.

Although the hills around us are beginning to be snow-capped, the tents are still pretty comfortable. In fact, we hate to leave the camp. The surroundings of all these houses are as unsanitary and take as much cleaning up so that one wishes one could lie in tents through the winter."

A few days pass and the train arrives to take some of the men home and drop off the new replacements. This leaves only about 8 of the original men at that station. He writes that he is now wearing one gold chevron but admits he does not feel so crazy about it once he got it. In fact he went around for about a week with it in his pocket before he got around to sewing it on. His friend Lieut. Faulkner was one of those who left for home. He worked on the Santa Fe R.R. in Arizona and expected to be back to work on the railroad within a month or two after he gets home.

He feels the chances are that there is going to be some change in the politics in Siberia in the next few months, but he is not sure just which way things may go, or what effect it may have on them staying there. He feels also that the U.S. military themselves would be out of there "mighty quick" if it was left up to them. When he wrote this in his letter, little did he know how right he was and what changes would come in the next few months.

Chapter 117 - New Recruits

As he goes to open a letter that just came he notices that both ends of the envelope are worn through, which indicates that it must have travelled more than it should have. It is the first one since Golda went back from Taiton. He is glad she is planning on taking music and thinks it will help keep her busy. He then goes on to say he is enclosing several negatives of him and Misha to have prints made from as those made over there are unsatisfactory and expensive. He also tells her that he is irritated with them for having taken her around to all those silly parties and rough neck affairs. He goes on they impose on her good nature. He admits they may mean well, but they are kidding themselves into believing that they have a "helluva" good time at the "functions." He also encloses a prescription for their complexions and asks her to let him know how they get on with it. He then goes into the news of the day...

"All these new recruits around here changed the looks of things considerably. I was off to Pasveskaya yesterday and the lieutenant there was almost desperate. They took all his old men and non-coms except about six and the non-com he has left is not worth much. Trains were rather irregular yesterday, so I decided to spend the night at Pasveskaya. Just about the time I got to bed, I heard a train coming in, so I hurriedly dressed and scrambled up on the freight train. I got in here about 1 a.m. and when I got into our compound, I noticed that they had left the bear tied to a stake in the yard instead of taking him to his house. As I came up, he rattled his chain and I said: "Well, I'll be darned! They left you here, Misha?" And he said in Siberian bear language, "Hell, yes; this outfit is all shot to hell now and I don't guess they even know I have a house." I started to untie him and he'd playfully bite the knot in the rope as if he were going to help me. -- Well, the bear was about right about this outfit. If there were any danger of any trouble with the Bolsheviks, we would have to put out a sign and say, "We are too busy now -- don't bother us." But we are in an exceedingly quiet sector and so will not have to resort to this plan"...

Picture 35: Misha being fed



He then points out that if Lillie goes to school with her he does not think she will be able to stand the gaff, and not sure she would stick it out. He thinks it would have been good for Vlasta to have gone to school with her. He then points out that if one of the girls does go with her and if it becomes necessary, he wants her to maintain her at

school financially, he is afraid the crops at home will not be good for the year and he owes it to the family to help them out.

He then agrees with her that people patronising slackers do not astonish him anymore, as he never entertained much of any delusions on that score. He observed the attitude of the average civilian toward the military even during the war, was little enough, much less in times of peace. He also wonders what Mr Turner at the El Campo Pharmacy has done with the space at his shop. He had written to him 3 months back wanting to know about it, as he wanted to keep his options open when it became time to go home.

Dr Joe had read that the proposed army reorganisation bill calls for promotion by selection instead of by seniority and provides for a medical corps of over 3900. If they pass the bill, he wonders where they will get their medical officers from, since out of the 800 old reserves that asked to be retained in the regular establishment, 174 only are within the required age limit and of those only 30 had actually made application for the examination!

His present companion, Lt. Wennerberg, went to V-U the day before and brought in a few magazines with him so they would have something to read for a while. He has not been reading much fiction recently; and had been studying his Czech grammar and a little Russian. He is not enthusiastic about the Russian and has no ambition to become a great scholar; he feels he knows enough for his purposes. He wishes he had his medical books to read but then feels if he did he would likely not look at them.

He tells her too not to skimp at school and have a good time. Make her room as attractive and comfortable as possible. He will try and send her some trinkets to strew about the room, but five and a half years of war have stripped the country pretty much of all those sort of things. He then writes he thinks he will get a violin and try and practice. He ask if she might send some music, like Boman's Violin and Piano Duets, Vols. I and II, if they are still obtainable in music stores. As he knows he will be there through winter, he might as well make plans.

He was glad to hear she enjoyed her trip to Taiton, but was sure she found a contrast between the quiet of her own home and the turmoil almost constantly on at Mother Kopecky's. It was good that she had finally met all of his brothers and sisters now so there would be none left to cry because they had not met her like Mala did in February 1918. He hopes the weather will be reasonable at Christmas and that she might be able to spend a few days at his family's place. As they usually have a great time then and as they have not seen each other for a few months - the only thing he knows is, that the rapidity of their conversation can be likened to is machine gun fire.

About an hour goes by as he takes a break before returning to his writing. He then relates that part of the 1st Czechoslovak Infantry passed through the station on its way to Vladivostok from where they hope to go home soon. He went up to chat with them for a few minutes, while they stopped at the station. Companies of that regiment had been passing through where he was for the past ten days. He then goes on with some of his other news...

" I received a letter from Bedford the day I received yours. Most of my classmates from Taylor seem to be on foreign duty now. Well, I'll have the advantage of about a six months start on them. And Ward goes to Silesia. Did you know that was a part of Czechoslovakia? I might have liked to go there and then again I might not for they seem to be having disputes over territory there with Poland, and that's why the 5th Infantry is there, and I do not think that our troops under the circumstances would be any more popular there than they are here.

As I believe I told you before, over at Posolskaya there were a few Czechs building a monument for their comrades who fell there in a battle with the Bolsheviks in 1918. These men worked there all summer, and during my visits there I became quite friendly with them. They finished the work about two weeks ago and before leaving made a souvenir for me. It is a small plaster of paris cast intended to represent the return of man from war to peaceful pursuits. I am sending it to you -- that is, I will if the post office takes it, and you can have a frame put around it. Its value is sentimental rather than intrinsic, I fear, yet it is one more illustration even the tools with which they do their work.

Really, it is remarkable what work the Czechs and the Austrian prisoners have done since they have been here. The Czechs, for instance, now have their own daily and in addition to this put out a relatively enormous lot of other publications, also music. They have erected monuments to their fallen brethren at all places and have in addition made many sculptures. They have a wonderful symphony orchestra and I believe they actually made most of the musical instruments for this purpose. When I see how much these people have accomplished and with how little they did it, I can't but feel ashamed of our lazy, well-fed, good-for-nothing soldiers. By the way, I also have some songs, words and music that the Czechs have published here. I may send these to you also. These too, are interesting chiefly because practically everything that was used in making them had to be made by the Czechs themselves.

I get the Czech daily every time it passes through here on the train. Yesterday as the train came in, the Czech mail orderly said " come into the coach; there are some Czech-American journalists here." I went in and found three men. We were about equally glad to see each other, and during the few minutes that the train stopped we had quite a chat. Two of them know Texas pretty well and also know intimately several of my good friends, like old Judge Huidusek, Chernosky, etc.

It is now cold enough so that the snow melts when it hits the ground but not the fence or roof tops. For a Christmas present I want Santy to bring me a pocket-knife, a gross of No. A. Autographic Kodak printing papers, that is among the other things. Oh yes! Also a Gillette blade sharpener, the small compact one with a disappearing handle; also many Kodaks of you.

October 26, 1919 - Selenga, - ...I have been running up and down the line quite a good deal last week. The outfit at Posolskaya got the box cars they are going to live in this winter and we had to fumigate them. Also the captain of the company and myself have made a trip to some of the squads out on the line. We had to walk some 12 miles but this weather is fine for walking now and trips like these are quite enjoyable. The air is cool, the ground is frozen hard, but the cold is not nearly so unpleasant as Texas Northerners can get to be in November. But of course, this is not winter yet; this is just a very mild autumn.

I am rather interested in what you say the men returning from overseas say about the French and the Germans. Even before I left the States, I observed that quite a few of the men returning from France had no great infatuation for the French. This antipathy seemed to be about as strong among some officers as it was among enlisted men. One of the things about the French that would make them lose out with me would be their rotten social ideals. I have been interested in a rotten story in Redbook. It is a serial - called "Moments of Happiness." It shows how incompatible their moral conceptions are with ours and incidentally, furnishes a good sample of the life our men and officers are leading over here. A thing I cannot readily understand is how any decent American, brought up in a typical American home, can sink so low in a few months as to live like the French or these Russians live, and especially how any married man with babies at home can live that way.

I had an opportunity to attend the unveiling of the Czech monument at Posolskaya last week -- no this week, Thursday. The function was attended by the Czech Commander-in-Chief of Siberian forces, the Czech plenipotentiary of Siberia and other dignitaries. I had the honor of meeting all of these and also of saying a few words during the ceremony on behalf of the U.S. The U.S. troops furnished the honor guard. The aforementioned dignitaries invited me to take dinner with them, but as the train I was to leave on -- a freight -- was ready to pull out when the ceremonies concluded, I did not get to stay. I had a chance to converse with the different members of the Czech delegation for several hours and was favourably impressed with them. They seemed to be very much pleased to find that we would furnish the troops for the occasion.

From what I read in the Czech papers, there must be strikes of great magnitude going on in the States at present. One of the accounts actually goes so far as to state that there is danger of civil war. This is no doubt exaggerated. Also read an account in an English paper published in Japan, of a coast storm that hit Corpus Christi. I wonder if it hit home. I hope not; it seems that they'd had hard luck enough for one year. Corpus Christi seems to have suffered heavily.

The days are growing very short now; it grows dark at 5 p.m. At this rate, by Christmas it ought to grow dark about 3:20 p.m. Today is also a very cold day. I went to Posolskaya and rode down there on the rear platform of a freight car. My feet got a bit coolish by the time I got there. I

came back on No. 4, the passenger train. We are well provided with warm clothing, so do not care how cold it gets.

One of our cars with winter clothing was set afire yesterday by the sparks from a R.R. engine and quite a lot of our fur gloves and sheepskin overcoats were destroyed.

Say, didn't you over-figure on the interest for your \$1,000.00? What you want to bet that it is 4% a year, the interest payable every 4 months? According to your figuring you would be getting 12% interest, and I cannot see how any honest concern could offer as much as that on a deposit. But 4% or 12% you did the right thing in depositing the money.

(Up until about the late 1970s in Texas it was against the law to charge over 10% interest as this was considered usury. It took a law change through the legislature to change this when interest rates went through the roof and people could not get loans or home loans because of the cap at 10%. The forefathers were right, we should have held tight in the face of the "bankers." Sooner or later rates would have come down or other changes would have worked their way through, such as lower inflation figures or a flat economy and then lower rates. It did happen; even it wasn't till the end of the century.)

I have not drawn any pay since May. That means that Uncle Sam owes me about \$625.00. In addition to this I have about \$450.00 or more on hand, so you see I have over a \$1,000.00 Over three hundred of this is in Liberty bonds - 1 - \$100 of the second issue, and 1 -- \$200.00 of the 4th issue. The last mentioned is somewhere in the States, as the man never had it sent here. I will have this last one mailed to you, but it will likely be some 6 to 8 months before you receive it. I think I'll send in a voucher next month for my pay, and if I can do so safely will send the money to you, so that I will not have to bother with it here. I invested all of my March, April, and part of my February pay in bonds and have the remainder of my February pay in cash, as also about \$50.00 of my original \$200.00. You can't spend any money here - that's one of the few advantages. But some men are bound to spend their pay, some way. Gambling, booze and concubines is what gets it here. The last two are very abundant and very cheap here; the last so much so that a great many of our enlisted men are "squaw men."

Yes, I specialised in bears for a while, until the supply around here became exhausted. I also bought up a few bearskins but as my prospects for going home faded, I sold them to the other officers that were more fortunate. I have only one left now. There is no way of having them fixed up here and of sending them, else you would have even now -- as the small boy described it -- "on your floor a great big cat that somebody had stepped on." Furs and hides of this kind are very scarce here. There is some fox and wolf here, but they are not pretty. Several hundred miles north of here there are some very pretty foxes, but I have never seen any here. The colonel has some that he bought at Habarousk last winter. There

are also two or three varieties of squirrels here, and the furs, though pretty, are not pretty enough to bother about.

Don't worry, everything will come out all right. People have had to put up with much worse. There are about 75,000 Czechs here and thousands of Austrian prisoners who have been here for over five years and have no idea when they will get home. They have had barely enough to live on and not enough clothing to protect them from cold. Many of them have not heard from their dear ones for five years. So don't get too impatient.

I shall look forward to those frequent letters from Denton with anticipation, and don't worry. Yes, I know this advice is like castor oil -- easier to give than to take. Yes, I know that from experience." ...

Chapter 118 - The Fortune Teller

Toward the end of August before Golda heads back north to go to school she writes about one of the outings...

Last Thursday evening Cyril told us to be ready by at least 2 a.m. Friday if we wanted to go with him to Woodsboro. Friday we woke up at 1:30 a.m. and were ready by 2:30 a.m. but the boys weren't. We left about 4 a.m. and just hit the road in the high places and burned the breeze the rest of the time. We three girls, Ludma, Alba and I, held down the back seat pretty well; Jap and Cyril were in the front. Stopped at Edna, Victoria and Woodsboro for small repairs, gas, etc. Had luck with the car -- not one blowout. While in Victoria we girls invested in a bathsuit apiece, green apples, peaches, etc. and soon the boys came and we started again. If the shortest way hadn't been muddy we would have made the trip quicker, but we were obliged to take a longer route and got off the road once. Anyway we got there at 4 p.m.

They knew we were coming sometime during the week but rather expected us Sunday. Mala (Amelia) is as fat as a butterball and so is V.L., Jr. can't say so much for V.L., Sr (Valentine Lambert Gallia). I like him very much. He seems so thoughtful of Mala. She, like all the other Kopecky girls, is sweet and loveable. V.L. can talk pretty well and is quite interesting.

While over there the whole bunch of us caught up with our sleep. The weather was delightful for sleeping. Friday night the boys and girls went to a dance but didn't stay late. Sunday morning the boys were off to the bay for fishing. That morning Ludma and I initiated our new bath suits in the creek. Then that evening all of us went to Bay Side for a plunge. The water was fine. I tried to swim so much that my arms are still sore. The boys and I came back Monday morning. Ludma and Alba stayed to help them with their cotton till the institute.

On our way home we decided to stop and see the old fortune-teller at Victoria. It wasn't hard for us to find her every one seemed to know her. After we got to Negro town one sleek black little imp of Satan volunteered to escort us to her house. Cyril told me to go in first, so after greeting her and her colored visitor, I asked her if she told fortunes -- man kink --how she raved. Didn't want to be called a fortune teller was a clairvoyant, etc. Well I finally explained to her that I didn't care just what she called it just so she would tell me a few things. She claimed she was sick and not able to talk much but when she learned that I wanted to know about my soldier husband she consented to talk. But I soon decided that I was the one handing out information instead of her because she had to ask me everything about myself. She says you are coming home soon, that the head men are tired over there and all are getting things ready for bringing all of you boys home. Said I'd get a letter soon telling me that you would come home soon. But you would be in the army quite a while longer and would be stationed on the border. She just stayed on general plans about

like the newspapers would read. Said you had learned lots and would be lazier when you came home because army life had a tendency to make one so. Said you would not farm when you came back -- would go into business or machinery. How would you like to be a mechanic? While she was telling me she had Cyril to come in so she could tell more about you. Cyril and I caught up about you -- you didn't tell us you were in the guardhouse -- well Madam Black did. Naughty boy! This was all the trouble you had she said and she added that all the boys got this. She says we will have four children. I immediately asked her their gender but she couldn't tell. She didn't tell Cyril any more about his oil well and his girls than he knew. She blew up with him because she said he wasn't honest and didn't have as much fight in him as you did. She said that an honest man was hard to find and he asked her if he was honest. When he called her down about his not fighting she turned it off and said you were more of a ladies' man. Now I know that isn't true. No one need tell Cyril and me about that crazy old nigger fortune-teller. She knows nothing or at least she blew up with us. She stuck us for a dollar apiece too. We charged it to education. I hope her little prophecy about your coming soon is true. We came out fussing about being such fools for going and beat it for the creek where we had lunch.

Got home at 5 p.m. with scarcely any car trouble and a grown appetite. We found Mother Kopecky gone to Millers' when we arrived. Cyril, Vlasta and I went to Millers' and spent the night with them. Sista and Joe were very busy entertaining "Aunt Dolda." They are cute little brown kiddies. Joe is as limber and graceful and is some dancer; but Sista is fat and lazy and just drags around, when Cyril makes her dance. She is a little knocked-kneed too. Bright little kiddies.

We stopped in El Campo on our way going and coming. Yesterday evening I met Mr Webb who asked many question about you. Then we went to Turner's. He almost embraced us. He showed me your letter saying that you would be here in November. He told me to tell you he thought that prospects for your success were as good as ever and he said many nice things about you. In fact he and Mr Webb "bragged" on you so that I came away all puffed up with proudness that my husband was so much liked. Turner left the impression that he would want you and would try to swap Kahn for you. Old sloppy Kahn is till in there. I saw Mrs Hefner this morning and she said Linsicom was there but she didn't think you need worry about him that he did only surgery. Well you do surgery too, don't you? O, we should worry! There are plenty of good places waiting for the man who can deliver the goods. So, Dr. Harris is gone. Dr. Oldin is a --- well, you know how he practices and Dr. Redwine has almost retired, so there you are - Kahn, Luisicum and you. I'm betting on you.

About three rains came last night. All the poison was washed off the cotton so the worms will have a picnic. It began showering day before yesterday. We were in one of the showers on our way to El Campo. Yesterday when we were coming back a heavy rain hit us just before we

got to Taiton. When Cyril turned in to go to the store, the car skidded on the right front wheel and it ran off the bridge into a ditch. The car didn't turn over. We had to pile out in the rain and hike for Naiser's store. After the rain ceased we came on, happy to get home once more. I fear that this is going to keep up and prevent my going to El Campo. Turner says Mrs. Turner is still having trouble with the results of the operation. Went through another one in June and the wound has never healed entirely. That poor woman has had her share of sickness, hasn't she?

Jap has just come in. He thinks that the cotton has blowed up. The hired man used all the medicine for the whole crop on just a little part of it. Now the rain-washes it off and the worms keep on eating. Their cotton looked good too.

It looks as if we would have trouble with Mexico. Two of our aviators fell in Mexico -- are held for \$10,000 ransom. The money is being sent least they be killed. I don't know just what the U.S. will do to Mexico, slap her jaws or what. It seems that we or she, one has been trying to pick a fight for some time. Maybe you regulars will be called home to settle this affair. Well, I hope when you come home, you will come to sure enough home and civilisation."....



Picture 36: Dr. Joe and Golda Kopecky

Dr Joe receives this and writes his reply and confession to her...

" So you went to see the old Negro clairvoyant. Ever since I have been old enough to listen to anything, I have heard about that old Negro woman. Some 24 years ago I remember hearing a neighbour of ours telling father about someone going to her about something and how well she had foretold or advised something. Father thought it quite a joke and pooh poohed the whole idea, much to our enthusiastic neighbour's indignation. I also remember how we used to discuss the old colored lady's gifts pro and con while we were kids at school. The old lady must be growing quite of age.

Now as to her "clairvoying" to you: She hit it all right as far as my staying in the army is concerned, for I am afraid I will have to stay in for a while yet. Shortly after I wrote to you in July about the advisability of pursuing the policy of watchful waiting, I went to V.-U. (July 9) and had a helluva row with my superior (????) officer, during which I was guilty of handing out the unvarnished truth which could also have been construed as insubordination or disrespect. While sore over the whole affair, I handed in a disgusted resig. I never said anything about it to you for I felt pretty sure it was futile and so did not want to raise your hopes. Well, I received an advance notification of my resig. today which says that my resig. will not be granted, as the Surgeon-General deems it inconsistent to let out any regulars as long as there are so many reserves anxious to get out. Well, this is no more than I had expected; there are now 608 vacancies in the regular corps and over 100 unapproved resignations! These vacancies exist in spite of the fact that the strength of the corps has been reduced from 2000 to 1540. But what I started to say was that this was no more than I had expected for the past month, so let us both dismiss the matter with a sigh and forget it.

As to my becoming lazier, sister Negro lady has an easy guess and I plead guilty and accept the fine and costs. If, however, I get to where there will be something to do, I think I can "snap out" of my laziness without much effort.

As for the guardhouse. -- not guilty, yet. But she might have been prophetic at that, as I am no more noted for boot licking than I have been when you last saw me.

As for as going home soon, I hope so, but I am sure that as far as I can see there is no more hope for it anywhere around here. However, here's hoping that as even a clairvoyant cannot be expected to make 100%, she blows up on the guardhouse proposition and guesses right on going home soon. Of course, soon is relative -- it may mean a few months or a few years. My gypsy fortune-teller told me I should be going soon and I am still here. She prophesied for two of us, and the other man is gone already, so I guess I had better try another gypsy and another lieutenant and if she promises early departure for the two of us, let him be the goat this time.

As for learning some things -- I don't know what it was unless it was to have a hearty contempt for my old political party and for some people and a wholesome respect for my own nation as a people.

As for our progeny - good news. But we will have to be making a start pretty soon. Do you ever wish we had made a start before I went away?"...

In Golda's next letter she writes she is still in Taiton and Cyril has offered to take her to Wallis to put her on the main line, she also says she would not have minded staying longer if it weren't for having to get ready for school. She then continues...

"Vlasta's beau who is in Houston sent her six new records for the victrola and we keep them going pretty constantly. Lilly and Lada have learned most of them. There are several good fox trots among them and Vlasta and I trot when we feel spizzy. For the past few days I've felt like the old Negro woman who described her feeling thusly " I ain't zackly sick but I ain't got nuf ambition to get outa my own way" Lazy, that's all. If I hang around here much longer, I'd get dreadfully fat. Yet I believe I would learn Bohemian. Your mama thinks I should sit up and hold my hands while all the rest work. I'm getting rotten spoilt. When you come home you will have a good-for-nothing wife. Then you will wish you had brought one of those hy-tone lousy Russian girls back with you.

O, yes, I must thank you for the sweet names you sent for my little nephew. I'll send them to his mother who maybe will change his name for the prettiest of the selection. The little fellow has been named two or three months ago, and very likely will object to the change. Well, we can keep those names for our "four" that the fortune-teller spoke about. You always said four would be a nice family -- just like you to have your way."...

She then writes that when she got up on Sunday she did not feel very well and about 2 hours after breakfast began to vomit. Within a few hours her intestinal complications arose. Every time she tried to get dressed to make the trip to the station she became sick. They were all up in the girl's room where the temperature was about 110 degrees F. After she finally got dressed and was out on the porch she began to vomit again. Jap saw here and said she was too sick to go anywhere. She went back in and went to bed. She did not know why she was so sick, but the next day they went to Wallis to catch the train. As she guarded the conductor to keep him from getting on the train, Cyril went and got the ticket. She thought it was lucky to have caught the train. Then she found out why. There was a washout near Somerville and she would have to spend the night in Brenham. She met a young woman music teacher from Meridian at the station and as they would have to wait till noon the next day for a train, they decided to share a hotel room. The woman only had 50 cents in her purse, so she cashed a check for her for \$2.00. The next day they caught the noon train that went by Hempstead, around the washout, and on their way, it made them 3 hours late. A week goes by and she writes...

"Are you on your way home? I went to the fortune-teller yesterday and she told me you are on your way home now. Said you had a discharge or a leave of absence, she couldn't tell. Said you were the happiest-looking man she ever saw. I'd be the happiest woman living if I believed a word the old lady said but I just can't. I told her that was too good to be true.

I suppose you think I'm specialising in fortune tellers but I've herd so much about this woman I wanted to see her through curiosity mostly. She and the old Negro at Victoria both say you are coming soon. I'm waiting to see.

She gave me lots of blarney -- said I had the prettiest fortune she ever threw a card for. Said you were going to invest in oil and be successful -- have a hospital all your own, a big car, two homes and two babies. The oldest is a little boy with black curls and dark eyes. The brightest children -- un huh! And the little girl has golden hair and grey blue eyes. Aren't we proud of our children? She certainly said nice things about you and admired you so much. She said we both loved one another and would always be happy. Aren't you glad she told us because we didn't know we cared for each other. She tells me that there is oil on the land at home and will be developed. I asked her was there nothing bad to tell me and she said I'd have no trouble except sickness when the babies came and that you would be lovely to me. Now, aren't that nice?

O yes, where did you get money to buy me a diamond? The old lady said you had me one. I know that isn't true for you haven't money to spend for a diamond. She said you had some beads and shells and bushels to tell me. O hurry and come home quick! I want to see you almost as much as I do those beads you're bringing me.

O yes, I'll tell you what size hose I wear, etc. etc. I wear either a 9 or 9 1/2 hose, I like navy blue or dark blue taffeta silk. I suppose 6 yards will be oodles. You may bring Annie one dress pattern in the same color if it's convenient. She wants a silk dress. Silk here is \$3.00 or \$3.50 a yard. Bring me 2 black pair hose and a pair of white hose. The crepe dechein underwear and gowns are swell, but I feel like it's extravagant to invest in luxuries.

Jap gets very Bolshevickish at times. He said the more one lied and shirked the more popular he was. Cyril is saving his Chevrolet roadster for you when you come to El Campo. It seems to be a pretty nice car. Fords are scarce it seems - or at least it takes a long time to get one's order filled.

I suppose El Campo is a good place to make money, but that awful hot climate is going to get you when you come back from a delightful climate like that of Siberia. I do not feel well down there. Maybe I would if I got used to the climate -- but anywhere for us just so you are not in Siberia and I in Cleburne. This is a dull hot place too. The Donaldson's car has a piece broken that was ordered three weeks and still hasn't come. Mother hasn't had a ride since she came down. She is anxious to get back to the farm. Mary and Tom are going out to West Texas this fall. They want to get where there are good schools. They will make about 20 bales of cotton on 80 acres. The old folks have not made any arrangements as to whom they will have cultivate the place yet.

Lilly wanted to go to school at Denton but John didn't think she should and several more of the family objected. She didn't go very much last year and is getting behind in her work. If she goes out there this year it will be time wasted.

You are too rough on your folks about writing. I know that Ludma and Mala write you. Cyril says he just can't write and never pretends to. Jap says the mail service at Taiton and on the way home from Taiton is too bum for him to try to carry on a correspondence. John seemed very friendly and amiable as if he had never been angry. I think the best policy is to keep one's opinion to one's self for if you express yourself to one member of the family, about another one, he will tell that one. So, don't say anything except to the one you want to talk about and you will be more likely to be better understood. Savez vous? This seems to be the way they let each other know what they think of each other -- that is by telling the other fellow. I don't like to talk about the members of your family or mine, even though I see their faults. Calling them to attention makes the faults seem greater."....

(From what I have read and reading between the lines, it seems Dr Joe must have said something about the fact he did not approve of John making no effort to join the armed forces where he, Cyril, and Jap did. It also seems that along these lines, John was mainly watching out for John only and this he expressed his disapproval on as well, this evidently lead to a confrontation around September 1918 after which they had a lot less contact with each other).

She then continues on that everyone tells her she should nurse and build a nice little bank account since nursing is \$7.00 per day. She is afraid she would wear herself out and become sick again. She doesn't want him to come home and find an invalid. She writes besides.... "My mother didn't raise no foolish children." And assures him she will go to school. As she arrives home she finds another letter from Dr Joe...

" Well, your fortune tellers certainly are optimistic. My gypsy fortune-teller had nothing on them. Diamonds and beads have I none; and I have not seen any since I have been here -- except for the beads that I have seen on the rosaries of some of the Catholic soldiers in our army and among the natives. In fact, if there are any diamonds here, they, like the furs, are controlled by some foreign concern and are higher here than they would be in the States. Anyway, you have your diamond already; couldn't she see it?

So this one thinks we will have only two children. What I would like to know is where that boy is going to get those black curls. Did you ever see any curls on any of the members of either your or my side of the house? Curls or no curls, I hope these fortune tellers will not cut down the number any more or we might find ourselves childless in our old age. If you go to any more of these fortune tellers, you will know your fortune by heart as well as O. Henry in "let me feel your pulse" did his physical condition, and will be able to tell the fortune teller your own fortune. If I strike one soon, I'll have my fortune told again. We are all superstitious enough to say, if the prognostication is favourable - "Well, who knows?" but with the four consistently good fortunes told since Feb. 12, it would seem to me that at least one of them ought to be materialising."...

In the years to come, they had only two children, my father, Joseph Willis and my Aunt, Mary Willis. Both were very bright and my dad had blue eyes and no curls, dark hair in his youth and bald in later years. Golda had trouble with childbirth due to her heart condition. This was something she had to contend with all her life. The oil companies did develop the oil on the place at Graham. They had two houses, one in San Antonio and one at Boerne at the "Ranch." And he did have big cars later on, one for each of them. He never had a hospital although he did teaching at medical school and a private practice with a clinic and 3 doctors later on. How accurate? Who knows? I guess if one goes to enough of them, and gets enough answers or opinions, sooner or later some of them have to be correct. Or put another way told me once... "If a blind hog roots around on the ground long enough sooner or later he is bound to find an acorn."

Chapter 119 - Denton at Last

Golda is again back into helping out and being a nurse. She brings Dr Joe up to date on what has happened...

" Annie is going to have her tonsils removed tomorrow. The specialists here are going to do the work. I don't know anything about them but I know I didn't want them to take mine out. But Annie didn't want to go away from home. Quite a few people say they do good work so maybe they are all right.

Wednesday: Today I'm chief cook and bottle washer and nurse besides. Annie had her tonsils removed yesterday p.m. The doctor didn't cocanize them as thoroughly as Dr. Boyd did mine and the operation was quite painful. He did a very clean operation but he seemed so clumsy. Annie rested fairly well last night but she was afraid to sleep because she would forget and swallow. I gave her aspirin twice to help because I remember how I suffered and did not take anything till I had to.

O, I'm overcrowded with work and have only one week, no not a week to do it in. I was unable to procure the pattern for my work dresses for school until yesterday and I have a big ironing to do besides this sewing. To add to my muddles this morning I broke one of my lens while I was bathing Joe Richard.

That army life is enough to ruin a good man's disposition. All the boys who have come home can't bemoan it enough. Some of them say they would not take anything for the experience and are not sorry they went, but if there is another war they will hide, lie, marry or do anything to keep out. And hate the French! Why every boy speaks better of the Germans than of the French. They said they tried to get every saw they had and were not hospitable in the homes. They say the French claim that we are over there to keep the Germans from our shores and not to help them out.

President Wilson is touring the United States making speeches in defence of the League of Nations. I'll send you his speech made at Kansas City. Maybe it will beat the papers over there. Since you are reading out-of-date literature, maybe this will not be so far behind the times. You are doing more than I am doing. I don't read anything these days and don't do anything worthwhile. I try to be contented but it's pretty hard. Some times I feel like I've stayed away from you just about as long as I can stand it.

I see in the papers where a suggestion is made the citizens of the U.S. send General Pershing telegrams of congratulations on his arrival in New York. Well, I prefer spending my money for more selfish things. I'll save it to spend on my second honeymoon with my own general.

Your steamer trunk is all packed and ready to go to college tomorrow. This time ten years ago I was making preparations for

college.... During the past week I've been sewing steadily every night and day making some work dresses, waists, and a "little white" lawn dress that is to be my party dress, dinner gown and all that. I think the uniform dress is a sensible thing for schools to have. Then the rich ones can't outdress the less fortunate ones. I'm going to wear my winter suit; however, because married students are not required to wear the uniform dress. But I needed everyday dresses so I just made the prescribed costumes. As usual, I waited till the last week to get ready and was rushed. You remember that as one of my many failings - do you not? When you come home you may fuss at me about it and I'll not get angry till the new wears off.

...Time drags along and still no news of your coming... Well, it could be worse, couldn't it dear? There's a woman living with her sister across the street whose place I'd not enjoy. She has four children, one of which is an infant who cries all night, and a husband who is worthless. He is in the oil fields playing pool while she lives among her folks worrying herself sick. I feel so sorry for her and the little ones. She must love that man or else she could not endure so much. When I look at her weary face and see with how great an effort she makes to be pleasant, I feel ashamed of my impatience.

It seems useless to send our men to Siberia. 'Twas said that President Wilson wanted to send 30,000 soldiers there. Poor boys! Isn't that an awful fate? They are soliciting volunteers for there now. Well, if anyone wants to go and does, I hope he takes your place. The old fortune-teller - big old lie teller -- said you were being replaced or succeeded, I should say by an older man. That mean old fortune-teller had my hopes so high but now they've fallen.

I told you that I meant to take millinery in my course, did I not? When you come home I'll have more hats that cost seventy-five cents and ninety-eight cents and good looking dresses that I made all myself. There are quite a few girls from Cleburne going to C.I.A. I'm quite a way down on the waiting list so I guess I'll not get a room in the state dormitories -- sure wish I could.

I have not heard from the family since I got back. I'll have to write them when I settle in. The wind is blowing fiercely and the dust is awful. There's a storm reported for the coast. This morning's paper said the water was rapidly rising at Galveston and people were getting out of the city. I'm afraid the rice crops and cotton will be ruined on the mainland.

One of the neighbours asked me how long I'd stay in school after my husband came home. I said "Long enough to pack my trunk." Write more tomorrow.

...Didn't get a room in the dormitory and they sent me about four blocks from the campus to a place that has scarcely any modern conveniences. There is no sewage in the house, the heating is gas with no

means of escape for burned fuel, no piano but they have a victrola and a six month old baby - which two ought to make pretty good music. The girl who is assigned here with me has not come yet. I know she will not be pleased. We have to take our meals elsewhere which means a good ways off. I'm positively disgusted and blue. I wish you would come home. I wanted to stay in the dormitory. I'm going to see what I can do tomorrow. Reminds me of the time I used to go apartment-hunting. Well, I'll wait and see how everything turns out. The folks here seem very pleasant but young and greatly engrossed in the baby. I can stand this very well now, but I'm glad I didn't run up against this when I first entered college. It will be rough on the girls who are away from home for the first time.

... Well, it's dry and hot and our room is south west (faces the afternoon sun - hot). One man brought his daughter down and when they wanted to take her trunk check he said "No, I'll go out there and see the place they have for her before I go back and if it doesn't suit me, I'll take my daughter back home". I speck he took her back.

I'm dying for a bath but the bathroom is piled up with dirty linen, clothes and everything. O mores, o tempo! Tomorrow is matriculation day. Guess I'll get out my catalogue and read up on the courses I mean to take. Will write tomorrow...

... I feel better about having to stay out in town. When I hear of how some of the girls having to stay two miles from the school, I consider myself lucky. The girl, who was assigned to this room also, says she will go home if she can't stay in the dormitory. I've made up my mind to stick and not let a few inconveniences bluff me off.

After much standing pushing, sweating and suffering, I got classified today. I was very much surprised to see such a lack of discipline or system that was displayed during matriculation today. I wished that those girls had to serve in the army for a while and learn to stay in line without pushing and crowding. We stood one hour and 15 minutes, some of them two hours to get a card showing us the order in which to be admitted to the Registrar's office. When the cards were handed out the girls behind us began to push and such a scramble. I had to hold my glasses in my hand above the crowd -- never will be so slim again as I was this morning, for I was between three fat women and they mashed me from three different directions. The girl at the house where I take meals copied the names, which are over two thousand already. Some are going home because they can get no rooms. It must be discouraging for a beginner but my experience in the army has helped me to get out and push and get all that's coming to me. Ain't that so, honey?

My subjects are sewing, home millinery, interior decorating, physical training, and piano music. This will keep me busy and I'm glad it will. Woke up this morning at 7:30 and almost missed my breakfast. Went to the college at 8 a.m. Paid my fees, deposited what cash I had in the college bank and attended chapel exercises.

Lt. Gov. Johnson and Rep. Thomason "spake" at us. I'm glad they were here and can tell those knotty heads in the Texas Legislature about the need for dormitories here. About 2 or 3 hundred girls are going back home because they have no place to stay. Each of these favoured the appropriation. Rep. Thomason said he had never refused to vote for a single appropriation or educational interest -- said he was deeply interested in education and he had 8 different reasons for being interested - 4 girls and 4 boys. After the speeches a voice teacher carolled and a violin teacher played some Russian airs. Then we adjourned for lunch.

Gladys took me to her room, which is in Oakland Annex near the campus. She has a nice room but a peculiar roommate. She lisps and sounds like she has adenoids. I haven't any roommate yet.

I like my place very well now and am quite contented. My trunk came out today and I got my scarfs out and dressed up the tale and dresser. I'm going to town this p.m. and get some gym shoes and a tie for my waists. My board costs me \$20 per month and room rent \$7. Room and board in dormitories is only \$19.50. but that isn't so bad. This lady is going to have her mother's piano, so I can study and practice here at home some. My fees, piano rent, music lessons amounted to \$58.00. Music comes so high here - \$9 per month. My teacher's name is Miss Lietze. She's very sweet and rather unique.

This morning I saw a girl who reminded me of Edith Anderson so I decided it was her sister whom I met in Galveston once. I spoke to her and sure enough it was. She is a senior this year. Stopped and taught last year. Said Edith was thinking of coming here to take public health work. I wouldn't mind having her for a roommate. I will write Edith one of these days.

I'll run up to school and see if there's any mail for me and then go to town... I went by the college -- got in line for the mail, pushed and sweated, and swore under my breath while I waited one half hour to find that there was no mail for me. Then I proceeded to send Annie a card telling her to send my mail to the house where I room. That C.I.A. bunch of girls are as rough as a bunch of Brahma steers. My back has ached all day because it was swayed so by the crowd pushing from the rear.

Well, I got my gym shoes, and everyday skirt and a middy tie. I'm surprised that things are not higher than they are considering the advantage of the town merchants with the girls who come to school. But at their cheapest they are bad enough.

When I came home I found Jewel waiting for me. (Jewell is the girl who was assigned to this room with me.) She is greatly worried about her room. She sent in her application in June and should have been assigned to the dormitory or some more desirable place. She is staying in the dormitory with her friend whose roommate has not yet come. She's a

very sweet child and I would like her for a roommate, but I hope she gets into the dormitory because she will be lonesome away down here. It is different with me. I'm lonesome anywhere - one place is about as good as another.

I took her to supper at my boarding house. When we finished another Cleburne girl and I walked with her back to Cops Hall. We stayed and danced and listened to the girls play a long time then came home. I'm tired as if I had been picking cotton or chopping wood.

Some of the girls are greatly surprised to learn that I'm married. These others seem to tell it. One little freshman beamed at me today and asked if I were a senior. When I told her no this was my first year here, she said "O, I was sure you were either a senior or a teacher you look so wise." Wise? Well, I'll keep my mouth shut. Maybe I'll fool lots of people"....

It was growing late so she closed her letter with one more blast for the fortune lady...

"O, how I could murder that old fortune lady for telling me such falsehoods. I want you wors'n I want larnin." She also enclosed a sprig of the bunch of Golden Rod she brought up to her room "to take the place of sunshine while the weather is gloomy."

Chapter 120 - School Starts

Golda writes Joe bringing more news to him as well as a little twist...

"We start sure enough sewing in our clothing class tomorrow. Each girl makes a night-gown. I've been making night-gowns since I was twelve years old but maybe I can learn something new about the making of it so I'll not complain. Our millinery class is quite fascinating. I know I shall like it. Materials are so unreasonably expensive. The interior decoration teacher is fine and everything she says is fine. I like my music teacher too. So far I'm practising technique. I do wish I can learn to play. She says I can. There's a lecture once a week at 7 on music appreciation given for the benefit of those who have not time in their course to take the regular work in this. I joined the class because I've always wanted to learn about music and the composers. Miss Barton is director of piano lectures. She outlined the course last night. She will tell us the different kinds of music and let us hear the different kinds on the victrola, piano, orchestra and all that. Before each concert is given by some noted artists who will visit the college, the programme will be explained and all can listen with an intelligent ear. Then we will have to read about the composers, the history of operas and things like that. Don't you think that will be interesting? I can get quite a lot out of this I think. If I don't I'll enjoy looking at Miss Barton while she talks anyway.

... Last night I dreamed too much to rest well. Dreamed I had the and had been told I could not live long. True to the usual way of the victims, I thought I would get well. I thought I was telling someone I knew that I wouldn't die soon for the fortune-teller said I'd live a long and happy life. Poor me! I believe the fortune-tellers even in my sleep.

Another day gone and no letter from you. Maybe you are coming home! Now wouldn't that be grand? Ougi - Gladys has a Ougi Board -- said you were coming in February. I asked what you were doing and it spelt "working." I asked what kind of work and it said "Practising on the violin." I wonder if you would recognise a violin way up there if you were to see one. Ougi said it was Aunt Lizzie talking to me. I asked her if she was glad I was going to school. She said, "No, you should have children". I asked if I would when you came home. She said, "I should say so". "Three" That's the craziest thing I ever saw. Gladys swears that she doesn't push it but I have a suspicion that she does. I know you think I'm getting batty with superstition, always getting fortunes told and everything but I don't believe everything they say.

I was interrupted. My landlady invited me to go to a picture show with them. I accepted. "Twas Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum." As she always is, she was very clever. I'm getting to think quite a lot of these people where I room. They are very nice to me and the baby is a little peach.

Gladys, two other girls and I went to a picture show yesterday. Saw Dorothy Gish in "Nobody Home." It was good also. I say I've been dissipating.

... Two days have slipped away... Sunday I went to Sunday School and church. Yep, I obeyed that impulse and went to church on the first Sunday in Denton. Put my membership in and am going to try to get back into the habit of going to church once a month at least. The pastor preached a nice short sermon and impresses me as a good pastor. President Brolly and wife are members of the Christian Church. I met her but didn't get to meet him. About forty more students put in their membership at the same time. We are in a S.S. class all by ourselves too. I suppose they were afraid one of the boys might say a word to a C.I.A. girl.

After I came home and had dinner, I lay down for a nap but there was no chance for a nap. Ten girls called upon me. The Y.W.C.A. had girls out calling on the new girls. I appreciate their kind efforts and was very glad to meet and talk with the girls, but I sure was sleepy. Each one had to know all about you. Where you were, what rank, what you were doing, how could I stand to do without you, etc. etc. I thought of putting up a card of information that ran something like this: My husband is a 1st Lt. in Med. Corps U.S.A. He is now in service in Siberia. Don't know when he will be home, Yes I miss him, D_____ right I do.

Saturday: I had my first class in Interior Decoration. The teacher is very interesting. She presents the work in such a fascinating way that I know this is going to be my favourite study. If I could make home just like she describes and strives to help women to make, I know that you would never want to go away from home and "learn war no more." She teaches us the harmonious arrangement of color, furniture appreciation of real value, and beauty of the furnishing of a home. The influence of all these upon the human mind. She's so practical and yet so poetical.

The millinery and sewing give promise to be very interesting too. There's one subject I wanted - that is music appreciation - I am very sorry I couldn't get that in my schedule.

There has been a gulf storm, which swept over Corpus Christi and drowned many people. I hope it did not reach as far as the Gallias and ruin their crop. They live only about 20 miles from Corpus, so the heavy rains very likely reached there. I haven't heard from any of them. I'll write this week. Have written to Mother Kopecky and those at home once since I've been back. The storm wasn't so bad near Galveston so maybe it did not damage your mother's place.

By the way, I have a roommate. Jewel Wallis, the one I told you about, a very sweet little girl. Pretty too. She expected to get into the dormitory but failed. She also is from Cleburne but we had never met till we came here. I saw her on the train once, when I came from El Campo

and admired her hair. When I saw her face I recognised her immediately as the same girl.”...

She then tells how she wishes Ludma or Lilly could have come up to the school for the year while she was there. Ludma had a school and Lilly didn't want to leave mother alone for the winter. She then says how she wishes they were there to lead her in dancing. They have lots of pretty waltz records and the girls come in and dance sometimes. This brings memories of them being at the picture show when the conceited Jew used to bow and smirk when the orchestra won applause. She remarks how those were happy days. She goes on about how a girl she met in Ennis two summers ago wanted her to room with her since her roommate was put in the dormitory, but there's not enough difference in rooms to justify her moving. Golda has also had to transfer to another section in her interior design class because it had grown so large. She now has it in the afternoon. She has also observed how amazing it is how slow people are to learn difficult names, her teachers stumble over her name till she gets provoked with them. It seems that intelligent people would not be so slow to comprehend.

She wishes she didn't live so far from school or she would walk home during the time between some of the classes and get more done in her room. And as far as the exercise... She writes...” I don't mind the walk coming to school - one has to climb a hill. This ought to be wonderful heart exercise for me. By the time school is over I'll have a heart as big as a dinner plate.” She continues...

...”Came home this afternoon found a letter and a package for me. Both were from Annie. ... says Joe Richard looks very serious and jabbars Bohemian. And ends up by saying "Gone, gone.” One of her dear beloved (?) neighbours an old fat lady hog came to see her and caused her to waste two hours as Annie expressed it, and while there Mrs. Hog said Mrs. Persons asked her did she suppose Mrs Donaldson's sister and her husband were separated. Annie said she didn't believe the other woman asked this. She thought old lady hog was curious to know herself. It worries Annie for them to think such things about me but I don't give a _____. She said she told her what I said to tell a long-tongue old woman whom I thought might ask. I don't remember what I said but I'll depend on Annie for giving a nifty retort.

Annie's kids have a cat upon which they lavish much love and devotion. They put it in the bed, on their mother's newly ironed clothes and on the dining table when she is not looking. Annie writes that the cat is getting so playful that he tears up everything in reach and she added, "he uses his pan so nicely". The pan is filled with sand, savez vous?

Captured this butterfly on a flower as I came from dinner. Now, don't say he is not pretty because he's yellow. Yellow stands for sunshine). I saw this little verse in a frame today and thought the sentiment sweet and tender.

"All to myself I think of you
Think of the things we used to do
Think of the things we used to say
Think of each happy yesterday
Sometimes I sigh and sometimes I smile
But I keep each olden, golden while all to myself"

One little girl who was walking with me from mass meeting tonight said, "How did your husband ever consent to let you come down here and stay in school?" I explained to her that he was about nine thousand miles from here and could not miss me very much during my absence from home. The idea that she thought I'd go away from home and my husband to attend school amused me greatly. She's a little rattle-brained and would very likely think it a proper thing to do. Cute little rascal tho, reminds me of Bing.

Instead of writing you last night, I went to the circus. Now whatcha know about that? I went with the Kelsey's again. There was a picture given at the college last night but I preferred the circus. Didn't go to church this a.m. neither. Ain't I wicked? The old Debbel got beside me and told me I needed to stay at home and rest and read the Saturday Evening Post. Bad old Debbel!

Nothing much else to write about today. Wouldn't it be nice if we could send our spirit to our loved ones to commune with them?"...

Golda then wonders if he still gets magazines from the Red Cross. She would send them to him, but wonders if they wouldn't get there quicker by the Red Cross. She is also not sure where to send them. She is afraid they have moved, it has been a long time since she has received any letters from him. She is afraid they may be moving farther into the interior and the wilderness, she hopes maybe they are on their way back to Vladivostok.

Chapter 121 - Turning Colder

Dr Joe received the letters about her moving into the boarding house and can't help but relate a story to her...

..."A landslide this Sunday morning - three letters from you all in one day -- the first three you wrote at Denton. I sure felt proud of my letters, as the Southerners would say. And I was not expecting much of any mail either.

Your letter about the prospects of the boarding house was a rather gloomy one, yet I am afraid if you had seen me when I read it you would have been quite disappointed over my merriment. Still I did not laugh at you, I was laughing at the scenes it brought to my mind -- the scene of my entering the Normal 12 years -- (Ye Gods -- that's an awfully long time!) ago. The boarding house I went to was very much like the one you describe, only much more so. It was clean out of town and its shape resembled a boxcar. It was painted green. Our room had one little window in it, and old bed, a table and two old chairs constituted the furniture. There were about 16 of us boarding there, and all in all, I don't think I ever boarded with a more congenial bunch or had a better time than I had at that house during those two years. The landlord was a grouchy old farmer and I venture to say our conduct, harmless as it was, caused quite a few of his hair and beard to turn gray. I remember one grey morning on which 17, yes I remember now, there were 17 of us. Many of the boarders were hailed before the president of the Normal for their indecorous conduct. I also remember that the audience was very brief, and ended very abruptly; very abruptly because the president had a deuce of a time trying to look serious, and did not want to burst out laughing while we were present. Some spring we are going to take a trip over to Huntsville and see once more my familiar haunts about this old place. I have not visited it since 1912 when Mala graduated there.

Really, I am very sorry you are as unfavourably situated, and hope that you will get a chance to improve your boarding place later on. As the term advances, there are always lots of students that drop out. Most of them usually right after the first exams.

Your mention of the president of the college brings to mind some more memories of the past. After I finished at the Normal leading a senior class of some 120 members, I became somewhat big-headed and held out for my own price, which John and some of my friends thought was rather exaggerated. But you see, during my senior year I was pres. of the YMCA, prominent member of the orchestra, glee club, male quartet, the only man member of a large S.S. class, member of a church choir and orchestra, valedictorian, etc. etc. So, considering these things and my age at the time, my attitude of mind can be at least partly excused and explained. Well, September of 1909 had arrived and I still had no school and my brothers prophesied that unless I came down a few notches I never would get a school. About Sept. 10, I came home from San Antonio from

a visit to see Miss Smith and found a letter from the president of the State School for the Blind at Austin, offering me a desirable position in that school and asking me to wire my acceptance. Well, you bet I wired my acceptance. I found out later that the school wrote to the Normal for a teacher, and the Normal recommended me.

Three days later I landed in the office of said president with my diploma nicely rolled up and tied with a nice pale blue ribbon. Mr. F. M. Brolley, the president, asked me to have a seat, looked at me for a few moments from under his brushy eyebrows, smiled and said "Well, you have a good broad place between your eyes and look like you ought to do fine." To my great disappointment, never paid a bit of attention to my diploma or my recommendations.

The Brolleys became very good friends of mine and I have always thought a great deal of them since. They are both fine, plain, rugged, outspoken people, and I don't think I know another man who is as honest and as conscientious about his principles as Mr. Brolley. I remember how one morning during chapel exercises, he made fun of everybody being called "professor." He said that he was accustomed to link that name with a dog trainer or a bandleader, but as far as he could see "Mister" was good enough for any white American. Because of his firm lower jaw, his bushy eyebrows and his forceful manner, I nicknamed him the "bull dog" and the name stuck as far as my circle of friends among the teachers was concerned. After he left the school to become State Superintendent of Public Institutions and was succeeded by a weak sister of a president, many a time Le Master and myself said, "If only bull-dog were here!"

The Brolleys had three boys then, most of them no-account, and I believe a girl was born later. We used to go to see them at their home in town after he became State Supt. I hope you will get to meet them. They are fine people and quite simple and straightforward in their manner.

We had a sure enough snow yesterday; everything was covered up pretty well. Misha and myself had quite a romp in it. We had another romp this morning. Misha gets more fun out of it than I do, as he can eat much more of it than I can.

I am sending you a capsule with a little raw gold in it. The old Jew gave me the gold. There is supposed to be quite a bit of gold in the Siberian Mountains, but I have not looked for any yet. I understand there is some around Posolskaya.

I am also sending you a few Czech songs with music. These have been published and are chiefly of interest because they show what the Czechs could do with nothing to start with. They have made most of the material, or rather the machinery themselves. These songs are all old folk songs, and some of them are national anthems, hymns, etc. When you get to banging that piano pretty well, you may try some of them. The words

are Czech and Russian. Also enclose a copy of Czech comic paper and one of a daily Czech paper with an account of the unveiling at Posolskaya.

Two years ago today, I reported for duty at Fort Sam Houston. Two years of army life has failed to engender within me any fascination for the life and I am fully as tired of it and anxious to quit it as I was last winter. I have learned, of necessity, some patience and am willing to bide my time but I am still fully convinced that I do not wish an army life career for mine. I am afraid I would have a hard time to keep out if we should ever have another great war, but as for this rotting in the army during peace times, nix on that. I have only one life to live. I am glad I am here side-tracked at a small station and do not have to associate with those vodka and concubine hounds in camp. If this expedition ever becomes the subject of a congressional investigation, decent Americans will blush with shame and humiliation to learn how supposed representatives of our great nation have conducted themselves in Siberia. I would blush myself if someone had told me before I came here. But no, American people won't believe these things. Surely, those noble sons would not do like this !!!!!. Noble, hell!!! Anyway I am glad I am here at this small station."...

He then writes encouraging Golda to continue writing about her school, classes, social affairs and events of the day. He is sure she is getting much more out of the classes than being stuck in Cleburne or Graham. He wants her to plan out the house with the interior decorating and then when he gets back they can find one that the plans fit. That way, he relates, he only has to worry about the office. He is also sure the more she writes the more he feels like writing.

He then tells her that her description of the matriculation brings a vivid picture of the matriculation at the Univ. of Tex at Austin in 1909. He writes,..."Even then I wondered why they did not develop some kind of a system to this procedure so that it would not look so much like a mob trying to break into the jail that contained a Negro they wished to hang. Things improved slightly in matriculation for the 1910-11 term. (When I went to the Univ. Tex at Austin in the late 1960s, it still had not improved much, it was still a mass of confusion). He continues...

" Yes, I read about the coast storm a few days ago, but as yet have not been able to get any information as to whether home has suffered any in this or not, but I rather fear it did, as the storm seems to have taken in both Corpus Christi and Galveston. Galveston certainly does not seem to be a desirable place to own any real estate.

The sun shines bright today, but the snow stays. The great Selenga River is frozen about halfway across and on what is yet free, great pieces of ice are floating.

November 9, 1919 - I have been away at the other stations part of the week and busy the rest of time. Sunday night we had a little excitement when our patrol shot a Kolchak (Russian) soldier through mistake. I applied first aid and sent the man to our hospital at V.-U. I understand that he will survive and am glad to hear it; it will be easier to

explain the mistake if he lives. But things like this occur every now and then, so this is nothing unusual. Accidents like this will happen when soldiers of so many different nationalities run up against each other.

Tuesday I went to Posolskaya and as I wanted to go out to the small detachments beyond there the next day, I stayed overnight. The detachment there is put up in boxcars. At night I left two windows open for ventilation and the other two lieuts. did the same, not knowing that I had already opened two, so toward morning the car certainly became cool. I had to cover up my head with a blanket and curl up in a ball -- did not know that anyone could sleep in such a shape. The weather stays around zero now, so when you leave all the windows open at night, you are likely to feel it before morning. It made me feel like the cold nights at Leon Springs, Texas in the winter of 1917 - 1918.

The next day one of the Lieuts. and myself went to the squads farther out, there was about a foot of snow on the ground so went out on a handcar driven by four soldiers. We came back about 2 p.m. and as there were no more trains that day, I had to stay another night. That night I got 10 blankets for my cot, closed the windows, put on heavy Red Cross socks and so did not suffer any cold. The next morning I came home on a Polish sanitary train.

The day I went to Posolskaya I spoke with some invalids on a Czech sanitary train and one of them was from a village close to where my father came from and told me about a Paul Kopecky from that place here in the Czech army, who might be father's brother. It would be funny if I ran into one of my European uncles over here, wouldn't it? But Kopecky is quite a common Czech name, so this man may be no relation. Even in Texas there are quite a few Kopeckys not related to us.

The Lt. Col. of the regiment went through on an inspection about three days ago. He came to the regiment only recently. He had service in France and knows France maybe, but he still has quite a few things to learn about Siberia.

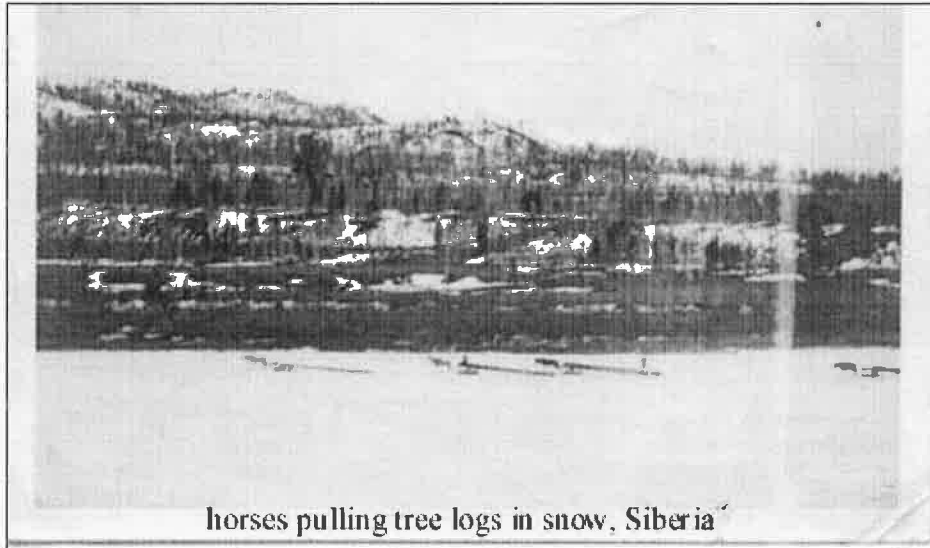
Two Lieuts. one Infantry and one Red Cross, came through today on a train going west with some supplies. The Red Cross man came here on the boat I came on. He was an infantry officer then, but since then has resigned and got into the Red Cross. The train stopped here for several hours so we swapped gossip and news. It seems that quite a number of the men that came with us have gone home, for by far most of them were temporary officers, some have been wounded, some got into the Red Cross after they got out of the army. Quite a few are still here.

The river is frozen over completely now - one can walk clear across. The weather is cold enough as you might expect, with the thermometer around zero (fahrenheit), but it is still pleasant and we are not allowing ourselves to believe it is cold, for we still have that 40 degree below to look forward to, and do not want to begin to feel cold yet. Quite

a number of the recruits are being sent to the hospital every week, but it is chiefly tonsillitis and bad colds that take them in. Not many serious cases. The recruits come here unhardened this late in the season, so it may be rather hard on them at first.

The Company at Mysovoya (on the lake) was burned out last week. The quarters burned down and also quite a lot of the equipment. They have had to move into box cars that the Czechs had there. I guess they will have a pretty hard time to get any quarters now.

Picture 37: Tree /logs - Siberia



horses pulling tree logs in snow, Siberia

The K. of C. man came through this week and left us a lot of candy, chewing gum, cigarettes and stationery. As you will remember, I am not crazy about the K. of C.s but then the candy is not affected any by coming from the K. of C., so I do not object to it. Also we are to have pictures occasionally, the moving picture show car is to come up. It is said to have a seating capacity of about 60. But this picture show business has always been rather uncertain on this line, so I am not looking forward too much to it.”...

(Note: K. of C. refereed to was The Knights of Columbus, a U.S. fraternal order of Roman Catholic men, was founded in 1882 by Michael J. McGivney, a Connecticut priest. The K. of C. provides social activities, insurance, and other benefits for its members, sponsors athletic events, contributes to various charitable and educational projects, and works to promote Catholic interests. With headquarters in New Haven, Conn., in the United States, and also interest in Canada, the Philippines, Mexico, and other countries.)

It is now mid-November 1919 and it is getting colder and colder. Admiral Kolchak, who kept headquarters in Siberia, was the high commander of all the White armies. He had his capital at Omsk at first but in November 1919 he lost Omsk to the Red army. He moved his government farther east to Irkutsk, (on the western side of Lake Baikal), but the citizens of that city refused to accept his rule and set up a socialist government instead, over a period of time.

Kolchak's government failed to pay the railroad workers sometimes for up to 3 months at a time and the railroad failed to maintain adequate stocks of coal along the routes. Trains would often have to wait for days because there was not fuel for the engines. As the Red Army moved closer to Omsk the westbound traffic that should have been carrying reinforcements and supplies was stopped and those rails used for refugees fleeing the war. What supplies that did get to Omsk were more likely to be warehoused than shipped to the front. When Omsk was captured, with minimal fighting, the Red Army became the proud owners of 3 armored trains, 3,000 wagons of military supplies, 40 artillery pieces, almost a thousand machine guns and 5 million bullets that had been hoarded instead of being transferred to the army that needed it.

Not all the blame for the Kolchak government's inability to win the support of the people can be placed on incompetence of government officials, the atrocities and violence of army officers or even on the fact that regular army officers encouraged desertions by their degree of cruelty and summary justice to their own men. Kolchak bears much of the responsibility. Peter Fleming, author, says that Kolchak had "all the attributes of a dictator except the will to dictate." A great deal of the problems Kolchak faced were caused by his inability to select competent advisors and commanders. This blame can be mitigated in a small way because he really did not have much of a choice in the quality or quantity of the officers that rallied to his cause. The vast majority were second and third rate officers that were walking testaments to the corruption of the old army Russian military bureaucracy. The Cossack-type officer was dishonest and greedy. Their idea of leadership was to beat or flog the men until they would fight bravely. They believed that "salvation of Russia lay in the whip and only in the whip: the whip in the barracks, the whip in the villages, the whip against the peasants and, in particular the whip against the workers."

Kolchak tended to direct the ground war himself instead of delegating it to a competent general. The soldiers in the armies were already prone to desert because of the harsh brutality of the officers. Kolchak's lack of a clear military strategy and frequent reversals of tactics and especially continual changes in the chain of command maintained the army in a constant state of flux.

In reality Kolchak allowed his officers to practice mass executions, torture, and inhumane treatment because he did not have the will to stop them. Jonathan Smele relates that in one instance, observed by horrified British officers, starving prisoners from the 3d Red Army were summarily executed as Bolsheviks. Other units were stripped and thrown into overcrowded concentration camps. Abuse, overcrowding, cold, and typhus soon killed off but a few. Those not put in camps were put on 'Trains of Death' and spent months traversing up and down the Trans-Siberian railway. Undoubtedly the White leadership could have used many of these men in their own army, but even during the White retreat in May-June 1919, the army continued its wholesale slaughter. Kolchak knew of the attitude of the military toward the peasants and the workers and still chose to authorize the army police powers. He then failed to control the brutal chaos that resulted. Smele cites Kolchak's Order Number 56 as giving military leaders the power and authority to make arrests of any political opponents of the government. The order instructed officers to "cut short the criminal work of these people by the most decisive means" including military force. ("From the Sea to the River" 2000: Wolfpack)

Dr Joe has received another letter from Golda and decides he must address a couple of issues before he closes and mails his letter to her...

..." Hope you do not worry as much as Annie does about what her long-tongued neighborly gossips think about your being a grass widow. Well I do not and hope you agree with me that as far as we are concerned, they can go to Iceland and believe whatever they please.

...Put not your faith in the Ouiji Board nor yet in the fortune-tellers. Your Aunt Lizzie's intentions may be the best in the world, but considering my being so far away at present, I am afraid I would not like for you to comply with her wishes regarding your having children. Your better choice is to wait till I get home, even if it should displease your aunt somewhat. Maybe she did not realize how far apart we are."...

Chapter 122 - Frost Bite

Winter is starting to set in now. It is becoming harder and slower to move around from station to station. He must still get around and take care of the troops. As he does he still makes his observations and passes them on...

... "I went to Mostovai Monday. Three of the men had their hands frost-bitten, two of them recovered fairly easily with some large blisters left to remind them to be careful next time and one had to be sent to the hospital and may have to have a few fingers amputated. I was surprised to see this happen this early in the game. I am afraid there will be more of it when we get to 40 below. Myself, I mean to take no chances. I have several pairs of wool gloves and one pair of fur mitts. The mitts are worn over the wool gloves. Also, I do not want my big toes to freeze off. I have a pair of woollen Red Cross socks on, a pair of immensely heavy lumberman's heavy wool socks over the former, and finally a pair of waterproof felt overshoes. Yesterday I exchanged my old sheepskin overcoat for a new one. I'll have a picture taken with my rig out and send it to you. I still have the fur cap I had last year.

Tuesday I went to Posolskaya. I am vaccinating and inoculating the company against everything in the catalogue of preventable diseases; we have to vaccinate against smallpox until it takes or until the man has three unsuccessful ones. We also have to have frequent cootie inspections and we find a few each time. Thus far I have not found any on me and I do not see why considering how I have to travel up and down this line. I stayed at Posolskaya for the night. The next day the Lt. in command, myself and six men hiked over to a village on the lake. We marched with heavy overcoats and overshoes on, and by the time we make the 10-plus miles, we were quite hungry.

We could not get anything to eat in the village, so we went to the monastery at that place. The sister in charge asked us all in and told us that she would be glad to give us some of their dinner, such as it was, but that as they were observing some kind of a fast, we might not like their dinner. We told her we were hungry enough to eat anything, so she fed us a kind of a fish and vegetable gumbo, black bread, potatoes and tea. We enjoyed the meal. The Lieut. lost his appetite when he found a small fish head with the eyes looking straight at him - in his soup, but I could not be bothered about small things like that. I closed my own eyes and ate the fish, head, eyes and all. After the lunch we went down to the lake for a while and watched the waves and the beautiful scenery generally. The lake is not frozen over yet, though around the banks the ice is pretty thick even now. At this particular place the lake is about 40 miles wide, and on the opposite side the bank consists of high mountains. The scenery is beautiful.

At 1:30 we started back and what with our heavy shoes and coats, we certainly were tired when we got back. We would march 50 minutes, and rest 10, and toward the end of our march, at each stop we

would all roll over on our backs in the deep snow and relax. Not one of us complained of lack of appetite or insomnia that night. The Lieut. made some eggnog, which was not much egg but lots of nog and as no one would join him (this was after we got home) he drank it all himself and got lit up just enough to act silly. We all laughed at him till I cried and then we went to bed.

Thursday I went up to the squads along the line. We went on a handcar again and got back to Posalak about 1 p.m. I got back here last night and found that the Lieut. had been away to VU all the time I was away. The quarters looked rather deserted when I got in.

Afraid you will have to do without a Christmas present. I have tried to send you some silk by getting a home going friend to buy them in Japan and send them to you, but his ship did not stop in Japan. Nothing to buy here. Buy yourself something you've wanted for a long time but thought you could not afford and call it a present from me. Charge it to me."...

Dr Joe writes that he has received her picture and the film she sent. He thinks he has maybe received all her letters but may be still short one package. He tells her that he has read in the papers about the storm in Corpus and wonders how his friend Dr Passmore has fared. He also wonders how they got on at home, as he has not heard anything from them. He then answers some of her questions, as well as comments on some of what she has written. And tells of how he bawled out some of the natives...

Picture 38: Siberia - Russians on sidewalk



..." I did indulge pretty excessively in bawling out the natives. I had just about gotten fed up with them and decided I would not treat any more of them. We had just moved into our winter quarters and they would bust right into the house without regard to what time of the day it was. As soon as they popped their head into the room, I'd greet them with a yell "Kudah" (Where to?). They'd say "Niebza?" (Not allowed?) I'd answer "Net, niebza." (I am sick). "That's none of my business; go on." "I am sick and I want to have the doctor look me over." "We do not receive Russians.

We have no medicine for you and do not care to look you over. Beat it." --
- "Don't give a damn what you want" For the sixth and last time I tell you get out and close the door after you. That was the only fighting I did, and that was so common for a while that the Lieut. in command had learned my initial greeting "Kudah?" and "Niebsa!" and when I was not in would dispose of my prospective patients for me nearly as effectively as I could myself. Of course you will think this is cruel, but you do not know the Russians and that a great percent of their sickness is nothing but plain laziness or results of drunkenness, and that when it comes to appreciation or gratitude, the proverbial swine would have to retire in shame.

I hope you will not get angry when I tell you I had to laugh when you wrote about how blue you were when you read about Captain John's and Corporal Sperling being captured by the Cossacks. In the first place, this was the first news we had of the incident over here. It's true all right, but did you know that Spasskoe is over two thousand miles from where I am, and the 27th Infantry is scattered over some 2500 miles? So do not suffer any fears just because something happened to someone from this regiment or near where I once was, for the reasons given above. As a matter of fact, incidents like that are very common and not of much significance, as they never lead to anything more serious than an exchange of apologies and assurance of mutual good will. No serious trouble is likely to happen to us for we are ready for it, and that alone discourages our enemies in this sector. As a matter of fact, we feel chagrined because we are on the quietest sector there is in Siberia. The men who stayed right around Vlady saw action and earned their battle clasps, and we have not. Well, we'll have ribbons and chevrons enough anyway.

The Expeditionary insignia seems to have suffered a change. This is what we have; a black bear on a white field, with a white letter S on the bear. I haven't mine on yet. As a matter of fact, I do not have my service chevron on yet, except on my gabardine uniform -- the one I do not wear now. I'll have another one in three more months. We do get rather careless about the appearance of our uniforms out here on the line. The only uniform I have had pressed since I left the states is the gabardine and you know I do not wear that for every day ever. I guess I will have to have a new uniform made before next summer. They sell the cloth here and the regimental tailors make the uniforms.

We finally got our kerosene lamps and have pretty good light in the quarters now. This helps some, as we can read and write nights.

You say it must be bad to stay away from one's own country till its customs are forgotten. Yes, so it is; it's hell. And you ask "Well, don't you talk to women like you do to men? Except leave off the emphatic garnishes, eh? No you do not. Also if the garnishes were left off the language here, conversation would about cease. By the way, some of the men who came here in September seem to be getting "burnt out" on things here. "Burnt out" is a great expression here now. Anything you are tired of, you are "burnt out" on. Well, one of these recruits broke down at one

of the outposts two nights ago crying and refused to go on post when his turn came. By the time the men got through with him yesterday morning, he looked like a chicken that was unfortunate enough to have fallen into Misha's hands. In a case like this the men usually take care of the case themselves. Some of the men have tried to desert but as you can easily imagine, they do not get far. Many of these men no doubt got into the army to avoid home discipline, work or school, so this is good medicine. They will appreciate their lot better when they have served in the army for three years.

Your mention of color neutralization makes me think of how I struggled more or less bravely some 11 years ago to become adapt in this mysterious business in my Art course at the Normal. This course was compulsory and that explains my taking it. I made 98 in the course; the teacher explained that she graded on effort put forth. Your mention of the black hose and white shoes combination reminds me of an exchange of views between Cyril and Jerome when they were boys. Cyril said every time he saw a girl with black hose and white shoes, it made him feel like vomiting.

Our victrola records? Well, one of the most recent ones is Yankee Doodle Boy; also Where the Black-eyed Susans Grow. Anyway, our victrola has been defunct ever since the recruits got here. They seemed to think that you wind it up like you would crank a Ford car, and so, of course, the spring broke. The same thing happened last summer and I bummed a spring from a different camp and later I was sorry I brought the darned thing, so now I'll think twice before I get any more springs."...

He then writes to Golda on how he feels inside and what he was thinking on the Siberian business when he joined...

..." The fact that the war was closed without my getting across was a blow to me the full force and humiliation of which I never imagined or realised until after the armistice was signed. This Siberian business was the first opportunity I had to wipe out this smarting humiliation. This with the thought of being of real service to the people and especially the Czechs, impressed me so overwhelmingly that morning that I would not allow any other consideration to enter my mind. I knew all the time that separation from you would be a great sacrifice, but I would not allow myself to let that influence me in my choice. We both realised in the days immediately following my volunteering how great the sacrifice would be, I to such an extent that I did not have courage enough to face it and would have resigned if I could have. So that's why I came; to show myself that I was not afraid to and to keep my self-respect. The price was great, but I know I am not a coward and I may still regret it but I feel no humiliation in not getting to France. This settled, I'll enjoy you later; let us pray God it may be soon. Sooner or later, I'll be back to you and in the meantime, we can both stand it, even if we do so with yearning and heartache."...

Chapter 123 - School at Denton

Golda writes that as she went by Gladys' room the other day the Ouji "talked" to her and told her he was fighting. She replied that she hoped it was only the flies he was fighting. She tells of one mosquito ...Who takes his meals at her expense each night, and it seems to be impossible to murder him, that is her, as she has read that it is only the lady mosquitoes that bite. She has written home to his folks and expects to hear from them any day. She hopes she can then bring him up to date on how they fared the storm. This may put Cyril off on putting in rice as a crop next year. Mrs. Hofner was considering putting up the money and he was going to do the work. Jap said he might take a school if they begged him very hard and offered him \$150 per, but this did not seem very likely. She continues...

"Everything here is striking. The R.R. employees are forever on a strike. During that one in California about a month ago, the trains were stopped in the desert and the passengers left to get out the best they could. Potullo sure gives the R.R. strikers a knock in one of his articles. He pities the poor hard-worked creatures in very strong sarcastic style. In yesterday's papers I read that all the tailors were on a strike. Here's hoping boarding houses will not follow suit, cause I'm very fond of eating these days.

1:30 p.m. just before sewing class. Guess I'll finish my buttonhole. Am learning how to make buttonholes correctly. I'm sure glad for I was wondering how I could ever work all the buttonholes in the rompers for all our little Joes and Willises.

9 p.m. We had Music Appreciation this evening at 7 o'clock. 'Twas very pretty and interesting. She illustrated with victrola records the different principles upon which music is based. O, how I wish I knew more about music and could play! But I'll be content if I acquire enough to play the oblongato while you carry the main theme. I'll practice five years and maybe learn to play G chord correctly. The selections she played were delightful, and put us in a beautiful frame of mind. I came home so ambitious and full of enthusiasm.

...Why doesn't the War Department call those troops home? I think it is a disgrace to keep men over there away from their homes and civilisation. If we do get into a war with Russia where will be the honour in slaughtering those poor ignorant specimens of humanity? It seems that they are just waiting for a good chance to get into a war over there. Well, the only thing I can do is wait and pray for your return. I hope there is no trouble resulting and that all of you will come home soon.

A letter came yesterday from both our folks, two in one. Vlasta addressed my letter to Graham and they kept it till they heard from me. Everybody at both places is well and picking cotton. There has been a heavy rainfall all over the State and cotton picking has been hindered some. Vlasta was telling about the wedding they attended. Annie Vallegra and somebody got married. The boys drained all the gasoline out of the

car and caused them quite a bit of discomfort. Ludma and Alba stayed at Gallias till the 8th of September. Then Vlasta said Galleas had gathered five bales of cotton. Alba's school begins on Sept. 22 and Vlasta's Oct. 6. They will be gone soon and your mother will be alone. I'll write her often but I haven't time to write the girls individually."...

Golda then assures him she writes often and she knows the old folks write to him as well. She also wonders how many letters have gone missing, as it seems he fails to get them all. She continues...

..."It must be bad to stay away from one's own country till its customs are forgotten! And forgetting how to talk to women. Well, don't you talk to women just like you do to men? Except you leave off the emphatic garnishes, eh? Just what do you mean talking to one's wife doesn't have to be particular? I'll wait and see how much of your philosophy you carry out. I know you will not say cuss words and things like that. But I'll be willing to take you any way you come. If you cuss so much, I'll wash your mouth out with Woodbury's soap twice a day and love you back to your old self again.

Well, I'll be a Dutchman! I had off my glasses and didn't realise that fact till my eyes began to hurt. It's ten thirty -- lights out. Good night...

... forgive me for writing that letter night before last. It was an outburst that would have been better distributed on the desert air. That night I could see no good in the world. I was hopelessly engulfed by the "Doggone Blues." War with Russia and Japan seemed certain and this made one fear for your safety and because I thought you were in danger, I was miserably unhappy.

But yesterday's paper says that the Russian Commander has apologised to Maj. Gen. Graves for the mistreatment of our friend Capt. Jones, so all is peaceful once more on the Selenga. Here's hoping it remains so. Strange how one's spirits respond to circumstances -- so quickly I mean. Seems that the memory of our despondency would throw a gloom over us when our gladness is revived, but no. Why with that news of conciliation between those armies and with two more letters from my beloved, I was wafted to a golden orange mood and felt like dancing every piece I played on the victrola.

I'm glad to learn that you are getting your mail, perhaps you are receiving those letters I wrote while at Taiton - provided old sister Postmistress there didn't read them and forget to stick them back and send them on. The girls told me that she had been known to do such tricks. Did you get the paper that had your letter in it? Your mama read it to me while I was there. Did you ever get the photograph of me that I sent when you requested it?

We were assigned permanent seats in chapel today. I got there early and had myself and a friend dandy seats picked out on the first row of our section. But alas! The juniors were so many that they had to confiscate our territory as far as that row and we had to retire to the extreme rear. Can't hear thunder back there. It makes me mad to have to attend college assembly and then not be able to hear what is being said. Well, there's one advantage; we can get out first.

Am having a time getting my colors neutralized -- you don't know how to neutralize colors? Well, I don't either -- in our Interior Decoration Class. I never cared about daubing in paints but this seems to be part of the game in the course. I think by next spring I will have learned that orange and intense blue are not pretty combined. Then maybe I'll not care to wear black hose with white shoes and a few more things that every woman should know.

That music is what keeps me working. My hands are so untrained and the muscles so weak. But maybe by starting out in the right way I'll not cultivate awkward technique as so many girls have. Most of them play this jazz music with their elbows and wrists and dance it with their knees and waist.

Three of the girls came down to see me this evening. Gladys and two other girls. Nearly every evening I have company. The girls enjoy playing the victrola and dancing occasionally. Mrs. Kelsay doesn't mind our dancing so this makes it rather nice for us. There's a fortune-teller next door so this is quite attractive to the girls also. Bunches of C.I.A. girls come there every day. I imagine the old lady's bank account is growing rapidly. The old faker.

...I play the victrola lots and have not played one fourth of the records. I sure am glad they have it, wish they had a piano also. Then I could practice all I wish to. Since I've started music again, I don't mean to drop it. I'll keep on trying and maybe by the time I'm forty I can play the Maiden's Prayer or Sweet Bye and Bye. But just the same I mean to keep it up. No, we have no piano but we can rent a house with a piano in it until we are able to buy one. Anyway we will need a piano for our girls to play on. You are wondering how I am to take music and keep house too. Well, we'll manage that beautifully. I'll do the cooking and general management of the home and have a maid to wash dishes and clean house, wash, iron etc. Now isn't that ideal? If only the maid will not fail to come and not slop around and do untidy work why it will be lovely. If I had taken the full Home Makers Course, I would have learned how to keep books in the home, divide the family income, etc, but as it is I will not know how to divide the income, so I'll just spend all I can. Zat all right wid you?

...I think this is a great opportunity and learning experience for you. While I miss you, I am glad my husband is allowed the experience and education. Of course some of the moss backs who never stayed away from wifie a day since they were married and who at the same time have

not kissed wifie good bye or howdydo or told her he loved her for two years or more, can't understand how we could stand to be separated. They are the ones who are selfish -- too afraid to leave her for fear they will miss her waiting on them. Just too "sot" in their monotonous way of living to stir out for anything unusual. I'm glad my husband isn't like that. Sometimes when I'm grumpy and don't feel as gay as a red bird in spring, I listen to a little mischief-making devil who tells me maybe you weren't as contented with me as you should have been. Maybe you were unconscious of this yourself, yet sought this adventure in answer to the restlessness that was not quieted by my influence. But this is so very rare that ugly thoughts like this one are presented to me, and I will not tolerate them. I just shoo this little old debbel away...

...You see I'm broadening -- in the waist and hips principally. Yes, I think you had better take me along with you to Europe. You know you promised me several years ago and you have never been known to fail to keep your promises. "'Twas down on the beach where you told me we would go one of these days. O dear old beach! If I could feel that sea breeze against my cheek and your kiss on my lips it would seem like Heaven. (Gee ain't I sentimental?)

I still feel addled from the joke played on me this evening. Gladys and the girls told me what a lovely piano they had in Oakland Annex and begged me to go home with them and they'd play on it. So I went - climbed that hill the seventh time today and went panting in to find a doll piano sitting in the small hallway -- all draped with an artistically cut paper scarf with a music cabinet at the side with miniature sheets of music made by the girls - something like this "O Beautiful Oo by A. Mikerobe." "Who Took the Harm out of Harmony" by A. MisKito. Etc. etc. Well, I felt like beating them or bumping their heads together. I just fainted away in surprise and didn't do anything. Just for the meanness they have to come and spend the night with me tomorrow. I believe I'll put grass burrs in the bed where they sleep or tie them in bed and run away and leave them...

...Too much eating and late hours last night made me feel dull today. Gladys Butner and her roommate slept the night with me. We had a most enjoyable time but stayed up too late and ate too many olives and grapes. She brought her Ouija board along and this furnished us amusement till 2:30 a.m. That crazy board will say anything. It told us lots of things that Gladys' friend in Maine was doing. From what it implied he isn't a very nice man. Also said he had syphilis. But we had to make allowances for what it said because it said that Gladys' Aunt Mary who is dead was talking and she doesn't want Gladys to marry this boy. She wants her to marry her son Charlie who is Gladys' own cousin. She told me you have never loved any other woman except me and that you are a pure man. Well, I know you are all that, so "Mary" didn't tell me anything new. I asked her, didn't you love Johnnie once, and she said "no." But this morning she told me you were sick, had pneumonia. I'm glad I don't believe all this mess or I'd be worried sick about you. I hope there is

nothing to it, but you know all of us have a certain amount of superstition and let ourselves worry about things that are bad. I asked who was nursing you and it said the men you were with and said you would be sick for two weeks.

You aren't sick, are you? This makes me realise how bad it would be for you to get sick away over there with only men to care for you and I couldn't go to you or do anything for you. ... resign or something before you do get sick, and come home. Uncle Sam should not keep you so long; he's used your services over two years - that's long enough. Believe I'll tell him so. This child didn't go to church, did you? This morning it was pouring down rain but tonight is clear. We have church services once a week at the college. Each preacher meets his members in a certain room from 10 to 10:30 on Fridays. Last Friday I prised off down to the boarding house and practised piano during the time -- forgot all about "preaching."

Did I tell you I put down my name to attend "Madame Butterfly" on Oct. 28th. Miss Barton is taking all the girls who wish to go. They will procure seats for \$3 - \$4. This is a little steep but I've never attended Grand Opera so I decided to save my pennies and go....

I saw on the music bulletin where Emma Destinn (one of first to play "Butterfly" in Madame butterfly and make it famous) had arrived in America after three years imprisonment at her home near Prague by the Austrian Government. She is starting on her tour through to the coast. She does not want to sing any of her concerts in German since her imprisonment. There are three Bohemian bothers coming to the college to give a recital this winter.

My music teacher, Miss Lietze, asked me what nationality you were. I told her and she wanted to know where your people came from -- what part of Bohemia. I said I thought they lived near Prague - because this was the only place I knew in Bohemia and I wanted to play like I knew all about your ancestors. (Actually in Moravia). She asked, she said, because the violin teacher was a Bohemian and used to live there, but was recently from Russia. Gladys and I thought she was Russian. She's a blonde. My teacher asked what I was and I said "O just an American". She said, "Well your people weren't always Americans, were they?" I felt like saying "Yes, full blood Indians," but I said that I was Scotch-Irish descent and she said I thought so. Now, how could she tell? She would have reacted the same if I had said French Canadian.

There's laundry to fix up tonight. Will have to continue this tomorrow... Wednesday: As you have observed already, perhaps that "tomorrow" in my letters is sometimes three days ahead, thus making my letters, when finished, three days old....

That crazy Ouji Board still insists that you have pneumonia. This evening we were talking on it just to pass the time away and when Gladys

and I put our hands on it, it began telling me all that stuff. I told it, it ought to be ashamed telling me all those things and having me worrying. This spirit said it could see you that you were tired and delirious, temp. 104 and were raving. Well, I know there's nothing in this little \$1 board and I don't believe what it says, yet just the ideas it conveyed to mind and my thinking of you all sick and delirious completely upset me. I know I was silly but I couldn't help it. I just threw that board over and wept on Gladys' shoulder. The girls very likely thought I was a nut. I think I shall quit fooling with Ouji from now on. I bet you will chuckle when you read this. Well, here's hoping you do. I'm willing for you to have the joke on me this time -- and that you are as well and fat as a Poland China Pig. I don't mean a pig made of wood and glass - one of those well-bred pigs with a pedigree from China and Poland.

If our physical training lessons do not start soon, I'm going to be fatter than a pig. It takes quite a while for the new girls to have a physical exam. The doctor is the ugliest goggle-eyed old dame you would ever see. She is quite officious too. Tells the girls how they should wear their hair, what kind of shoes and dresses to wear. One little girl had her hair puffed over her ears and the doctor told her to pin her hair up - that God gave her those ears why should she hide them. This little girl said she wanted her to know God gave her lots of things that she didn't need to show.

But some of the girls do fix their hair in such extreme styles and paint their temples instead of their cheeks. Out of a student body of 1,500 girls there are quite a number of peculiar specimens of human nature. Before the girls went into uniform, characters of many phases were displayed in dress. All colors, evening gowns, beads, jewellery all worn in the mornings to school. I must say some horribly poor taste was displayed. But now only blue chambrays and white shirt waists and blue serge skirts can be seen.

The 18th is C.I.A. day at the Dallas Fair. (This is the Texas State fair held each year in Dallas in October being refereed to.) Since there will be no one to meet me there, I don't think I care to go. Maybe I'll go over Friday evening and spend Saturday and Sunday with the Donaldsons. I'm anxious to see those boys again. This will be my only chance of going without having to cut classes till Christmas. You see we have six days of school here.

The victrola is playing Drowsy Waters and all those melodies.... O, they are playing Ave Maria now. It's one of Elman's records. I think it is beautiful. Our music appreciation class is still very interesting. I think I'll learn quite a bit from it. I'm afraid that all my work that I'm doing here is not work that one can show results -- only in one's living every day, that is. I'll not have much material results or made products to display but I do hope to be benefited greatly by the training. The lectures in Interior Decoration I know are going to be quite helpful. She's had us making a color chart. When she suggested this, I thought "O what a waste of time" But now after laboring over those colors for two weeks, I know that she

could have never impressed the harmony of colors upon our minds by telling us, like this actual making them ourselves. I've wrestled with a blue two days trying to make a pretty neutral blue. I don't think I can ever forget the relationship of each color to the other now. Tomorrow we start on a chart where we plan color schemes or harmonies for rooms. We paint an elevation of a room, making the ceilings, wall, woodwork, rug and decoration by the three different rules of harmony. This will be interesting, but some work. Maybe by the time we have a home I'll know how to arrange it so that I'll not have bright red paper on the living room and big yellow roses on the art square.

O yes, I forgot to comment.... there isn't much being done or said about the army now. The soldiers have done their part and that seems to be the end of it all. President Wilson started on his tour of speaking for the League of Nations but he became ill and had to cancel his engagements for awhile. From the newspaper reports, he seems to have had a nervous collapse. He was unable to receive the King and Queen of Belgium on their arrival in the United States. There's nothing very exciting happening in the affairs of state. Congress still grinds away and spends the nation's money, levies taxes and pretends to be working hard"...

Senate Republicans, led by Henry Cabot Lodge, refused to approve the peace treaty without significant modifications of the U.S. commitment to the League. Wilson accepted some compromise but then turned to the people. In a national speaking tour he eloquently defended the League and U.S. membership as essential to lasting world peace. Long months of exhausting labor had weakened the president, however, and he collapsed on Sept. 25, 1919, following a speech in Pueblo, Colo. A week later Wilson suffered a stroke that left him partially incapacitated for the remainder of his life. From his bed he continued to oppose severe restrictions to the League. The Senate, meanwhile, rejected the treaty in November 1919 and March 1920. Wilson urged that the 1920 presidential election be a referendum on the League. Republican Warren G. Harding, who had established a reputation as an opponent of the League, won in a landslide.

In December 1920, Wilson won the Nobel Peace Prize for 1919. The former president and his second wife, Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, whom he married in 1915, after the death of his first wife, continued to make their home in Washington, D.C. Wilson died there on Feb. 3, 1924.

Chapter 124 - Up and Down the Line

Dr Joe writes his Lieut. has told him he intends on writing one letter every night. He then remarks that the great stimulus for writing is receiving a letter. He then points out that he sometimes writes a second letter in a day when he has received one from her and she has probably noticed he marks some such letter I and II. An inquisitive friend of his noticed these marks recently and wanted to know if the marks stood for kisses. He did not think it worthwhile to inform him that they did not kiss in public except on special occasions, such as when he left for Siberia. He then starts on the recent events...

..." I am vaccinating the company against smallpox and the order is to keep on vaccinating until it either takes or until each man has had three unsuccessful vaccinations given 8 days apart. Ordinarily, an order of this sort would be easily carried out, but when a company is split up into seven posts scattered seventy miles with the travelling as spasmodic as it now is on the famous trans-Siberian road, the work is attended with some difficulties and some loss of time.

Monday I went to Posolskaya and meant to go out to the squads the next day, but I forgot to take sufficient vaccine. As there were no trains, it looked like I would have to spend the night there anyway, but just as I had finished making my bed out of a dozen blankets and a sheepskin overcoat (I always throw that in for good measure) a freight pulled in and I boarded the rear platform on a boxcar and went home. The mercury in the thermometer was hesitating at 0 degrees and before I had finished the 24 mile trip, I thought I would freeze. My breath would freeze into icicles on my moustache (sure I have one) and I had to keep jumping up and down to keep my feet warm. Those lumberman's socks weren't at all heavy. I got home about midnight and as the fire was out, lost no time getting to bed.

Wednesday I went to Mostovoi or Mustang as you say, and coming back at night on a freighter, crawled into a car with some Ruski trainmen and avoided freezing my toes. About the only news at Mostovoi was that 12 of the men were lousy again. Since the recruits have come here, we seem to be unable to get rid of cooties. It's chiefly laziness and also lying around dirty Ruski huts with women. I think some strenuous measures with a few men would improve the situation some.

Today is Friday -- the day the Czech mail coach comes thru. I get their daily for the past 7 days on Friday. They do not have much in these dailies, just a few brief telegraphic messages but these are as a rule authentic. The present Ruski papers are more sensational than reliable.

Among other things, I note that there are daily debates in the Senate on the Siberian situation and the advisability of further stay of our troops in that country. The opinion seems to be that the expedition is unproductive of any actual results and that its further remaining in Siberia is undesirable. Well, if it took some of them all this time to find this out, I

think that in about ten years the Senate may conclude that the above being the case, we might as well be called home and ten years after that we can no doubt actually hope to be recalled. You must realise the absolute necessity of avoiding any undue hastiness in the matter especially with the presidential elections less than a year away.

The main camp at Verkhne - Udinsk has just been struck by an epidemic of influenza. It does not seem to be a very virulent type, not nearly like the wave that passed over the States last year. The line here escaped lightly. Only a few very mild cases have shown up. I have not heard of the epidemic spreading to the natives, but if it does, they will die like rats, for there are very few drugs and fewer doctors among them.

Sunday night, November 23, 1919 - ... finished my weekly bath about half an hour ago, and have about completed one more day in Siberia.

My corpsman from Posolskaya came in with symptoms of pneumonia. Makes me as mad as the deuce. Pure neglect. They have had him sleeping in a cold box car and have been putting off the fixing up the car because they had no lumber, and last week when the lumber finally arrived, they tell the man if he wants to have the car fixed, he can do it himself. This boy has been with me ever since I came to Spasskoe and for a while was my striker. I am going to Posolskaya tomorrow and maybe I won't raise hell! Anything is good enough for the corpsmen. My only regret is that I did not raise hell two weeks ago.

I am certainly sorry I cannot send you some kind of a Christmas present, something characteristic of Siberia, but it simply is not here. The four years of war capped by the Bolshevik regime drained this country of everything along that line. I hoped to get to Irkutsk before now but have been unable to get away. But even there, very few things of this kind are left. So I can only send you my love, true and unsullied, something you have anyway. Christmas or no Christmas, I am afraid you will have to put on your old last year's dressing gown. Too bad I cannot find you some bronze vases.

The boys are making big preparations for a Thanksgiving dinner. The goose will have to substitute for Mr. Turkey, I fear. The other necessities including cigars and beer are already here. We have a dandy mess hall and by then our recreation room will also be finished. You are invited too. But I am afraid Mr. Ivanovic Misha M will be the chief guest, as usual.



Dog with Mischa - Siberia

Picture 39: Siberia - Misha the bear

Thanksgiving Day, 27 Nov. 1919 - ...As to your resolution to let the Ouji board alone, to borrow Krazy Kat's language, I suggest you "bern the dem thing up." In the first place, I was not fighting when it said I was and in the second place I did not have pneumonia, 104 degree, etc. though I do confess that probably I was raving, as that is nothing unusual. Say I believe you are growing somewhat daffy on fortune-tellers and fortune telling devices. Don't you think that the results so far have been rather discouraging? Hereafter, you better just believe the good things they tell you. Of course, they will lie about half the time, but you will feel good for the time being anyway, and that is worth something.

Now, I have been in the army for over two years and have not lost a single day on account of sickness and at present am in better health than I have been at Louisville, as I am not bothered nearly as much as I was there by my throat condition. As for the climate here, it is a whole lot healthier than Louisville was, for at least, the air is free from smoke and other impurities. As for the cold climate, as long as you are thoroughly protected from it by proper clothes, it is less unhealthy than warm or torrid climate, and also more enjoyable I believe. So, on that score I am no less safe than you are where you are. About the only danger at present is that of getting too fat again during the winter. But I am trying to keep that down. Tuesday I walked the line of duty, 25 miles from 8:30 to 6:30 with the temperature about 8 above zero. When I got through, I just had a good appetite, and in spite of the fact that I walked with overshoes and heavy overcoat on, did not feel fatigued. How's that for resistance? So might as well stop trying to imagine me all bed-ridden and feverish; ain't no such animal.

We have some sickness among our men but that is due to the young recruits coming here so late this fall and being inured neither to the climate nor to the hardships of army life. What I think about the War

Department sending those 16 - 18 year old kids over here had better remain unexpressed.

(A couple of days later)... We had quite a dinner on Thanksgiving Day. Roast goose, chicken, raisin pie, Japanese beer, and a few other things. We had just finished the roof on our recreation room the day before, and so the men decided to have a party at night. The program consisted of some boxing bouts, dancing, singing, eating of candy, cakes and pine seeds. The company consisted of the soldiers, their squaws, and Rusky peasants. The Russians came on strong on the eating and on some of the dancing. The music was furnished by a Ruski playing an accordion.

The men did some pretty good singing. Several of these men were in the thickest of the fight in France and know how to sing with some spirit. The singing here however, is nothing like what I used to hear at Camp Taylor.

Last night we were entertained by two novelty musicians from the Y.M.C.A. They played all over France while our troops were there, and also before some of the royalties, or something. They were good in spite of all that; the men were brothers and previously engaged in vaudeville or some other stage work. They played banjos, guitars and Hawaiian guitars. They were applauded hard and long and seemed quite satisfied with their reception here. They are to come again in about two weeks. The peasants and the squaws turned out even more copiously than the previous night, but I am afraid they were disappointed as far as eats go. In one of our magazines recently I saw a cartoon entitled "All Europe seems to think that U.S. is a Christmas-tree." Yes, and so does a large part of Asia! The cartoon was quite appropriate. Most of us here think it's about time for these Christmas holidays to come to an end. The whole world seems to have the idea that we are a nation of rich fools. The conduct of our extravagant soldiers here does not help to refute the idea. (And eighty years later, the American tourist does not help this and also adds a couple of traits to world opinion that are also hard to refute.)

Oh yes! The day one of our heroes married a Ruski, Wednesday, was another great holiday and feast for the natives, so they had three days straight of it. Oh, sure, our men marry here. And you should see what scum of the earth some of them do marry. The bride in this case was one of the village paupers before we came but you ought to see her and her pauper family dress up now! Christmas tree is right! Also, don't throw away any of your good pennies on the American Red Cross in Siberia, for verily ye shall be casting pearls before swine. Also, gullible, maudlin Americans is right. They are all right in their own land but here, oh tempra, oh mores!"....

As he continues, he tells Golda he is glad to hear she may go to Madame Butterfly. He said he had a good laugh when he heard his folks came from so close a place to Prague, when in fact they could have hardly come from farther away and still be virtually in Bohemia. He felt no harm done, as they would never know the difference

anyway. He then asked Golda to remember when they heard a lullaby by Emma Destinn on a phonograph in Louisville. He was enclosing some Czech sheet music that contained it; it was called "Ukolebavka."

He assured her that if she didn't have much material result to display at the end of her term it was okay. She didn't go to completely fit out her trousseau. He wrote that the interior decoration class sounded like "good stuff" from what she said of it, better to plan out all the rooms of the house while she could. He wouldn't be able to help much when he got back as he would be too busy. This would save her that much labor later on. He then admits that as long as he stays in the army "the great number of rooms to decorate at any one time will not be a problem." He also notes the Czech daily states that the Siberian A.E.F. is under daily discussion in the U.S. Senate and the consensus of opinion is that the expedition is not producing any real results and that any further stay is undesirable. To this he writes... "My! But it took them an awfully long time to find this out." It is now early December 1919 and he has received more mail from the States...

"... Received a wedding invitation from Hugh Davis; am sending it to you under separate cover. I can't send any presents as there are none here and you cannot as the invitation was addressed to me alone. Now, isn't that just too bad?

... you are not the only member of the family that's growing fat, as usual, with the advent of winter I am developing a panniculus adiposus in front of my abdomen. It is not at all welcome, for my trousers are too tight already because of the extra heavy underwear I am forced to wear as a protection against the cold weather. It snowed all day yesterday and the ground got pretty well covered up, but that strong North wind today is blowing it away from the ground into large snowdrifts. I went to Mostovoi yesterday and got back here about 8 p.m. I still do most of my travelling on the platforms. The coaches are packed full of loud-smelling Ruskis, their inevitable baggage consisting of sacks filled with black flour or onions or cabbage, and more or less, usually more, all the coaches are inhabited by pediculus vesimenti. On the platforms the air is fresh and free from the 1001 stinking odours that make the Russian passenger coaches famous, and I am well protected against cold by ample clothing. But even on the platform I am not always absolutely safe. Last night a shabby specimen, who seems to have subsisted solely on onions and vodka for a very long time, insisted on holding his face about 2 and 1/2 inches from mine, (I really do not know which is more obnoxious to me now, onion smell or local politics) and telling me how he escaped from the Bolsheviks two years ago. But I finally decided that if I gave him a cigarette, he would leave me and go inside and sure enough, he did, taking his tribulations, politics and onion breath with him.

I am very much interested in your schoolwork and want you to write me and tell me all about it. Wonder how you are getting on in your music? Have you become discouraged yet? I believe I forgot to tell you that I have a violin now. The K. of C.'s were distributing musical instruments along the line, and I asked them for a violin. When one of my

men went over to the camp last week, he brought back a new violin for me. It has never been played before, it's a fairly good one - anyway, the best one I have here. I fell upon it quite enthusiastically, but I have no music. In the meantime I'll practice without music and will wait till I receive some from you."...

He then writes that he has still not heard from home since she was there. He was sure it was her influence and her being there that made them write to him. He then closes with how it has continued to snow and become colder. The good news is that it has stayed frozen and thus dry.

Chapter 125 - Settling In

As school gets busy, time goes faster and the amount of time to write becomes less. Golda admits almost a week has gone by since her last letter but she did send a copy of the school paper "Lasso" as well. This week knowing "what a wonderful literary production" that paper was, she decided it would serve a better purpose if she kept it to clean the mud off of her shoes. It has rained heavily and she is quite sure that if the soil wasn't sandy but instead black soil they would stick crossing the street and be there for several months before they would be able to move. She still has not purchased a raincoat as she finds the prices for clothes and such there unreasonably high. She then adds...

..." I'm making my hat in class so that will cost only the material at wholesale prices. When you come home your wife will be a full-fledged milliner. No Ouji says you're coming in February. Well, I'll be a half milliner.

In our interior decoration we are working out color schemes for rooms. We have to make two rooms in a one-mode harmony -- that is we have only one color with as light or dark value as we wish. This is not a pretty combination and very hard to make look cheerful. I made a blue room in the one mode harmony and told Miss Long I was imagining it was to be used in the middle of July. She said no one hardly ever chose a room to be planned this way but sometimes a decorator got an order for such and would have to fill it.

If you could see your wife today, you'd think she is learning a little exterior decoration. My hair is screwed up into a knot on top of my head and gracefully adorned by a big blue bow. This is one of the many things that the M.E.B.'s required of the big crowd of girls who joined the club last Saturday night. Gladys and I escaped the tortures of initiation however, we went and saw such a long line that we decided it would take two nights to get all the girls through and since Gladys had just come from the hospital that morning and was coughing her head off, I didn't think she should stand out on the wet ground and in the night air, we then beat it. We stayed down at my room too long for when we returned the line had all disappeared. We went in and make it all right with the secretary - paid our dues, got our triangle on our necks and escaped the castor oil and such. The secretary was an ardent admirer of Gladys' and Gladys says she fell for me too, so we took advantage of this weakness of hers and snuck in. but every new girl had to wear this special hair dress and carry a suitcase with her books in it to all the classes. On the outside of the suitcase in big letters is M.E.B. The girls looked so idiotic carrying those big suitcases and opening them up at every class. My head is sore from the radical change in my hair dressing. This is to last two days then Wednesday we trot all day long or at least everywhere we are supposed to walk. Imagine trotting up this hill to school. Guess I could tell old sister Hobgoblin that my breath does get short then.

Had physical exam. for gym today. Sure was glad for I've been wearing clean teds and stockings for the occasion ever since they began calling the roll. All the girls despise the doctor who is a popeyed cross-officious old hen. When she asked me my name and I said Mrs. Kopecky, she said, "What's your first name? Don't say Mrs. when you're a school girl." I felt like sassing her but I decided I didn't want to prolong my stay in her presence so I replied not. She gave me light gymnastics on account of my heart murmur. I told her I took heavy work last year but she feared I would strain it so the old smellcat will put me in a class where we march a little and about face occasionally, I suppose. I wanted to play basketball some too. But there's no use arguing with that female. She jumped all over some of the girls for dressing their hair extremely and wearing teddies split on the side. My chest expansion met her approval -- also my vaccination scar. How wonderful.

The bath water is boiling and I need it badly so I'll have to say goodnight. We attended a band concert given by Denton band in auditorium tonight. 'Twas fair, not as good as the French Military Band or the 90th Artillery at Taylor, yet we enjoyed seeing some real live men once again and they, the men, didn't keep their eyes on the ceiling....

Tuesday morning.... Last night one of the men sang a solo -- I don't know the name of it but it said, "I miss you so, old pal" etc. and it got pretty much next to my heart. Would have cried but felt like I shouldn't do that. Mrs. O'Harrel who was with me lost her husband last winter and when the men began to sing she broke down. I thought then how much I had to be thankful for. I had the hope of seeing you here again and she will not have her husband ever again. I felt so sorry for her; she never talks of her loneliness but last night she was sick and off her guard. She has a seven-year-old son who is a very attractive bright youngster. He is going to have his tonsils removed next Saturday. She gets discouraged with her work sometimes and threatens to quit. She is taking the Household Arts course. Doesn't have to depend on teaching for her living, only in case she should happen to have a misfortune...

I'm almost too restless to write because at 8 o'clock I'm leaving on the train for Fort Worth, thence to Cleburne. But I'm so happy about the opportunity of going that I just had to tell you about it. At the first of the week I debated whether I would go or stay on account of the expense attached but when the time approached I could not resist. So I wrote Annie to have good things cooked and keep the kids awake till I got there. I mean to make a raid on her pantry and bring a few things back with me - - jellies, peach pickles and the like.

You're thinking "yes and you're going to stuff and get as fat as Misha". Now I'm not so very fat yet. Just weigh 128 lbs. stripped for gym. Don't be like the old farmer who when his college daughter spoke of being stripped for gym, asked, "who in the hell is Jim?"

Old Doctor Hobgoblin said I couldn't take heavy gym on account of my murmur. Makes me sore. I had rather do without any gym than do about face and march around so stupidly. I protested to her but the old sister turned a deaf ear. Guess I'll resume my bedroom callisthenics. How I wish you were here to take them with me and wag the victrola in to accompany us. You cute old chap. All those funny little things you did come back to me and cheer me up -- they're as bright as yellow flowers by the roadside.

Our interior decoration teacher was lecturing on homes and showing the different rooms so beautiful and comfortable. In one living room, there was a chair on each side of the grate, a table with a soft yellow shaded light beside one chair and a bookcase by the other. The chairs looked like they were waiting for you and me. In the breakfast room two chairs again reminded me of our home relations and I was so lonesome! When I thought of you living in a cheerless ugly tent I nearly cried before the whole class and teacher too. But some day we will have us a cozy little nest all our own and no two "birds" will ever appreciate it more than we. It's hard to think about those men who stayed a home and made good money while you boys were in service on \$200 per, yet I wonder if they are not the greatest losers. They will never feel just exactly satisfied with their part in the war and I don't think the men or their wives will ever know just how much they care for each other. They will grow matter of fact and maybe indifferent, never realizing how fortunate they are to have one another and never knowing the meaning of separation.

A Japanese play that was billed for C.I.A. last night was delayed on account of a washout. All of us were sitting waiting for the first act when the announcement of the delay was made. It will be presented next Wednesday. I told you that I mean to see Madame Butterfly next Tuesday, did I not? It seems that I'm going strong for Japanese entertainment lately. Our music teacher has been lecturing on the two operas to be given or the two that we may attend. From the description and records of Aida I almost wish I had chosen that one. The school is going to have a special train for those who care to go. This will have to be my last trip till Christmas"...

She then continues that her friend Watson wants her to come and see her new house and give her ideas on decorating. She commented that Dr. Story must have made quite a lot the last several years and got rich quick. Although she didn't mean anything by it, Dr. Story then found it necessary to explain how he was not rich but he had been very busy the last several years. He didn't want people to think that by him staying home during all of the war years this made him rich, just very busy. It was out of circumstance that he stayed home. They started to have children and the first one was an accident. They then had a couple more. They then went on that if the little boy was as good as the little girl they would be pleased. Golda then noted, "...impossible, however, boys are always worse than girls."

On other news she wrote their long time friend Babe and Lewen were moving to San Marcos. Babe had her tonsils removed under general anes. and haemorrhaged so bad she nearly died. She had a Murphy drip, etc. and a clamp in her throat all night, she

vomited constantly. She said next time, if she had to have her tonsils removed, she would take Golda's advice and have them out under a local.

As far as letters to write, she tells Joe she needs to write six letters to friends as well as family and both mothers. She does not have enough time to write everyone, due her schoolwork and write to him as well. She will do what she can, but some of them will just have to understand. All the sisters are teaching except Lilly. The Gallias's crop had storm damage and they are thinking of moving. The folks at his place have been eating lots of wild duck. They also have pecans. Jap has indicated he may send her some samples. Golda says if he does she will make some candy and send it to him. She then goes on...

"...Pecans are not high this year. They can be got for 10 cents and occasionally 5 cents per pound. Last year they were 75 cents in Louisville.

You are not far wrong about the high prices in the states. It is discouraging to try to save anything with prices as they are. It seems that I do nothing but spend money and have nothing to show for it. I took back a raincoat today - a cravanette and a very good-looking coat, but it faded. The man refunded my money. So I think I'll keep the money in my purse a few days and wait awhile about the coat. A raincoat is a dire necessity here for it rains every day. The creeks are running over and bridges washed away.

For the past two weeks I've been writing a spontaneous report of my affairs and happenings at school and never answering your letters. But tonight, while I eat my supper from the Sunday paper bag, I'll read again your last four letters and endeavour to answer all your questions.

Before I do this however, I'll explain that I've been pecan-gathering and on Sunday too! Mrs. O'Hair invited me to go with them. The roads were too muddy for cars so they took an old wagon pulled by mules and a surrey. (The surrey didn't pull the wagon it was pulled) We found trees loaded with pecans but the chinchy old man would not permit us to flail the trees. Therefore, since frost hasn't come yet, there were few on the ground. We picked around till our backs were almost gone then we ate lunch. This was the best part of the day -- chicken till you couldn't eat any more, pickles, everything. I picked a caro syrup bucket half full. I mean to make pecan brittle out of them -- do you like pecan brittle? Yes.

I'm tired and all sunburnt red, would like to go to sleep this very minute but after this I'll have to finish my millinery notebook.

Back to your letters -- Who is George? Well, I don't know, unless he is George Kopecky. I must have been referring to some of Ludma's news items when I mentioned him. He and John are farming together this year and he usually goes over to your mother's with John when he goes. I met him while I was there...

About your glasses, I'm much concerned. While at Cleburne last Saturday, I searched through my papers from top to bottom and back again without finding the prescription. I've a faint recollection of thinking about or putting it with your things in your locker. I don't remember where I put the papers in your trunk but didn't you have some papers in a book in the tray? This is the only solution of the problem that I arrived at. I wrote to the Southern Optical Co. at Louisville asked them if they still had your prescription on file to make you the two lens the size of the circle you sent and mail them to your address, sending the bill to me. I also told them that if they didn't have it to write and let me know. I remember that you had your lens made there just before you went away. Here's hoping you get them safe and sound.

You're a dear to want me to have a car. I would enjoy one very much, but my time is pretty full now and the car would be too attractive. I might be tempted to cut practice hours in order to get to run it. I don't feel that we are able to buy one for pleasure only. Since I'm in school I find that I save very little. I hope to do better next month for I'll have nothing much to buy. I want to add every little bit to our savings account. I had to buy a raincoat, shoes, etc. The raincoat was gabardine, a pretty garment, but alas, the first time it got wet the water ran off its blue. I took it back and got my money. The one I have now is a grey mixture and will serve as a topcoat and raincoat too. It set me back \$27.50. Isn't that awful?

Your soldier friends were not exaggerating much about the high cost of living. It is out of sight. Eggs never get under 50 cents (per dozen) and they quite often go higher. Apples are 5 cents apiece and some times three for a quarter. I get good board for \$20 per. Don't see how she feeds us for that. My room cost me \$8.00. The landlady wouldn't charge me full price that she charges for two girls -- \$13.00. She is very nice to me and makes me feel quite at home. If I didn't have to spend for other things my living isn't so bad.

Yes, you might have to live in Siberia if you go to practicing with the understanding that eggs are 12 cent a dozen and other things cost accordingly. But I'm not afraid of starving -- not even on a 1st Lt's. salary. If you get out of the army, I know we will get by and then some.

No, it wasn't hard for me to get back to nursing again. Things come back to me very naturally and I enjoyed the work. Nursing holds a fascination for me, which I suppose I will always feel. But the strain and fatigue that accompany the work get the best of me. But I do like the work. I believe that you will not find it difficult to resume your practice, besides your work has not been wholly different from that of general practice. You at least work in that field of science. Well, there's coming a time when we will know just what you'll do and all our worrying and all our stewing will not make it any different so here's to hopeful waiting. You know sometimes I almost believe that our destinies are shaped by a mind more wise and wonderful than our own, and we spend our time and efforts adjusting ourselves to our fate.

But I know you are capable and equipped for great service and no matter where you may land for your life work, you cannot fail. So there! Why didn't the fortune-teller say that you had a charming personality? She said you could laugh a patient into feeling well. Now aren't that so? But I can't quote her as an authority because she had you sailing home to me a month ago. I've lost faith in fortune-tellers.

Ouji still insists that you have pneumonia. Said you were eating breakfast the other day when I talked on the board, and said you were homesick for "Golda his own beloved." She also said you were drinking vodka and when I disputed with her she said for stimulation. Isn't that the craziest thing. I'm glad there's nothing to it. If I thought you were sick with pneumonia, I'd cry myself sick. You see Ouji keeps me posted about you. But she tells me only nice things you do. She seems to have a very high esteem for you.

The bridge picture is very interesting. Do the U.S. soldiers occupy those tents under the bridge and why are they so low? Do they have to guard the bridge to keep it from danger? I took the lone figure to be you, it seems to be you, so I just think of it as being you"...

Golda then summaries the week, going to the "grand operry" on Tuesday, then the delayed Japanese play on Wednesday night. They are only allowed to go to one picture show per term downtown at night, but the college usually has one on Saturday night at the auditorium. So their diversions are not too great, and besides she doesn't have time. She then closes... "Today the time was set back one hour. President Wilson gave back to God the hours he took. That means one more hour in bed in the morning."....

Chapter 126 - Christmas Nears

He points out that her letters seem to come quite regular now. She may not have as much time to write, but while she is in school she has more to write about. He then adds...

..."And so it still rains in Texas. That's one redeeming feature about this country in winter. There is no mud or rain or slush, for the ground is frozen hard all the time and the snow is not quite as disagreeable as the rain. Still, do not understand me to be arguing in favour of this climate generally. I have had no use for a raincoat for several months. By the way, I should not be surprised if in your stinginess you failed to buy a raincoat, as you have in the past, if you don't get one soon, I'll get you one when I get home whether it rains or not. You seem to have solved the question of milliner's bills in a very satisfactory manner. I wonder if you are holding out to see if you can not make a raincoat later on.

What may these mysterious M.E.B.s. From all the mysterious silence am I to infer that it is another secret order? Or some kind of sorority? But surely not the latter, for only people like Vivienne could belong to those. This also reminds me that I think you ought to get into the Eastern Star Order. As to what they are, I am afraid I cannot very definitely tell you, but it is generally conceded that it is right and proper for a Mason's wife to be a Star. As to what lodge you would want to join, je ne sais pas, best to join at some place where you are fairly well-known and like the women, I guess.

Yes, I received the college paper but I am afraid I cannot give you very much on this literary effort. It seems to be remarkably sterile of any thought or idea. But probably this is one of the characteristics of a college paper. I remember the paper that the kids used to send me from Sam Houston Institute was similarly afflicted. It used to remind me of beer foam -- light and frothy. As a rule, I think I'd prefer the American, Metropolitan and even the Saturday Eve. Post.

It makes me sore to hear about that blooming doctor of yours. At first I had a notion to write her a note about your gym, but on second thought decided the note would not get there in time to do much good and also it would look somewhat silly. And anyway, I think you are capable of looking after your own affairs in this matter. But it only goes to show the amount of sense some of your she doctors have. Bad cess to her.

Glad you got to go to Cleburne and by the time you get this hope you will have had another trip. I suppose Annie's kids are quite grown by now, it will soon be two years since I saw them last. I was looking over the cartoons the other day and thought I noticed some resemblance between Min Gump and Annie. I guess you better not tell Annie so. Anyway it was in a picture where Min was supposed to be in a good humour so it was not so bad after all.

Only a little over two weeks till Christmas. I wonder where you will spend your Christmas this year. I hope it does not rain and you will get to go to see my people. Christmas is usually a wild time at home, for all the kids are usually at home and there is a reaction from the three months of teaching or going to school. This year does not seem to have been very prosperous at home so I would not be so sure that all the kids will be at home. I imagine though that Christmas would be somewhat gloomy for mother if all the girls -- the unmarried ones I mean -- did not get home.

And Vlasta is teaching at Danevang. That was the first news I had of her being there. Wonder how she fits in among those Danes over there. Brings memories of my civilian practice days to mind when I see the name; especially one night when I made a mad dash on old Red so as to get there before the baby was born so that I could collect my whole fee without any compunctions of conscience. I made the trip in plenty of time. That was my second case that night; the other was at Louise. But I better quit before I get homesick for "them days." I found the Danes good customers though somewhat tightwaddy, but excellent payers and though very hard to win, once you've won them, staunch friends. I'd like to be practicing among them right now.

I suppose Vlasta will find it rather dull at first but after she gets acquainted with them, I feel pretty sure she will like them. I am strong for the Danes at Danevang."...

He then passes on a few comments about some of the news she has written to him on some of the other doctors...

"So Smith is at Aurora, Illinois. Evidently he did not work up into a partnership with that stomach specialist at Cook County as quickly as one would have been led to believe by listening to his and Vivienne's conversation -- chiefly Vivie's. I feel pretty sure that the struggle for mere existence became the question of supreme moment a few months after he got into the army. Considering what a remarkable influence V. wielded over all the prominent heads at the Louisville Hospital I am disappointed that thru' her influence Lester did not secure a senior partnership with Billings, Ochener or some of those great men and friends of theirs. I am afraid V. did not exercise her social charm to its full capacity. I have not seen Lester's friend and our classmate Freund since I have been in Siberia. I guess he is still at Vladivostok.

It seems remarkable that so many of my classmates are already out of the army. O course, I suppose they did not volunteer for Siberia after they missed that much of the great war, anyway, and someday I will catch up with them on what they gained by getting out of the army sooner than I did. So I should worry.

Yes, I am afraid Story and a few other men will have to be on the defensive for the rest of their days anytime anybody mentions slackers and

near slackers. My professional friends of military age will for the rest of their days be divided into two classes; those who went and those who did not. For the latter, I am afraid I will have to manufacture some artificial enthusiasm, if any enthusiasm will be required, for the former there will always be at least one redeeming feature; they tried. For that reason I think more of Tom Vaughn than I do of Story; this is the reverse of what I used to feel. Johns, Story and a few others are welcome to their ill-gotten gain, for it will cost them the esteem of most of their colleagues who went.

So Stories must like their kids being as they are coming back for "seconds" (coming back for seconds means coming for more chow after you have eaten what was placed in your mess kit). And so must the Gallias. Oh, well, their children will be old and wrinkled when ours are still young. Besides I don't think I care for the Story children to play with ours anyway."....

Several days later he continues a story he started while at Verkhne-Udinsk. He is still based out of Selenga at this time. He continues...

" After taking dinner with the Czech family at V.U., I decided to walk back to the camp at Beresovka, the distance is about five miles. Soon after I started out, a train passed me but as I was in need of fresh air and exercise in order to digest my big dinner, I did not mind that very much. I got to Beresovka in about an hour and as it was too late then to transact what business I still had to attend to, I decided to stay till the next day.

They have quite an elaborate Officers' Club at Beresovka; it is well furnished with everything and even has an Austrian prisoner orchestra to play for their meals. Many of the nurses eat at the club and the music furnished by the orchestra is fine, the officers and nurses have dances nearly every night after supper. They also have a fine reading room over there, but they did not have very much reading matter in it; in fact, I believe we have more recent magazines here than they have there. Yet, with all these advantages I am not sure that I would want to change over to Beresovka, I am afraid there is too much to distract one's studies there and anyway, when it comes to solid comfort, they have nothing on us; we have it at Selenga too, and it is not quite so expensive.

Friday morning I got up early, about 8 a.m., attended to my business and then went to the railroad station. I found my captain's car over there and also found out that there would be no train for quite a while yet, so I put my supplies into the captain's car and struck out on foot for the first station 10 miles away; that is Mostovoi. I got there in an hour, no, two hours and 45 minutes, I mean, transacted my business and was ready by the time the train with the captain's car came up. When I got back to Selenga, I found that the Lieut. had been called away to Beresovka on business and Anton, the orderly, was the only one left in quarters. But as he is the best striker I have ever seen, he had everything nice and warm and seemed to be glad to see me back.

Anton is a jewel any way. He has gone through hell since he was captured by the Russians in Galicia in 1914 and he certainly appreciated being taken into our quarters and he does not fail to show his appreciation in services rendered either. He has not seen his wife and children for six years and has not heard a word from them for over two. I appreciate having a good striker too. For about two months previous to the time we got him, we had exchanged about three strikers and they kept getting rottener as we went along, until the last one did nothing except bring in snow on his shoes and take his \$10 a month.

You say that Ouji says that I am drinking vodka and in the very next breath you say that you know that Ouji says only complimentary things about me. Where did you get the idea that it was a compliment to one to say that he drinks vodka? It is not so considered over here, chiefly, I suppose because it is such a universal accomplishment over here. It certainly does not seem to be any disgrace to fill up on it here. Vodka proper is not quite as strong as whiskey, for it contains between 30 and 40% alcohol, but of this kind there is not very much available now and what is sold around here is adulterated with all kinds of ingredients. Only recently I found out that some of the women here have been diluting the vodka they buy and that in order to give it a kick have been adding benzene to the concoction. Well, that gave it a kick all right, in fact, it kicked several of them into their bunks for a few days. Vodka is colorless, just like water; that's where it gets its name - voda means water.

Wouldn't mind if I did get a few pecans, thank you. I have not seen any nuts of any kind since I have been over here except such nuts, as squirrels will not harm. The Russians eat sunflower, pumpkin and pine seeds and call them nuts, but I cannot make my imagination stretch with that. I bet they sure would open their eyes if they were to see a few juicy pecans. Also, all last spring they were talking about the strawberries they were going to have and when summer came we found out that their strawberries consisted of berries like huckleberries and choke cherries. Well, I guess they have never seen anything better.

Yes, that was about the only thing you could do about the glasses and in fact, it was the proper thing to do, for these houses always keep the prescriptions on file. I have not received the lens yet, but I do not need them, as my old ones have not given out yet. My nose piece did but I got that fixed over here.

Yes, the tents under the bridge are, or were, occupied by American soldiers. They are not so low; they just seem to be so in the picture. The men there are guarding the bridge, that is the most important thing on our sector. No, the lone figure is not myself, but it is all right if you kissed him, you will be graded on your honest intentions.

Pretty cool today, 22 below zero. I guess that is colder than I have ever seen it before but it certainly is not as unpleasant as I have seen

it in Texas with a stiff norther at higher than freezing point. This 22 is Fahr. Too. Oh, well it will be 45 soon. Our quarters are kept very uniformly warm now, so we do not suffer any from this cold. It has not gotten too cold to ride on the outside of boxcars yet.

I have had to punish pvt. Misha Ivanovich last week. He had been going around here without having to be tied, but last week he got too familiar with the Jew's geese and stole one of them, so I had to give him a week's confinement to quarters. I know that will be punishment severe enough for him. He has been behaving real nicely since he has been loose except that he certainly does scare the Russians."...

Years later and when I was little he would tell us stories of what happened in Siberia. He would tell us about Misha. He told us about one time when some of the Russians came to see them, and they left the sleigh unattended, Misha went over and helped himself to the animal furs and pulled them into his place under the building. When the Russians went to leave and saw what happened they were scared to death to try and get the fur rugs back. Seems Misha had a dislike for Russians. Dr Joe told us he was none to fond of these particular Russians, but after some consideration and not wanting to cause any additional problems, he went over and retrieved the furs from Misha and gave them back. He told us it was almost worth it just to have seen the looks on these Russians' faces.

Chapter 127 - More School

Golda writes that she has hardly written for the last two weeks as it is mid term and the notebooks are due, as well mid-term exams to be taken. When she went to the grand opera it was very late when she returned and thus did not write that night. She feels the \$4.00 was not wasted and the voice of Madame Butterfly was lovely. With the help of her music appreciation teacher and the translation book to refer to between scenes she felt she got along fine. Madam Konova gave her recital at the college last Saturday evening. For the last week she had accompanied Emmy Distinn in her programs. Golda then writes...

"...Ever since I read about the 1500 men coming from Siberia I've entertained a "whispering hope" that you would be among them. But your letter was written after the men in your regiment had gone, so there's no chance of your slipping up on me by surprise. So we will look forward to spring now, will we? And then Autumn? Eight months have gone and spring isn't far off. If I had known definitely last spring that you would be gone for a year, I would have been heavy-hearted sure enough, but I expected you to come home in the fall. Now, it doesn't seem so bad...

I haven't heard from your folks for quite a while. I owe all the girls a letter and have not written Mother Kopecky during the last two weeks. I'll get to them this week. I've decided to write to the teachers all in one letter and let them forward it. This is the only way I can write to them. With the work I am taking I don't have much time for writing except to you and my mothers. Babe raves at me and sends an addressed envelope to me, but I'll get to her some time.

Yes, I wanted so much for one of the girls to come with me up here but all the other girls had already contracted for schools and none of them seemed to think Lilly should come. I thought it would be the very thing for her. She isn't so loud as you people say she is. I think she is a very sweet kid and she was perfectly lovely to me when I was there. I believe I enjoy being with Vlasta more than any of them. She is very pretty and has a keen sense of humor. She looks like you so I suppose that's the reason for my partiality. Alba didn't seem quite herself. I think she must have been in love. They are all interesting girls and very desirable sisters-in-law, I couldn't ask for better. You must have got the wrong impression about my entertainment while visiting them. I couldn't have been treated more hospitably than I was. I went to those shindigs just for the novelty of it and thru' curiosity. They didn't insist on my going and always gave me preference. Please do not say anything to them about it like you wrote to me. They might misunderstand you and think I complained to you and if I did such a thing I would be an ungrateful wretch. I had a very enjoyable visit with them and would have been glad to stay longer if the weather had not been so disagreeable -- the heat was awful and the last day that I spent there seemed almost unbearable. 'Twas partly the cause of gastro-intestinal derangement I think. I can't think of but one other time when I was as sick as I was that day and that was when I ate too many green beans and had "cholera moccasin" when a youngster.

The whole C.I.A. body is going to have a picture made tomorrow for the annual. I had a pose made for the annual but it wasn't good enough to have any made up.

I'm anxious to see how you and the little bear look in your pictures. I gave them to the man today to print two of each. They were in good condition. Too bad you didn't wrap the first ones that way.

You look a bit more stout than when you left or is the increase due to excessive clothing? And do my eyes deceive me? Or do I see a moustache in one of the poses. Well that's all right for Misha to kiss but when you come to the States, we'll see. You needn't worry about the untidiness of your unpressed uniforms; very likely that will not show in the pictures and if it does well, I want to see you just as you are there. I say you will be "primped" up when you get those gold chevrons and all the trimmings. I was wondering if you had taken time to sew them on. So they have decreased a little in value since acquired? I find that I too feel that way about many things I want so much and get.

Yesterday Miss Hefly, assistant dean of women, was talking to me about you. She said she felt sure that you wrote many interesting things about the country and the people and she wondered if I would mind handling anything that would be of use to their class, for girls who are working in the missionary field for Russia. She also wishes me to ask you to write an article on the conditions there and the possibilities that are presented for missionary work. The missionary term is used in its broad sense I suppose, applying to all conditions as well as religious. I told her I would gladly do so but it would take at least two months for this paper to reach us. She wishes for your paper to be read at the meeting. Now fancy that! I'm sending you a "Lasso" which has an article about one of the student's work -- she is a Russian. Miss Hefly said they had just started this work.

So you are feeding the bed bugs and roaches, eh? Well, don't you think I should bawl you out for letting those vermin eat on you? They're worse than mosquitoes. Get some dope like we had on the wards and spray the beds. If the odor does not kill them, they can't be killed. I can't every forget how old Wag used to scent up the dormitory and I'd rave.

Edith's sister says Edith and Wag are in Galveston and Wag is in love with an old widower who has money. Just like Wag to look out for the finances of the proposition. But this is very likely Wag's first chance. Edith quit the sanitarium at Manor because they were trying to kill her with work -- always her complaint. It must be discouraging to one who is always trying to dodge work for then life is all work with a bright spot of play scattered here and there.

CIA is a good place to keep me busy. I wish for more time always - never do get my music like I want it. At last I've learned my little

piece -- Falling Leaves. I can play it slowly and correctly but not fast. She had me memorise it this last time, which was easy to do, since I knew all but the last half page. To see my roll of music one would think I am some musician. That music roll that my brother-in-law gave me six years ago comes in handy now. I wish you had your violin with you, it would help you spend the winter evenings. But I was afraid to risk sending it so far. How did I know an old Bolshevik might take a notion to be musical and confiscate your violin?

The Southern Optical Co. sent me the bill for your lenses \$5.40 and so I presume they have shipped them. I also sent you another package two weeks ago, keep your eyes peeled for it. You never said anything about receiving some other packages -- just the film and pictures. I guess an old Boly got hungry and et em up."...

She then writes she has been running extremes when going to class, either 30 minutes early or 30 minutes late. One day when she went to music she arrived at 11:55 instead of 11:30, the teacher informed her she had only 5 minutes for her lesson. She thinks maybe the watch that was offered for a Christmas present last year may have not been such a bad idea. She remarks the millinery teacher is a real artist and she has learned a lot in all her classes except the sewing, although she has learned how to darn and make proper buttonholes. As she studies the prints she picked up that day, she remarks...

"O Yes, I thought so! As moustaches go yours is as nice as any I've seen but I don't like moustaches. If you like it wear it all you like while in Siberia but when you come to the States and try to grow one I'll pester the life out of you till you shave it. I guess if you wear it home I would kiss you just the same for I'd be glad of any kind of kiss from you these days. I'm getting pretty hard up for kisses when I'll agree to either a wet or a fuzzy wuzzy kiss. Does Misha chew on the moustache when he can't have the buttons?

Picture 40: Dr. Joe in front of tent



Standing at attention in front of his tent with overcoat and equipment on

I like Misha's looks very much. He looks very nice and beary, but from your report on his conversation I fear that his training in English is being neglected. He uses naughty words. Where, did he learn it? He has a pretty little house, but it looks tiny for such a big bear. The photographer didn't do a very good job on a few of them. Some are underexposed. Your eyes do not show very plainly in the "attention" views. My dear you are getting stout. Shall I prescribe rolling exercises or a corset? But I'm glad you're healthy enough to grow fat. You look quite like your dear self with the exception of the moustache. I'll kiss each of your pictures good night and maybe kiss the bear once just because you like him."

I don't know what happened in the years gone by, but Dr Joe had a moustache all his life after this, the best I know. I can only assume it is one of those things that grows on you over time. (So to speak). She then goes on it is that time of year for nominations for each class for most popular, most beautiful and all that. A convention in Des Moines, Iowa is coming up and they are to send 14 delegates to it, but it would cost about \$100 if she could go, and she thinks she better not. At an assembly at the school the president of the student association had an announcement for the girls...

..." She got up and read the law to those girls who have dared to shimmy and cheek dance in the gym. Were they shimmying when you went away? It is the ugliest dance I ever saw - can't see why anyone would want to act like she had the palsy or St. Vitus dance unless she couldn't help herself.

My course isn't so hard, yet I manage to have no leisure time except after six o'clock. That music makes me so mad! And this little crooked finger. Say, can't you operate on it and make it straight? It's a handicap as well as my slow mental processes. I'm sorry I didn't get to accomplish very much during my younger days but if I ever have any children I'll see that they do something. I'll tell them not to be a dummy like their Maw but try to be like Paw.

A week from today is Thanksgiving. We get one day as a holiday, so I'm not planning on leaving town. It doesn't do me any good to visit my folks I only come back more lonesome and discontented. I'll wait now till Christmas. Christmas is only four weeks off, do not think you are forgotten if your packages don't arrive in time - they seem to take so much longer than letters.

I had about come to that conclusion that you would not be released when men were needed so much. 100 unapproved resignations. I'm thinking there will be more resignations if there isn't some means provided for making the life more attractive. Your being in the army wouldn't be so bad if it were possible for us to be together, but life is too short to be spent 10,000 miles away from one's sweetheart.

You're the funniest man I ever saw, just raise cane with all the dignitaries. I'm glad you do and I'm glad you have courage to say just what you think regardless of the consequences. I suppose you would be

shot at sunrise for insubordination if they could get you up in time. I suppose that by the time you've been in the corps five years that bill regarding promotions by selection will be in force and your superior officers will be too deeply engrossed in his own promotion to think of the men under him. I talk like a Bolshevik don't I?

This industrial unrest is becoming a serious proposition. We have a speaker about once a week on this subject now. Miss Mc- something - called the second Jane Adams - addressed us last week on "The Right to Leisure." She does social service work in Chicago; her lecture was very interesting. I'm glad that the world is going through a change and I believe it's for the better. Maybe the next generation of the masses will have more of a square deal than in the past. I can't help but think that women will help make things right when their influence is felt in politics.

I inquired at the music store about the music you wanted. He did not have it but sent an order for it so it ought to be in in a week's time. I would be so happy to learn to accompany you but I fear you will become disgusted with my blunders and break your bow over my head. The fortune-teller said I'd learn to play but you know how she busted on the whole story she told. So you had a little gypsy tell yours? I know they are not true but they amuse me.

Yes, it does seem that we should begin if we intend to have that dozen that you're always threatening me with. No, I think it is best that we did not make a start before you went away. I would have needed you more than I did as it was and you would have double worry on your mind. If a child had come before you went away it would have been great company for me but you would have missed all the pleasure of knowing it during the first year and that would never do. So I suppose it is best as it is.

I was coming home to lunch with a grouch and feeling very much down-hearted. Gladys knocked my glasses off last night and broke the right lens. Doing without my glasses made me feel miserable and I felt that it was time to hear from you also. As I stepped on the porch a tow sack with my name greeted my vision. It contained 20 pounds of pecans from your mother. They are nice big soft-shells. Just wait and I'll send you a sample. Then when I got over the excitement of getting the pecans I started to lunch and found your three letters on the porch. Oh boy. I was too tickled to eat."

Chapter 128 - Christmas Time

Exams behind her and Christmas only a week away, Golda remarks to her landlady she has nothing to do. To this her landlady replied that was the first time she ever saw her with nothing to do. School now over for the first quarter, she was disappointed she had not saved any money out of her allotment. She found sewing expensive and was only sewing things she already knew how to. This may be one class she does not carry on with in the next quarter, she then adds...

"Before vacation we filled out our next term's work. My subjects are Piano, Beginner's Harmony, Design, Woodwork, and Interior Decoration. Millinery is not continued till spring quarter. I wanted to learn enough in woodworking to know the different kinds of wood, how to use a saw, hammer and other ordinary tools so that I will be able to repair my furniture, upholster chairs and not be wholly dependent on someone else. You remember that you and I both displayed unusual talent in repairing upholstery once upon a time. I'm taking design so that I'll be able to take costume design in the spring. I'm continuing interior decoration because I liked it. Miss Long said she was very much pleased with my work, which made me feel glad because I value Miss Long's opinion very highly. She was teasing me and saying I should come back and finish. She said she was sure that being an interior decorator was nicer than having a husband. This she tried to prove by the rest of the class but they, never having had a husband, could not say. I knew that Miss Long was arguing against what she believes for I've heard her too often lecture on the importance of homemaking. As much as I like interior decoration, I couldn't give up my husband one whole year for it, unless I had to.

Company came yesterday and interrupted this letter. This morning I went to town and purchased Christmas cards, which I have been addressing to our numerous friends. Since you are not here I am sending greetings for you also. Greetings are all I can send this year but if the folks are like me they will appreciate a word of greeting as much as a gift.

While in town I mailed you a gross of printing paper 5 X 7. You can get two prints from one page. I got the medium hard since you didn't specify the grade. Glazed surface seems to be the only kind available. I hope it reaches you safely.

From the rumors I heard yesterday I'm wondering if you are coming home soon. The sister of a boy who works in the Western Union office was telling what he said about a message's coming to the press concerning the troops in Siberia. She understood him to say that all Siberian Forces would reach San Francisco by Jan. 1st. I see nothing in the papers to that effect and am inclined to think she got her wires crossed. If I should receive such glad news this would be the happiest Christmas I ever have had.

I haven't had any letters from you for a long time except a week ago. It was such a brief, queer, kind of letter. I don't recall the letter, which you were answering... Your would also continue that afternoon you said but nothing has followed so far.

Please excuse spots -- Joe Richard dropped orange juice on it. Do you know what oranges are? They are nice juicy fruit with pretty orange-colored skins. You may eat them when you come back to the States, when you come to Golden Gate again. ... Before this reaches you you will have received the three victrola records I sent you. I wanted to send you some jazzy pieces but thought those very pretty and decided to wait and see how they turned out in their voyage. I'll not hear from you till I get back to Benton, for I told Mrs Kelsay not to forward my mail after the first three days.

I'm going out to Graham next Thursday, Christmas day. Annie insisted that I spend Christmas Eve at her house since she could not go home. I wanted so much to spend a few days with your mother but on account of weather, bad roads, uncertain railroad service, I abandoned the hope.

Prices still soar. Eggs are 85 cents; sugar 25 cents a pound. We also have a sugar shortage worse than during the war because the sugar men were holding out sugar for the same price (beet) as cane sugar. What will be the next contention?

Mexican relations seem improved. For awhile the senate was "rearing" to break diplomatic relations with Mexico but Wilson said no. Congress knows nothing to do but declare war and appropriate bills it seems. But for a while it looked as if we might square up with Mexy while you boys were guarding the Bolsheviks; then you would have raved. But haven't you had enough of military life and adventure? If you came home before we got to whip Mexico if we should do such a thing, I will not want you to go. I'll be selfish enough to assert my claims on you. Then what'd you do? Would you want to go and whip Villa?

This evening I read quite an unusual article concerning the future life. 'Twas supposed to have been written by a woman whose son was killed in the war. She had taken up wireless with him and had the machine in her home. After the boy passed over he sent her numerous messages through this means of communication. It doesn't sound reasonable yet it is rather interesting and causes one to wonder if there is not something to it. Wish I had a chance to study spiritualism to satisfy my curiosity. I believe that the purpose of all this spirit communication propaganda is to help those who have lost someone to overcome their grief and loneliness. With all that it isn't so far wrong. I don't think our orthodox faith offers enough consolation. It's too vague and indefinite. This story brought in the presence of Christ's spirit so beautifully. If you have a Nov. Ladies Home Journal, read "My Son Liveth".

O honey, quite a calamity has befallen me. I discovered a crack in my fountain pen where it screws on the top and also in the top. I've reinforced it with a rubber band but I fear that it has not many more days of service. I feel just like crying. It's been a faithful little pen and it grieves me to have it all broken. I'm going to see if I can have it repaired. The point is so splendid now. It's too sad to write anymore.

One more week and then Christmas. This one will not seem like that of last year. Yet I'll not complain. I've been thinking of you, how you made us laugh with all your foolishness and how you would chase up to the attic to look at your gifts. We have one another tho' many thousands of miles are between and next Christmas will make it up.

24 December 1919 - Was the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring not even a mouse. Everything is ready for Santa to put on the finishing touches. Annie and I decorated the living room and dining room this afternoon and fixed the Christmas tree tonight. I enjoyed decorating the tree more than eating Christmas goodies. But I'm so tired. I feel like I could sleep two days without waking. Annie has a bushel to do and I had quite a few things I wanted to do, so we've been so busy every since I've been here. I go to town and do Annie's shopping while she makes her cooking preparations. She is going to have a turkey for dinner tomorrow. I think it's sinful how people spend money and time and energy for things to fill the stomach. I don't mean to do so when I keep house. Everything Annie proposes to serve I discourage her until now I've succeeded in getting the menu down to turkey, hot rolls, salad, potatoes, pickles and cranberries."....

(In the years to come when I was growing up and we went to their house on Christmas Eve, the menu not only had the above items but also, ham, yams, green beans, peas, gravy, pecan pie, pumpkin pie, various pastries, sweets, egg nog, and other items. The preparation would start a couple of days before. As far as gifts, we all received more than should have, it was lucky the family had a large car so we could get it all home in one trip. Even in the earlier days, it was plenty with parents and 9 grandchildren, all up about 15 in all, for the evening).

" My Christmas gifts were few this year. I tried to remember all our friends and relatives with a card of greeting and I sent my two mothers and father a pair of house shoes each. This seemed to be the only sensible thing to do, for when one begins buying gifts there's no end of it and our salary isn't so elastic as to stretch over the list. Besides it looks foolish and extravagant for people to spend, as they are this year regardless of high prices. Prices are extremely high and quality low.

I'm going to Graham tomorrow afternoon. Sure do dread the trip. Would rather go to St Louis than there. Yesterday the sun came out and it looked as if we would have a fair Christmas but today is cold and dreary. On the promising prospects I bought two rolls of film and meant to take some pictures but it seems that I will not. I'm sorry I didn't get more made

for you since you wanted them. This fall has been cloudy and rainy most of the time.

I'm sleepy and I guess it's time for Santy to come. I want to get up early enough to see those kids eyes stick out when they come into the room and spy the tree. It is now 11:30. I'd be most happy if I could see you tonight. I've been thinking of our only Christmas together and I hope that next Christmas will be just as happy as that one was. But I haven't allowed myself to feel the loneliness too much because I've been busy and with children around one can't be very gloomy. When Miss Long told me good bye and wished me a Merry Christmas she added "But you will not be very happy will you?" I told her I would miss you but I should be glad that I could be with my parents and other loved ones and she said yes, that's true you might not have them. She's the sweetest most cheerful woman I've known in a long time.

The College sent my grades. Guess I had better send them to you since you're my guardian. Sewing A, Millinery A, Interior Dec. A., Physical Training C., Music C. I know you will frown at the PT grade. But that isn't much of a proof of what we do in that. She took us 12 at a time and gave us the exam. Then we have only 30-minute lessons twice a week. And the music -- well that's all I deserve cause I don't know much in that so far. I have one piece to learn during the holidays. I can play it slowly now. It's only one page.

That music of Bowman's that you want seems to be unavailable. I tried Field Lippman in Fort Worth and several other small music stores but they didn't have it. The music dealer at Denton is trying to get it for me. Maybe it will get over there a month after you've set sail for America.

The papers talk as if the troops are going to be withdrawn soon. England is already withdrawing hers. So I'm building air castles again. Bringing them home to take Mexico very likely. Over two hundred radicals including Emma Goldman and a few equally as prominent ones, were deported to where is not known yet. Very likely Russia."...

During the later part of her stay she started to write but had too many folks to talk to and too many things she wanted to say. While she was there, her nephew Douglas, brought some letters through to her. She wrote ... " I was "pretty proud" to get them for I hadn't received but one little "measly letter from you for over three weeks." Just before she was to leave she came down with a severe cold. At first it looked as if she wouldn't be able to return on Jan. 1st. She felt better and took the train from Dakin to Fort Worth, waited 3 hours and then on to Denton. She went straight to bed and Mrs Kelsay offered some of her pinetar cough syrup. The first night she didn't take any because she would have to get out of bed to get it, the next night she decided to put it by the bed, and even if she had to get drunk on it, she was going to get some rest.

She "matriculated" on her day and was then free for the week to do as she pleased. She said it was good to see her teachers again and some of the girls who were her friends. She vowed to put more effort into music this quarter. She then commented on

how wonderful work can make one contented and drive away lonesomeness, and that during the vacation days she was restless and felt more rebellious about their separation than she did during school. She then writes...

" This work is my salvation, yet it's a rather expensive salvation. But I feel that we will not miss the money ten years from now - anyway, we might not be living ten years from now."

Chapter 129 - Events of the Time

As Golda continues her writing she not only answers some more of his questions, she also brings him up to date on the ongoing events...

"Now, ain't you got me no diamont shonuff?" If you said you did have I'd wonder where you got the money and accuse you of winning it in a crap game. Maybe you could say you handled smoking supplies like Vivienne's "brother" did. She said he came home with nine hundred dollars and was going through school on it.

So you consult fortune tellers as well as I do. There's one next door but I haven't resorted to her yet. You wonder where the boy gets black curls? Why my dear boy, his mother had black curls when she was a little girl and wore her hair in curls till she was twelve years old. You'd never suspect it now, eh? And his grandmother's hair is plum fuzzy it's so curly. So there! I guess the fortune-teller knew what she was talking about and yes, brother Virgule has curly hair, which he always abhorred. It could happen you see.

...So you want a knife, do you little boy? A jack knife or a Bowie knife? Well, we'll see what we can find. Aren't you afraid it will cut our love? Or are you superstitious? (The superstition is if you give a knife to someone, you will destroy the relationship unless they give you back a penny or a coin of some sort). I saw about the Gillette sharpener. There was one in town made by Burke Manco but it was not compact -- the handle did not disappear and it was mounted on a kind of stand. But I kept on going till I found it at the hardware store in a catalogue. He promised to order it tonight and have the Simmons Mfg. Co. to ship it direct to you. I've already sent one article to you for Christmas but the more packages you get the merrier. There are two packages missing. I've given up hopes of your getting the first one for I sent it about the time the picture was sent.

Annie is going to send me some pecans also. I'll be well supplied. Pecans are abundant this year. My millinery teacher received some chestnuts from Pennsylvania and she told me she has some for me since I said I never saw any. She says horse chestnut trees do not make chestnuts, so I guess they make horses.

That makes me think of dear old Washington. Wish we could go there again some day. I was kinder stupid those days wasn't I honey. When I think of how I did, I don't see how you could have been very happy with me. I suppose I was to be forgiven for the most of it however, because I was sick, and had been sick so long that I had forgotten how normal folks acted. If the opportunity of living there comes to us again sometime, I believe I can make more of the advantages.

I got a letter from Marge last week. She raked me over the coals for neglecting my friends so long. So just to surprise her I wrote her a long

letter yesterday. She had a few news items from the Galveston folks. She took for granted that I knew that Julia Rock had had her baby at Galveston for an operation and said that Mitch wrote that they were back again and she heard that the baby was dying. She ended by saying it would be too bad after they had had such a hard time making a human being out of the little fellow. I inquired about them when I wrote to her. Mosely also said Thelma Mark gave birth to twins and had eclampsia or complications. She hadn't heard how she pulled through. I didn't know that she had married or if I had, had forgotten...

Does your Jewish host speak Russian? And don't they understand plain U.S. like "helluva time" etc. If you don't learn to drink tea over there I fear you will never cultivate the habit. Goody, when you come home you'll drink tea with me every afternoon...

I got a letter from Golda R. (Richardson???) not long ago. She said they would make about 25 bales of cotton. Best cotton not long ago was selling for 43 cents a pound. I dread to think of what cotton material will sell for next year. It's ridiculous how things sell now. But what's the use of worrying about next year till we see what happens December 17th. Scientists have predicted a great sunspot then -- all the planets will be pulling against the sun at once -- enough to make a space big enough for the world to go thru. They claim that it will cause earthquakes and storms. Let's see if it does. Some of the girls are afraid the trains will be delayed by the disturbance and they can't get home. School turns out December the 18th...

Your Russians have nothing on us in cold weather, a blizzard came yesterday and today the ground and everything outside is covered with a sheet of ice. The walks are so slippery that one has to be careful of his step. I wore most everything in my wardrobe this morning and didn't get cold at all. My greatest trouble was keeping my feet under me. One girl fell and knocked herself unconscious for a while. In the past few days we've had several girls with faces that resemble that of a man who got the rough deal of a fight. Gladys fell in gym class yesterday and came very near breaking her nose. It is swollen as big as two noses and her lips meet it. Her eyes are blood shot like those patient's eyes after a hard lick on the head. Then another girl fell down the stairway and bruised her eye; another has a big boil between her eyes. They all together are a sad-looking bunch.

... Miss Bailey played on the victrola for the music appreciation class, Kreisler's Vennoie Caprice. It brought memories of a beach, pink oleanders and my first lover. I heard that piece first during our last year there and I played it often. Miss Bailey says she wants us to be able to hear in our minds - ten pieces of the many she has given us. Those on her list so far are Ave Marie, Hallelujah Chorus, Bach's Air for G string, and Indian Lament. All of these I can think how they go except Air for G String. It is hard to remember....

... Last night after I went to bed I had quite a siege of pain. We had pork sausage for supper and it must have been spoiled. Sure was awful to have to get up in the cold, cold night...

The reason that this sheet of paper is abbreviated is that when I started writing tonight, I discovered that I had written on this side of the paper a list of Jacob's sons while studying my S.S. lesson, and to save writing over I just cut off the theology paragraph....

Last Saturday night I got to studying my lesson and in reading through the Bible I became deeply interested. I was delighted with the charming literature and read till eleven o'clock. Consequently you got no letter that night, nor none since, eh? Sunday was all taken. Church in the morning, a girl came during quiet hours to fix her note book - frankly speaking, to copy mine and stayed all afternoon, then after supper when I thought I'd have the evening to myself, here came Gladys and the whole house of Dan. I didn't feel very sociably inclined and took my own sweet time in going to the living room. They stayed late and I got nothing done that nice night. Then every since I've been as busy as a bee. I had to work overtime to get my petticoat finished in sewing class. It is well worth the trouble; however, it's very pretty. I made Annie's since I don't need one and we had to make one. It is blue taffeta and looks something like this -- the scallops are made with a little double ruffle and the hem is hemstitched. I'll bet Annie will like it when she sees it - don't you think so? We have to make a woollen skirt before Christmas. I am making a white serge for spring and summer wear. Maybe you will get to see it before it gets the new worn off. We also have a turban hat to make before the term ends. I'm making a taupe with roses out of the same material. My millinery teacher told me I always did nice work and she is still promising me the chestnuts. So maybe she likes me. But I shouldn't be so conceited should I?

Miss Long approved very much all the work done in our class and paid me the compliment of asking me if I had taken work in painting and drawing. I almost fell dead. Her approval is compensation enough for all the effort and heartaches. Did I tell you that my elevation for the exam is one side of a sun parlour? It is furnished in wicker and is in blue, green, and yellow and orange color harmony. Sure is hard to draw reed furnishings.

I received a letter from Golda R. today. They are trying to get out their cotton. They will make about 25 bales. As soon as they get it out they are going out to Rolla, Texas and buy a farm. Mother and Father are going to stay with Virgil and Lottie till spring and they are going out there also. Mother didn't want to leave the farm at first but Golda R. says she seems very much reconciled now. There will be three of the girls out there when Mary moves so they will have lots to visit when they go. It's too bad some of the children can't live at home with the old folks but that school has come to where it is the same as no school and it is not fair for the children to be kept in such environment. I think it's pathetic when people

spend their lives raising a family and when they get old have no one to live with them.

I tried every Kodak shop in town except one photographer for your printing paper. I understand that this man supplies such for sale so I'll try him tomorrow. If he hasn't, another store has some ordered. I can't find the size for our Kodak. If I can't get it here I'll try Fort Worth. They and your knife will be late. You didn't specify the kind of knife you'd like but I judge that you want one for service over there so I'll wait till later to get you a pretty doodish one. I hope it doesn't cut our love in two. Your music hasn't come yet...

Yesterday morning I cut breakfast and slept late. After I fell asleep again, I dreamed that you and I were living somewhere in the United States, you in quarters and I in a house. You looked a little weary because you were worried over camp affairs and we both agreed that you should retire to your quarters. But you started away without kissing me good night. Of course I pouted. Then you kissed. Oh, I wish I could have slept on forever. 'Twas a long tender kiss and you looked love out of your eyes. You were still kissing me when I awoke to find that it was only a fleeting dream. But the memory of that beautiful moment came to me so often during the day as the memory of a lovely motif of music returns to the mind after a selection. My heart responded with a joyousness that only those who were in love can know.

One of the girls sitting by me at the play last night said she didn't see how I could ever be happy with you so far away. It seemed so senseless for her to say this... it sounds so weak. I like it here, I can lose myself in the work and forget what ought to be. Then you know that I always was enough like a darkie to go to sleep on my worries...

Just one more week of schoolwork, then exams. I get through Tuesday noon - 16th. Last day of exams is the 18th. I'll leave Tuesday afternoon. I'll stay at Annie's awhile then go out to mother's. Would like to spend a few days at Mother Kopecky's but we have lots of rain and it is equally wet there if not more so, and I'm afraid to take chances on the roads. If we do not get back to matriculate Jan. 2 we will have to wait a long time to be classified and since I'm coming back I'll want to matriculate on time. Otherwise I'd not hesitate. The train service is also not stable. The coal strikers are on strike and the railroad operators refuse to use any but union-mined coal. The Texas Special is cut out on account of the shortage in coal. Everything seems to be in revolution. I'm wondering what the outcome of this upheaval will be. There are strikes everywhere. There seems to be a great unrest shaking every institution of labor. We hear lectures on both sides -- labor and capital. I'm inclined to think that labor is only wanting a square deal, but the friends of capital would leave the impression that labor is greedy and want too much. Well, it was all right to expect the workers to have patriotism and work quietly and uncomplainingly during the war but now the fighting is over so why not start right now by paying labor higher wages out of the enormous

profits. This is the conclusion I've come to after listening to their speeches.

We heard Dr. Dodd of Univ. of Chicago lecture on the League of Nations, which he was defending, as well as President Wilson for failing in putting it through. Well, I'm not sure that I care for the League. If those countries are as greedy and so malicious in their attitude toward one another, why should we be so concerned about them? Let 'em to. But they say - oh, you shouldn't be so narrow as to think only as a nation and not as a world. Very well, why not be consistent then. If they are wanting to help the whole world and make it a democracy why not keep the riff raff from Russia and elsewhere that they are gathering up to deport to their native shores? It looks inconsistent to me. If they can't manage a few Bolsheviks here how do they expect to play an important part in the affairs of nations full of them? I guess I'm not a statesman and my vision is dimmed by trivial things. But since we will have the ballot one of these days, I'd like to thrash out these things and see what the solution is -- if there is such an animal.

Sugar is scarce here. The middleman is holding out for 25 cents and the government says 11 and 1/2 cents is enough. Housewives have a hard time getting sweets as they used to during the war days. They fear that they will have to deny their sugar tooth at Christmas.

Personally I am well supplied with sugar. Annie and Alma sent me a box of fudge and divinity. I've eaten till I don't care for any more. I expected the girls to come down tonight and finish the box -- but they surprised me by staying at home. They quite often sign up for church and come here instead.

The faculty gave a unique entertainment last nigh. The program tended toward farce and the ridiculous. Costumes were exquisite -- some were lent by Sanger Bros. Our gym teach walked a wire and did a dance on it. Imaging having such a distinguished instructor. Every number was very clever and artistic. The speech teacher gave an imitation of a story told by Mrs. Onjawa a Japanese lady whom we had with us about two months ago. She was good and it wasn't hard to tell whom she was imitating"...

It is now exam time and for the next week and Golda has time to only take her exams and do the necessities...

Chapter 130 - Christmas in Siberia

Christmas 1919 - Siberia - During this time the mood was quite tense although he did not fully write about what was going on at this time. The Red Russians primarily did not celebrate or believe in Christmas or religion. The White Russians were Orthodox Church and celebrated Christmas in early January under normal circumstances. In his letter he writes...

December 26, 1919 - "As you can see from the date, this is the day after Christmas - that is, in the States it is. I spent most of the night before Christmas dreaming I was at home with you. This was something to be thankful for, still it did not keep me from feeling like the chorus girl when I finally woke up. And so we had the classic Christmas weather but hardly the Yuletide spirit. We spent a part of the day thinking of other Christmas days we have seen in our days and hoping that one Christmas day in Siberia will be all we will have stored in our experience.

In the morning the Jew woman brought us a pan full of bakery products. At noon we had a rather mixed experience...

The local home talent gave an entertainment which was most superbly punk and rotten and was attended by about a dozen or two of our "ladies of the post" -- soldiers' concubines - and a house full of other riff raff and scum of the earth from the village, who always turn out very copiously when they suspect that there are some gifts or some eats to be handed out. Uncle Sam -- the official Santa Claus of the riff raff of the earth.

I have been thinking of you almost continuously for the past week, that is even more so than usual. The holiday season with its associations is rather conducive to this. I have been thinking of the different Christmases we have spent together and away from each other since we became acquainted and find that there are remarkable few that we have spent together. This Christmas is almost like the one I spent at Leon Springs in 1917. I remember very distinctly that it was not a gay occasion. In fact, it was worse than this for then you were still sick. Well, my hope lies in the future. I regale myself with all kinds of pleasant anticipations and experiences that we are going to pass through when we meet again. I hope we will not drop into commonplace life too quickly, as some people do, but I guess I need not worry about that -- at least not before we meet again.

The railroad transportation is getting worse all the time on account of the shortage of fuel and engines. At present they are using wood for fuel as the coal supply in this district is exhausted; the wood supply immediately available is none too great so that I would not be too surprised if the service has to be greatly reduced or even suspended for a month or two. It will not make any great difference except we might have difficulty in getting up and down the line to inspect and treat the troops.

As for fuel for our use, there is a good supply that we got in, so we are safe on that score.

I have been trying to study German recently as I have a chance to speak it to our striker and as it helps to kill time. I may yet learn how to converse in German, even if German is somewhat unpopular at present.

The striker is studying English and seems to be quite absorbed in it. This is good even though his pronunciation is often rather original...

There remain only a few more hours, 3, I think of this year and unless I write a few lines now, I will have to wait until 1920 to do so.

I have been fairly busy from the 26th to the 30th. Had to inspect all the detachments - 8 in all - and as the train service is superbly rotten now, I had to do a good deal of figuring to be able to make all the places.

Saturday afternoon I left here on a freight train for Posolskaya and attended to most of my work there the same day. I stayed there for the night. As, I believe I told you once before, the men there live in boxcars. The two officers have a boxcar transformed into quarters. The officer in command is a youngster, a West Pointer, and when I am there our time is usually consumed by listening to his youthful ravings and kidding him, making hot cocoa and after drinking this, going to bed. The other lieut. is about 12 years older than the one in command. This difference of age causes quite a lot of difference of opinion about things and hence quite a stock of arguments.

The next day, Sunday, we went to the squads on a handcar and as we thoughtlessly forgot to take blankets to put over our knees, got our knees and toes pretty well cooled. We got back about 1 p.m. and certainly cleaned up on the remnants of the Christmas turkey. I had become reconciled to spending another night there, but about 9:20 p.m. a train came through and I got on. I had an empty boxcar all to myself. This was fortunate as I had room enough to exercise and keep almost warm. I got home about 12:30 a.m.

The next morning a train pulled in just as I was going to eat breakfast so I rushed out to get it. It was a Czech troop train and I got into a car with the officers and for about 3 hours rode with them and discussed all sorts of subjects. There were 3 of them, one elderly captain, one young captain and a young lieut. As usual, I found them very good company and time passed rapidly. The Czechs are now leaving here and several trains go east every day. Even at the present rate it will take about half a year for all the trains to go through.

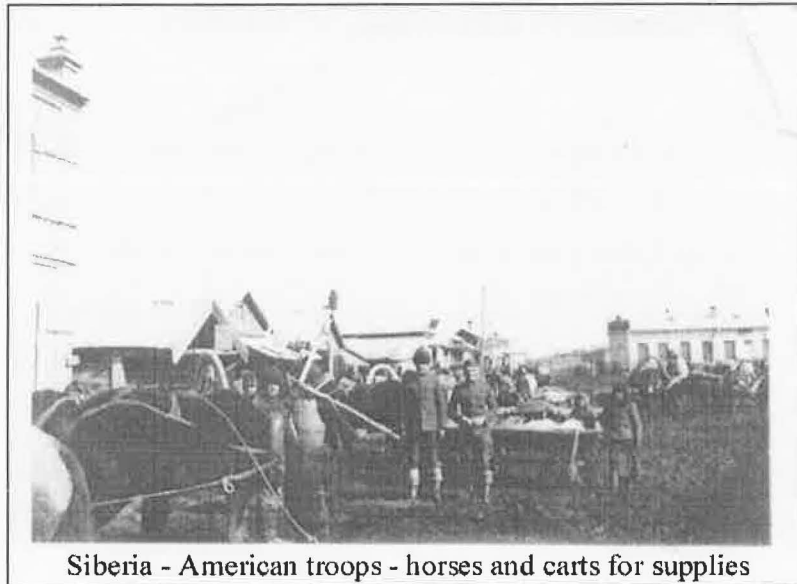
I got to Mostovia about noon and started back at 7 p.m. I stopped at the other detachments down that way and got home about 12 p.m. That finishes my travelling for about two weeks.

The men had another home talent performance tonight, no Ruskies present. The performance was pretty good considering all the difficulties.

The weather was so mild today that snow began to thaw. Understand that means we will have very cold weather soon. We'll see.

With much love, many kisses and hugs and hoping that we have much more time together in 1920 than we had in 1919. Your husband, Joe"...

Picture 41: American troops getting supplies



Siberia - American troops - horses and carts for supplies

Within days of this letter being written and mailed, events took place rapidly. It was at this time that across the lake at Irkutsk where Admiral Kolchak and his government had retreated to from Omsk, action began to take place and Kolchak was captured by the Red Army. Also during this time Semenoff's armored train Iztrebitel was making raids in the area including on the town of Posolskaya. From the book *Czech Pioneers of the Southwest...*

"During the early days of January, 1920, Lieutenant Kopecky took part in the operation against Semenoff's armored train Iztrebitel, which had attacked and killed some American soldiers at Posolskaya. The armored train was captured by a small detachment of some forty infantrymen and turned over to Colonel Morrow. On January 5, 1920, the American troops were ordered to return to Vladivostok. The trip was made during the height of winter. The Americans had their own provisions and had to carry the wood necessary for fuelling the locomotives on top of boxcars in which they travelled. So many obstacles were encountered that it took six weeks to get back to Vladivostok.

The Twenty-seventh Infantry left Vladivostok for the Philippines

about the middle of March 1920. For some time Lieutenant Kopecky had felt that he did not wish to stay in the service of the regular army, and he handed in his resignation about six months before going to the Philippines. After staying in Manila for ten days, he was ordered to San Francisco and there severed his connection with the army on May 3, 1920."...

From "Letters Vol. 2" the last letter to Golda reads...

Vladivostok

Feb. 27, 1920

Dear Willis: Expect to reach Frisco sometimes before May 1, to be discharged from the service. So your Philippine trip is off.

Much Love. Joe.

After Admiral Kolchak was captured he was interrogated by the Bolsheviks, then led out into the cold Siberian pre-dawn for execution. True to his nature he remained outwardly calm, even refusing a blindfold. After two volleys by a firing squad his corpse was kicked over the embankment and through a hole in the ice into the Angara River. (Just out of Irkutsk, and flows into Lake Baikal) from "From the Sea to the River: Admiral Aleksandr Kolchak and the Russian Civil War"

The trip back to Vladivostok was "on their own" sort of a trip, due to lack of fuel and proper help with bandits and obstacles along the way. They had to cut their own firewood for fuel and make do for themselves. No mail of course, they were the train back to Vladivostok.

From the above-mentioned is more background on what had and was transpiring...

"Other officers were uncontrollable and their actions reflected directly on Kolchak and his government. The most notorious of these was General Grigori Semenov. Peter Fleming describes Grigori Semenov as a "strange, terrible man." General Graves, the commander of the American forces in Siberia considered him to be a "murderer, robber and a most dissolute scoundrel." Smele is not as kind. He quotes a witness to the "inhuman cruelty" of Semenov's inner circle, that Semenov would boast that "he could not sleep peacefully at night unless he had killed someone that day." In just one three day period, Semenov had over 1,000 people killed. Semenov slaughtered victims on the first day by gunfire, the second day by the sword, and the third by poison and asphyxiation and finished with a grand finale of burning the remaining victims alive. The allies had looked at his career before the revolution, where he had apparently served with distinction as a Cossack leader and was well decorated, and the fact that he had a small but effective fighting force that was committed to fighting the Bolsheviks. Since he looked like one of the best hopes for Siberia he was funded by the Americans, the Japanese, the French, and briefly by the British. David Foglesong explains that diplomats in America had grown tired of the weak Kernensky government and were actively looking for a strong military man who could restore order and establish a stable government.

The truth about Semenov's style of leadership was known but ignored by the Washington officials. Allied observers had regarded Semenov as brutal, and a trusted

advisor to President Wilson warned that Semenov was a "reactionary military autocrat of the old type" and that his men were not well liked by the Russian people because they often committed "infringements of [the Russian people's] personal rights." The US even sent an observer to Manchuria and Siberia to report on Semenov. The observer, David Barrows, was a professor serving as an intelligence officer for the US Army. Barrows reported that he had found "the most promising anti-Communist force" under Semenov. Later reports Barrows wrote encouraged a positive image of Semenov, calling him "tolerably severe" although he had seen seven suspected Bolsheviks executed in one night. Barrows was the same intelligence officer that concluded in 1917 that America could control the forces in Siberia and use them against the Bolsheviks just by controlling the supplies. Semenov was given support from the highest levels of the US government. President Wilson ordered that a close watch be kept on Semenov and any legitimate way to help him be found.

The initial, very elaborate, US plan was to have allied troops support Kolchak's and Semenov's forces and the Czech Legion push the Bolshevik forces back and establish a stable government in the region. In reality the forces under General Graves operated without a clear set of instructions or rules. There was often a conflict between the US State Department (who supported Semenov) and the War Department (who was operating on a policy of neutrality). The US supplied arms and supplies to Semenov even though the US forces had numerous conflicts and even pitched battles with his forces. The British were similarly at internal odds with their policy. The French were supporting the Czech Legion and did not trust Kolchak because of his close attachment to the British. The Japanese were paying Semenov to fight the Bolsheviks and the British were paying him not to. Britain was negotiating with the Soviet government in Moscow to have Russia re-enter the eastern front. The fact that they were funding a counter-revolutionary army in Siberia did not inspire a lot of Soviet trust in the Allies. About the same time the negotiations between the British and the Soviet government broke down, Semenov's true nature was beginning to be known. The image of patriotic hero and liberator was fast being replaced with that of a bandit. Meanwhile, Semenov and his subordinate officers put a stranglehold on supplies moving from Vladivostok to the front in the Urals, routinely committed unspeakable atrocities against the population, took bribes and encouraged corruption, and used the railroads as their personal transportation while they did it.

Smele considers one of the major causes of rural discontent with the Kolchak government the brutal actions of Cossack bands led by Semenov and his associate General Kalmykov. Certainly Kolchak's demonstrated inability to control what Semenov -- and the Japanese were doing in the Far East caused many people to associate the White government with the horrors they saw from Semenov and others like him. General Graves had the opportunity to meet both men and came away with the impression that the only difference between the two men was that "Semenov ordered others to kill" while "Kalmykov killed with his bare hands." Cossack bands rode into villages looting, beating, abducting, torturing, and murdering villagers. Friends and relatives of loved ones killed by the rampaging bands became instant converts for the Red partisan ideology. A US Army Intelligence officer remarked that "a lot of people who did not necessarily coincide with Bolshevik beliefs, and did not necessarily coincide with the other forces, were obliged to take one of those two sides because the only two military forces existing were of the two extremes."

At one point, General Kalmykov's atrocities went so far that a regiment of his

Cossacks killed their officers and surrendered to US soldiers in Khabarovsk. When asked what they were doing, they replied that they had mutinied and would prefer to "die fighting in the streets" rather than serve under Kalmykov or any of his officers again.

An eyewitness account written by a veteran of the 27th Infantry in Siberia, in a letter to the 27th Infantry's commander in 1971, states that the Cossacks were disarmed, fed, and given firewood while officers decided what to do with them. Nick Hociota was the veteran that wrote the letter almost 50 years after he returned from Siberia. This can account for his letter varying both in details and the broad issues from the official regimental history. The letter puts Kalmykov arriving 3-4 hours after dark with 2,500 Cossacks, and after a stand-off, Colonel Morrow turned over to him all the arms and horses that the rebels brought with them. The regiment's history is less dramatic. Five hundred deserters (the number increased to 800 in the next two days) were disarmed and conducted to Krasnays-Retchka on February 1st. An assembly of the sixth Ussuri Cossack Citizens Committee conducted investigations into the matter. In mid-March it disbanded without making a decision and the deserters departed for their homes, taking their horses with them. The arms were claimed by Japan who reported they had supplied them to Kalmykov. The end result of both stories is the same, Kalmykov turned on the Americans and the relationship between the US forces and those under Kolchak degraded further.

White forces were the not the only ones committing atrocities. John Stephen explains in The Russian Far East, why there are more reports of White atrocities than Red ones: The White atrocities were far more visible to American forces so they were reported and because the victors write the history books. Red Russian atrocities were purged from the records. One report that survives is that of a partisan attack on the Japanese garrison of Nikolaevsk, near the mouth of the Amur River. The partisan's razed the garrison to the ground, slaughtering more than 6,000, men, women, and children. Orders were even issued that every child over the age of five would be killed, About 700 of the victims were Japanese.

The White government represented all that was unpopular with the Monarchy. Kolchak by his inaction allowed the nepotism, corruption, brutality, greed, and incompetence to spread and grow until it took on a life of its own and became uncontrollable." ("From the Sea to the River" 2000:Wolfpack)...

Chapter 131 - Back at School

Back in Denton and back at school more letters arrive but out of order by date, by as much as a couple of weeks. She remarks that his letter aimed at Christmas was very close and only missed by a couple of days. She appreciates the thought about a gift and that is enough and for him not to feel bad about not sending her one. She wonders if he has received all her packages, she again doubts it as she had sent him a box of candy soon after she first arrived in Denton and still no mention of it. The post office will not insure packages sent there, so she feels she will have to take her chances and take it out on them in fussing. She continues....

"So you've changed your expedition insignia? This accounts for what I heard about the Siberian recruits and bears. I had some prints of you and Misha made for Mary's kids. They showed them to an eccentric uncle-in-law of ours whom they laugh about and make up things on all the time. The children said when he saw the pictures he said, "Yes, yes they have to have bears in that country; they sleep with them to keep warm. Every soldier has a bea'." Then his wife chimed in, "Why Mis' Turner it looks like they'd lick them in the face." "They don't mind that; they stand any thing tha' to keep wa'm." I nearly split my sides laughing when Willis was telling this. I told him I was going to ask you how often did you get to be Misha's bunkmate. This bear on your shoulder will remind you of your bedfellow in Siberia.

Picture 42: 27th Siberian Patch



27th Field Artillery -
Artillery Shell with
Bear inside and the
letter S

Your explanation concerning why you volunteered for Siberian service is quite clear to me. This was about the conclusion that I had arrived at. I believe I understand you and can know your motives more than I give myself credit for doing. I was in a doubtful, gloomy mood perhaps when I mentioned that in a previous letter. But one's mind is influenced by many different people's expressions and maybe some of these expressions convey altogether a different impression that the author intended to. For example one man, whom I considered as a friend, but now I can't think of him without a little resentment in my heart, said, when speaking of you "Why did he go? I don't see why any married man would want to go overseas." I didn't bother to defend your love for me; I knew that I had it; yet I knew that he wasn't capable of understanding your wanting to be in the midst of the world activities, for he was content to stay out of it all and defend his not being in service by criticising those who were. So I said, "You don't? Well quite a few thousand married men have given their services overseas, perhaps they can tell you." But remarks like this nettle one, and upset to a certain extent, one's normal

way of thinking. I feel a pride in that you had courage enough to face separation from me. I was just moody when I wrote that letter.

Did I tell you that Santa brought me a bud vase? I wanted one so bad, but I know I didn't tell anyone, and Annie got me a pretty cut glass bud vase! Now, if I had a bud to in it! Charlie brought me a box of flowers Christmas Eve - chrysanthemums, narcissus, and holly. I was quite happy to get flowers - the first I have had since you gave me the Persian violet last February. I got two knitted wool tam-o-shanters and gave one to Golda R. Mary's children gave me a pie server. Martha Mae made me one of the tams. This was the extent of my Christmas presents. As I told you I sent only cards, except the gifts to our parents.

I must write Mother Kopecky soon. Wish I could have been with them a few days. Lilly wrote me that they wanted me to come regardless of rain. C.W. (Cyril) said tell me he was working on his roadster and would have it in good running condition. The trains during the holidays were from two to twelve hours late on account of coal shortage and heavy traffic. I fear that the discomfort of the trip would have overbalanced the visit. That run out to Graham was about enough. I don't think I would have had to go much farther to get pneumonia. "Awfullest" cold I ever had. But now I'm all right and will be rid of the cough in a day or two, I had boasted about not having a cold this winter but alas!

I'll write some more tomorrow. Kisses and hugs. Willis. P.S. Pull Misha's tail for me as a New Year's greeting. Christmas weather was lovely, still having it. No ill results of sunspots on Dec. 19th.

Today one of the girls who was at mail call at the college collected 4 of your letters for me. I don't know why they sent them there. The mail has been coming to the house. These go back to last November. So you laughed at me and my room! Now, it doesn't seem so dreary and colorless to me... I nearly busted my jersey dress laughing about you and your baby blue ribboned diploma and Paw Barlly - we call him "Paw," but Bulldog fits him neatly. Yes, I think he is very nice...

Yes, Annie is much improved in health since her tonsils got cut out. She has had only one cold this winter, when as before she usually had a cold about every three weeks. But she isn't any fatter, she never will be fat, because she eats so little, and works so much. She sure is the dearest sister to me; she'd do anything under the sun for me if she thought I wanted her to. I felt so sorry for her when she had her tonsils removed. The old tacky self-professed specialist didn't wait long enough for the cocaine to have full effect and hurt her so bad. But that kid has grit! She sat up there like a lady and let him hurt her. She put it off quite awhile, but redeemed herself by the way she behaved. Of course she has suffered worse pain than that. (Cocaine was used for medicinal purposes as a local anaesthetic and "pain killer", as well as in dentistry in the first part of the century regularly. It was only in the last part of the century it picked up a bad name because of all of its abuse).

Well about Mala's expectations. I don't know why the rush. In fact I don't think it was so much rush as accidental, judging from what she said. If she has good success in ushering this wee one into the world, I think the two sufficient, omitting all those that you're counting for every two years. But maybe we had better leave this to the Gallias to determine. You and I never agreed exactly on the number. I think you said 4 - 12, and I said 1 - 2. But we, ourselves, have a few more years yet to settle that in. In the meantime I'll not heed my "Aunt Lizzie," but follow your advice - once in my life - and wait till you come back. Dearest, you can't ever know what consolation there is in knowing that one's husband is true through and through. Of course I really don't know it, but I believe in you so fully, and have known you so intimately that I just as same know that you're genuine...

O, those wretches that indulge in such indecencies! How can they come home with their consciences so hurt and their souls so soiled? If I owned such a husband I'd rather he would die in the land of his generacy. Every returned soldier says the same things about the French and their rotten morals. It's quite interesting to hear them tell about how they stole hobnail shoes, blankets and groceries and sold them to the French. Yes and they sold them Ford Autos also. I guess that's how "Brother" of Vincennes got his \$900. Also, those thieves of French people were only to glad to get these things too, and the taxes run on just the same! Stealing and swearing are two arts acquired in service, it seems. Well, here's hoping there will be no mo' for a few hundred years at least.

I don't know about our nearly having civil war, but it looked not very pleasant for awhile. All labor has been striking off and on. Having only access to capitalist newspapers I read only their side of it. But, I'm glad the laboring class is coming to where they will have a little more leisure and less long hours of labor, and maybe the mass of people will become more intellectual. There's a radical element mixed in the unions and of course makes against them. The Federal authorities made a raid last week and arrested over 5,000 Red agitators, whom they accuse of distributing revolutionary literature threatening the government. They are mostly foreign-born. Many are being deported. The poor ignorant things how will they ever be enlightened? And yet, we have people who are going to Russia to do Missionary work! The world seems all upset and restless but where and how it will be settled is an interesting thought indeed. I read in the papers where President Wilson is getting ready to fight for his "League of 'Notions'" again. Just how much good it will do waits to be seen. The Republican Party would die of pure unadulterated jealousy should it carry. Maj. Gen'l Wood is one of the Republican nominees for president. I don't like him - he looks too fat. I fear his head is fat also. Let him retire on his Maj. General's pay and be content.

I fear that I misstated that interest proposition; you are right it is 4% per annum, payable every three months, then you see the interest draws interest, sabe? I was having a daydream.... still it is better than

undeposited as we did in Louisville. ... I wish I could save as you. I'm going to save \$50 out of the hundred or bust this month. I was wondering last night where all my part of the salary had evaporated to. H.C.L. sure eats it up.

It's ten o'clock - ... will write more tomorrow night. Yours till the Statue of Liberty shakes a wicked shimmy. Do they shimmy in Russia? It's about their style...

'Twas about this time of last year when we visited Mammoth Cave, was it not? Didn't we have the dearest time? Remember how we tried to avoid "Aunt Lucindy" and after we could be so hateful to him until he appeared on the scene and our good intentions went koflooie? And that old shackeldy rolly bed that we had so much trouble trying to exist on! I wonder if we will be enjoying ourselves together next year? ...

Miss Long, my Interior Dec. teacher, and I were having a little chat before class today and she was asking about you. I mentioned the fact that you told me in one of your letters that you knew Pres. Brally while at Austin and she asked me did I know him and I told her no, so she proposed taking me up to his office, said she knew he'd be glad to know me and to hear from you. So during the class period she had me quit work for awhile and we went. Mr. Brally was not busy so we were admitted. He had received your letter and said he had had my name on his scratch pad for a week trying to find time to hunt me up. He asked about one million questions about you and seemed very pleased to know that I was your wife etc etc. Yes, and I have a T.L. for you. (No, can't you tell me what Misha thinks of me?) Well, any way Mr. Brally said you certainly were a fright - no he said "smart man." He told me to give you his best regards. O yes, he asked if I weren't lots younger than you were and I said "no just six years." He said he believed he could guess your age and he guessed 33. He said he didn't think I looked over 21. I knew he didn't mean it, but I played like I thought he did. So you see, You don't have to give me a T.L. this one will do. Any way, Miss long said she really likes my work and wants me to take the professional course. But I can't see why she does; my work is very ordinary and you know it can't be very good technically when I don't know beans about drawing or painting. She has a class now composed of her professional girls and advanced pupils and those who are continuing the work. There are few of us and we have the best time with her to give us lots of attention.

O, Lawdy! We had a lesson in woodwork this afternoon. I must confess that those tools are bewildering and terribly hard to manage. We had given us a pine plank 7 X 3 X 1 to be planed and sawed down to 6 X 2 & 1/2 X 3/4 and all sides to be perfectly smooth. Well, I shaved off that plank till it was thin as a cookie and still it was uneven. Then the ends split off when I tried to plane them. But I wasn't by myself; the entire class was ready to offer their resign. From woodwork 110 and sever their relations with it forever. But she laughed at us and told us to come back

Friday and try some more. Maybe I'll learn how to make Vidmir a doll house and Joe a little wagon.

In design, I'm learning how to make the alphabet - better late than never. I never could print worth a nickel. Later on we will make pretty designs.

I might have to change music teachers since Miss Tietze is so crowded with work. I don't want to one bit. I learned the little piece that she gave me to learn during the holidays. It sounds pretty when she plays it, but I don't make much out of it. I got on the good side of Louise the music secretary and got all morning hours for practice. Which will make quite a difference in my accomplishing any thing. One is so much fresher in the morning and can have more patience and learn more. I have three afternoons off, but I mean to put two extra hours on Interior most every off afternoon. My work isn't too hard and just enough to keep me busy. Of course when exams come I'll be crowded for awhile. I miss the good old hat-making. Will not get any more of that till spring. I'll make me a "swell lid" to wear to meet you in Frisco - and I'll bring along the nightie to make you blush.

Do you suppose I will get to meet you there? I fear that the trip will be too expensive. But I sho' would enjoy it powerful much. Well, maybe by then we'll have lots of money.

Rain, rain, rain, is all we've seen this week - except one day.... I nearly had a roommate. One of the girls wants to come down here, but she is afraid of offending her present room mate, whom she is dissatisfied with because she is so old-maidish and cranky...

I hate to hear of those poor boys getting their fingers frozen. I'm glad that you don't take any chances like that. Do the soldiers have plenty of clothes to keep them warm? Here's hoping that the nation will deem it wise to withdraw all troops - I read in yesterday's paper where the Bolsheviks are gaining and are near Lake Baikal, and that Japan has sent 100,000 men to help combat the forces. At a conference in Paris this week, the nations are going to decide on their policy toward Russia. England and France have withdrawn their troops. I wouldn't be surprised if we weren't called upon to help Japan against the Bolsheviks. It seems strange that those people haven't got fed up on war yet, and are still raising h____. Why don't they settle down to peaceful living once more? But I might as well ask, what are the wild waves saying.

Two more Americans killed in Mexico. An earthquake down there too. I guess this is all the news.

No, I forgot to tell you that the M.E.B.'s having a dance Saturday night in the YWCA room. We dance every night after supper practising for it. When you come back you're going to have to learn to tickle toe and walk the dog and everything and we - just us - will dance and dance and

have the bestest time. O, I wish you were here now! Darn Misha; I envy that bear because he gets to play in the snow with you and bites your buttons and fingers. What will you do with Misha when you return to the States? Wish he could live over here. Bring me a bear hide when you come.

The little capsule containing the gold was crushed and the gold spilled in the envelope. I don't know how much there was originally so I can't say whether any got lost through the worn edges or not. 'Twas about a salt spoon full. I'll have it put on my front teeth eh? ... better quiet now, almost eleven"....

It is now well into mid January 1919 and Golda is well into her classes once more. She is quite busy and time flies by, but she has noticed a lack of letters recently.

Chapter 132 - Misha

The Author and Misha

Misha

THE STORY OF MISHA

By



JOSEPH KOPECKY, M. D.

Picture 43: Dr. Joe Kopecky with Misha

During the first part of June 1919, three platoons of Company M of the 27th Infantry were stationed as follows:

Mostovoi, commanded by Lt. Nelson
Selenga, commanded by Lt. Faulkner
Posolskaya, commanded by Lt. Kendall

Captain Ramsey was in command of Company M, and I, 1st Lt. Joseph Kopecky, MC, was the medical officer in charge of the medical needs of the sector. Captain Ramsey and I were stationed at Selenga, approximately half-way between Mostovoi and Posolskaya.

One morning, Captain Ramsey and I were walking down the street in Selenga, and we saw a group of Russians in front of their homes, and we saw that the center of interest was a baby bear. We learned that the mother and the brother of the baby bear had been killed by the Russians earlier. It was quite obvious that Misha, the bear, was not having an easy time. He was obviously undernourished and had been otherwise neglected and abused. Captain Ramsey suggested that he buy the bear and let the platoon look after it. So, the Russians got 100 rubles, paper money (about \$1.00), and the platoon got a mascot. The bargain turned out to be a very good one; it put an end to Misha's hunger and eased the boredom of the soldiers of the platoon. During the summer, the platoon lived in tents on the bank of the Selenga River, and Misha did not have to be on a leash and had freedom of movement. When cold weather set in, the platoon moved into a building that had previously served as a school building. Lt. Wenegerg and I moved into a small, two-room shack, and Misha crawled into a space beneath the floors of the shack. He was still not on a leash and was free to move up and down the village street.

In the first part of January 1920, orders finally came in for us to leave the village and start our evacuation. As we were packing our stuff, Corporal Gorges, who seemed to always have had the primary responsibility for Misha, came in rather excited, "Sir, what are we going to do with Misha?"

I said, "I don't think we have very much choice. Leave him here."

Corporal Gorges looked rather distressed and said, the damn Russians will kill him and eat him up."

I told him, "Suppose you go up to the station and see if there is an empty boxcar available on our train."

He came running back in a very short time and said, "Sir, there is one."

I told him, "I don't suppose I need to tell you what to do". He saluted and said, "Yes, Sir."

Next morning, after we arrived in Verchne Udinsk, Gorges and I went to see how Misha stood the trip. His long hair was covered with frost, and he was not in a very good humour.

Everything went alright then until we finally received our orders to proceed to Vladivostok.

Misha arrived in Vladivostok.

When, about the middle of March 1920, orders finally came for the 27th Infantry to leave Siberia for Manila and I approached the transport that was waiting for us, I noticed that Misha was already waiting, near the transport, to go to Manila, too. The soldiers had built a cage, and there he was waiting in this to be put aboard. Evidently, there was some argument about this. If I remember rightly, the captain of the transport said he didn't want that damn animal on his boat, and the engineer said that he was the one who would say what was going to go on and what was not. (It is possible that I have this reversed.) At any rate, there were about six soldiers waiting for the decision, and once it was made, it certainly didn't take long for Misha in his cage to be lifted aboard.

As we sailed southward to Manila, the atmosphere became warmer and warmer, and it got to the point where Misha was very uncomfortable with his longhaired fur on. Corporal Gorges again came to me to inform me of the situation and wondered what could be done. About the only thing we could do was to take him out on deck, get two pairs of scissors and relieve Misha of his long hair. This seemed to settle the problem, and he arrived safely in Manila.

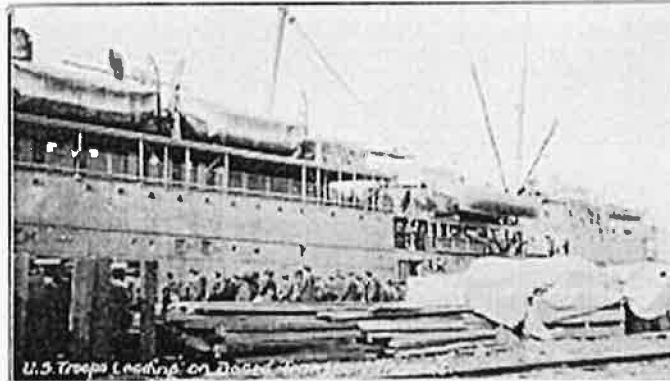
We spent eleven days in Manila before starting for San Francisco, and one of the last things I did, was to see how Misha was getting along. I found that he was well taken care of; he was lying in a nice pool of water, keeping cool. As I called, "Misha!" he ran toward the fence that was in between us, and we told each other good-bye.

I was sure that Misha would miss his platoon, and that the platoon would miss him. He was a very intelligent, gentle, and co-operative animal, and he played his part in decreasing the boredom of at least some of the American soldiers in Siberia.

(Later Dr Joe was informed that Misha had broken out of the zoo and had taken off down one of the main streets of Manila. He had broken the neck on an ox and the police were so afraid of Misha they shot and killed the bear in the street).

Chapter 133 - Coming Home

It is now in the later part of January 1920 and Golda has not received any letters since the early part of the month after she returned to school. She wonders if the delay is caused by the congestion moving the Czechs to Vladivostok. She has seen in the papers that the U.S. transport will convey the Czechs to their native land. She thinks it must be a grand and glorious feeling for those boys to be going home again. The letter continues...



Picture 44: U.S. Troop Ship - Vladivostok

"Maybe by the latter part of February these same transports will be bringing my Bonnie to me. This anticipation of seeing you soon is the brightest color in my existence these days. And that you are coming in the near future seems too probable. I read an account of the U.S. Government's answer to the inquiries made by Japan whether we would make a partial or complete evacuation, or whether we would send reinforcements to aid Japan in stabilising the government. Uncle Sam said his mission will have been completed when he gets the Czechs safely home. Protection and aid to the Czechs, it stated, was the first mission in going and helping to stabilise the government was considered once; but after later consideration it was decided to abandon the latter on account of the great undertaking it would be and of the indefinite results. This seems to be a wise decision. Maybe I think so because I'm personally interested.

O, I walked to town this PM and my feet hurt clear up to my waist.... I meant to dress my room up a bit and make it more interesting. We looked at spring hats in order to get some ideas that we might duplicate them. The hat that was becoming to me was priced 23.00. If I can get the materials I can duplicate it for 3.00. Ooo such graft! Clothes are very high and very ordinary. I've invested in only clothes that I absolutely have to have. But when you come I think I want to dress out in my best bib and tucker.

...I received a letter from Vlasta last week. She was relating all their thrilling experiences of the holidays and telling of her beau complications. She asked for your address. Said she meant to write all the while but kept thinking you would come home soon. Lilly wrote me a very brief letter, stating very little except that she and Mother Kopecky

were feeling bad. Said she was too sick to write more and never explained what was the matter with them. I'm going to write tomorrow and inquire into the state of affairs. I don't suppose they were seriously ill or else she would not have been writing.

The influenza cases here in the U.S. seem to be chiefly gastro-intestinal. It is not very fatal from it seems. Quite a number are dying in Chicago from the flu. I trust that you are not taking any undue exposures during the very cold weather. I know that you are plenty capable of taking care of yourself, yet I find myself wanting to advise you. I suppose it's because I'm so very much interested in your welfare."...

She informs him she has sent him some chocolate dipped pecans and if he doesn't get them he can imagine how they tasted. She has not received her pen back from repairs and the one she is using makes her writing, "look as if I had used a paint brush." She has just received some mail from him and wanted to write. The plaster of paris cast was in poor condition when it landed, in fact there was printed on the wrapper "contents in bad condition when entered U.S. custom house." It was broken in many pieces, she could make out the design, but it will not make much of a souvenir. Her letter continues...

"Then you said uncomplimentary things about our "Lasso"
- ain't you ashamed of talking about that perfectly nice paper? Why man, you don't know how to appreciate good literature. O, yes and you said I was stingy! Well I have a raincoat I believe I told you about it in a previous letter...Last night Mrs Kelsay and I went to hear Lucy Gates sing at Normal Auditorium. In spite of the sleet and rain and slush we went. Since service cars are only 25 cents now (due to C.I.A.'s boycotting them for charging 50 cents) we rode over there and back. We didn't get much cold and if we had got cold we could have well afforded to in order to hear so good a singer.

I don't know whether you know of Lucy Gates or not; I had never heard of her until this year. However, she is quite well known in New York and the other cities and has successfully taken Gali Cuici's place several times when she was not disposed to sing... She had a cold and had to cough once and eat peppermints, yet with this great hindrance her voice was most exquisite. She was very gracious and responded with many encores. One was an American Folk Song from the Kentucky Mountains, which she had to sing over again. It was "A Frog Went A Courting." I'm sure you've had it sung to you when you were a youngster. I have. Then "Home Sweet Home" won great applause. In fact the whole programme was very interesting.

Took up another subject today. I discovered that Miss Becker was giving Spring Millinery so I joined. I just must not take chances on waiting till next quarter for it. So now I can begin on my spring lid. This will make my day pretty full, but I might as well be doing something as sitting around. Miss Becker was very glad to have me, too.

And you don't mention getting any of my packages. I believe that Customs House outfit eats every thing up I send. I would lay the blame on the Russians if I thought they had any possible access to the A.E.F. mail. I've thrown quite a bit of stuff to the winds if you have not and do not receive any of the things I sent you. I actually sent some things by first class mail thinking perhaps they would be better cared for. Well, if you get home soon we don't care if they old packages did stray off."

Golda complains she has gained weight and is now up to 136 pounds. She feels lately she has not been good at much of anything except eating. She is still trying to keep her music up but is having a very hard time with it. She wishes she had been able to take it when she was younger. She then writes... "It's a decided fact with me that Vidmir and all the "rest" are going to have a try at music and be given an opportunity to see what they can do." She has not been able to find the Bowman music anywhere. She will try the violin teacher but feels she may be running out of time. She then continues...

" Next week we are going to have the League of Nations discussed pro and con, and then have a vote on it. Really, I'm glad that we are going to hear speeches and debates on it for I don't know whether I'm for it or not. I've read quite a bit about it but still have plenty to learn, am not quite as ignorant as one of the girls who said she didn't know whether it was to eat or to wear. Paw Brally made a speech in chapel and said that the time had passed when a woman was considered only a plaything for a man, that she was a broad minded firm citizen. (I'm glad he enlightened us along that line!) He also used his expression that you knew him to use. He said "She will also get 'broad enough between the eyes' to be responsible for the morals of the men;" I'm thinking her eyes will have to diverge about one mile each way from her head!!!

February 7th, 1920 - What? You don't recall that date? (This was their wedding anniversary) Well you had better think quick and make it snappy. But I kinda believe you remembered and I was thinking about you and me and us this morning at 6 AM. If you weren't, why did I wake up thinking of you at 6 o'clock when I usually wake up at 7:10? And I went to bed at 11:30 so it couldn't have been that I had all the sleep I needed. I heard the town clock strike and was so sure that it was seven that I turned on the light and much to my surprise found it only six. Then I went back to bed and devoted the next hour to retrospecting.... I arose, donned my blue chambray, powdered my nose, and sallied forth to breakfast. I was five minutes too early and when the girls came and found me first at the table they 'most fainted. When they inquired why the early arrival I told them I was celebrating. They took my word for it - but the shock was great...

...I went to church today. Visited the M.E. Church and heard some good old-fashioned "Amens" from the front row. I can't remember when I heard last this kind of response from the congregation. Must have been away back in the days spent at Center Ridge Community. My visitors last night were two of the teachers of C.I.A. and another lady who

used to be on the faculty here and whose sisters are here in school. One of her sisters (twins they are) has had influenza and is not strong; this one, Miss Boyce is going to take home. The other, who is convalescing in Hygea Hall from influenza, will stay. Her sister came to see me about getting her to room with me, but she preferred her staying where she is and wanted me to room with her provided I would care for the change. Miss Hefly referred her to me because I told Miss Hefly I wanted a roommate. But I don't think I want to move. I like them very much and would be most delighted if she would come down here but I don't want to live up there. I hate dormitory meals, and I'd have to take meals in the dormitories. There's a possibility of your coming soon and the moving would hardly be justified by the short stay. Then I don't want to leave little Frances. She's a dear little speck of sunshine that helps out wonderfully.

Poor little kiddie is sick and it seems like flu. Temperature 103 and up, deep cold and cough. The doctor said he heard a few "crickets" in her chest. Her parents are quite anxious because she had bronchial pneumonia when she was five weeks old and almost died. Mrs Kelsay's sister was visiting their grandparents and the little girl had had high fever and a cold. They allowed her to come over and play with Frances. Mrs. Kelsay didn't like it but didn't raise a kick, so in order to save the mother's feelings, the baby's health was sacrificed. If people are so thoughtless as to let their children run at large with fever and colds, I would be thoughtless of their feelings enough, to tell them to keep their kids at home in bed.

Received a letter from Annie yesterday. She and the children seem to have escaped the influenza. She said she read in a paper that the ships to convey you folks to the States had been launched in Vladivostok, and that some of the troops would be sent to Honolulu. At least Honolulu was what I guessed it to be; she wrote so hurriedly I could not make it out.

O, yes, the reading of "David Copperfield" Friday night was splendid. I enjoyed living over the hours with David, and Dr. Clark presented the story so well that one's imagination worked wonders. Wasn't Dora a pathetic, weak little creature? I remember when quite young, I read the story and felt a great relief when Dora passed away. Dickens doesn't portray women with strong characters, do you think? But we will excuse him, for he didn't know American women when he made his contribution to literature.

Now, don't think that Ouji was trying to defame you. She explained that you were taking vodka for stimulation, having just recovered from pneumonia. Ouji is a fright - the queen of liars I name her. We don't talk any more because all her legs are lost and the board doesn't slide easily without legs. Ouji has three legs - a peculiar triad animal.

Did Misha take his punishment in the right kind of spirit? I bet you let him out before the week was over. Anyway wasn't he entitled to a goose? You folks had one Thanksgiving. Don't worry the old Jew will make up for the loss in his sales to the regiment.

Honest wasn't that you by the tents? Well you see what you've gone and done - caused me to kiss a plum strange man - and that ain't all. I danced with a man! A red-headed man. Mrs. Kelsay's brother came over and danced with us one night. He is just learning and couldn't dance very well. We don't dance here any more because Mrs. Kelsay next door is confined to her bed now with tb. and the noise might disturb her. They had a chance to get her in the Carlsbad Sanitarium three months ago, but began using some fake breathing apparatus and she has become too far gone to enter the sanitarium now. Isn't that a shame? I must take a bath. Yours with love and kisses. Golda"...

The next letter Golda received, that is the last one in the "Letters Vol. 2", is the one written to her on Feb. 27, 1920, from Vladivostok informing her that her trip to the Philippines is off and he is on his way to San Francisco.

They meet up and he is discharged from the regular army on 3 May 1920. They move to El Campo, Texas where he again resumes his private practice. Their son, my father, Joe Willis is born in El Campo on 17 Feb. 1921. Dr Joe misses the mainstream as well as the academic life, and decides to see about a teaching position at the University of Texas Medical School in Galveston. He was offered a teaching position as an instructor in Clinical Medicine and Clinical Pathology and started in his new position September 1, 1921.

Part V - After the War 1920 - 1960

The Kopecky Family
Dr. Joe
To the Boerne Ranch
1920 - 1960

Chapter 134 - After the War

After the war Dr. Joe and Golda returned to El Campo where he practised till he received an appointment to teach at the University of Texas Medical School in Galveston in 1921. While living in El Campo my father was born in February 1921. Dr. Joe wanted to return to the mainstream and was eager to learn more in various fields of medicine. He spent the summer of 1923 at the Mayo Clinic, studying diseases of the thyroid gland. In the summer of 1924 at the Barnes Hospital in St. Louis and at the Mayo Clinic, studying heart disease and electro-cardiography. In the summer of 1925 he went to Harvard University to study heart diseases under Dr. Paul D. White.

Picture 45: Dr. Joe with his son J.W.



Dr. Joe and my father Joe Willis, taken in early '20s probably Galveston area.

In 1925 upon the resignation of Dr. M. L. Graves, Dr Joe was awarded a full professorship in Clinical Medicine and Clinical Pathology. During the 1925 - 1926 academic year Dr. Joe was in sole charge of heading this department. In 1926 he went to a more part-time basis and opened a private practise in Galveston in Internal Medicine and Diagnosis. In June 1926, my Aunt, Mary Willis, was born in Galveston.

While at the Medical School he was appointed by the U. S. Army to formulate a plan for the University Medical School in case of an emergency or the need for facilities if a war broke out. He did this as part of his duty in the U. S. Army Reserves and was promoted to the rank of Major in the reserves.

Picture 46: Mary and Joe W. 1929



Picture 47: Dr. Joe & Golda Sight seeing in Mexico

In 1929 he was appointed by Dr. Benedict, president of the University of Texas, as the first exchange professor to the National University of Mexico - to give lectures on medicine at the school in Mexico City. After he finished this program he resigned from the University and moved to San Antonio where he started his private practise.

Picture 48: Kopecky Family Sight seeing in Mexico



Picture 49: Mary & Joe W. late 1930s

I know that his original office was in small building or house that was doctors' offices. I do not know why he decided to move to San Antonio but feel he must have been encouraged by some of his colleagues. Eventually he moved his office to the Medical Arts Building in downtown San Antonio - one of the most prestigious locations at that time. A number of years after that move, (I would estimate in the late 1940s) he moved to the Nix Memorial Hospital Building. It was composed with the lower half of the building in doctors' offices, and the upper half of the building, a hospital. The hospital did not do A & E and was for private patients only. I know he found it a great convenience to be in the same building as his patients that were hospitalised.

In the late 1920's or early 1930s Dr Joe and Golda built their house they had always wanted. It was designed by one of the top architects of the time and the tile on the front porch and bathrooms was imported from Mexico. The house was constructed of brick with a tile roof and the balconies had rails made of wrought iron. The original site covered the city block. In the years that followed the land was subdivided and the adjoining lots were sold off.



Picture 50: Pictures of house on Lamont built by Dr. Joe

The house on Lamont Avenue - Bedrooms upstairs with the balcony across the front.

This is the house they raised their children in - as well as me; one of their grandchildren. They both lived their lives out here and died in this house. The house was the site of many a festive party and family get-together over the years.

At this house in August, Dr Joe's birthday, there would be a family reunion every number of years. His brothers and sisters with all of their family and kids would come. This was one of the opportunities I had when growing up to meet my great-aunts and uncles.

Picture 51: House on Lamont in later years



Front Porch & Yard - Lamont - San Antonio

The band would be set up on the end of the porch - next to the keg of iced beer.

He would get a Czech band to come and play all the polkas and various songs. Some of the relatives and the kids would dance to the music, while others sang and helped themselves to the cold beer.

Picture 52: Pictures of Kopecky Men & Women - later years



Top Row- Cyril & Dr. Joe Kopecky
Bottom- Laddie & Jerome Kopecky



The six daughters of Josephine Malinak Kopecky
(front) Theresa, Amelia (Mala), and Vlasta
(back) Alba, Lillie, and Ladda

John is not pictured and I do not remember him coming very often.

It was also around this time that Dr. Joe purchased the ranch, as we called it. It was located a few miles from Boerne, Texas, in the hill country. You had to drive through Leon Springs to get to Boerne and the ranch. I wonder if the fondness of the hills he developed in the army may not have influenced him in wanting a place in the hill country. The elevation is about 1,000 feet higher than San Antonio, and about 10 degrees cooler as well.

When he first purchased the ranch it had several log cabin buildings on it. I don't think it had power in the early days and he never allowed a telephone to be

installed. It was a place to get away - to go hunting and fishing and leave all of your cares behind.

It had a creek that ran through it at the bottom of a very high cliff. In the early days, you had to take a footpath down the side of the cliff to reach the creek. The creek was in the shade of very large Cyprus trees. The previous owner must have planted pecan trees because there was a stand of large pecan trees down by the creek as well.

Dr. Joe had Jerome, (Jap), go and live on the place from time to time, to tidy it up, do repairs, fix up hunting blinds and complete various projects and tasks that never seemed to get done. Unfortunately, one time when he was burning brush and doing various other chores, he caught the cabin on fire and it burnt to the ground. Dr. Joe and Golda had ideas of building a retirement home out at the ranch someday and even had plans drawn up. They didn't feel this was the time, so they built what we called the shack and a number of outbuildings. The main building, the shack, had a pantry, kitchen, living area, a bedroom and a screened-in porch that would also be able to sleep about six; a "pagoda" which was a screened in building with nothing but beds; a wash house, that in later years had a hot and cold running shower and area to change your clothes; and last, a smoke house store room. It would be used as a store room for grain and things when not needed for smoking. Other times the racks through the rafters for the meat and sausage to hang on, and the barrel for the smouldering fire for the smoke were in place, and used heavily after and during deer season.

The old log cabin barn still stood, such as it was, and also an old garage was off the side. Next to and behind the garage was the most popular little house of all. It didn't have the half moon on the door but it was a long drop and had a barrel below that would have lime added to it from time to time and would be emptied and the contents buried when full. The "daddy long legs" spiders weren't so bad to share the room with, when it got tough, was when the cold of winter would come with all its force.

Underneath the trees near the shack was a table and bench set up for Bar-BQ cooking, shooting practice and sometimes cleaning game.

Picture 53: Dr. Joe at Ranch in Boerne



Nov 1947 At Boerne Ranch - Dr. Joe



Dr. Joe cooking - open fire - Ranch - Boerne

This was a place we all loved to come - to hunt, to fish, to just get away. This is where I learned to shoot, to respect the lives of game, and not to kill or waste just because you are bored. I learned to fish here, with a cork and a string on a cane pole. I

learned to jug fish and to fish for larger fish by connecting your line with a small live fish to a limb on a tree overhanging the water. (Some of the catfish would get up to 30 or 40 pounds and a large bass would get up to about 5 or 6 pounds.)

We didn't hunt doves much and very seldom saw any quail. We did have turkey and deer. Dr. Joe and Jap liked to go squirrel hunting, mainly the red ones, but I never cared much for eating them so I didn't hunt them very much. Lots of varmints to shoot if you had time - rabbits, racoons, some foxes, and opossums mainly. It was during our times of cleaning game that Dr. Joe felt it would be a good idea to broaden our education by showing and teaching us the names and what various parts looked like in their natural surroundings. This included the heart, inside as well as out, kidneys, lungs, liver, stomach and intestinal tract. He felt we needed to be able to recognise and remove the wanted parts from the rest while not making a mess out of everything by puncturing something we really didn't want to know about. I found it interesting later on when observing others hunting, that firstly they shot the animal anywhere and usually made a mess, rather than "planning" their shot, and secondly that when they did clean the animal they just jumped in and half the time would puncture or cut something that would make a mess if they already hadn't. The other trick was watching those that wouldn't clean or bleed the animal and leave it in the hot sun all day, and then wonder why it wasn't very good, if edible at all.

This education extended to cleaning fish as well. He wanted us to recognise the eggs in the female fish, and at certain times of the year they were loaded with them. You could make a meal just out of the eggs. He would bring old surgical clamps and such to the ranch and these would come in handy when it was time to clean the slippery catfish and skin them. He would have Golda fry up the fish in a cornmeal flour with just a little salt and pepper. I even got use to eating the crunchy tails on the small fried fish, as long as it wasn't too many.

Picture 54: Creek at Boerne looking North



Picture 55: Creek at Boerne looking South

Just two of the good stretches of creek at the ranch. The pictures show about 150 to 200 yards in length, about 30 to 50 feet wide and it is about 20 feet deep in this area.

For a lot of years the Kopeckys enjoyed the ranch. During the hunting season he had the family members get with him about blocking out what time they wanted the place to go hunting. I think this worked fairly well, especially with his brothers and sisters as they grew up around each other and knew what to expect.

The countryside was something he never got out of his system as long as he lived. He loved the countryside and would spend as much time out at the ranch as he could. It was a place he wanted to share with us and did so for years.



Picture 56: Unknown boy in "wash tub" in creek at ranch

J.W., my father, was exposed on somewhat of a regular basis to the Kopecky clan and had definite feelings towards most of them. He never said much about any of them, except he seemed to be fond of Jerome and Ludma. Jerome was a bachelor all his life and seemed to love the outdoors. He did not seem to worry too much about the boundaries at the ranch and he usually found himself wherever the game took him. When Jap was growing up he learned how to catch fish with his hands. He would get in a creek and work his way to the base of a large tree with the tree roots in the water. He would stand in front of the roots and then slowly work his hands in and out of the roots till he could feel the fish, then he would grab the fish and pull him out. Sometimes it would be a large catfish and it would come flying out of the roots and bite him on the stomach. His stomach had the scars to attest to some nice large fish. I was with him one time during just such an episode in the creek at the ranch.

Jap did his share of farming over the years and drove a tractor so much over the years that where he held his pipe in his mouth, on both sides of his front teeth, the teeth were worn down and he had elliptical circles worn through where his pipe would fit just so. At one stage near El Campo he grew rice and sugar cane. Dr. Joe took us with him once to go visit him and a few of the other relatives. I remember the fields and one of the farmhouses where they had a lemon tree and the lemons were as large as grapefruit. They also allowed us to go out into one of the fields and pick cotton. Needless to say that was an experience and it did not need to take long to get the full benefit from it and add it to my education. Around 1960, Jerome and Laddie, rice farmed together one year. During that year hurricane Carla came and paid them a visit. They were sure it wouldn't be that bad and decided to stay in the farmhouse even

though they were on low ground near the coast. By the time it was over they found themselves written up in the local paper recounting their adventure. Seems the rain and the water were much worse than expected and they ended up riding out the storm in the rafters of the farmhouse with no power and the water lapping at their feet. Jap loved his fishing and when he died they found him doing what he loved most. He evidently died of a heart attack while fishing from one of the banks in 1964. He had his pole in one hand and his pipe was lying next to him when they found him.

Ludma was another Kopecky and a case all to herself. It seems she always liked Joe W., my dad, and always called him her favourite nephew. She became a nurse and was in charge of a portion of the University of Texas Student Health Centre in Austin on the main campus till she was forced to retire in the early '60s due to her age. She told stories on how my dad would come to see her in Austin when he was attending Rice Institute in Houston when various sporting events were played between the two schools. He and some of his friends would get Ludma and they would all go to the events and parties. She would sometimes help provide the refreshments.

When I lived with my grandparents, Dr. Joe would talk to some of his brothers and sisters from time to time, and especially Ludma. I guess it was because he felt he should still watch over his baby sister and provide her with some advice, regardless if she wanted it or not. I think some of her adventures did not help his attitude. I can remember he would be on the phone and the next thing you would hear his voice getting louder and louder, usually in Czech at this stage, then you would hear the receiver slammed down. I would look at Golda; she would shrug her shoulders and say, "Must be talking to Ludma."

In later years my wife Pam and I saw Ludma in Austin. She had her own little house with her gardens and plants. This was one that sort of grew around you and each item had its own place - the place where it found itself. She explained to us she stayed an old maid because the one and only love she had didn't marry her, and almost in spite, she decided not to marry just to prove something. She had male friends over the years and in fact here she was in her late 80s and had a younger man, in his late 70s, calling and checking up on her. (She told us Dr. Joe used to warn her about younger men and tell her that was not a good idea.) He would go to the store for her and would pick up beer and bring it to her. She loved to watch television but her eye sight was so bad she had to sit in front of the screen so close she could touch it. When we saw her, she wanted to feel Pam's face as well as try and look at her. She explained her eyes were doing better since she had gone back to using Aloe Vera juice in rainwater in her eyes. She took us out in her garden to show us where her plant was. She also explained she had some other health problems and the doctor had told her to cut out her beer. She told us that as a compromise, she would drink her beer in the evenings and not tell the doctor, that way they both felt better and were happy. She would then laugh and say; here she was the one they said would never last and she was about to outlast the rest. We wrote to each other a number of times after we left Austin and arrived in New Zealand. She would write in 2 to 3 inch high letters and address the envelopes the same and put on just standard postage. Her mail would still get sent as airmail just the same, just as if someone were watching out for her. She died several years after we left Austin, after her 90th birthday.

My dad never said much to me about Cyril, or his sons. His oldest son was Sam Loy Kopecky, born 4 June 1923 in El Campo, and was my dad's favourite cousin. They played with each other quite a lot when they were growing up. Sam was killed in a plane crash in 1943 when he was in pilot training with the U.S. Army Air Corps. in California. He was flying a P38 and hit some power lines when coming in for a landing. When I was born in 1945, Dad wanted to name me after him, and did so. Cyril's second and only other child was Jack, born 9 Sept. 1927 in Rowena, Texas. I can remember C.W. being at the ranch going hunting a number of times during the deer season. At the turn of the millennium I heard Edith was still alive in Rowena and was 100 years old.

Picture 57: Sam Loy Kopecky 1943



Picture of Sam Loy Kopecky while in training.

The ranch was a magic place to Dr Joe and Gold's grandchildren - my cousins and my brothers and sister - as the years passed as well. We all spent time out there with each other and with our friends. It seemed that as we got older we didn't spend as much time with each other out there as we should have. Once I was at University I never had any time to go. I would make a fast trip sometimes to just go deer hunting. In the later years Dr. Joe's eye sight was so bad he could no longer drive and had to give up hunting. This was very hard for him to do, as he loved the outdoors so much. Even after early day cataract surgery he had to wear both contact lenses and thick glasses to see. When reading at times he would have to use a magnifying glass as well, under a strong light.

It was a shock to the family when one day he told the family that he sold the ranch to the neighbour who had been after him for years. He sold it for what seemed to be a good price back then for 200 acres, but turned out to be peanuts in only a matter of a few years. The last time I heard about it was from Mary Beth, my cousin, in the 1990s, who had seen that it had been subdivided into an exclusive neighbourhood with estates rather than lots. They were selling for something like a million dollars per estate. Dr. Joe felt like the ranch was not being used and the upkeep was too much for him and Golda. It happened so fast we were all surprised. It just happened to be one of those times when we were busy with school, new families, jobs, and friends. Its time was going to come around again, it was just one of those unfortunate things that sometimes happens. We all knew it was something that none of us could ever replace. Whether or not we could have run and enjoyed it as a group is something none of us will ever know. Maybe this is something Dr Joe feared from past experiences from years before, and felt would to be an impossible task. A task

that might even cause more hard feelings in the family, and a result he did not want to see.

Dr. Joe did try and look out for the family over the years. He would offer help to both my parents, and my aunt and uncle as well. As we got older he would give each of the grandchildren money for books and tuition, as he felt education was still the most important thing for us. When I lived with them for several years I got to know them even better. They were something I took for granted, and their relationship I took for granted, and didn't realise how special it was at the time. It was only after I lived with them and became older, that I realised they had a very special respect and love for each other that had lasted through the years, and even continued after Golda's death.

When Dr. Joe would become angry and at times would make reference to what he was angry about in various languages, Golda would just quietly wait until she felt he had vented enough out of his system, at which point she would say, "Joe!" At this point he would not argue or say a word. He would just stop - he knew she was right and enough was enough. They never seemed to argue or fight. They had differences of opinion and would discuss their views, but each knew where the lines had been drawn many years before and that is where they stayed.

They had a very special devotion to each other and none of us in the family ever doubted the commitment and love they had for each other. It was a very sad time for us all when Golda died of a stroke at Christmas time, 26 December 1971, but much more so for Dr. Joe. He knew what and why, and was glad when she went she went quickly and didn't suffer. Yet it was a loss that changed him and he never got over it. They were friends and had spent over half a century together. He was truly lost without her. She was that someone special in his life as he was in hers. If ever two people loved each other and were devoted to each other through a lifetime, it was Dr Joe and Golda.

It was from this time on after I lived with my grandparents that I got to know them and my folks better and began to know who they were and more about them. Little did I know this joy would be short lived, for in the next few years so many changes would take place it wouldn't seem like the same family. It would also be the start of my life's journey. It would be years before I would know or even realise what my family's past had been in full. It wasn't until after I started losing my grandparents and parents that it started to hit me on how much they had meant to others and me.

It was before Dr. Joe's death, 23 February 1977, after I had lived and grown up with him and Golda for several years, that he gave me the first of the two volumes of the 'Letters' books, and his diary that he had written some of his stories in. His diary was started at the beginning of 1937, and he stopped recording his thoughts in 1955 - with a gap of several years "when World War II broke in", and he was "too busy with more urgent things to keep this up." He resumed again on July 27, 1949. The two volumes of letters between my grandparents covered the period of their courtship and early marriage from 1913 to 1920, both in the United States and Siberia.

I never knew why he gave these records to me. I can only guess that he might have hoped with time I would settle down enough to appreciate his gift and see to it,

that it was all brought together and shared. Maybe his hopes will come to be and we will learn something from our past family history.

After spending well over a year trying to gather various information on our family history and background (including the second 'Letters' volume from my sister), it has become more and more apparent to me that in many ways we are just like many other families, in a number of respects. In other ways we are not.

If I have learned anything from this, it is that I don't have the answers. I don't think any one of us does. We all get our feelings hurt and we let what we want get in the way at times. I sometimes think it comes down to the fact that each of us must decide on how they want to live their lives and what their priorities are.

If it is the family, then where is the line between caring and interfering? When are we trying to run each other's life? This has had disastrous results in our past more than once.

If we decide to only worry about number one, then when does this attitude become detrimental to the family and its members? Is it when we use them for our own advantage and gain at another's cost? This has also had devastating effects on our family.

As society and times change the family will change in how it takes its place and shapes itself in the future. From a one-income family to a two-income family to just get by -- for many of us is but one change. What others will we need to make in the future?

What outside influences have done to us over the generations is another consideration. We have not always managed well. Religion, from one extreme to another, drugs, alcohol, and new social attitudes in tolerance or lack of it.

Our family is made up from the individuals that are in it. It is up to them to decide if they want to be part of the family and contribute to it by being a help. Is it up to the family to protect those in it from those that want to hurt it and destroy it? I think that when we cross the line from being an individual to starting a family we take on many new responsibilities and obligations that are to be put ahead of ourselves. Why should the other members suffer and contend with the consequences because another member puts themselves before their promises and obligations. Or is the family an outdated idea, and it should be every man for himself and the winner take all?

It seems to me it would be nice to have a family that was supportive in all circumstances. One that you knew would help in any way they could - be it a kind word, a place to stay, a job, money, or care in old age. I guess we must first overcome each of our own problems first. Or do we just need to try and understand and help, with no strings attached.

I am sure the hope at first was that we would learn from our mistakes in the past and not make them again. I can only hope so. As I was once told - don't kid yourself, you will make mistakes again; they will just be new ones. With this in mind maybe we can start to learn, and try and be a little kinder.

Appendix

Magyars

{mag'-yahrz}

The Magyars, known also in the English-speaking world as Hungarians, are descended from the people who conquered the Carpathian Basin in the late 9th century and founded the kingdom of Hungary. They are one of the few European ethnic groups (along with the Finns and Estonians) who speak a Finno-Ugric tongue, a subdivision of the Ural-Altaic Languages.

The original homeland (3000 BC-AD 500) of the Magyars was in northeastern Europe at the confluence of the Volga and Kama rivers. In the early centuries of the Christian era they mixed with various Turkish tribes, accepted their equestrian culture, and, beginning in the 7th century, moved southwest to the Azov Sea area. Under the leadership of Arpad and Kukszan, they occupied the Carpathian Basin in 895-96. For the next 60 years they made devastating raids farther west until they were finally halted by the German king Otto I in the Battle of Lechfeld (955).

Under Stephen I (r. 997-1038), the Magyars were Christianized and established a strong national state. In the course of the 12th-15th centuries they extended their control into the northern Balkans, while at home they developed a constitutional, elective monarchy. Turkish invasions, beginning in the 14th century, culminated in the trisection (1526-1699) of Hungary between the Turks, the Austrian Habsburgs, and the Magyar rulers of Transylvania. Subsequently all of Hungary became part of the Habsburg Empire, which in 1867 was transformed into Austria-Hungary.

Although Hungary was never fully a Magyar national state, only after the Turkish period did the Magyars lose numerical pre-eminence in their country. The rise of national consciousness among the minorities in Hungary resulted after World War I in the loss of two-thirds of the former Hungarian territory.

Today there are over 15 million Magyars, of whom about 10.5 million live in Hungary, 3.5-4 million in the neighboring states of Romania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, the USSR, and Austria, 1 million in the United States, and a few hundred thousand in other Western countries. (Vardy 1992:Magyars)

The Calendar System

The Julian calendar system (which instituted a 365-day calendar with 1 extra day every four years) used before 1582 was developed by Julius Caesar in 45 BC, hence the name. This system was adopted by Nicene Council in 325 AD, but unfortunately it had a few inaccuracies. It exceeded the solar year by a bit and eventually (by 1582) there were an extra 10 days in the calendar, which threw off the date of the vernal equinox (traditionally 21 March). Pope Gregory XIII completed a reform of the Julian calendar in 1582, which basically removed these extra days from the calendar, and set up the rules for leap years in the future that would avoid a repeat of the problem. This edict also changed the date of the new year from 25 March to 1 January.

All Catholic countries officially adopted Pope Gregory's Gregorian calendar in 1582. England, however, in its disputes with the Catholic Church, refused to adopt the Gregorian calendar and remained with the Julian system. Russia also stuck with the Julian calendar. By September of 1752, when England finally adopted the Gregorian calendar, there were now a little more than 11 days difference between the Julian and Gregorian systems. Once adjustments were made for this, 11 days (the 3rd through the 13th of September) had disappeared. Thus you will often see dates written in English (and pre-1752 Colonial) records that read 9 Mar 1756/1757. This is due to the fact that the official (or Julian) calendar said it was 9 Mar 1756, but the Gregorian calendar said it was 1757. A bit confusing, isn't it?

The above information was supplied by Generations Family Tree, Sierra online, Inc. as part of its overview on dates and finding information on family history.

History of Mexico – 1876 to 1988

The Age of Don Porfirio

In 1876 General Porfirio Diaz, seized power. Diaz effectively governed Mexico until the Revolution of 1910, serving as president from 1877 to 1880 and 1884 to 1911. During the age of Don Porfirio a new Mexico emerged. Diaz established order and workable government. Civil wars ceased, and eventually banditry disappeared from the countryside. Now provincial governors obeyed the law emanating from Mexico City. The army became professionalized. The Rurales, a militarized police force of several thousand, maintained order throughout the country. Diaz and the Cientificos, the group of wealthy intellectuals that advised him, adopted French positivism as a national creed. The positivists' worship of science, technology, and quantitative growth served as Diaz's ideological justification. Foreign investors rushed to take advantage of the new political and economic climate, and money poured in. The results were phenomenal. Exports and national income increased; new highways, railroads, and telegraph lines crossed Mexico; and new industries dotted the countryside. Foreign investment and technology revived mining and created major oil fields around Veracruz. Formerly despised for its backwardness, Mexico became the model for much of the then developing world.

Porfirian Mexico, however, like New Spain in 1800, contained the seeds of its own destruction. The urban and rural masses remained impoverished. Mexicans of all classes hated the increasing foreign economic dominance. Finally a politically ambitious younger generation came to resent the 30-year dominance exercised by the Diaz clique.

Modern Mexico

Two major strikes (against the Cananea copper company in Sonora and the Rio Blanco textile mills in Veracruz), political discontent, and financial dislocations disturbed the last years of the Diaz dictatorship. The Revolution of 1910 and the regime's collapse, however, amazed the entire Western world.

The Revolution

The major direct cause of the revolt was Diaz's monopoly of political power. In 1908, perhaps to refute charges about the autocratic nature of his rule, he told a U.S. journalist, James Creelman (1859-1915) that Mexico would be ready for free elections in 1910. Once published, the interview inspired various discontented sectors to begin organizing. The opposition eventually coalesced around an eccentric northern landowner, Francisco I. Madero, who had the time, resources, and contacts to organize an effective political movement. Madero campaigned under the slogan, "effective suffrage and no re-election." Diaz rigged the election, however, and Madero led a revolt that spread rapidly throughout the nation. As the top-heavy, corrupt Diaz military organization collapsed, the old dictator fled.

A moderate, Madero advocated neither social reforms nor any other drastic changes. He succeeded in angering not only the radical proponents of land reform and

economic nationalism but also the landowners, who opposed all change and hated the new president's weakness. With conservative support, yet another general, Victoriano Huerta, overthrew Madero, who was executed.

Mexico again became engulfed in ruinous violence. In the north, Pancho Villa, an ex-bandit, organized the local cowboys. In the south, Emiliano Zapata, a small farmer, recruited an army of angry landless peasants. Other small armies joined the struggle against Huerta. The U.S. government under Woodrow Wilson imposed sanctions and even sent troops that occupied Veracruz for several months; Huerta, his army defeated, fled. In August 1914, however, Venustiano Carranza, a rich landowner who had supported Madero, assumed executive power, and civil war broke out between his forces and those of Villa in the north and Zapata in the south. In 1915 the U.S. Government recognized Carranza as head of a de facto government, although guerrilla raids continued until 1917, when Carranza's forces prevailed. Zapata was murdered (1919), and Villa surrendered (1920).

The victors called a convention that legislated (1917) a new constitution embodying principles of anticlericalism, land reform, nationalism, and protection of workers. Although extremely nationalistic, Carranza desired neither land reform nor a strong labor movement. In 1920 he tried to prevent Gen. Alvaro Obregon from succeeding him as president, but Obregon led a military coup that overthrew Carranza's government the following year.

The Northern Dynasty

The governments that ruled Mexico from 1921 to 1933 are known as the Northern Dynasty. The governments of Presidents Obregon, Plutarco Elias Calles, Emilio Portes Gil (1891-), Pascual Ortiz Rubio (1877-1963), and Abelardo Rodriguez (1889-1967)--dominated by politicians from northern Mexico--sought to establish order while developing the economy and increasing the internal market by land reform and higher wages. They faced bitter opposition from the clergy, landowners, foreign investors, and ambitious generals within their own ranks. The government brutally crushed two military revolts and the Cristero rebellion of Mexico's militant Catholics.

The northerners achieved many of their objectives. They used executions as a tool to create political peace and formed a new political party, the PNR (National Revolutionary party), which unified progovernment political forces and destroyed opposition parties. The land reforms of Calles and Portes Gil expanded the internal market and created peace in rural areas. Obregon brought organized labor into the government and, as a result, wages improved--for organized, urban workers. Economic productivity rose, mining resumed, and the northern city of Monterrey became a center for steel production. Calles established cordial relations with the United States, but Mexican efforts to control the oil industry remained a serious problem.

Despite these reforms large pockets of discontent remained in Mexico in the 1930s. The government and its labor allies had become increasingly corrupt. Calles, the PNR's dominant leader, became more conservative, ending land reform and opposing strikes. Furthermore, the world depression that began in 1929 had halted the

economic recovery. Intellectuals admired U.S. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal and called for similar reforms in Mexico.

Gen. Lazaro Cardenas became president in 1934. Although an ally of Calles, he surprisingly ended the policies of the Northern Dynasty and revived the revolutionary fervor of 1910. His government exiled Calles, carried out a vast land reform, reorganized the labor movement, and nationalized foreign oil companies. Cardenas also established state-managed collective farms as the basis of Mexican agriculture; these farms were called ejidos, the name used earlier for the communal lands of the Indian peasants. In 1940 he stepped down in favor of his minister of war, the moderate general Manuel Avila Camacho.

Mexico since 1940

Avila Camacho and his successor, Miguel Aleman Valdes, established the policies that Mexico has followed since Cardenas. The government has placed heavy emphasis on industrial growth while downplaying redistributive social reforms and economic nationalism. This policy has led to one of the world's most impressive economic growth rates, but it also has led to great maldistribution of wealth, probably as serious as that which existed during the Diaz period. Income inequalities, inflation, intellectual ferment, and government repression of labor led to the student strike of 1968, which the government of Gustavo Diaz Ordaz brutally repressed. The 1968 strike signified the end of the period begun by Avila Camacho.

The term of Luis Echeverria Alvarez, who succeeded Diaz Ordaz, was marked by economic instability and political unrest. Under Echeverria's successor, Jose Lopez Portillo, the nation exploited newly found oil reserves and entered a period of economic prosperity and growing economic influence. The decline of the world oil market in the early 1980's, however, plunged Mexico into a serious economic crisis. When Miguel De La Madrid Hurtado assumed the presidency in December 1982, Mexico's economy was on the verge of collapse. The government imposed broad austerity measures and in 1985 signed with foreign creditors the first stage of a 14-year debt-restructuring plan. In September 1985, the Mexican economy suffered an additional setback when earthquakes severely damaged the capital, killing thousands of persons. Economic prospects brightened somewhat as oil prices began to recover in 1987, although inflation accelerated and the already-huge foreign debt grew. In July 1988, Carlos Salinas De Gortari, the candidate of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), won the presidency, amid widespread charges of irregularities in the polling. (Michaels 1992:History of Mexico)

Russian Background

As a brief background on Siberia and what was going on and why the Allies were there, I felt I should include at least a brief history. Starting with the 17th and 18th Centuries, the principal Russian interest in Siberia was the fur trade. Furs were exported first to Europe and later to China. The difficult communications, harsh climatic conditions, and restrictions on migration from European Russia limited the growth.

Large-scale migration began only in the mid-19th century; it grew mainly in the last few decades of tsarist rule. The influx was encouraged by overpopulation in some areas of European Russia, the abolition of serfdom in 1861, and the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway from 1891 to 1900. The use of Siberia for exile and punishment of criminals and political dissidents began almost immediately after the opening of the rail system but accelerated with the rise of the Russian revolutionary movement in the late 19th century.

Map 13 Russia- Moscow to Siberia



Russia & Surrounding Area

The two successful revolutions of 1917 are referred to collectively as the Russian Revolution. The first revolution, March 8 to 12, 1917, overthrew the autocratic imperial monarchy. The second, which opened with the armed insurrection of November 6 and 7 (Julian or old style calendar) (October 24, 25), 1917, organised by the Bolshevik party against the provisional government, effected a change in all economic, political, and social relationships in Russian society, the Bolshevik or October, Revolution.

On November 15 the Council of People's Commissars also proclaimed the right of self-determination, including voluntary separation from Russia of the nationalities forcibly included in the tsarist empire, but made it clear that it hoped that the "toiling masses" of the various nationalities would decide to remain with Russia. It also nationalised all banks and proclaimed the workers' control of production.

Industry was nationalised gradually. The freely elected constituent assembly, which convened in Petrograd in January 1918, and in which the Bolsheviks were only a small minority, was dispersed with armed force by the newly formed government.

Under Bolshevik control, the new government ended Russia's involvement in World War I by signing the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk on March 3, 1918. Under the treaty Russia had to give up the Baltic States, Finland, Poland, and Ukraine. Indignation at losing this territory sprang up in Russia, and opposition to the Bolshevik party (by then called the Russian Communist party) erupted into a civil war that lasted from 1918 until 1921. Lenin's government, operating out of Moscow, began a policy of crushing all opposition. The Russian Communists began the "Red terror" campaign in which suspected anti-Communists, known as Whites, were arrested, tried, and executed. Although the peasantry had become hostile to the Communists, they supported them, fearing that a victory by the Whites would result in a return to the monarchy.

In mid-1918 the first armed conflicts took place in Russian towns along the Volga between local Bolshevik leaders and the Czechoslovak Legion, composed of former prisoners of war from World War I. The Czechoslovak troops had begun a long march from Siberia to western Russia in order to be transported to the Western Front, where they were to join the Allied and Associated Powers in the fight against Germany. In June the troops helped the Socialist Revolutionaries set up an anti-Bolshevik government in the Volga town of Samara. In November the town fell to the Red Army.

Meanwhile, in the summer of 1918 the Bolsheviks launched the Red Terror, a brutal campaign aimed at eliminating political opponents within the civilian population, which continued into 1921. They also introduced a series of measures to put socialist ideas into practice in the economy, known collectively as War Communism. This included seizing grain from the peasantry to feed city residents and the Red Army. The party justified these harsh measures by claiming they were essential to a military victory.

The Whites were determined to sweep the Bolsheviks from power and began to pose a more serious threat to the regime in November. This coincided with the Allies' defeat of Germany and the end of World War I. Shortly thereafter, Admiral Aleksandr Kolchak became the official leader of the White movement.

Warfare between the Reds and the Whites soon raged along four fronts; southern Russia, western Siberia, northern Russia, and the Baltic region. The Whites controlled most of Siberia as well as southern Russia, which served as their base of operation. Large stretches of western Russia, mainly Ukrainian lands, changed hands frequently. Despite temporary losses, the Reds held on to the heartland and maintained their headquarters in Moscow. Cavalry forces under the command of Marshal Semyon Budenny scored some of the Red Army's major successes.

Admiral Kolchak, who kept headquarters in Siberia, was the high commander of all the White armies until major defeats compelled him to resign in early 1920. He had his capital at Omsk at first but in November 1919 he lost Omsk to the Red army. He moved his government farther east to Irkutsk, (on the western side of Lake

Baikal), but the citizens of that city refused to accept his rule and set up a socialist government instead. Compelled to resign, he turned over his command to General Anton Ivanovich Denikin. Shortly afterwards Kolchak was captured and executed by the Soviet forces. Other White commanders included General Denikin in southern Russia, General Nikolay Yudenich in the Baltic region, and General Yevgeny Miller in north-western Russia.

The Whites launched their most ambitious offensive, a three-pronged attack against Moscow, on March 4, 1919. Despite initial successes, by November 1919 all the White armies were overtaken by the Red Army. Defeated White troops gathered in the Crimean Peninsula (now the Republic of Ukraine), and replaced General Denikin with General Pyotr Wrangel, who is often regarded as the most capable of the White commanders. In the spring of 1920 Wrangel's forces marched into Ukrainian territory and Transcaucasia (the region encompassing Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan). In November they were driven back and defeated by the Red forces. Wrangel and his troops then evacuated Russia by sea from the Crimean Peninsula.

Map 14 Petrograd to Omsk



Meanwhile, the Bolsheviks had to contend with a Polish invasion of Russia in the spring of 1920. The Red Army took the offensive, but neither side could overpower the other. An armistice was reached in October 1920 under international auspices. The Treaty of Riga, signed in March 1921, formally ended the war between Russia and Poland.

The defeat of the White armies and the end of the war with Poland made it possible for the Soviets to focus on the breakaway territories in Central Asia and elsewhere. Districts that rose up in revolt against government policies, especially the grain requisitioning, were by mid - 1921 mostly subdued. These peasant bands, known as the Greens, gave in, in part because a devastating famine had begun to claim lives among the peasantry.

By 1923 the Reds had re-established their power in the various regions, although the new state was smaller than before. Finland and the Baltic States (Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania) had become independent; sections of Ukraine and Belorussia (Belarus) had become part of Poland under the Treaty of Riga; and Bessarabiya (a region roughly corresponding to present-day Moldova) had become part of Romania.

Allied involvement in Russia began when the Allies dispatched troops there to secure military supplies for World War I. The Allies subsequently became involved in the Russian Civil War, in part because they saw Bolshevism as a hostile force in that it promoted socialist world revolution and renounced the debts of the former imperial government. The Allies were also alarmed by Russia's withdrawal from World War I, signified by the March 1918 Treaty of Brest-Litovsk between Russia and the Central Powers. Under the treaty, the Bolsheviks ceded several territories of the former Russian Empire - eastern Poland, the Baltic States, Finland, and Ukraine - to Germany, as well as Transcaucasia to Turkey, in return for an end to hostilities; however, the terms of the treaty were revoked after Germany's defeat.

With the end of World War I, Allied intervention on behalf of the White forces became more active. Soon thereafter, however, the Allied governments could no longer justify intervention in Russia to their own war-weary people. Lacking a common purpose, the Allies continued to extend only half-hearted support to the Whites until they were defeated.

The Russian Civil War caused wide-scale devastation, economic ruin, loss of life through military operations and disease, and the emigration of an estimated 1 to 2 million middle and upper-class Russians. Most estimates of human losses during the war range from 7 to 8 million, of which more than 5 million were civilian casualties. Between the outbreak of World War I and the end of the civil war, an estimated 16 million people died in Russia, the vast majority of whom were civilians.

The war produced a steady decline in the standard of living among Russia's people and caused the destruction of much of the country's infrastructure. Overall, industrial production fell to less than 20 percent of the pre-1914 level. The amount of land under cultivation also decreased sharply, contributing to the famine of 1921 - 1922, which claimed an estimated 5 to 6 million lives. (Rosenberg 1992:Revolution of 1917) (The Russian Intervention 1918-1920 2000:Online)

Admiral Kolchak

1918-1920

The government led by Admiral Kolchak led the anti-Bolshevik or White counter-revolutionary Russian forces. In their struggle to preserve a monarchy that was already failing, the White forces involved Russians, Czechs, and the diverse population of Siberia, as well as several other nations from around the world. The Russian Civil War spread from Petrograd eastward along the Trans-Siberian railway through Siberia. Along the way it encountered resistance from Allied soldiers, Czech prisoners-of-war, White resistance, and internal Bolshevik struggles.

To understand how and why the civil war spread through Siberia, some things must be known about the land and the people between the Ural Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, and the border of China/Mongolia and the Arctic Ocean. Siberia is larger than most countries. It covers more than 5 million square miles and makes up more than 3/4 of Russia's total land mass. The largest population group at the time was made up of Slavic peasants. From 1885 to 1914 more than 4 million of them settled in the south along the main transportation routes. The Trans-Siberian railway connects the major industrial centers. It runs from Moscow, through Samara, Omsk, and Irkutsk, around Lake Baikal, through Chita, into Manchuria and through the town of Harbin and ends at the port city of Vladivostok.

Plans for the Trans-Siberian railway were first drawn up in 1857 and given to the Czar. For the next twenty years the cause of the railway met without success. The prohibitive cost of construction and the enormous task of the railway itself ensured that no progress was made. Russia did not have enough rails to connect its mining, manufacturing and urban centers. The first real step was taken in 1873 when the Ural Railway Company was established to link iron and coal-rich Ural mines with Central Russia. The Czar's empire did not have limitless funds; so budget-cutting measures were discussed. Lighter and cheaper rails, wooden bridges, and limited traffic with restrictive speed limits were agreed on. The death of Alexander II and subsequent succession of Alexander III as Czar kicked the project into high gear. He knew that Siberia was at the mercy of strong Asiatic powers if there wasn't a reliable communication and transportation system linking the empire with Siberia. In order to accomplish this as soon as possible at the lowest cost, he built the rail system with two different gages. With the gage from the Ural Mountains to Vladivostok different from the gage used in the western part of Russia.

Guarding the frontier was one of the major reasons for the railroad. With the completed railway, immigrants would not be subject to the dangers, and uncertainties of the open road. Cities and villages could be planned along the rail line both to increase settlement and for protection. With this in mind, the government encouraged Cossack communities to settle in vital areas and granted concessions of land to the villages. The Westward expansion was limited to those people the government found acceptable. Siberia was not to be a new home of the free. Terrain and weather set limitations for the line. In the end the final decision was for the railroad to be built to follow the traditional *tract* or carriage and sleigh route of Siberia.

Full-time construction on the Trans-Siberian Railway began in 1881. The Trans-Siberian started construction at both ends and worked towards the center. From Vladivostok the railway was laid north along the Right Bank of the Ussuri River to Khabarovsk at the Amur River becoming the Ussuri railway. Convict labour, from Sakhalin Island and other places, and Russian soldiers were drafted into railway-building service. Problems were met and overcome, although more often than not Russian engineers would by-pass obstacles rather than engineer their way through them. One of the largest obstacles was Lake Baikal, some forty-one miles east from the Irkutsk station. Lake Baikal is more than 400 miles long and almost 6,000 feet deep. The train line ended on each side of the lake and a special icebreaker ferryboat was purchased and brought out from England. The boat was disassembled, transported over the long distance to Lake Baikal, and reassembled. It was much easier in the winter months to use one of Siberia's hard surface highways, the hard ice of the lake. Sleighs were used to move passengers and cargo from one side of the lake to the other until the completion of the Lake Baikal spur along the southern edge of the lake. With the completion of the Amur River line north of the Chinese border in 1916, there was a continuous railway from Petrograd to Vladivostok.

The importance of the Trans-Siberian railway cannot be understated. Control of the railroad meant control of the only major logistics and communication line. It also meant access to massive stockpiles of munitions, food, fuel, coal, and other war supplies that the Allied shipping had stockpiled in the ports of both Archangel and Vladivostok. At the end of 1914, there was over 330,000 tons of coal alone sitting in Archangel. US War Department estimates of the tonnage of supplies sitting in Vladivostok are 400,000 tons of steel, copper, brass, lead, barbed wire, rails, automobiles and trucks, machine tools, and munitions, all worth over \$1 billion. Some of the supplies had been there for over two years waiting for movement over the Trans-Siberian Railroad. After the Tsar's government fell, the US promptly recognised the new pro-western Provisional Government and extended a \$100 million credit to them for purchase of supplies, set aside huge stocks of railway material for shipment to Russia, and sent John F. Stevens, a distinguished railroad engineer, and several other prominent railroad operators and engineers to Russia to assist in their operations. Stevens spent several months in Russia studying the railroads between Petrograd and Vladivostok. They reported that almost all of the equipment was outdated, in poor repair, and poorly managed; but the lines themselves were in good condition. The revolution in November prevented him from inspecting the northern lines between Moscow and Archangel.

In September 1917, the Provisional Government asked the US for help in maintaining the Trans-Siberian railway. The team started inspecting the railway in late May 1918 in Vladivostok. They covered the railway to Petrograd and other lines. After seeing the overall condition of the lines, the conclusion was made that the Trans-Siberian was the only usable railway into Russia from the outside world. Years of war had destroyed and damaged much of the railway and the equipment. Locomotives were worn, fuel was poor, and brakes would often fail.

The Inter-Allied Railway Agreement was the result of conditions along the railway and tensions caused by the Allied Intervention and the civil war, as well as the Czech control over a large portion of the railway. In November 1918, the US developed a plan for a commission that would operate the railway until the Russians were able to resume control. The commission was composed of representatives from

each allied government participating in the Siberian intervention and headed by John Stevens. Faced with increasing partisan activity, the plan was implemented in April 1919. Three of the Allies, the US, Japan, and China were given a sector of the Trans-Siberian railroad to guard.

The Czech legion was formed of thousands of Czech and Slovak who had been fighting alongside the Russian Army against the Austrians and Hungarians on the south-western front. With the disintegration of the Army and the outbreak of civil war, the legion was ordered to evacuate from the Ukraine to Vladivostok. Allied ships were scheduled to transport them to England so they could be redeployed on the Western front. The Moscow government expedited their movement Eastward until, as part of the peace process with Germany, Berlin demanded that the Czechs be sent out of Russia through Archangel instead of Vladivostok. Over 12,000 Czechs had already reached Vladivostok by April 21, 1918, when Moscow sent out instructions to stop the eastbound legion. Forty-five thousand armed Czech legionaries were ordered to stop along the rail lines by local soviets, but instead fought eastward seizing railway stations along the way. The overthrow of soviet rule allowed local peasant co-operatives and town Dumas to re-establish themselves.

The peasants were never asked their opinion of Kolchak's government. Grass-roots sentiment led a few hundred poorly-trained boys to start an army of partisans. Bolshevik members dominated these secret partisan detachments, although several were independent. All had a common cause however, Kolchak's defeat. The overall numbers stayed low during the first few cold months of 1918 but dramatically went up during February and March 1919. White Russians had been raiding many settlements and the word was getting around. Cossack bands rode into villages beating, abducting, torturing, and murdering villagers. Friends and relatives of those killed by the bands became instant converts for the Red partisans.

Colonel C. H. Morrow, the commander of the 27th Infantry Regiment, heard reports that Generals Semenov and Kalmykov were indiscriminately killing people up and down the railway line. He dispatched investigation teams to determine the validity of persistent rumours and reports that it was the Cossacks committing the atrocities. One team's investigation near the village of Bobinka collected considerable evidence that one of Semenov's commanders, General Levitsky, had gone on a bloody rampage. In his report lieutenant E. Davis wrote that there were "a dozen corpses with their hands cut off lying in a heap." He went on to describe that many showed that they had been burned while still alive. None of the numerous sabre cuts on all the bodies "proved to be immediately fatal." One of the bloodiest raids took place in the spring of 1919. General Ivanov-Rinov's forces attacked a village using among other weapons, heavy artillery from one of the 'Destroyer' trains. Destroyer trains were heavily-armoured trains. Provisions were made in each railcar for small firing slots for rifles while 1 or 2 flatbed cars were modified to have an armour-protected artillery piece. One of the shells hit a schoolhouse, killing the teacher and 27 of the children inside. The armoured trains ran up and down the railway at the whim of the White Russian officer in charge. The crew, or sometimes local officials, would arrest someone and bring them aboard the train where they could be whipped; tortured, or taken somewhere they could be shot. The charge of suspected Bolshevik was incapable of being disapproved.

After Kolchak's capture in January 1920 he was thoroughly interrogated by a committee in Irkutsk. The committee was originally formed by the Social Revolutionist-Menshevik Political Center which later became a Cheka under the Revolutionary Committee who preserved the record. During the process, Kolchak was asked how many persons were shot in the village of Kulomzine. Kolchak responded, "About seventy or eighty persons." Charges that he knew of mass floggings and torture were then denied. He was asked about the activities of Semenov. Semenov was considered by General Graves to be a "murderer, robber and a most dissolute scoundrel." Kolchak described Semenov's duties as simply 'guard duty' with no police duties. When questioned as to why Semenov's detachment assumed the functions of police, made arrests, and abducted and murdered people, Kolchak responded that "abductions occurred all the time." He went on to say that the detachments "in a wholly arbitrary fashion ... inspected trains, and when they found someone who in their opinion was party to Bolshevism, or suspected of it, they arrested that person." Those people arrested were "dealt with entirely as they pleased" by the detachments.

This is not to say that only the White forces were committing atrocities. White atrocities were more visible to American forces, and because the victors write the history books. Red Russian atrocities were purged from the records. Even the allied forces are not free from the charge of atrocities. The Japanese were observed arresting five Russians without cause, marching them to a shallow gravesite, and ceremonially decapitating them with a sword. On one occasion they levelled an undefended village using artillery. There are unconfirmed reports from the Soviets that American forces committed numerous brutal raids, levelling several villages, torturing and murdering pregnant women, and beating newspaper editors. While the Soviet report, published in 1945, may have been purely for political purposes, there is at least some evidence that American forces attacked non-combatants near Kazanka in revenge for an attack near the village of Romanovka on the Trans-Siberian railway where several hundred Americans from the 31st Infantry were killed or injured. The US forces would later name the battle the "Romanovka Massacre." It was the bloodiest day for the US during its stay in Siberia. Of the 74 men in the unit, 23 were killed or died of wounds and 20 were injured. After these battles, General Graves reported in a letter to General Harris, the Adjutant General in Washington D. C., that it had now become "bitter guerrilla warfare. The 31st Infantry's Regimental History records that the battle of Kazanka was against some 300 well concealed partisan defenders and snipers. A 37mm cannon was used to shell the Bolshevik headquarters before the American soldiers entered the town. Once in the town, fierce street fighting took place. It is unlikely, from a military standpoint that from the light casualties (1 killed in action and 2 wounded) inflicted on 3 companies of infantry soldiers that they faced the number of armed opponents the history claims. Undoubtedly, they faced some armed resistance, although the actual number of the enemy has been inflated over the years to make the battle look more impressive.

At one point General Kalmykov's (he and General Semenov were Kolchak's right hand men) atrocities went so far that a regiment of Cossacks killed their officers and surrendered to US soldiers in Khabarovsk. When asked what they were doing, they replied that they had mutinied and would prefer to "die fighting in the streets" if they had to serve under Kalmykov or any of his officers again. In an eyewitness account written in a letter to the 27th Infantry's commander in 1971, Nick Hociota of the 27th Infantry states that the Cossacks were disarmed, fed, and given firewood while officers decided what to do with them. While there is little doubt that Hociota

was indeed part of the regiment at the time, his letter does vary both in details and the broad issues from the official regimental history. The letter puts Kalmykov arriving 3-4 hours after dark with 2,500 Cossacks and after a stand-off, Colonel Morrow turned over to him all the arms and horses that the rebels brought with them. The regiment's history is less dramatic. Five hundred deserters (the number increased to 800 in the next two days) were disarmed and conducted to Krasnays-Retchka on February 1st. An assembly of the sixth Ussuri Cossack Krug or citizens committee conducted investigations into the matter. In mid-March it disbanded without making a decision and the deserters departed for their homes, taking their horses with them. Japan who reported they had supplied them to Kalmykov, claimed the arms. The end result of both stories is the same - Kalmykov turned on the Americans and the relationship between the US and White forces degraded further.

Individual greed, poor generalship, sheer banditry, and widespread insubordination beset Kolchak's army. In April 1919, Kolchak decreed that all captured "Red" soldiers or deserters would be given retraining and incorporated into the White army. In practice, he allowed mass executions, torture, and inhumane treatment. Other units were stripped and thrown into overcrowded concentration camps. Abuse, overcrowding, cold, and typhus soon killed off all but a few. Undoubtedly the White leadership could have used many of these men in their own army. Even during the White retreat in May-June 1919, the officers continued their wholesale slaughter. Thousands were put on 'Trains of Death' and spent months traversing up and down the Trans-Siberian railway. White officers executed the few that survived months of this treatment, as they commandeered every train they could to escape the advancing Red Army.

The fall of the White forces and the Kolchak government could have been predicted from the beginning. They represented all that was unpopular with the regime of the Monarchy. The White's did not have the industrial capacity or the population base to fight a war, even though there was a massive supply of war goods sitting right in their own back yard. Widespread corruption, brutality, greed, and incompetence in Kolchak's government and the White Army, ensured that the support of the people would not be forthcoming. The government in Moscow had been correct in its fears of armed Czechs in its country. If the Czech Legion had not seized the Trans-Siberian railway when they revolted against their mistreatment by the Bolshevik government - and to a lesser extent the intervention by the allies - the White government would never have been formed and the domination of Lenin and the Soviet would have been unopposed.

It was during these times that Dr. Joe was in Siberia on the East Side of Lake Baikal and going up and down the Trans-Siberian Railway checking on the troops. He had one encounter that I know of in regard to destroyer trains and was ordered with his group of men to return to Vladivostok in early January 1920. This was a rather hurried pull out, as they had many obstacles to overcome, and it took them 6 weeks to make the return trip back. (From the Sea to the River 2000:Online) (The Russian Intervention 1918-1920 2000:Online)

Prohibition

As time has passed from the days of prohibition, I think some have forgotten the history and background of what took place and why. I have provided a number of points that should be considered in both a historical context and what effect it had on the people and country in the years that followed.

At midnight on 16 January 1920 the prohibition law came into effect. This was to last till 1933. This was an attempt to legislate behaviour. The main force was middle class women and various religious factions. They felt that without the drunkenness and ill behaviour by those who drank, society would have less problems and poverty. With a sober and responsible population, many of the day's problems would go away. They preached that drink was the tool of the devil and it would take over the lives of those who used it.

The American Indians were sold liquor and were a prime example of what ill drink could provide. The prohibition movement started in the mid-west of the United States and large areas of this part of the country were already dry prior to the national law being passed. Nebraska went dry in 1916. Parts of other states were also dry. Even years later after the repeal of the law, various counties within states would vote to be dry. In fact, in 1933 eight states did not repeal prohibition and it was not until 1948 that Kansas, the last one, did repeal prohibition.

When I lived in Austin Texas, in the mid 1980s, Williamson county was dry where I lived. I would drive a few blocks to the store in Travis County and do my shopping and buy beer, or what I wanted. (It was okay to buy it and take it home for personal use only). Even in the late 1980s, large parts of the Dallas - Ft. Worth areas were dry, to many people's amazement. This went back to before prohibition and came from such as the strong Southern Baptist following in the state.

When I was growing up I can remember that places such as restaurants would sell wine, beer, and drinks in "wet" areas. However, you still did not see public bars as such, in some areas. For a long time, the only way around this in some areas was by private club. You had to be a member of the private club to get in and buy a drink. It was in about 1972 the Texas legislature was passing a bill to change this. At that time I had my drugstore on Blanco Rd, and across from it was "Dos Diablos" (two devils) Club. (That is where I saw Jimmy Buffet play for the first time). It had become big business to open up neighbourhood bars with private membership. Some lawyers and enterprising people got the idea to put the paperwork together for the licensing of private clubs, thus enabling a much easier way to put together and open same. It would cost \$1 per year per person to join. You filled out a form and were issued an identification card. You had to show it when you went in and have it available if they were checked. A lot of these bars made good money when they first opened since it was something new. A number of them were then sold at their height for a good profit, and another one was opened. After the law was changed and the membership issue went by the wayside, even more bars opened. After a few years, only the financially stronger ones were still operating.

The prohibition law prohibited the manufacture, transport, and sale of alcohol. It did not outlaw the consumption. The drinker was not at risk of being fined or jailed (up to \$1,000 and or 6 months in jail) - it was the supplier, transporter, and manufacturer. The law was unpopular, especially in the cities. Many a person ignored it and a lot of middle class did not believe it applied to them, only to those who they thought needed protecting. It was not considered nice for women to go into bars or drinking establishments before prohibition. When the "speakeasy" started operating, women went with their partner, and for the first time, they were allowed into drinking places. The "speakeasys" were like private clubs that operated on a membership basis and usually had a restaurant as a front for business. Some also provided dancing and gambling. When the law would try to enter, the doorman would sound an alarm and in a matter of minutes the evidence would disappear down hidden chutes, and into hollow walls, and hidden spaces.

Some special dispensations were allowed under the law. For "medicinal purposes" was one. A doctor had to have a special permit to write prescriptions for alcohol (then a bottle of gin could be bought for about \$2). In the first year 60,000 permits were issued. Priest and Rabbis could apply for sacramental wine use - in the first year their orders increased by 800,000 gallons. Private clubs in New York, such as The Stork, 21 Club, and Cotton Club, in the first year reached 5,000. By 1927 it was estimated that New York had 30,000 clubs. This was a clear effort to hide what was going on behind the closed doors.

It was not looked upon as breaking the law to buy and sell liquor by most of the people. In fact many a person saw it as an opportunity to make a few extra dollars. A person could buy a case of liquor for \$70 in Canada and sell it for \$135 in the U.S. At that time a worker in the Ford factory in Detroit was being paid about \$5 per day. Mr. B. McCoy in the Bahamas would run rum from the Caribbean to the U.S. and stay off shore out of the Territorial Waters and let the little boats run in and out. A boatload on his schooner would make him about \$300,000 per load. His labels would get wet with salt water and the counterfeiters would try and mark their labels with salt water and then sell them as the "Real McCoy." He later moved his operation to near Newfoundland and that area became one of the largest distribution centres in all of Canada.

Those that were in a position to take a bribe found they weremore often than not, being offered one. The corruption was from the corner policeman to judges, to federal enforcement, to leaders in Washington D.C., and to the White House. By 1923 the New York legislature passed a motion to turn over the enforcement to the federal government as they found it virtually impossible to enforce the law. With the eyes of the rest of the country watching this move the federal government established a special division under treasury with 1,500 men to cover 3,000,000 square miles and a salary of \$2,000 per year for each officer.

Greg Remus a lawyer in Chicago, who the movie "The Great Gatsby" was based on, was going to run for district attorney, he withdrew from the race. He sold his practice and moved to Cincinnati, Ohio. He set up buying stocks of liquor and selling them for medicinal purposes. He then realised how much more he could make if he sold it to one and all. He did so, and started selling it to clubs, organised crime, and other distributors. His operation became so large at one time, his place in the

desert near Death Valley employed 3,000 people and operated 24 hours a day shipping to all over the U.S. At the end of his first two years, he made \$40 million. (Well over \$1 billion in today's money). He had a party at his place in Cincinnati and gave the guests gold and diamond watches as gifts, and when the party was over, he gave 50 of the women as they left, each a brand new Pontiac automobile. He once claimed that there was not enough money in the world to pay everybody and everyone graft they claimed they were owed for their share.

When President Harding was elected president he knew he needed the dry vote to get in. He was a heavy drinker himself and weak when it came to confrontation. His staff and members of the White House told him to stay out of the enforcement issues and they would handle it. (Besides, he had an illegitimate child with a 20-year-old that was being used as blackmail just to make sure he stayed out of it.) His most senior staff member was paid \$300,000 per year by Remus to keep him out of jail and trouble.

There were several federal agents during this era that did do their jobs. Two of these federal investigators of the time were Einstein and Smith in New York that made more arrests than anyone else. They raided the 21 Club where the Rockfellers and Kennedys went and soon thereafter were let go, as they were no longer needed. In Nebraska a man called "Two gun Hart" closed down more moonshiners and virtually had the Indian Reservations dry when he too started getting too close to the top. He next found himself being smeared and called a drunk, a thief and so on. His services were also terminated. This man had come out from New York, and his wife and family did not know who he really was. He had changed his name. It was only later revealed that his brother was Al Capone of Chicago.

By the mid to late 1920s the fun and a few extra dollars had turned into big full-time organised crime business. The distilleries in Canada across from Detroit became the largest in the world. They did not care about the U.S. law issues. By 1925, 75% of all the liquor that came in to the U.S. came in through Detroit. A gang known as the Purple Gang, a Jewish-organised crime mob, ran and controlled most of the business. It also expanded into such things as protection. The Canadian government was interested in export duty that they felt they were not being paid. They did an investigation and found that the same names kept coming up. Many of who were prominent people in the U.S.

In 1925 President Calvin Coolidge ordered new patrol boats for the coast guard to try and catch the smugglers. Their boats had one engine and could do about 8 mph. At the other end of the building boats were being made for the smugglers, with 2 or 3 engines and could do from 12 to 16 mph with full loads! In 1928 when President Hoover came in the situation was totally out of control. He said himself that without public support it could not be changed.

The Canadian government, not wanting to upset its own politicians or businessmen, as well as make problems for Washington, decided to sit on its investigative report. They did so for almost 70 years! The contents were known for a long time, it just never was official. One of the names that came up the most was Joseph Kennedy. He made a fortune during the 1920s with illegal liquor. He also made arrangements to be the sole distributor for Gordon's Gin in the United States,

before prohibition ended (a little inside information? I also understood that he had it on Scotch Whiskey as well). This along with his appointment to Great Britain as an ambassador in later years, shows his strong connections to the top for a long time. At one time he supported Hitler prior to the war (in which he opposed U.S. involvement), and made several open statements that caused embarrassment to the White House.

Al Capone was the best known gangster of the time and ran all of Chicago. At the start the city and suburbs already had ethnic gangs such as Catholics, Irish, Polish, German, Italians and so on. What he did was formed a coalition among them for territory and control. He started with Ciscero a German suburb with 30,000 people who hated loosing their beer drinking. He told those in the area which officials to elect. With his people in power, by 1924 he had 100 saloons and 150 casinos operating in Ciscero. Those he could not buy he would intimidate, or even kill. With low fines and high earnings the gangs wanted their share. Some of the gangs would try and take over from others or even hijack truck convoys with loads of liquor. In the first 5 years there were 136 killings and only one conviction. Juries, Judges, and the common man all were afraid of being killed if they were involved in a trial.

A number of attempts were made on Al Capone's life, but he always escaped. His turnover was estimated at \$105 million per year. He would bring in Jazz players to his clubs from New Orleans and the people of Chicago thought he provided excitement and wealth to the city. His attempts to keep a good public image were designed to keep the general public on his side. At one point, when he would go to the racetrack, people would cheer him on his arrival and departure. By 1926 all he needed was to control Chicago itself. When Bill Thompson ran for his second term as mayor, he received a \$250,000 donation from Al Capone. After he won, he spent most of his time away from the city on hunting trips and other adventures. Upon his death several years later, they found \$2 million in cash in his safety deposit box.

In 1927 the National Association Against the Prohibition Amendment started to gain more momentum. A number of the original leaders and people that wanted prohibition now wanted its repeal. They saw it as a source of revenue for organised crime, and higher taxes for business. Originally leaders thought it would provide a more productive and sober work force. The crime, violence, and corruption was starting to cause concerns at all levels of society. Heads of General Motors, Packard Motor Company, and many organisations started to push for the repeal of the 18th Amendment. They saw the heavy tax burden that had been put on industry for the enforcement as unbearable. They also said it was unenforceable and should be repealed.

In 1928 Herbert Hoover ran for president as the Republican nominee. This would make the Republicans' 3rd term in office. He backed prohibition and was sure it would work. He formed a commission to investigate its progress. As part of his enforcement strategy he appointed George Johnson the new attorney general for Chicago. Along with Johnson came the "Untouchables," 5 men with Elliot Ness. They were to get evidence on Al Capone and have him put away. The new strategy was to catch him on income tax evasion. The problem being that underworld crime was a cash business and Al Capone was usually several removed from the transactions and hard to track.

By 1929 the number of killings had reached 367 and lawlessness had become fashionable. More and more realised there was no control on the drinking age or on the rotgut that was being sold. Those blinded by methyl alcohol and killed by rotgut began increasing in numbers. When Al Capone wanted revenge on those that had stolen one of his shipments and wanted to make an example out them, he made a mistake that would start the tide of public opinion to turn. On the 14th of February 1929 he ordered the St Valentine's Day Massacre. Seven men of the opposing gang he felt were responsible for the stolen shipment were gathered up, stood in front of a wall in an alley, and machine-gunned to death. The newspapers took explicit photos and ran them on the front pages. One reporter said..."he had more brains on his shoes than he did in his head." The public found the violence and terror of the photos shocking.

Those in favour of repeal again campaigned that all prohibition did was allow the gangs a way to make large amounts of money, encourage violence and corruption. But still those opposed said it was prosperous for the country and that Prohibition brought prosperity. It was only the rich trying to get out of higher taxes that wanted something done. Then on the 17th of October 1929 everything changed. The stock market crash and the start of the worst depression in American history.

The organisations in favour of repeal had more joining and women were growing in numbers supporting the repeal. The passing of the 20th Amendment in 1920 allowing women to vote, now meant they too could vote on the repeal. They pointed out the violence, the corruption, the lost taxes, and the lost jobs from the industry. (The old companies now made soft drinks and ice cream.)

After 3 years George Johnson finally had the evidence to go after Al Capone on tax evasion. Elliot Ness was not the star many were led to believe he was - he had become a drunk, a womaniser, and believed his press so much himself, he would even tell the press before he made his raids to make sure he got coverage. In spite of this, Capone was convicted and on 24 October 1931 sentenced to 11 years in prison. With the head of the family gone they hoped it would change the strength of organised crime. It did cause some shake-ups as they fought each other for control. (Eight years after Capone's release he died. He had syphilis and by the time of his release he had major brain damage from the disease).

By the elections of 1932 the nation wanted change and they wanted an end to prohibition. (It was said those still in favour of prohibition also wanted the end to tobacco, and the showing of movies on Sunday - this was to make the rest as miserable as them). Democratic candidate Franklin D. Roosevelt promised change and repeal. He was elected by a landslide. He had a modification to the law passed within 30 days, allowing the manufacturer of 3.2 beer (3.2% alcohol). This brought in \$300 million in taxes in the first year; it also created jobs in the industry. The new plan for jobs during the depression was for the government to have various work schemes, funded by taxes from the liquor industry. Out of 21 million votes, 73% voted in favour of repeal. On the 5th of December 1933, the 21st Amendment was passed and ratified - repealing the 18th and Prohibition.

Many of those in the liquor business, switched to liquor distributor in the new era with the new law. The momentum that this created for organised crime continued on after prohibition with the gangs looking for new ventures, it only showed them

how really big their business could be. The era put a stigma on alcohol that still hangs over it to this day. Nearly one-third of all Americans claim they have never drunk liquor. At that time it was pointed out that no law was enforceable without the support of the people - that still holds true today. My grandfather told me,... "you can't legislate morals." That also still holds true.

When you take under consideration the violence and corruption in the liquor running in the 1920s as an organised crime business, the devastating effect it had on peoples lives, and the attitude toward Hitler as a friend by Joseph Kennedy, along with the Hollywood escapades of the Kennedy Family from Joseph on down through his sons, it is not surprising that not everyone loved the Kennedys or saw them as the "FIRST FAMILY". Director Herbert Hoover of the F.B.I., along with some other members of the government as well, in later years was said to have it in for the Kennedy family, as he wanted to stop them before they destroyed the country with their lack of morals. It is not surprising when you look back at their history and see how they carried on as if they were a law unto themselves and were above everybody and everything. It took until a generation that was not aware of Joseph's background and his rise to wealth and power, that he could then provide the press to the public to win support for his son JFK to become president. At that time, the press usually left political figures alone on their private lives, something that would change over the next couple of decades. (Kerr 1992:Prohibition) (Prohibition 1999:BBC World)

Republic of Czechoslovakia

Coat of Arms



Republic of Czechoslovakia *Coat of Arms*

The Coat of Arms of the Republic of Czechoslovakia gives symbolic evidence of the conditions under which the state originated. The Republic was made up of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia of old Austria, Slovakia of old Hungary and the autonomous territory of Carpathian Ruthenia. Each of these are entitled to recognition in the Coat of Arms and are represented generally by certain historical events.

The Coat of Arms consists of two shields, one of which is superimposed upon the other. The central or frontal shield consists of a two-tailed lion on a red background. The lion is a symbol of noble-minded strength protecting the integrity of the state. The back, or surrounding shield, is divided into four quadrants, each containing the symbol of one of the component states of the Republic.

Facing the Coat of Arms in the upper left quadrant are three mountain peaks with a double cross against a red background. This is the emblem of Slovakia and its position is considered to be one of honor.

In the upper right quadrant two figures are to be seen. The figure on the left is composed of three golden beams on a blue background. On the right is a red bear on a silver background. The bear faces toward the left. These two figures constitute the symbol of Carpathian Ruthenia.

In the lower left quadrant is seen a crowned eagless, checkered in red and white. The head is turned toward the left. This figure, upon a blue background, represents Moravia.

In the right lower quadrant is a crowned black eagless, looking to its right. Across the breast of the bird is a small silver sickle with a three-leaf clover on either end. There is a small decorative cross at the center of the sickle. This figure, on a golden field, represents Silesia.

In tracing briefly the history of these component parts of the Czechoslovakian Coat of Arms it is found that the central figure represents the famous old Kingdom of Bohemia, a nation whose history dates back for more than one thousand years. In the Twelfth Century the Coat of Arms consisted of a silver-lion with two tails. The lion was later placed against a red background, succeeding the much older one used by King Venceslav. The king's emblem at the time was a fiery black eagless.

The State of Moravia possessed a Coat of Arms, which consisted of a red and white checkered eagless on a blue background. When the Moravians joined the Bohemian kingdom they brought their Coat of Arms with them. Before the Fifteenth Century the Silesian principality had numerous Coats of Arms, but during the Fifteenth Century the entire Silesian State placed itself under the crown of King Venceslav. At this time the Silesian Coat of Arms consisted of a black eagless with a silver sickle on its breast superimposed on a golden background.

As Slovakia was under the rule of Hungary for something like one thousand years, it had no sovereignty of its own, and hence no Coat of Arms. However, Czechs and Slovaks had for many years considered that part of Hungary's emblem consisting of the three mountain peaks, crowned by a double patriarchial cross, as their own. The three mountains reminded the Slovaks of "Tatra, Matra, and Vatra," which were peaks within the original Slovak territory. The double cross reminded them of the two saints, Cyril and Methodius, who brought Christianity to their country.

Carpathian Ruthenia, like Slovakia, had long been a subjugated nation, without a Coat of Arms. Therefore, when Ruthenia annexed itself voluntarily to the Czechoslovakian Republic, it was found necessary to create an emblem for this group. The Coat of Arms thus created consists of two essential portions, the first being made up of three parallel golden beams, superimposed on a blue background. The second portion consists of a red bear on a silver background.

The State colors of Czechoslovakia have been evolved somewhat after the manner of the Coat of Arms. Before the Sixteenth Century the Czech flag consisted of a white lion on a red field. This flag was replaced by the one used in Bohemia, consisting of equal parts of red and white paralleling each other. These colors perpetuate those used in both the Coat of Arms and the old flag.

When the Republic of Czechoslovakia was formed the color of blue was added in honor of Slovakia, being taken from the Slovakian Coat of Arms depicting the three mountain peaks previously referred to. The flag in use comprises three colors - red, white and blue.

When suspended from a flagpole there are equal parallel stripes of white and red, the latter color being placed at the bottom. A triangular piece of blue extends from the center of the red and white field to the flagpole in such a position that the base of the triangle is attached to the pole and the apex runs to the center of the red and white. The flagpole is decorated with red, white and blue stripes, the blue stripe being one-half the width of the red and white. (Hudson 1934:373-5)

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The Malinaks - by Lloyd G. Cordes

My great grandfather and great grandmother on my mother's side of my family were John and Marie Malinak.

They lived at Hrozenkov P.R. Moravia. Austro-Hungary, now a part of Czechoslovakia. One of their sons Joseph Malinak was my grandfather. History of the remaining family of John and Marie Malinak is unknown. Joseph Malinak was a soldier in the Austrian Army and fought in the Austro-Prussian War. He married Anna Zapalac also from Hrozenkov. Grandfather's one wish was to some day be able to move his family to America, the land of promise. But life following the Austro-Prussian War was hard and conditions made the accumulation of money difficult. To save enough money to pay for the passage across the Atlantic Ocean became the great and all-out purpose of this family which by now grew to five. In 1872 the necessary amount had been accumulated. Joseph Malinak had sufficient money to pay for the passage on a sailing ship for himself and his family. The ship set sail from Bremen, Germany and after a voyage of thirteen weeks across the Atlantic Ocean docked at New York Harbor. By this time all of the money was gone. The family was alone and destitute in a strange city in a strange land.

After three days they were picked up along with several other immigrants by a planter John Calhoun of South Carolina. They travelled by steamer to Charleston, South Carolina and thence by rail to the plantation to work in the cotton fields.

After a stay of two years in South Carolina sufficient money had been saved for the railroad fare to Texas where some of their kin and friends from their hometown of Hrozenkov were already living.

The rail trip was made through Augusta Georgia, Birmingham Alabama, Memphis Tennessee, Texarkana, and thence to Houston Texas. From Houston the family went to Columbus Texas. But at this point in the trip to Columbus Texas was made the hard way. Most of the trip was made by ox team and covered wagon and the family suffered hardships. The trip took several days to make.

When they arrived at Columbus they were taken to a farm by a plantation owner to work. This time as half renters. By this time another son was born.

In 1879 the family moved again this time to Roznov Texas near Fayetteville. Two more girls were born. The family now had six children. Grandfather and grandmother Malinak lived on a farm at Roznov Texas, the rest of their life.

Grandfather Joseph Malinak died in 1884 and grandmother died in 1901. They are both buried in the Catholic cemetery at Fayetteville Texas in Fayette County.

Grandfather and grandmother Malinak were the parents of six children. Josephine Malinak Kopecky - Theresa Malinak Repka - and John Malinak born in Austro-Hungary. Annie Malinak - Joe Malinak - and Lena Malinak Cordes born in the U.S.A. They are all now deceased.

Josephine Kopecky and her husband Joseph are buried at a small cemetery near Nada Texas in Colorado County. Theresa Repka and her husband Peter are buried at the Catholic cemetery at Wallis Texas in Austin County. Annie Malinak died when she was sixteen years old and is buried in the Catholic cemetery at Fayetteville Texas in Fayette County. Joe Malinak and his wife Mary are buried in the Holy Cross cemetery at Houston Texas in Harris County. Lena Malinak Cordes, my mother, was the youngest child of the Joseph Malinak family. Her father died when she was two years and her mother died when she was twenty years old.

Lena Malinak Cordes died October 23, 1964 and is buried in the Green-Lawn Cemetery at Rosenberg Texas in Fordbend County.

John Malinak left home when he was sixteen years old and not much of his life history is known. At one time he was in the grocery store business in Granger Texas. When my father died in 1921 my mother received a sympathy card from him and he gave his address as general delivery Cameron Texas. My mother wrote to him but her letter was returned unclaimed. Her one wish was that she could see her brother at least one more time before she died. About three years before her death one of her nieces who lived in San Antonio Texas sent her a clipping from the San Antonio Express stating that a John Malinak had died and was buried in the city cemetery at San Antonio in Bexar County. He was eighty-five years old and was retired from the San Antonio Police Department.

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Information on Kopecky Family by Dr. Joe

KOPECKY CLINIC

1408-1414 NIX PROFESSIONAL BUILDING
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 78205

September 17, 1973

Miss Jo Lynn Kopecky
609 C. Watson Ave.,
Midland, Texas

Dear Jo Lynn:

In response to your request, I am submitting the following brief information about the Kopecky family.

My maternal grandparents, Joseph and Anna Malinak, came from the Village of Hrozenkov in Moravia, Bohemia, which was then a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When Bismark persuaded the German Emperor to declare war on Austria, even though Germany had been planning this war for quite some time, it caught Austria unprepared for the conflict. The Austrian Army was inferior to the German Army, in training as well as equipment. Besides that, Austria was riddled with German spies and Austrian traitors. The Germans defeated the Austrians on the battlefield and the war was over in six weeks. The Austrian soldiers suffered great privations as the Germans advanced. The Austrians spent so much time in a rapid, inglorious retreat. Grandfather Malinak said that for three days at a time, they had nothing to eat and at times, when it rained, the soldiers would drink dirty water that had settled in the hoof tracks of the Cavalry that proceeded the Infantry in retreat. By the time he got back home, he was sick, weak and discouraged; he had only one ambition and that was to save enough money to emigrate to America where, he thought, there were no wars and no conscription.

By trade, my grandfather was a carpenter, or cabinet maker, or something of that kind. Economic conditions in Austria were badly demoralized after the war and the Malinak family had a hard time making a living and trying to save enough money to go to America. But finally, in six years, they saved enough money to pay for the trip. They chose the cheapest boat there was, a sailboat that was poorly equipped, and took 13 weeks to cross the Atlantic. The boat was buffeted about, the food was very poor in quality and just sufficient to permit the adults to survive. The younger children and infants had a hard time of it, and mother used to tell us that some of them died from weakness and disease because of inadequate nutrition, and their bodies were thrown overboard into the ocean.

When the passengers finally arrived in New York, grandfather's family was destitute, had no money, no provisions and could not speak English. But it so happened that on some of the large plantations in the south, after the Civil War was over and the negro slaves were freed, the planters had a hard time because the slaves would no longer work and, for at least some of the planters, the only substitute they could get for the slaves were people just like the Malinak family who were willing to

do anything that promised a chance for survival. So, the family was moved to So. Carolina on the Calhoun Plantation. There, the parents lived in the cabins where the slaves used to live and 10-year-old Josephine was kept in the Calhoun Mansion to help Mrs. Calhoun take care of the children and to help in other ways. As far as food was concerned, she was allowed to subsist on what was left on the table after the family got through eating. Considering that even though the Civil War had been over for six years, some of the planters were still nearly destitute and there wasn't very much left on the table. Mother used to tell us that the parents, who were working on the plantation and in the gardens, would sometimes come by in the afternoon and bring her a roasted sweet potato for which she was very thankful. Thus, the family lived for two years and saved enough money to continue their trip to Texas, the state that they started for originally. By that time, Josephine, 12 years old, had learned to speak English well enough to act as an interpreter on the way from So. Carolina to Texas. The family finally arrived by train in Columbus, Colorado County. By that time, they did not have very much left. But they soon found a place as share-croppers about two miles from Columbus. That meant that the owner of the farm, from whom they rented, supplied their farming implements for their use the teams of mules, or horses, that were required in the farming and, after the crop was harvested in the fall, they got one half of the profit from the products and the farmer got the other half.

I am not quite sure how long they stayed on that farm. The place that they were really headed for was Fayette County where, they understood there was a Czech Colony, or rather a Moravian Colony. Finally, they were able to go to the destination in mind, which was only about 25 miles away from Columbus. Anyway, where they were finally among people who spoke the language that they understood and where they even found some of the people that they used to know in Moravia. While the parents were still living near Columbus on a farm, Josephine was employed by the Dick Family in Columbus where her chores were more or less the same as what she had in the Calhoun home. I should have mentioned above that while she was in the Calhoun home, there was some relative of the Calhouns who lived with the family, evidentially a minister, who took interest in her and taught her to speak English. It was fortunate for her that she spoke good English and that is what she learned.

I am not sure whether she worked there only when there was no work on the farm or whether she worked all year round. At any rate, her remuneration consisted of \$8.00 per month. Among her chores, she had to split the wood needed for cooking and heating in the house.

At the time of their arrival in America, besides Josephine, there were two other children; Theresa, about two years younger than Josephine, and John, 1 year old. Later on, Joseph, Anna and Lina were added to the family.

Mr father, Joseph H. Kopecky, was born in 1860 in Halenkov, Moravia. His parents were evidently well to do peasants and Joseph received fairly ample education, common education, education that is, of those days. When Joe was in his upper teens, his father died of stroke. There were already some five younger children in the family and this placed quite a responsibility on Joe's mother. Joe and his mother didn't seem to get along very well, mainly, I think, because his mother felt that he was not taking enough responsibility. One of his sports was poaching on the estates of some rich, or noble neighbors. At that time, there were already some

Kopeckys in Texas, namely Joe's Uncle John and Uncle Joe. John had a family, but Joe was a bachelor. My grandmother evidently wrote about the situation in her home, either to her brother-in-law John or Joe and - I don't know what the preliminary arguments were - but it evidently was finally decided that her brother-in-law, Joe, would leave America, come back to Europe and marry her and take the responsibility of looking after the family. Naturally, this did not appeal very much to his nephew's taste as he informed his mother, that, if Uncle Joe came from America and married her, he would run away, and go to America himself. I don't think she took it very seriously; incidentally, I think there was another reason why her son, Joe, wanted to leave Austria; he was getting to be of the age for military service. Anyway, between the mother and the son he actually did run away. His mother took some legal steps to have him stopped when he got to the German border, but he got around that by leaving whatever baggage he had at the German border and crossing all by himself. And so, finally he got to America and to his Uncle John's home at Rutersville, Texas, about 5 miles from LaGrange. He stayed there for some time, but finally, a distant relative, a very good friend, also named John Kopecky, decided to batch and farm together with him. They did fairly well until a rather curious coincidence occurred. One day, while the Malinak family was working in the corn field, a young man happened to be coming by and Mrs. Malinak asked him "And who may you be?" He told her who he was and she was very much astonished; she said that she knew his family quite well in the old country. It turned out that her village and my father's native village were only about 3 km apart. So, that's how Joe Kopecky got acquainted with the Malinak family. But more than anything else, he seemed to be interested in Josephine. From what mother told us children, she had vowed that she would never marry a European. But she quoted a Czech proverb: "God will stick you with the one you growl against." And so, they got married and started farming on their own. At first, I think they farmed on the land of Uncle John. I don't know just how long they stayed on that place but it must have been sometime in 1887 because John, another boy who was born dead, and I were both born on that place. I was born on August 12, 1886.

After that, the family moved to a place about 5 miles from Fayetteville. This place was owned by a Mr. Charles Powell, who had about 7 renters on it. We lived in one of these rent places and my father got to where he managed the place for Mr. Powell who, at that time, was living in San Angelo. Powell was then some official in the Concho National Bank. I might mention here that father got to where he spoke English fairly well, read it and I think some help in learning that language came from my mother. Mr. Powell usually came down only once a year and that was the fall, to collect the rent money. Father usually had this all collected for him when he came in. In time, Father looked after any improvements on the rent houses where needed.

Besides farming, father also was a blacksmith. As far as the farming was concerned, in those days, the most important products were cotton and corn. A certain amount of sorghum was raised, partly for the family use for molasses, which was an important item as far as the family's diet was concerned and, the sorghum stalks were an important part of feed for the cattle, horses and mules on the farm. Such feed was used chiefly during the summer. As far as the corn was concerned, it was used for corn meal products for the family and for feed for the hogs, chickens, cattle and horses.

In those days, children were taught early to help with the various tasks and chores on the farm. Girls, as well as boys, participated in these tasks. The vegetable garden was a very important part of every farm. In fact, a very large portion of the family diet was raised right in the family garden and farm. About the only articles of food that had to be bought were flour, sugar, coffee, and condiments.

As far as education was concerned, there was no compulsory school attendance. In some families, the children never went to school. There were no grades in the country schools and the only books that were used were readers, from first through fourth reader, Texas History, a speller and arithmetic. The school term in most of the country schools in those days was 6 to 7 months a year. Of our family of eleven, ten of us never went to high school. Laddie, the youngest one, was the only one that had a high school education. He graduated from the Ball High School in Galveston.

I was then on the faculty at the University of Texas Medical College in Galveston and Laddie was living with my wife and me at the time.

In those days, that is after finishing at the country school, one could prepare himself, by his own study, to take the examination for teacher's certificate. There were three grades of certificates available - first, second or third grade. My older brother, John, took the examination for second grade when he was about 18 years old. He got a school at Taiton, Wharton County. He was getting about \$75.00 a month and sent most of his salary, after paying board and room, home to our parents. When I was not quite 16 years old, my father seemed to think that it would be a good idea if I became a teacher. There was a six week summer normal for those that wanted to prepare themselves for taking the examination and I took such a course in LaGrange, Texas, which was 12 miles away from home. Instead of trying for the third grade certificate, I thought I might as well go ahead and try for the second grade. This called for 18 different subjects. At the end of the six weeks, I took the examination and, failed. I had a chance to take the examination again in a month. Again, I failed. On both occasions, I failed in arithmetic. Father had already arranged a school for me and so the situation was rather embarrassing. In a month, I tried it again, and that time I passed! By that time, I was 16 years old. The school where I started teaching was about 5 miles from home. I had some pupils there who were older than I was, but, naturally, I didn't let them know it. Anyway, I had no trouble getting adjusted to my new occupation. My pay was \$45.00 a month.

After teaching country school, I realized how ignorant I was and decided I would try to get to the Sam Houston Normal Institute in Huntsville, Texas. The function of the Sam Houston Normal Institute was to prepare people for teaching. There were three courses, freshman, junior and senior. I had the temerity to talk them into accepting me in the junior year. This had some subjects that I never even heard of, such as algebra and geometry. Anyway, I made it.

I should have mentioned that when I told my brother that I intended to go to the Sam Houston Normal Institute he said that since he was older, he thought maybe he had better go first and I could teach at the school at Taiton where he had been teaching. So, that's what we did. He had had a year at the Sam Houston Normal Institute, I taught at Taiton during that year, then the next year, 1907, I went to

Huntsville and, as mentioned above, took the junior year. I stayed the senior year and graduated as Valedictorian of my class in 1909. John came back in 1909 and graduated in 1910 as Salutatorian of his class.

As I believe I have mentioned above, our mother spent only one day in school in Europe and she never went to school at all in this country. I should have mentioned that of the \$8.00 a month she got while working, before she married, she turned the whole sum over to her parents. Grandfather Malinak never recovered his health after coming to America and died rather young.

It may be interesting to the descendants of Josephine, who never learned to write, that she and her husband, Joseph, raised a family of five men and six women. Nine of these, at one time or another, studied at Sam Houston Normal Institute and put in 150 years of teaching in the schools of Texas, all the way from one teacher country schools to Professorship in the University of Texas. Of the eleven children that my parents raised, nine, none of whom ever had any high school education, went to the Sam Houston Normal Institute. Four of them graduated from there. One of these graduated from the John Sealy Hospital in Galveston as a nurse and devoted her life, until she retired at the age of 65, to the profession. One graduated from the University of Texas Medical Branch, also from the Army Military Medical School in Washington and served on the faculty of the University of Texas Medical School in Galveston for eight years and served as the first Exchange Professor from the University of Texas to the National University of Mexico in the summer of 1929. And so the nine sons and daughters of Joseph and Josephine Malinak Kopecky have put in 150 years as teachers in the State of Texas!

You will recall that one of the reasons my maternal grandfather had for coming to America was the compulsory military service in Austria. One of his sons served voluntarily in the Spanish-American War. Two of his Kopecky grandsons served in World War I, one in the Air Force and one as an officer in the Regular Army Medical Corps. The latter served with the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia. While he was on the faculty at the University of Texas Medical School, he was given the rank of Major and commissioned by the War Department to organize a general University of Texas Medical Hospital, which, in case of war, would serve as a unit of the United States Army. The staff of this hospital was to be chosen from the doctors who were teaching at the Medical School. The members of the staff were to be picked by the Commanding Officer and recommended to the War Department for approval. Six of grandfather Malinak's great-grandsons served in World War II; one of these served with the 36th Army Division and was wounded when this division landed at Salerno, Italy and one was killed when his plane crashed. One great-great-grandson served in Viet Nam. So, you see that the descendants of my grandfather did not try to escape military service and did their part in the past 75 years.

Sincerely Yours,

Joe Kopecky, M.D.

Kopecky Genealogy

(This was taken from Dr. Joe's diary on genealogy along with some of his comments.)

Kopecky - Genealogy as far as known (By Dr. Joe Kopecky)

Martin Kopecky, age 18 from Halenkov, Moravia;

Married - on November 25, 1801, in Halenkov, Moravia to

Suzana Koniarik, age 18.

Son: **Martin Kopecky** - born September 5, 1805, in Halenkov, Moravia;

Married - on Feb 13, 1827 to

Rosina Vaclavik

Son: ***Martin Kopecky**, born Halenkov, Moravia on Nov. 29, 1830;

Died: Sept. 24, 1878 - died of embolism age 48;

Married - Nov. 8, 1858 to

Veronica Hodulak, born: June 24, born in Halenkov, Moravia;

Died: July 17, 1918.

Wife/widow had the following Children:

1. **Josef Kopecky (Hodulak)** born July 7, 1860 - died by suicide July 10, 1914, Taiton, TX.
2. **Martin Kopecky**, born Oct. 7, 1862 - died Jan. 4, 1939.
3. **John Kopecky**, born Jan. 1, 1864 -, died Taiton, TX, date unknown.
4. **James Kopecky**, born Jan. 4, 1867 - died Feb. 17, 1941.
5. **Paul Kopecky**, born, Sept. 11, 1908 - died April 12, 1912.
6. **Toni Kopecky**, born Sept. 18, 1870 - died Aug. 6, 1877.
7. **Anton Kopecky**, born Dec. 2, 1872 - died April 22, 1935.
8. **Veronica Kopecky**, born June 14, 1875 - died March 20, 1877.
9. **Rozzalie Kopecky**, born Oct. 13, 1877 - died, Dec. 28, 1885.

* "After my grandfather, Martin Kopecky, died on September 24, 1878, at the age of 48 (rather young), of a stroke, his widow, my grandmother, evidently got in touch with my grandfather's younger brother, Joe Kopecky, who was supposed to have been in love with my grandmother before my grandfather Martin. Joe had emigrated to America after my grandfather married my grandmother, and had stayed in America for 7 years. My great-uncle Joe came back, and started living with my grandmother's family. He then lived with my grandmother. I do not know when he came back from America, but it was after my grandfather died. It is said that he was in

love with my grandmother before my grandfather married her. His return to Europe must have been sometime between September 24, 1878, when my grandfather died, and January 10, 1881, when his and my grandmother's first child, Veronica, was born. They had two more illegitimate daughters, Anna, born October 13, 1882 and Agnes, born May 5, 1889. These children were finally legitimised by matrimonial procedures after they were all born. This son of a bitch, Joe Kopecky, was born November 25, 1836, and died January 1909. He was the cause of my father running away from home, for father told his mother, if she ever had anything to do with this uncle, he (my father), would run away from home. My father never did get over the disgrace his mother living with his uncle, without being married to him. He, like his older brother John who lived in Texas at Ruthersville in Fayette County, was an atheist and did not believe in marriage, but was not averse to bringing children into the world illegitimate."

Translated from Czech from an article in "Hospodar" magazine

By Dr. Joseph Kopecky of San Antonio, Texas 1968

History of Maternal Grandparents (Kopecky-Malinak)

Josephine Malinak, born June 27, 1862 in Hrozenkove (Na Valassku), parents Joseph and Anne Malinak. Father was a carpenter and cabinetmaker. They lived a very poor life. In 1866, in the war between Prussia and Russia, father fought on Russian side. He was of small stature. The war lasted 6 weeks. Father contracted illness he had the rest of his life (probably TB??) He always had a vision of coming to America, where everyone was free and there was no military conscription. They saved their money for 6 years to pay for the lowest class passage on a SAILBOAT to America. Passage took 13 weeks and many adults and children died of exposure or hunger during the trip. Malinak family at this time include the parents, son John, age 11, and daughters Josephine, age 10, and Theresa, age 7. They arrived in the US in New York in 1872. They intended to go on to Texas to join a Czech settlement, but had no money to continue their trip.

Rich planters were in NY at this time, seeking cheap immigrant labor to replace the slaves who had been freed. The Malinaks went to work for the Calhoun family in S. Carolina. Parents worked in the fields and all but Josephine lived in the slaves' quarters. She lived in the Big House and helped with the planter's children and did odd jobs. She got scraps from the main table to eat and occasionally her parents brought her a baked sweet potato for a treat. This life lasted for 2 years. The Malinaks saved enough money to continue on to Texas. A Protestant minister, a friend of the Calhouns, had taught Josephine to read and speak English. She was the interpreter for the family on their trip to Texas. She had had only 1 day of formal schooling in her life and never learned to write, or even to sign her name. Later in life she also learned to read Czech.

The family arrived in Columbus, Texas in 1874. The parents became "half renters" on a farm and Josephine became a maid for the Dick family in Columbus. She did their laundry. Her pay was \$6 a month. Finally the family moved to Clear Creek in Fayette County where they farmed and Josephine worked as a maid for the Ledbetter family for \$8 a month. One of her jobs was to chop the wood used for fuel. At the age of 20, she had absorbed many American habits and visions, which were a great influence on her future children. She had always said she would never marry a man from the "old country". She used to say "the one you continually speak against is the one God gives you" (this is ROUGH translation of the old Czech proverb) She met Joseph Kopecky and married him.

Joseph Kopecky was from Halenkove (Na Valassku)*, of peasant stock. His father died when Joseph was 18. Joseph was headstrong and wild and his mother didn't know how to handle him. (I'm surprised, after seeing that aggressive, dominant third finger!) She wrote to her brother-in-law, Joseph Kopecky, in Texas, asking for advice. He decided to return to Europe and look into the matter and wound up courting his brother's widow. Young Joseph warned his mother that if she married his uncle, he would run away from home. When she did marry the uncle, Joseph made good his threat. He left without any baggage, so that she could not trace him, and somehow got

across the border and to Ruttersville, Texas, Fayette County, to the home of an uncle, John Kopecky. He worked on his uncle's farm, and also did blacksmith's work. In 1882 he married Josephine Malinak. Their sons, John and Joseph, were born at Ruttersville. In 1905 they moved to the Halamicek farm at Clear Creek, Wharton County, and already had 10 children at this time. Josephine sewed for her own children and also for other people. The father farmed. The children went to a little country school, whose teacher had a certificate to teach only thru the 3rd grade level. The only books they had were the 1st thru 4th grade readers and Webster's dictionary. The parents sacrificed much so that the children could have a higher education. 9 of the children (1 having died) received partial or full higher educations and all 9 were teachers, some at country schools, some at higher levels in towns, one (Dr. Joe Kopecky) was a professor at a state school. (first for School for the Blind, then at the Univ. Of Texas Medical School. He was the first exchange professor from the University of Texas to the University of Mexico.)

Following this family history, Dr. Joe paid special tribute to his mother, Josephine Malinak Kopecky:

When I think back on it, our mother, who herself did not even learn to write, raised her sons and daughters so that they could achieve what was denied her ... so that they could get a good education ... so they would be able to teach others.

I was born in the United States and my schooling was only in the English language. But the fact that I am able to write these remembrances in the Czech language (tongue) I owe to my mother, and only my mother ... who from infancy instilled in all of us children a pride in the language of our fathers, and nourished in us a love of everything that was good in the Czech people.

This tribute is very moving when read in Czech. So much is lost in the translation! The emotion of the mother tongue is diffused in the English words. The tribute he paid her was a touching one, full of love and deep admiration and respect. That he wrote so little of his father is perhaps understandable, for it was the mother who provided the most love, understanding, and support. But how else could it have been, for the father, as all fathers in that day, spent most of the time in the fields or in the pool halls, or playing cards and drinking to smooth the rough edges of their harsh existence. When you look at those old photographs, at those dead eyes, so old looking, even when so young, seeking something they knew they could never have, and yet which their hearts cried out for, one could weep!

** Am not sure about the "Na valassku" - believe this must mean a "mountainous region" of the old country. In some picture post cards I have of this region this is a very mountainous region. Although Joseph & Josephine may not have lived too far apart, it is unlikely that they would have met had they remained in Europe!*

Notes written in the margins of this translation and that which is written above is believed to have been written by Jerrie Hejl Collins, a niece of Dr. Joe Kopecky.

Joe Kopecky - by Jerrie Hejl Collins

The first time that Uncle Joe's image became focused in my memory was a Christmas when I was about 5 years old. We had gone to spend Christmas with Uncle Joe and Aunt Golda and my cousins, Mary and "Little Joe" (or Joe Willis). The house seemed very big to me and I was really impressed with the stairway. There was a bear rug on the floor in the library, and Joe Willis would scare me with it by crawling underneath it and then following me around as I screamed for mercy. The Christmas tree was decorated with (among other things) glass trumpets. I wanted to see if the trumpets made any sound, so proceeded to take one off the tree and blow on it. I made the mistake of biting down on it, and of course, being glass, it broke in my mouth! I started screaming, and Mama thought I'd swallowed some of the glass. Uncle Joe, being a doctor and all, knew just what to do for me. He mixed up a vile-smelling and poisonous-looking mixture of brownish liquid and beaten egg white, and made me drink it to make me vomit. I immediately obliged, but the action produced no glass bits. (I didn't tell them, but I had spit the pieces of glass out before they ever got to me, so I guess I deserved what I got).

Uncle Joe had a wonderful ranch at Boerne, Texas. Here he had a small "ranch house" and a "pagoda", which was a glorified screened porch type of building with wooden "blinds" all around. When it wasn't raining or cold, these "blinds" would be propped up (open) with sticks, and when it was raining, or very cold, the sticks were removed and the whole building would be closed up (and very dark, too). There was a beautiful creek on this ranch, along the banks of which grew delicious watercress. He was very fond of this watercress, and if he wasn't walking around with a wad of chewing tobacco in his mouth, it would be a bundle of watercress! He smoked a lot of cigarettes, and I saw him roll his own many times -- not the usual "roll-your-own" but a square of toilet paper with tobacco from a pouch sprinkled into it! He liked to wear a pith helmet, no shirt, and walking shorts when he went to the ranch. He'd invite the "whole gang" to a barbecue. There would be a huge pot of chili, lots of barbecue and several washtubs of iced-down beer. There would be much eating, talking, and drinking. As the evening came on, Uncle Joe would bring out his huge accordian and the singing would begin. All the Kopeckys had good voices, and could harmonize along with the best! At first, things were pretty smooth, but as the night wore on, the beer would disappear, the voices would falter, and the old Slavic Melancholy would catch up to the crowd, and the only thing to do then was to go to bed and sleep it off!

Uncle Joe was fiercely proud of his Czech heritage. I was fortunate to fall heir to some of his books from the Old Country, and shared his pride and interest in things Slavic. He, probably more than any of his other brothers, or any of his sisters, "had the best of both worlds" --The Old World and the New World. Certainly, he had an understanding of both worlds. He gleaned the best from them and used them to great advantage. He spoke Czech, Russian (picked up, no doubt while serving with the AEF in Siberia in World War I), and Spanish (he served as the first exchange professor to the University of Mexico). He was a respected physician and never really "retired", visiting his office daily up until his death. He had an "ear for language" and an "ear for life." I once read in a novel that the hero "grabbed life by the throat and squeezed it for all it was worth." Well, I think that Uncle Joe must have done that, too.

The Kopeckys - by Jerrie Hejl Collins

They're all lined up for the group picture (the boys all spit-and-polish and the girls primly starched, with be-ribboned hair). I was told that someone had to chase Laddie (the baby of the family) around the yard several times before he allowed himself to be cleaned up for the picture. Vlasta has moved slightly, blurring the outline of her hair. John looks a bit grim (no doubt he had reason) and Cyril has chosen to present a profile view to the camera. What feet are visible in the picture are encased in shoes; the girls in front are kneeling, either to keep from blocking the view of their mother, or perhaps to hide bare feet ... I'm sure they were all quite uncomfortable in their "Sunday-best" clothing and the hated high-top button shoes. Ludma seems petulant, Lillie bored, Vlasta unconcerned. Mala and Theresa smile like old pros at the game; Alba has a mischievous look. Grandma and Grandpa Kopecky sit stoically with their brood. Life has not been kind to any of them, yet there are things to look forward to and surely better times will come.

There was a spirit of cooperation. The older children took care of the young ones as they came along. There was much squabbling, some jealousy, and no doubt hostility, yet there was always a strong bond that kept the family together. They struggled together and supported each other' loved and lost together' laughed, cried, and sang together. There was always music and song' always the fruit of the vine or brewer's art. Almost any occasion called for the accordion, a bottle of beer or wine, and dancing and singing. The children helped the parents scratch a living from the soil. They went to school (for Grandma Kopecky prized education above everything else) and all but two of them were teachers in the Texas School System for a grand total of 149 years! Grandpa Kopecky came to America as a stow-away; Grandma came with her parents in a sailing ship and wound up on slave-owner's plantation in the Carolinas. She never learned to read or write, but she saw all of her children gain the education she never had.

The eyes in the picture look toward the future. Had many of them known what sorrow faced them, they might not have smiled so brightly. But "hope springs eternal in the human breast", and a Kopecky never gave up. Perhaps they did everything the hard way -- they laughed and cried hard, loved and worked hard. If ever there was "true grit," it was surely spelled K-O-P-E-C-K-Y!

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